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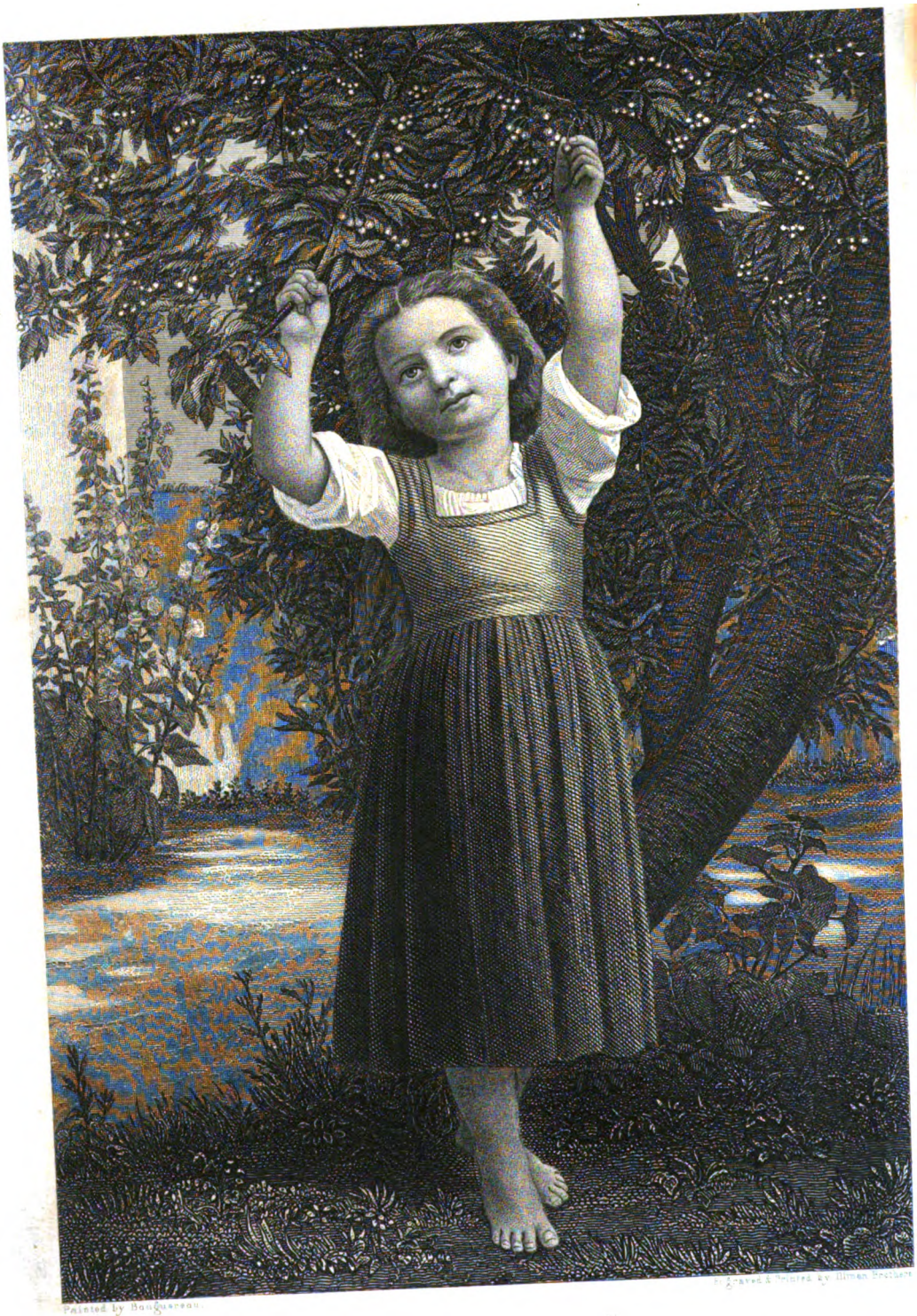

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"CHERRY RIPE."

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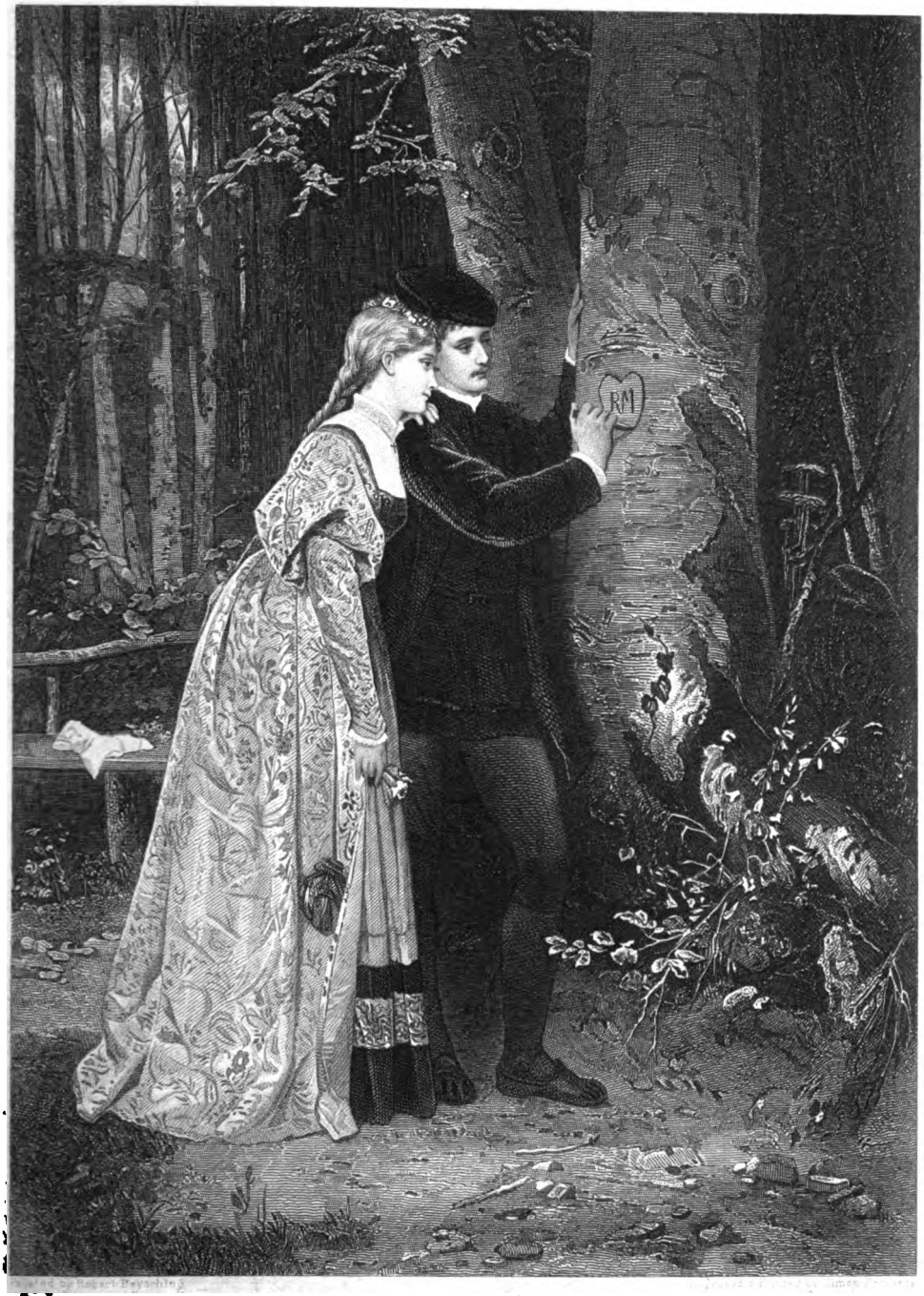

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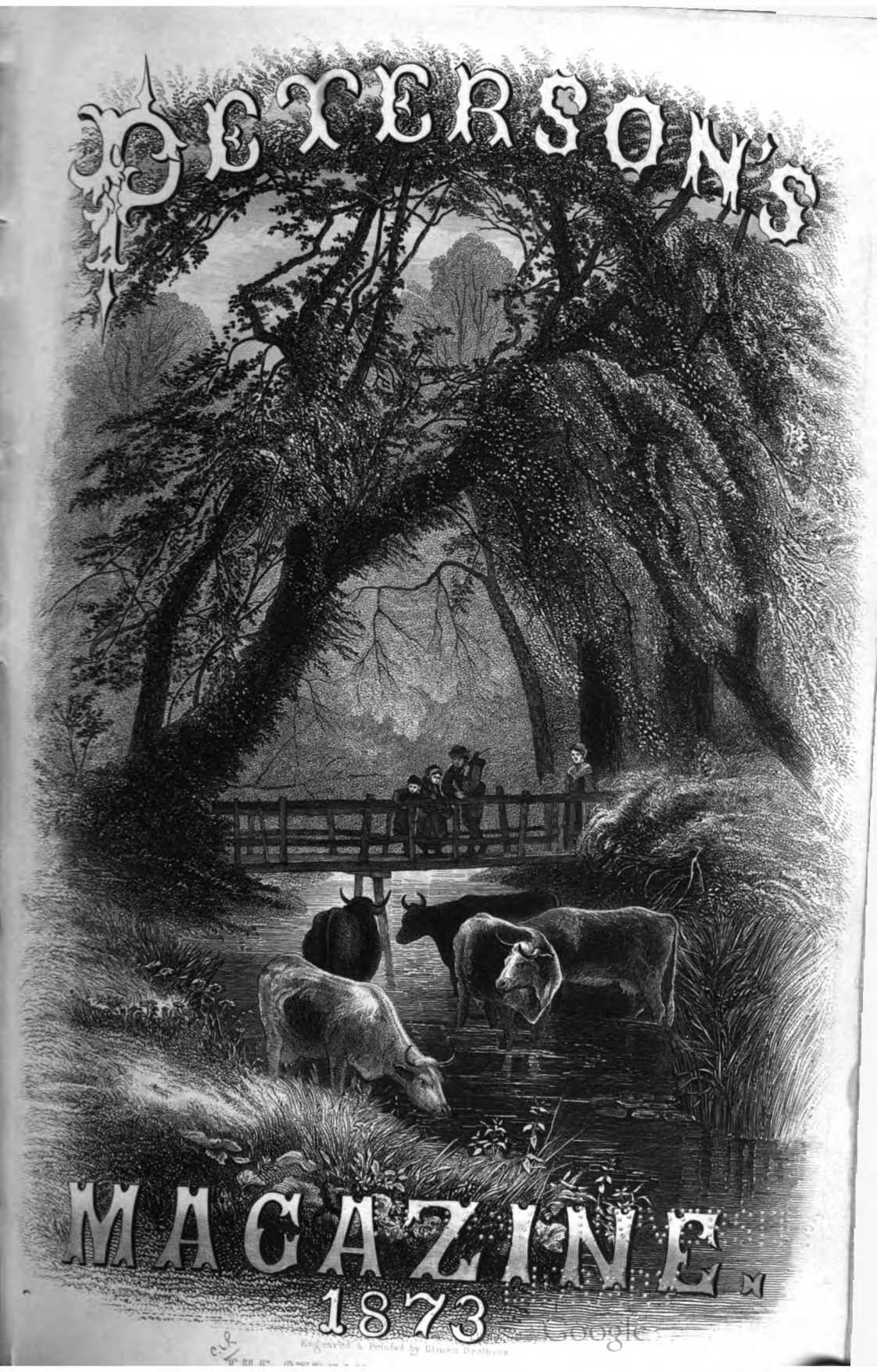
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TRAVELING-DRESS. BONNETS.

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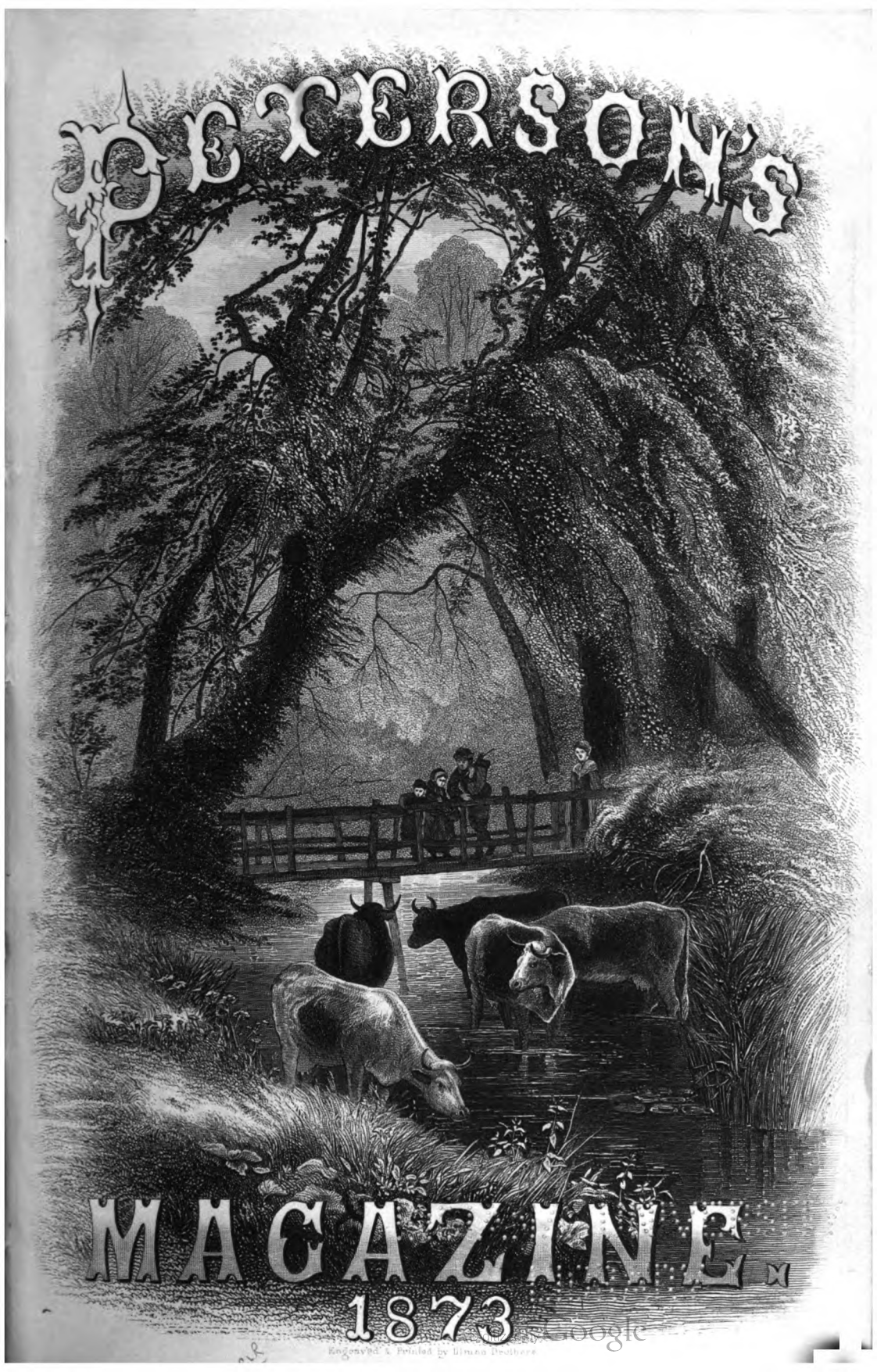
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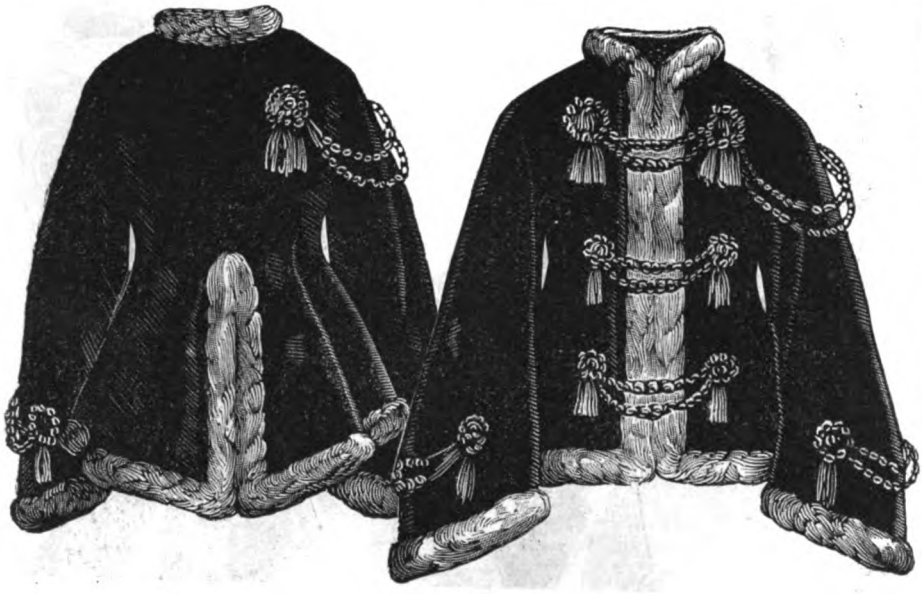

LOUIS XV. STYLES OF DRESSING THE HAIR. HUSSAR JACKET.

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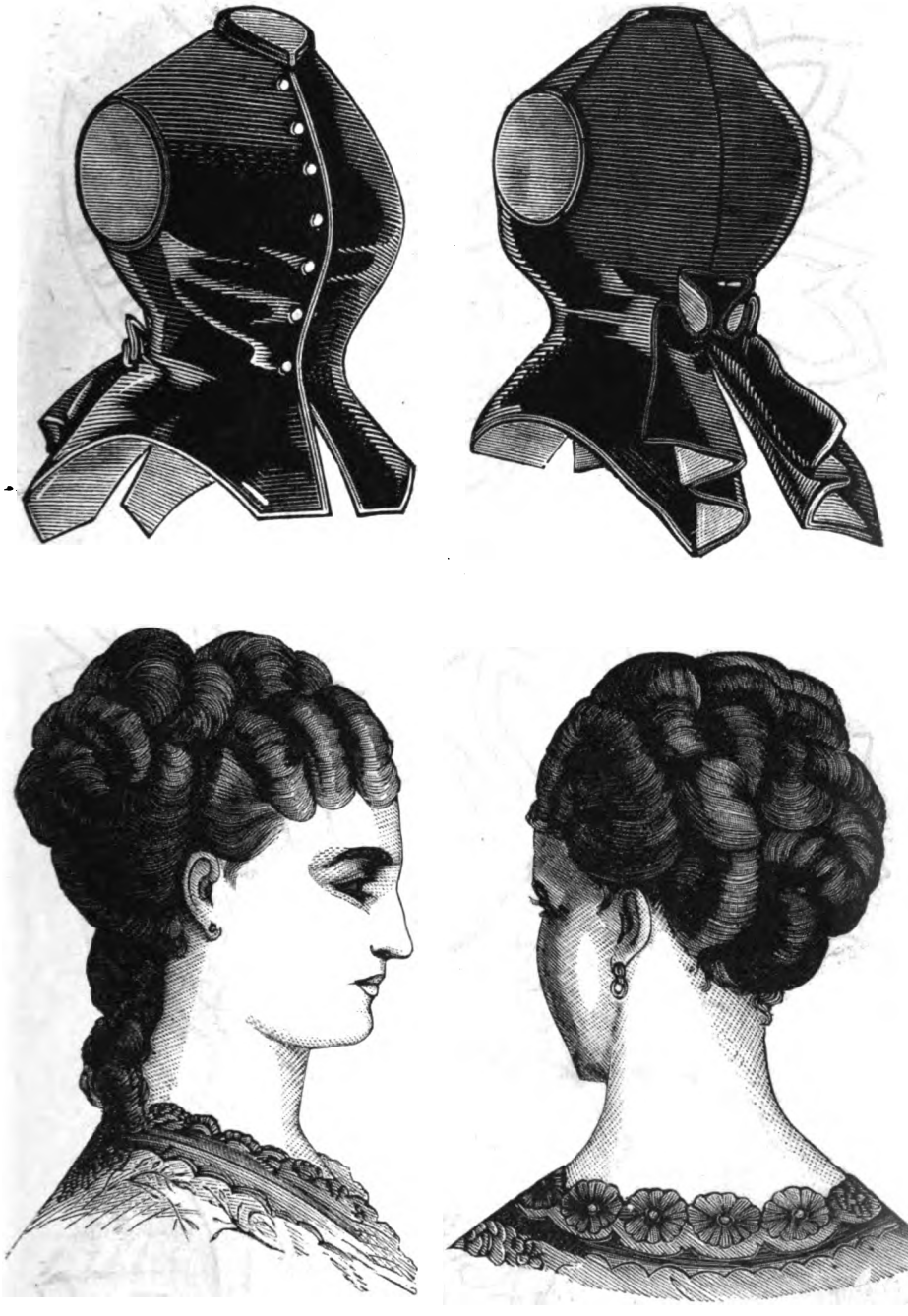

WATTEAU STYLE OF DRESSING THE HAIR · FRONT AND BACK. VELVET JACKET.

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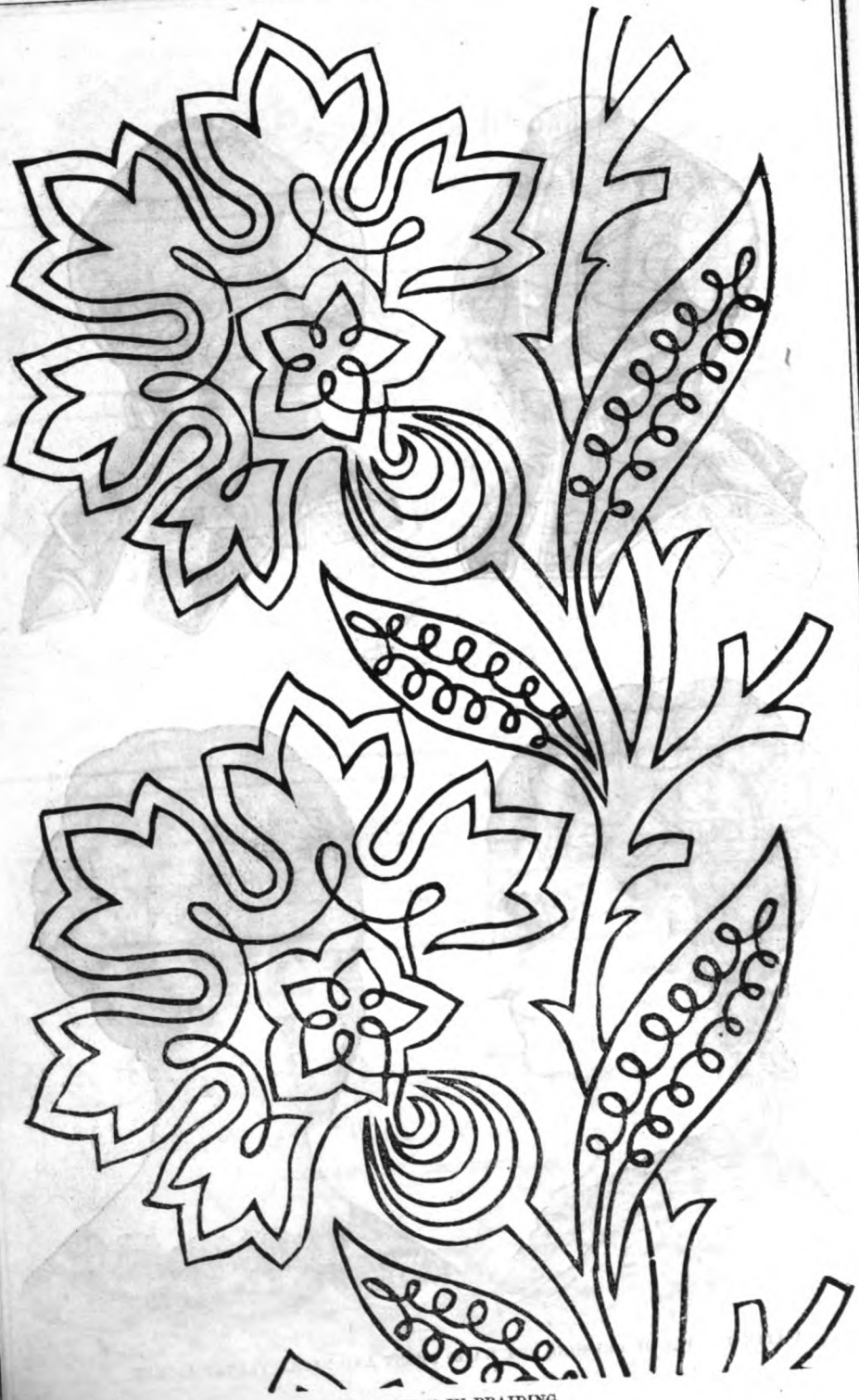

PATTERN IN BRAIDING.

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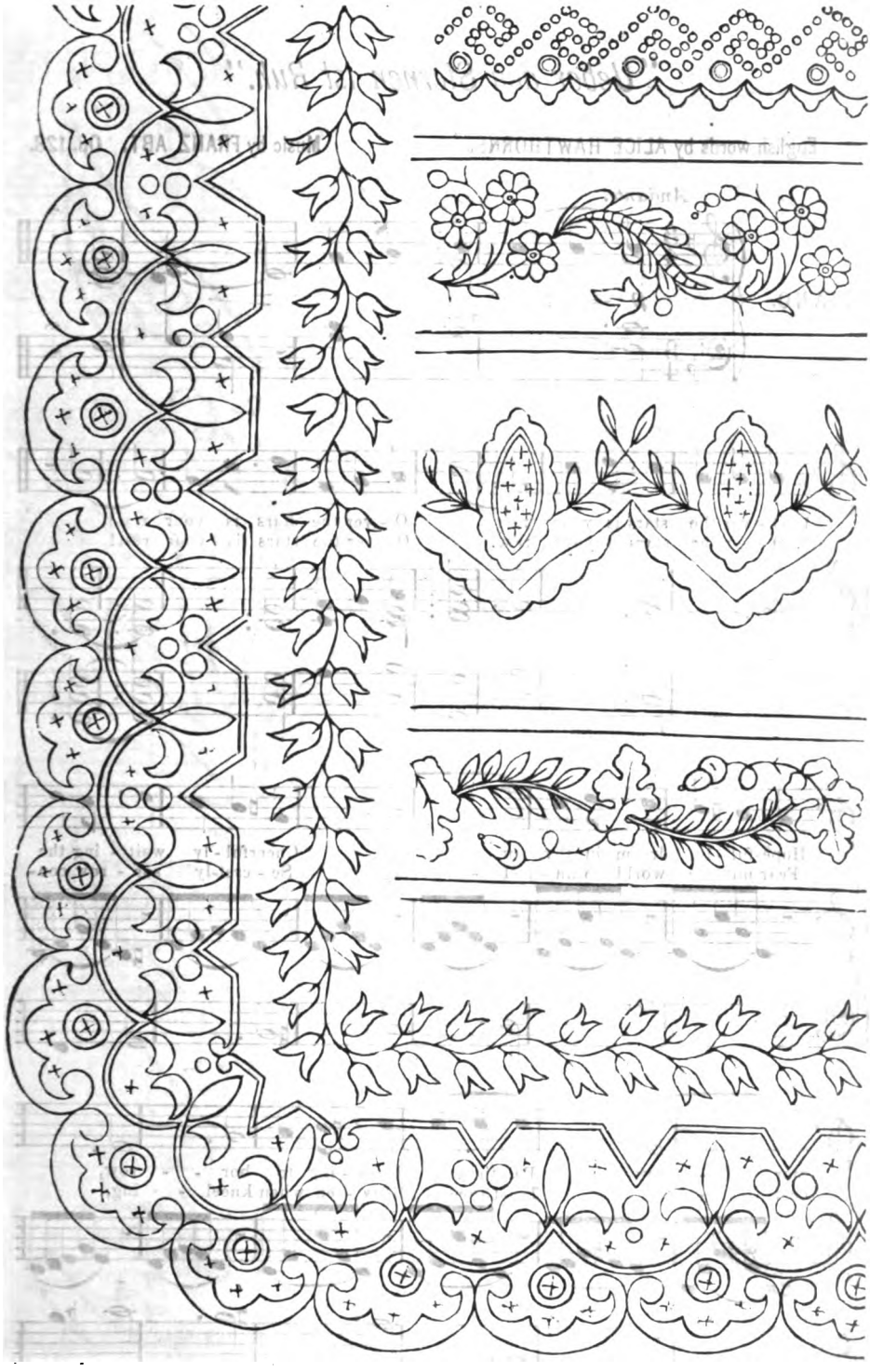

HANDKERCHIEF BORDER. EDGINGS AND INSERTIONS.

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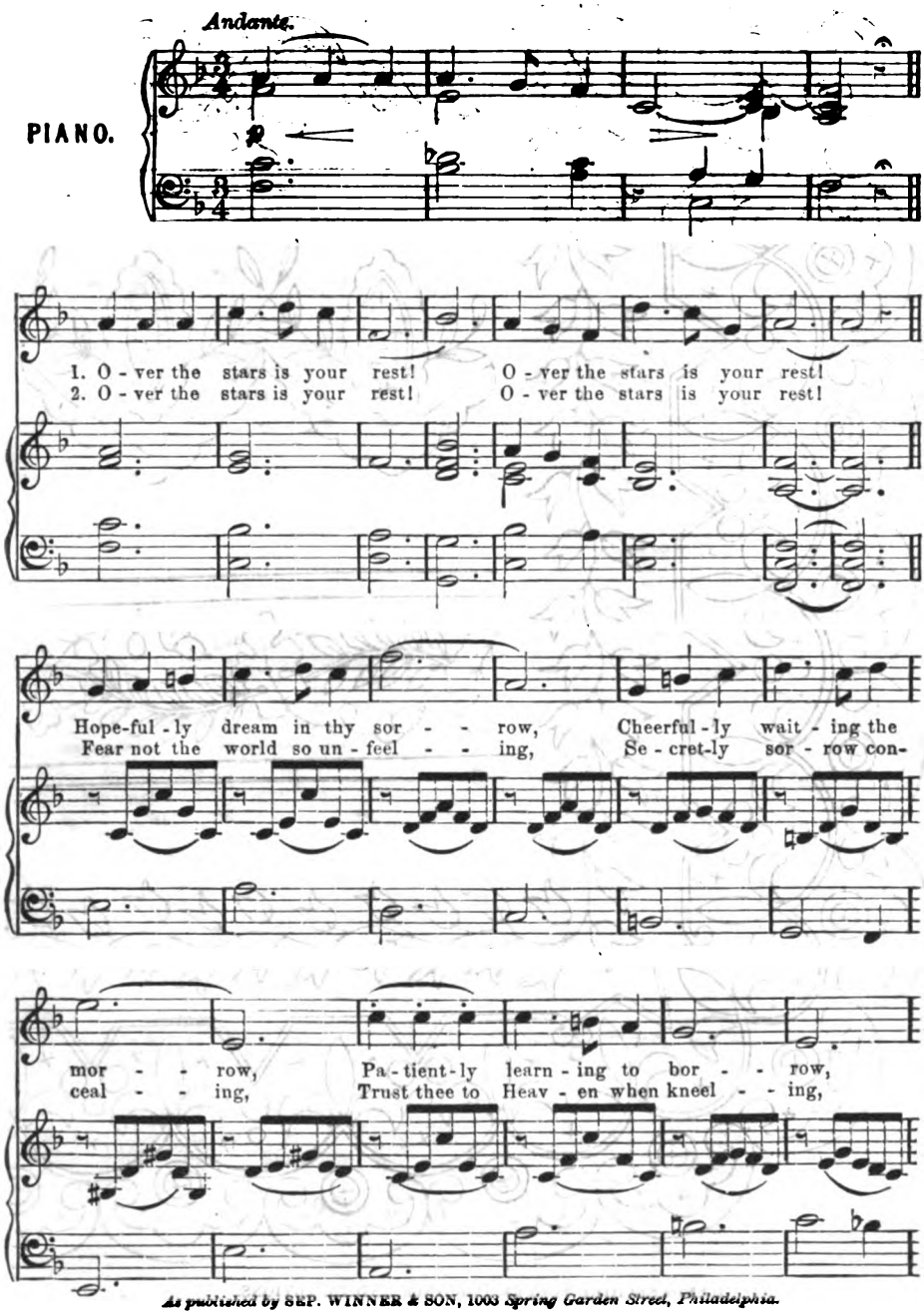
OVER THE STARS IS REST.

"Ueber den Sternen ist Ruh."

English words by ALICE HAWTHORNE. Music by FRANZ ABT. Op. 128.



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Peace from the prom - ise so blest .... Wait tho' no
Know-ing thou yet may be blest .... Sha - dows of

com-fort be near ..... thee, Hope, with her whis - per, may
gloom may dis - tress ..... thee, Yet there is One who will

cheer ..... thee; O - ver the stars is your rest ....
bless ..... thee;

f

pp

O - ver the stars is your rest.

pp *rit.*

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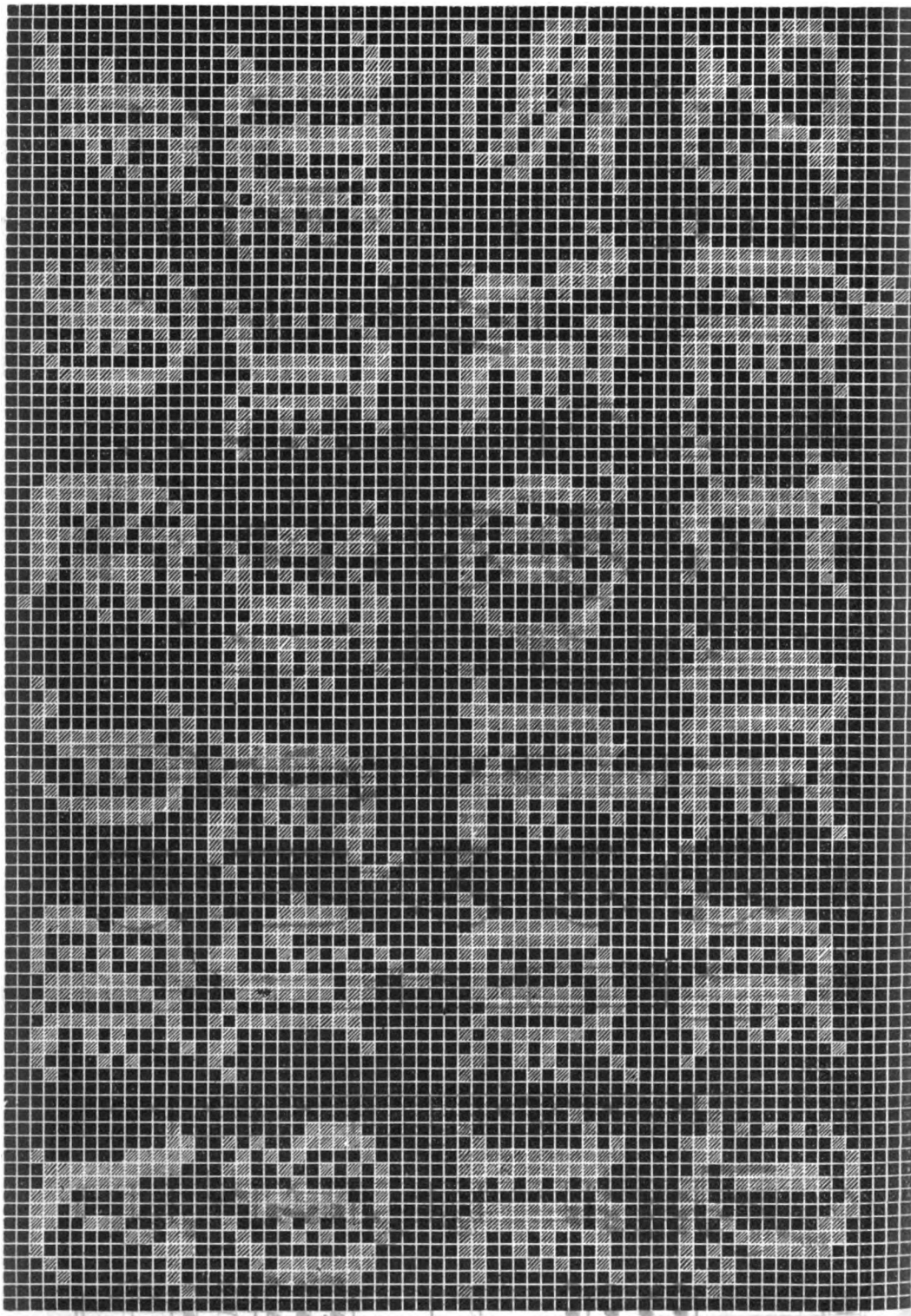

CROCHET ALPHABET—IN OLD ENGLISH.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. LXIII. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1873. No. 1.

THE INITIALS ON THE TREE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

The spacious and splendid grounds of Beechwood, on the Hudson, were thrown open for a fancy-dress *fete champetre*, in which Roman peasants and Albanian soldiers competed with beauties of the Middle Ages and cavaliers of the Vandyke period. Everybody, for miles around, who was socially distinguished, was present. New York city itself had sent up some of its most charming belles. A brass band, concealed in a thicket, alternated its music with that of a score of stringed instruments, which played waltzes for the dancers in a gigantic marquee.

But while all the rest of the gay assembly appeared to be enjoying themselves, the possessor of Beechwood seemed pre-occupied and unhappy. His eye wandered restlessly about, as if seeking some one in vain. The efforts of his fair, unmarried guests to engage his attention—and many there were who made the attempt, for, though more than forty years of age, Douglas Stuart was still handsome and fabulously rich—failed, except for a few moments at a time. Evidently he was out of spirits.

The truth was that she, for whom the *fete* was really given, the one whose smile he valued more than the smiles of all the rest, had unaccountably disappeared. Had Douglas Stuart known where she was, and how she was occupied, his restlessness would have been even greater. At that very moment, Maud Milton was deep in the famous beech-wood, that lay to the back of the house, and from which the place had taken its name: a wood so vast that it exceeded in size many an English park, and in which some of the trees dated back to the primæval forest.

Half an hour before, a gentleman, dressed in a velvet doublet, in the Florentine style of the fourteenth century, had appeared on the edge of the lawn, and a few minutes after, Maud, also in a dress of that era, had sauntered that way, and the two had immediately disappeared within the shelter of the wood. There, seated on a rustic bench, in the very furthest and most shaded dell of the forest, they had conversed, for some time, as only lovers converse, his arm around her waist, her head on his shoulder, their hands clasped, their eyes drinking in each others looks. Now their positions were changed, but were still those of lovers. The cavalier was hastily cutting her initials and his own, R. M., within a true-lover's heart, on the trunk of a gigantic beech that partially shaded the seat; while Maud leaned on his shoulder, watching the proceeding till it was finished.

"There," she said, finally, drawing a long breath. "It is done at last. I am so glad, Rupert, for I must go now— they will miss me, if I stay much longer."

"You don't regret meeting me, and coming?" he said, half reproachfully. "Nothing but the consciousness that this was my only chance—that if I did not see you, to-day, I should not see you for years—could have induced me to have assumed this disguise, and to have come where I was not invited."

She pressed his arm tenderly.

"No, dear," she answered. "I do not regret it. But, for all that, it is better I should not be missed. Don't misunderstand me, love. My life with mamma will be hard enough—you wouldn't do anything to make it harder?"

"Not for worlds." He turned, took her in his arms, and kissed her, as he spoke. "God bless you, darling, for meeting me. I feel now as if I could brave years of absence, and all the perils of Australia. You have, by this interview, given me a new pledge of your faith."

"I will be true to you, Rupert," said the girl, with beautiful enthusiasm, clinging to him, and looking up into his eyes, "as long as those letters remain, which will be as long as this tree stands, and that will be for more than the lifetime of either of us. Forever, I mean."

"Forever! I mean it too," cried he, and then,

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with another long, straining embrace, and a mutual, fervid kiss, the lovers parted.

Maud Milton was the only child of a widow, who had once been in opulent circumstances. But the sudden death of her husband had left her almost penniless, so that she had been compelled to give up her splendid mansion on the Fifth Avenue, and retire to the little village, on whose outskirts stood the lordly mansion and grounds of Beechwood. Mrs. Milton was not a woman to accept this destiny contentedly. Her sole object was to recover her lost position. Life was nothing to her without luxury and show. As she saw no way of returning to New York, except as the mother of a wealthy son-in-law, her whole aim, since her daughter had left school, had been to manœuvre for a grand match for Maud. But there was one obstacle in the way. In earlier and happier days, Rupert Allington and Maud had been playmates, and the childish affection, at which the parents on both sides had then laughed, instead of dying out, as is usual, had now developed into a maturer love, that threatened to thwart all Mrs. Milton's plans. For Rupert, too, was penniless. His father had been ruined in the same convulsion that had carried down Mr. Milton, and the young man had nothing on which to depend, except what his brains and hands could earn. In every way Mrs. Milton had discouraged the attachment, and when Rupert, finally, had accepted a situation in Australia, in the hope of making his fortune, and had boldly gone to her with his suit, she had positively forbidden him the house. This had brought matters to a crisis. Resolved not to leave the country without a parting interview with Maud, he had availed himself of Mr. Stuart's *fete*, to which he had gone in disguise, and uninvited, as we have seen, having first had a note secretly conveyed to Maud, telling her of his intention, of the dress he intended to wear, and of the spot where to expect him.

The next day, Rupert left New York for Australia, and Mrs. Milton, when she read his name in the list of passengers, uttered a silent ejaculation of thanks, little dreaming of the interview which had taken place the afternoon before, or of the solemn pledge then given.

Douglas Stuart had been telling himself, for several years past, that he had done with faith and its hopes; but when he became acquainted with Maud Milton, he soon discovered his error. Before the summer, which threw her in his way had ended, he was obliged to look the truth plainly in the face, and to admit that life had offered a new hope—a sweeter one, perhaps, than any that had gone before. The *fete* which had made such a talk was one of the first results of this conviction, and yet it was only the beginning, as it were. He was so kind, so thoughtful, so agreeable a companion, that Maud unconsciously glided into a more intimate friendship with him than with any other gentleman. His very age, indeed, blinded her to what he wished. He was a great deal at the house; he met her at parties everywhere, that summer and autumn; his carriage and horses were always at her mother's disposition. Mrs. Milton, on her part, was too shrewd, as yet, to utter a word which could rouse any disquieting thoughts in the girl's mind.

But carefully as he tried to guard looks and language, some perception of the truth did at length startle Maud, and she set herself to work to find some means of avoiding his society, and sparing him the possibility of pain. She managed to refuse one or two invitations, where she would meet him; to be occupied or indisposed, when he came to the house; but there was not much time allowed her to struggle. No sign did Mrs. Milton give that she perceived any alteration in the girl's manner; during those three days she was as sweet as ever, admitted Maud's excuses; and Maud began to hope that her mother had perceived nothing, and that she should have no difficulty in slipping out of the painful position in which she found herself.

It was the close of the third day. Mrs. Milton had been driving out, and Maud had spent the afternoon quietly in her room, writing a letter to Rupert—one of those secret letters, which were almost as much pain as pleasure to write, because of the necessary deception to her mother involved in them. The last page was finished, and now she sat dreaming of the future, which was to make amends for this present waiting and suspense. It was not until the shadows of the early twilight began to fill the room, that it occurred to her to wonder that her mother had not returned. She went down stairs for some trifle that she had left in the library: went into the darkened room, singing softly an old song that Rupert had loved. Suddenly, on a sofa, near the fire, she recognized her mother and Mr. Stuart in earnest conversation. Her first impulse was to get away unnoticed. A sudden fear had struck her heart like a blow from an icy hand. But Mrs. Milton saw her, and called,

"Maidie, come here; don't go, child."

Mr. Stuart said something quickly in an undertone. Mrs. Milton replied laughingly, and Maud, moving toward them, in obedience to the summons, caught the last words of the reply.

"Let me do it in my own way; you'll not be sorry," her mother was saying.

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If Douglas Stuart had not been himself a good deal agitated, he could scarcely have failed to see how pale the girl was, and how the fingers which she extended hesitatingly to him, in response to his greeting, trembled under his touch.

But Mrs. Milton was perfectly calm, equal, as ever, to the exigencies of the occasion.

"Maud," she said, gently. "Mr. Stuart has just been telling me a secret, and begging for my interposition. He has done yon the honor to ask your hand in marriage. He does not press you for an answer now; but he wants you to give him an opportunity to win your regard, and I have told him that I believe he can. I have told him, too, that such a future for you would make me very happy."

Maud could not speak. She felt about blindly for a chair, and sat down. She knew what she ought to do. She ought to tell the whole truth at once; but she had neither voice nor strength. Then she heard Mr. Stuart's grave tones,

"This has been too abrupt," he said. "I beg your pardon, Miss Maud. I know it is so new to you that no answer at all would be possible. See, I am going away now. Please don't be afraid of me."

His gentle voice brought back her courage a little, but she could see her mother's eyes full upon her, and the words she tried to speak died on her lips.

"Only let me say this," Mr. Stuart added. "If, later, you can give me the least hope, you will make me very happy, and I will try to be worthy of your goodness."

Then he was gone, and mother and daughter sat alone among the shadows.

"Don't get up, Maud," Mrs. Milton said, quickly. "Let me tell you something before you say a word."

"Only—only——"

"Wait, child! I have been foolish enough, this fall, to indulge in some speculations, in hopes to better our fortune. They have turned out dismal failures. I have lost the little competency we had."

"Oh! mother——"

"Yes! But that is not the worst. Do not, my child," she added, hurriedly, "judge me, till you consider the temptation. I not only lost what we had, but more. To make up the deficiency—to avoid immediate ruin—I used Mr. Stuart's name. I—I—imitated—his endorsement——"

"Mother!" This time it was almost a shriek.

"Remember, in justice to me, that I was wild with despair—insane—— I did not know what I was doing. In a few months, as soon as the note is due, it will all come out. With you it rests to save me. Marry Mr. Stuart, and I am safe—our good name is spared—my momentary madness will never be known. Refuse, and you consign me to a prison."

"But—but," stammered Maud, stunned by this terrible blow, yet groping blindly for escape, "why not throw yourself on Mr. Stuart's mercy? Why not, frankly, tell all——"

"We would be rushing into the lion's den, unless, first, you promised to marry him."

"But Rupert?" moaned Maud. "I cannot give him up!"

"Rupert! Rupert!" cried Mrs. Milton, seizing Maud by the arm. "Do you dare to weigh your silly fancy for that adventurer against a mother's honor, a mother's life?—for I swear to you I will never, never survive the disgrace of an exposure."

She was like some wild animal, now, in her frenzy and despair. Maud shrank from her side, frightened and trembling.

"I—I can't talk—at least not now," she said, faintly. "I want to go to my room. Please! Perhaps, to-morrow, I——"

"Go, answered Mrs. Milton, more calmly, releasing her hold. "Think this all over. But there is only one way out."

The girl got to her room, and, in its solitude, the full horror of her situation burst upon her. Whichever way she turned, she saw no hope. She was in a net, from which escape was impossible.

"Father in heaven," she prayed, "guide me in this extremity. Oh! help me, help me, in this sore, sore strait."

The next morning, her mother came in, and finding her ill and feverish, insisted upon her remaining in bed, doing everything kind that was in her power. There was no attempt at conversation between them, except on unimportant subjects. Later in the day, Mrs. Milton came back, and put a note in Maud's hand, saying,

"I have written this for you to read, because you are not well enough to talk."

It was only to tell Maud that she had seen Mr. Stuart; he did not wish or mean to hurry her; for the present everything was to go on as usual. Mrs. Milton added some sentences which led Maud to suppose that she had explained to him the old attachment between her daughter and Rupert.

So, when Maud, finding that she could not die, could not even be ill, had to go down stairs again, and take up life as if nothing had happened to render it a torture, she found herself placed in the most difficult position possible

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There were more gaities on foot than ever, and she was obliged to accept her part in them. Wherever she went, Mr. Stuart was by her side, the kindest, gentlest friend imaginable; and not a word escaped his lips which enabled her to tell him the truth. Moreover, how was she to tell it? The letter to Rupert had been destroyed; she could not send it; later she knew that she must write him that they were separated forever; but she could not do it yet.

Two whole weeks of this agony went by, and, day by day Maud felt the toils narrow about her; realized, more and more, as the time elapsed, that there was only one way out. A thousand wild projects of rescue suggested themselves to her mind; but each in turn had to be rejected. She felt she was utterly powerless.

They were invited one night to dine at Mr. Stuart's house, just themselves, and his two old-maid sisters. After dinner, not even the laws of politeness could keep the two ancients awake, and Mrs. Milton was busy with a book of engravings; so Stuart led Maud away into the distant conservatory, to look at his flowers.

"I asked you, the other day, if you considered me your friend," he said, abruptly.

"You have been very kind," she answered, longing to break from him, and run off; but feeling how useless it was to prolong this unequal struggle.

"I want you to let me be your friend," he repeated, looking down at her, with a smile, which made his face fairly handsome. He was pale, but perfectly composed, holding her hand fast in his own, while he spoke.

The poor little fingers quivered piteously, but did not attempt to release themselves from his grasp. Then Maud stole one shy glance at his face; their eyes met; and something in the expression of his checked partially the nervous timidity which had shaken her.

"I want to be your friend," he continued, in the same gentle voice; "but, remember, there can be no real friendship, without perfect confidence on both sides! Are you sure that you trust me?"

"I know I can—I do," she said, steadily, though he felt the hand he held grow cold as ice.

She could not see his face now. He had turned it aside. The lines about his mouth quivered, and the earnest eyes became misty and dim; but the expression of deep pity and sympathy for her was there still.

"I have been silent during this fortnight," he continued; "but I am not blind! Oh, Maud! do you think me selfish enough to buy my happiness at the expense of yours?"

She knew then that he had been studying her, that, at least, a portion of the truth was clear to him. Her mother—this was the one thought in her mind—her mother! She could not even remember Rupert; she could only recollect that she had, perhaps, lost the one means of rescuing her mother from shame and prison.

"Mr. Stuart," she said, quickly, conscious that if she stopped to reflect, she should be utterly unable to speak. "I have wanted to tell you—I have had no opportunity—I want to tell you everything."

He drew her to a seat, and sat down beside her, quietly.

"Tell me," he answered; "speak to me just as you would to an elder brother. See, you are not afraid now?"

As he bent toward her, she raised her eyes. It was impossible to fear, when she looked into his.

"I—I have not meant to be deceitful," she faltered.

"There is no need to assure me of that, Maud. But wait a moment. Let me tell you something first—something that will make it easier for you to speak. I know more than you suspect. I know all——"

"Not all? Not about my mother?" cried Maud, hardly knowing what she said.

"Yes! But for your sake," he added, hurriedly, as Maud buried her face in her hands, and broke into choked, convulsive sobbing, that she strove vainly to subdue, "I have shielded her. The promissory note was brought to me to buy. A business man would not have expected anything else. I bought it, at once, but without betraying Mrs. Milton——"

"Oh! thank you, thank you," cried Maud, looking at him, for one moment, with inexpressible gratitude, and then hiding her face again in her hands in shame and horror.

He paused an instant; pity in every look; but regarding her still with that same encouraging smile.

"I have asked you to be my wife, Maud," he went on, quietly. "Your mother told me only that you had once had a girlish fancy for another. Wait, child," (for she involuntarily shrunk away from him,) "wait—you are not afraid of your friend! If there had been no stronger feeling than a fancy to combat, Maud, I should not hesitate. I think that in time I might teach you to care enough for me to make your life pleasant."

He stopped again, for he knew that his voice began to sound unsteady, but stopped no longer than might have served to draw breath; then spoke as gently and firmly as before.

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"But there is more than that, Maud, and I am thankful I have seen it: else, in my selfishness, I might have done a great wrong to your heart and to my own soul. But there is time yet. So, if you will, you shall tell me everything about yourself and Rupert Allington."

She had now gathered confidence, and composure, and she did tell him; told the whole little history, wondering at her own calmness.

"And now?" he asked, when she had finished

"Now?" she repeated, beginning to tremble again.

"Yes; what do you mean to do now?"

"I can't answer," she said. "Oh, Mr. Stuart, I want to do right. But I can't put him out of my heart. I can't forget!"

"Will you keep your promise to me? Will you trust me entirely, no matter if what I ask sounds unreasonable?"

She replied only by a movement of her head.

"Then let everything go on as it has been doing. Trust me just as you wouldyour brother—no less, no more."

"I will," she whispered. "I will."

"I shall never claim an unwilling wife—you may be sure of that. I know you would try to do what was best; but I want you to be happy. There is no wish in my heart so strong as that. Do believe me, Maud."

She did wholly, and she tried to thank him; but the tears came up again and choked her.

"We understand each other now," he continued. "I shall explain in my own way to your mother. You will not be troubled. Treat me as your truest friend, and leave the future in God's hands."

She could not understand his full meaning; but she knew that she could trust him.

Winter came—spring—summer. Mr. Stuart continued a frequent visitor at Mrs. Milton's. The days glided so smoothly by that Maud might have been almost happy if she could have heard from Rupert; but it was hardly time, as yet, for a letter from him; and she was not certain, even if one came, but that her mother would intercept it.

Mrs. Milton appeared perfectly satisfied with the course affairs were taking, and was kindness itself to Maud. What had been said to her the girl never asked. Strange to say, after awhile, Mr. Stuart's society was her one consolation. Somehow, whenever she looked in his face, her courage came back, and she could have faith to believe that the end was not yet.

One lovely evening, in the late summer, Mr. Stuart joined her, as she stood in the garden.

"Maud," he said, abruptly. "There's a steamer in, with Australian passengers——"

She interrupted him by a little cry. She knew now what he had meant by his promise, that night, when she had told him the truth about her girlish past.

A few minutes later, she comprehended the full change which had come upon her life; for Rupert Allington was holding her in his arms. Douglas Stuart walked away, and left them together. After awhile they were both calm enough, so that Rupert could tell her of the telegram which had summoned him home; of the offer he had received of a share in a well-established business, which would enable him to claim his wife without delay: "and all," he said, "through Mr. Stuart."

Douglas Stuart had, indeed, redeemed his pledge. This man never won battles, or founded monarchies; nor was he considered by his friends a remarkable person, in any way. Still, I often think, that when we see each other, face to face, in another world, many a renowned hero will hold a slight place compared to his. For he earned that place—he is dead, alas!—by the cheerful sacrifice of all that is hardest here to relinquish, the one love of his life.

In the depths of the forest, at Beechwood, there is a mighty tree, on whose trunk may be still seen, though years have passed since they were cut, the initials of Rupert and Maud, within a true-lover's heart. Often, as the afternoon wears on, two persons, a husband and wife, go there, and look at it, and then lovingly at each other, and think reverently of one who is dead. They are now the owners of Beechwood, Douglas Stuart having left it to Mrs. Allington.

THE FAR CHURCH WINDOW.

BY S. OLMSTEAD.

I KNEEL by the old church window,
Where the sweet Spring breezes blow,
I hear the minister reading
In an earnest voice and low.

I look through the dusty window
Out on the tombstones gray,
And weep for a loved one sleeping
In a church-yard far away.

I look at the white clouds floating
Over the heavens blue,
And long to sing with the angels
The song that is ever new!

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TOM GILLETT'S FORTUNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"No. I don't suppose there ever was a more hopeless case!"

Tom Gillett uttered a groan, and lighted a fresh segar. He had been pacing up and down Waverley Avenue for two hours, looking at the condition of his affairs. He had a pretty fair view of them now on every side.

"I don't know that I ever saw a worse outlook," said Tom, at last.

Probably it was the first time he had ever brought himself face to face with the matter. By day he was so persistently agitated with the hope of catching a glimpse of Miss Matlack, or, at least, hearing the tramp of her pony, as it passed in or out to the stable; he was kept in such a perpetual flutter by the bare chance of some new phase in their unfortunate love-affair turning up, that he never had time to coolly regard this aforesaid love in the light of common sense.

But to-night he had set apart for this especial buisiness "Common sense. That's precisely what I will bring to bear on it," he had said.

After supper, therefore, Tom betook himself to the stately square on which old Peter Matlack's house frowned down with all the dogmatic authority of one hundred thousand a year, and brought common sense to bear. Matlack's house helped to set the matter plainly before him. It was built as a castle; a chateau of the time of the first Francis. Spoor, the architect, thought its grim towers and battlements (with glimpses underneath of the steam-heaters through the basement gratings) suggested ancient feudal state; stately dames and knights gone out to joust or tourney. People, however, always stopped to look at it, and went on with a muttered, "Matlack, Tea," precisely as they murmured "Slingsby, Whiskey," before the Ionic pillars of the house across the way. Such difficulties lie in our way when we would don those trappings of honor for which nature, we are convinced, has fitted us. Tom Gillett had no fancies about jousts or tourneys. It was enough for him to know that it was a lucky hit of old Matlack's, in Oolong and Souchong, that had boosted him in a week up into the Delectable Mountains, where dwell the millionaires. Grim towers and battlements, the butler, the very gold-mounted harness of Laura's pony, were only so many milestones to mark the hopeless distance between Tom's darling and himself.

It was a pleasant summer evening. The stately houses recognized each other across the wide-shaded avenue; climbing roses, costly exotics fringed and colored the brown-stone balustrades; daintily-dressed children peeped from the drawing-room windows; the very footmen, opening the hall-doors, looked down on the plebeian passer-by, as from unassailable golden heights, where only balmy breezes blow, and souls are borne to heaven on flowery beds of ease, whose rose-leaves are all smoothed.

Tom Gillett would then go round the corner to the narrow street on which his office stood. A little pine building, ten by twelve; a carpeted room, with a cherry table, solitary bookcase, and three odd chairs by way of furniture. Outside, the glittering sign, "Thomas Gillett, M. D. Office hours 9 to 10, A. M." "Why mightn't I as well have put them all office hours?" muttered Tom, with a melancholy grin.

The two houses were both before him. No witnesses in court ever set out a case more plainly. Tom stood at the corner, swinging his cane, looking first at one and then the other. He was a neat, jaunty little fellow, with a joke always lying hid in his chubby face, and a suggestion of enjoyment of the good things of the world in his twinkling blue eyes and well-built clothes. A happy, go-lucky fellow, people thought, as they passed him. In Tom's own eyes he was of all men the most miserable.

"Life is worth nothing to me without Laura. Laura I cannot have without money; and how, in heaven's name, am I to make money?"

There was no suppositious premise in his reasoning. He had gone to old Peter Matlack, and put his fate to the test, that very morning. His own love, and his inability he know better than most men. There was not an atom of muddy self-conceit in poor Tom to hinder his mental soundings.

As he stood within sight of the Matlack castle, he saw the old tea-man come down the steps, and walk away to his club. Jones, his neighbor, who was with him, sniffed the common air affably, with his hook-nose, as he went, as one of the dwellers on Olympus might, belated on the

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earth, and essaying to appear an ordinary mortal. But there was no pomp or affectation about Peter—a plain, blunt man, with steady walk, and keen, gray eyes. "He values his money, but not himself for it," thought Tom. "And he don't overrate its value either," with a sigh. "Life's but a topsy-turvy, ill-balanced boat, without the gold ballast in the bottom."

The two old men disappeared down the avenue, without seeing Tom. Five minutes after, Miss Laura's dainty little phæton rolled noiselessly up the Nicholson pavement, and stopped in front of the battlements. She wore lilac. "Just like a hyacinth blossom!" ejaculated Tom, going madly on tip-toe to catch the shimmer of her soft silk, when she would step down. Her silks were always soft; her skirts never rustled. Some women attack the senses like a dozen cross winds; this one was a single note of music—dress, voice, gentle, slow-moving brown eyes were all in harmony.

As for Tom, tea, money, old Peter, all were forgotten. "She wears curls to-night! She looks like the Madonna del Sisto, with her hair plain. But with curls, she is—Laura!"

His ecstasy at that exhaled into silence. Now, whether Miss Laura had keener eyes than her father, and saw the stout little figure waiting at the corner, will never be known. It is certain, however, that, with her foot on the carriage-steps, she changed her mind, and, seating herself again, ordered the coachman to drive her immediately to the florists in the next street.

"And you need not wait, Robert," she said. "It is but a step. I can walk home."

The result of which was that Dr. Tom beheld his lady-love, caged in a bower, full in his sight, with no other defence than roses and geraniums against him.

Mr. Feast, horticulturist for Waverley Avenue, was a man of intuitions. All he saw was a young lady, one of his best customers, bow formally to Dr. Gillett coming in, and cross the heaps of empty flower-pots. But he knew he would sell no more bouquets that day, and, making some excuse, retreated to his back room, where he was speedily forgotten. As long as he was in hearing, Miss Matlack, who was really a stupid little body, talked of gloxineas and orchids, with aplomb and wisdom. Tom, who was shrewd and sensible, stammered "Laura!" grew red, stared at her in inexpressible silence, and otherwise conducted himself as an idiot. When they were alone, he waxed valiant, and she, shy.

"I went to see your father at his office, this morning, Laura. It's all over with me."

"Oh, Tom!" She clasped her hands. They were so little and helpless, that nothing was to be done but to grip them tight in both of his.

"Yes," resolutely. "I don't see a chance. If your father was arrogant, or unjust, it would be hopeful. I would think Mr. Lord would interfere for us. But he talks such cursedly hard sense—— I beg your pardon, Laura. But I feel as if I'd run my head, and heart too, against a stone wall!"

"Poor boy! poor boy! But what hard sense could he have on his side? Didn't you explain to him that—that we loved each other?" growing red again, and trembling to her finger ends.

"Oh, of course. He knew that already. He was very courteous and pleasant about it. He had anticipated that a great many young men would feel impressed with the conviction that nature designed Miss Matlack as a good wife. A great many young men *had* been so impressed. With regard to myself he would be quite candid. Personally, he had no fault to find."

"I should think not!" under her breath: whereat Tom found it necessary to hold the little hands so tight that Miss Laura drew them indignantly away.

"Personally he had no fault to find. My family was good, better than his own: my social position, habits, character, all that could be desired. Still, the same could be urged in behalf of other suitors; and one insuperable objection remained against me—want of money. My income barely paid my board and clothed me decently. He knew from experience the power and uses of money, and was determined that his only child should have the benefit of both. I replied that I had one argument in my favor which no other suitor could urge. You know what that was, my darling?"

Laura, for her reply, blushed again, and slid her hands into their old resting-place.

"He said that the fact of your preference did not weigh so heavily with him as I probably thought it should do. He knew your character thoroughly. You were one of those gentle, loving, confiding women who turned like a vine to a fresh support, as soon as the first was removed."

"How little he knows me!" cried Laura, with a winsome laugh. Tom stroked her fingers tenderly, but he had a gloomy doubt that the old man was nearer right than he would acknowledge. "Her heart is brimful of love as a fountain of water, and it isn't natural she would keep it long for such a poor dog as I!" he reflected, with a fierce pang of jealousy. "I've no doubt," he added aloud, "if I could come to him to-morrow with an income one quarter as large as his own, he would receive me cordially. But in the

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meantime my income is just seven hundred a year."

"Oh dear!" sighed Laura, looking out through the dim glass walls at the gathering twilight. "Why, Tom!" with a sudden gasp of delight, "Doctor Nichol's practice is worth—worth—— Well, you know how they live. I'm sure papa would be quite satisfied if you had as lovely a place as that; and as for me, I'd be content to live—in a kitchen; I would indeed. People come to Doctor Nichol's from all parts of the Union, and you're a physician as well as he; and I think papa would be quite as willing that you should make your fortune by science and all that sort of thing as——"

"By tea? Very likely. But all I can do is to sit in my office. I can't collar patients on the street and compel them to come in."

"Well, I don't know," said Miss Laura, drily, gathering up her skirts preparatory to departure. "Some people can make fortunes in a week or two. Papa was very lucky in his sudden speculations, I have heard. But there seems to be numberless lions in your path. Perhaps if the incentive were of more value, the difficulties would disappear. No, thank you! I do not need any escort. It is not yet dark."

Tom walked in absolute silence by her side, until they reached the steps of the Matlack mansion, the young lady talking very fast, and very sweetly, of dust, weather, and concerts; chirruping "good evening," when she reached home, "unless, indeed, you will come in?"

"No, Laura," with gloomy solemnity, "I'll not come in;" and he stalked off, not hearing her feeble cry of "Oh Tom! Tom!" as she stood with clasped hands on the top steps.

"That's too much to bear!" said Doctor Gillett, going down the street. It was a sincere, manly heart that beat in his breast, galled and sore from its long struggle beyond endurance. "If she doubts me, it is all at an end," he muttered.

When he had reached his own steps, he stood in the open door awhile, looking at the moon overhead, drifting through black hurrying clouds. A new resolution gathered slowly on his face. "She shall never doubt me again," he said, aloud; "I will have the money, now, by fair means or foul."

CHAPTER II.

Tom Gillett rose, the next morning, after a sleepless night, on fire with his own resolve. Commonplace men rise, many a morning, with zeal and power enough to make a Columbus or a Luther burning in their blood—for an hour or two. Before he dressed, he wrote and dispatched a note to Laura, which he had concocted during the night.

"Laura," it ran, "I could bear your father's words, but not yours. He is a man, and just; he did not doubt me. I will never see your face again until I come with the fortune which you and he demand. Till then farewell.

"T. G."

Tragedy never furnished words so trenchant or so terrible, poor Tom thought, reading them over. If he had been a woman, he could have cried with pity over his own thwarted life. "God knows money is the curse of all that is best in our natures," he thought, directing the letter with scowling brow. "If Laura had been a chambermaid and I a baker," glancing at a happy pair in the area opposite, "life would have been an easy path for us. Now to action!"

The letter was to post: then shaving came, and dressing for the day; afterward breakfast, which he could not eat, and the morning paper. By the time that was finished his three patients were ready for him, and when the hour for action came Tom was very hazy in his ideas as to what the action was to be. Then was lunch; he began now to be hungry. He looked out at the tranquil, sunshiny street, at the Misses Slocum going out to pay morning calls, at the doctor's coupe opposite; listened to the barber Ben's plaintive tune upon the accordeon. He could not take any of this world by the throat and wring a fortune out of it. As for never looking upon Miss Matlack's face again, it was particularly difficult to carry out that resolve, as he had made that occupation the business of his life for the last two years; and besides she passed his door half a dozen times a day.

He took down his books, and read vehemently for half an hour. But why should he spend the day studying the pathology of obscure diseases, when it might be fifty years before he even had a case? That reminded him of his sole remaining patient, little Sam Feast, the florist's boy, whom he had brought through the scarlet fever. It was a week since he had seen him. He was almost well. But he was fond of the doctor, and his father and mother were foolish in their gratitude; and gratitude and affection were like cordial to poor Tom to-day.

In default of taking the world by the throat, therefore, he put on his hat and sauntered round to Feast's. The florist met him at the door Gillett fancied there was a new expression in his face of shrewd suspicion. Could he have overheard, or understood anything, yesterday?

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"It is Sam's back that troubles him," said his mother. "He can neither stand nor lie comfortably. This cheer his father brought him, gives him the greatest pleasure for a day. He'd kerry it out into the sun and sit on it, first in one place and then the other. But it was sheer torture after a bit."

Tom began his examination of Sam's back zealously, while Feast watched him keenly. "He's no love-sick chap, that. First, he's a genuine, kind-hearted fellow, and then he's got the spirit of his profession in his blood and bones. There's nothing serious the matter with the boy, doctor?" he said, aloud.

"Nothing but debility. A few weeks sunshine, and fresh air, will build him up. But this chair——?" taking it up.

"It's the easiest I could find. But the backs and sides are stiff of any chair."

"If they could be made elastic——?" Doctor Gillett turned the chair over, scanning it speculatively. He belonged to a family that had full use of their hands and eyes. "Send this around to the office, Feast. I think I can contrive an easier seat for Sam."

When evening came, and the hour when Tom had been used to sally forth to Laura for his daily rations of happiness, there was a short, fierce struggle in his mind. Common sense came, uninvited this time, and threw her unpitying glare of light on the matter as never before. He could not conquer a fortune out of nothing. His boast in the morning had been the maddest folly. Then, if he could not honorably win Laura, let him take himself out of her path. "I'll not clog and damage her life with a hopeless attachment," thought Tom, the more bitterly, as he felt that perhaps the damage to Laura's life would be small. "She would have been a loyal, fond wife if she had married me. But she cannot live without something to love. In a month she will have forgotten me."

Whether this was just, or not, to Laura, it made the night none the less the most vacant and bitter of his life. Gillett went whistling up and down his office for an hour or two, and then stretched his arms over his head with a heavy breath.

"I may as well give the poor child a little pleasure; but it's all over for me," he said, and sitting down to the table took up the chair.

CHAPTER III.

For two months Miss Matlack waited in an exultant impatience. That Tom did not come to the house argued not desertion, but that he was still in ardent search of the fortune which was to win her. She would not have been surprised if he had sent it before him in the shape of the basins' full of precious stones, wherewith Aladdin wooed his bride, or carried it in his coat-pockets in government bonds. Her own money had come lightly. Tom, she told her confidential friend, might perform an astonishing cure, or bull or bear in gold, whatever that was. She might be mistaken as to technical terms, but not in the certainty of the thing.

When Tom passed her, therefore, on the street, with his formal bow, her delicate face flushed rose-color, and her eyes lighted into a happy smile, which wrenched the poor fellow's heart with an actual physical pang. He read his text-books, visited his patients, was cheery and full of jokes as usual. But people who knew him, Feast among the rest, noticed that his features were growing peaked and thin.

"This won't do," thought Feast. He dropped in that evening to Dr. Gillett's office, to smoke his pipe and gossip of different matters, among the rest, of his cousin's step-son, young Milroy, and that youth's exceptional success as a financier.

"He began, doctor, as an errand-boy for Stokes & Newhall, at a salary of—— Well I forget what, but a bare escape from starvation—saved, with overwork, one hundred dollars: put it into turpentine the year before the war, cleared eight hundred dollars. 'How did he know the war was coming?' old Milroy says to me. Says I, 'He didn't know it; but he smelled the rise in turpentine. He had that kind of a nose.' And it's a fact. He scents a profit a year ahead. He's dealt in oil, silver, lead, stocks, and he never yet has touched a losing card. There's no solider man on 'change, to-day, than that young fellow. Bare twenty-nine, and began penniless. There's lucky men as well as lucky stones, doctor, I tell you; and whatever they touch turns to gold."

"Your friend must be a profitable acquaintance," said Tim, dully, as he spoke of everything now-a-days.

"That is precisely the light in which I wanted to suggest him to you," said Feast, eagerly, and lowering his voice. "I took the liberty of talking of you to him the other day, and he is exceedingly anxious to become acquainted with you. 'If you find he's an odd hundred or two lying idle,' he said, 'I can give him a hint how to plant it, so as to yield thousands while he is feeling pulses, and writing prescriptions. Like the Scotchman's tree, 'it'll aye be growing while he is sleeping.'"

"I don't know why Mr. Milroy should take

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an interest in me," said Tom, ungraciously; "I have no odd hundreds lying by, neither dollars nor cents."

"One don't need money to make money. These brokers manipulate hard gold out of nothing. At any rate you won't refuse Milroy's acquaintance?"

"Certainly not. I'll be glad to know any friend of yours, Feast," responded Gillett, tardily conscious of his incivility.

Feast's words worked like leaven. It was quite true that money did grow out of air in these broker's offices, and nowhere so quickly as in Milroy's; a man of whom Tom had often heard as the most successful speculator in town—one whose basis of action were always sound, and whose judgment resembled intuition. The man himself, when they met, acquired an almost immediate influence over him. Milroy had his own reasons for wishing to make a friend of Tom. Gillett stood high as a man of intelligence and honor; he belonged, too, to a class whom the broker only hitherto could approach in a business relation, and with whom there was immediate need he should establish a more familiar intercourse. No better go-between than Tom could be found. The very fact of this difference between them gave him a hold on Tom. Here was a young fellow of his own age, frank, genial, generous, who wore atrocious coats, ate with his knife, was reckless of grammar, and who yet had a peculiar power and gift which Tom, with all his culture, could only contemplate with blind admiration, as he might the weapon of a sword-fish, or the scent of a hound. The two became companions, if not friends. Milroy "let Gillett into one or two strokes," which netted him a few hundreds in a week or two. Tom began to catch some idea of gambling in stocks. "It is simply," he told Feast, "trading on your experience and foresight, instead of on a capital. Perfectly legitimate, it appears to me. So far I have seen nothing in the business not in accordance with the strictest rules of honor."

"And you never will in Milroy's office, I'm confident."

"No. I think I have some capacity for the business. I wouldn't be surprised I'd be a capitalist in a year or two." with a sudden flush and laugh, which were quite intelligible to Feast.

Gillett was on his way to Milroy's office then. There was a certain company just formed for the working of a silver mine in Nevada, which was kept a profound secret, in order to retain as many shares as possible among themselves.

"Once throw them on the market, and the competition will be so eager that our chance is gone." Milroy had told Tom, "the mine is almost pure, virgin metal. It is as sure a road to fortune as thrusting your hand into a bag of gold."

Tom was to be let in on "the ground floor;" the shares to the privileged few being held so low that he could easily compass the purchase. He had no curious speculations as to the cause of this favor shown him. "Milroy's vulgar; that can't be denied," he reflected, "and a little ambitious of friendships in our circle."

He went out of Feast's door, turning, for the first time in months, toward Matlack's house. He could afford himself a glimpse of her, he thought, with his heart light and throbbing like a boys. He had the whole silver mine in Nevada between his palms. On the sunny porch of the florist's cottage he stopped to tap Sam's curly head.

"How does the chair work, my boy?" stooping to examine the structure of willow strips and elastic bands. "People stop to look at it, do they? We'll make a wagon next then, and trundle you out. You shall race with Miss Laura's fairy chariot yonder."

He could not keep her name from his lips; he must, perforce, invent some way in which he could speak it to this innocent child.

In a few moments he was seated with Milroy in his private room, listening to confidential letters from the agent sent out to inspect the mine.

"It reads," said Tom, with an unsteady laugh, "like a sketch of Eldorado."

Milroy was cool and guarded. "Do not expect too much. I have been engaged in more brilliant operations; but none as safe. Certainly none as safe. Each of the original stockholders may count on netting a hundred and fifty thousand, at the end of the first year, but no more. Don't let your imagination run away with you, Gillett."

"One hundred and fifty thousand!" gasped Tom, turning off abruptly to the window. He had no mind that this man should know what that money meant to him. There was a little grass-patch and a locust-tree without. The sun glistened on the branches, and a bird sang overhead of love and summer. Tom hardly heard Milroy's voice behind him.

"Of course, it all depends on that. The mine must be worked at once, before the fall rains begin, to yield us any dividend before next year. So there remains the stumbling block. Where is the ready money to come from?"

"The stock subscribed——"

"You know at how low rates it has been sold."

"Why not throw the remaining shares on the market, then?" Tom's heart began to contract.

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"And let in the capitalists? Ah, Gillett! our poor little chances would soon be swept out of sight, if once that hungry horde were let loose on such fat prey as this."

"You are as large a dealer in stocks as any in the city," said Tom, suspiciously.

"I told you every dollar of cash I had was tied up. I can really go no further in this matter than I have already done." He began to turn over some papers, as though wearied with the subject. Tom rose. The Nevada mine was but one of Milroys enterprises, perhaps the least. It was life and death to him.

"You do not think of any escape from the difficulty, then?"

"No. I do not. Money is tight, just now. We'll have to throw open the doors to a few large capitalists, who will run the matter through fast enough. Of course, they will insist on buying out small stockholders, on their own terms. But it can't be helped."

Good-by to Laura. Gillett stood silent in the doorway, looking at the shrewd, impassive face of the broker, without seeing it. Milroy glanced up at last.

"Eh, doctor? I beg your pardon; I thought you had gone. You look chilly—pale. What ails you? I've a bottle of sherry here that——"

"I don't want to drink. I'm going, now."

"Gillett! One moment. About that Nevada matter. It just occurred to me that you could help us out of the difficulty."

"I? I have not the control of a dollar, beyond the sum I put into it."

"Yes, you have. Your uncle Frisbie is in Europe, isn't he?"

"Egypt, I believe. I don't know where. What has that to do with it?"

"Everything. Frisbie is a cautious, shrewd operator. If he were at home he would be prime mover in this matter. He is entirely in my confidence, and I would be willing for him to be prime mover; understand that. I always let him into a good thing when I can."

"But he's not at home."

"The better half of him is—that is, his money. He told me, the day before he left, of certain government bonds which he had deposited in a vault of the Fidelity Safe Company. There is but one key to each of those vaults. He told me that he had left the key with you for safe keeping."

"Yes. I did not know that there was money or its equivalent in the vault, though. He mentioned certain deeds, which I was to take charge of in case of fire or other accident."

"The bonds are there, however."

"Are you empowered to act as his agent?" eagerly. "Is that what you mean? Have you any power of attorney."

"No—not exactly. But I am so confident that Frisbie would be first in this enterprise that it almost seems unfair to keep him out of it. What I meant to suggest was," keeping his eye steadily fixed on the opposite wall, "that you should loan me the sum lying idle there for this purpose. In three months' time we would repay with a hundred per cent. interest; and win Frisbie's eternal gratitude for taking his talent out of the napkin of government bonds."

The color receded slowly from Tom's face. "It appears to me that you propose to me to become a thief."

"Good heavens, Gillett! how can you look at the matter in such a light?" blustered Milroy. Yet it seemed to Tom that the bluster was prepared, and ready for the occasion. "You do not know the business relations between Frisbie and myself, or you would not have wronged me so cruelly."

"Probably not. Let the matter drop there."

"As you will. But think over it to-night. The bonds, and we have success; without them, there is an end to all our plans."

Gillett walked home in a state of fiery indignation, that the swindler should have dared to tamper with him. He passed Matlack's house; a light shone in Laura's window. He went to his miserable office. There was his whole life mapped out—poverty, renunciation.

A homeless, solitary man! Laura the wife of another! He rose at that, and went to the open door. "What if Milroy had been honest, after all?" he said, aloud. "It is but a loan; Frisbie would be glad to have his money doubled——"

An hour after, the watchman at the Fidelity Bank was summoned by a man applying for admission to the range of private rented vaults. He gave the secret signal, and passed down to Frisbie's vault. He was, the watchman noticed, a young man, with a pale, haggard face, whose manner betrayed great, suppressed excitement. He opened the vault, and took from it certain papers, examined them carefully, by the light of the setting sun; and stood irresolute for a long interval. Then, with a long breath, he opened the vault, and replaced them.

"It is all over," muttered Tom.

The watchman, as he passed him, spoke to him, but the stranger did not hear him: he went out silently, and passed alone down the street.

The next day, Dr. Gillett's glittering, red sign was taken down. The doctor himself had gone West. His intention was, people said, to allow his practice to grow up slowly with some new

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town. "A slow way to a competency," they said, "but sure."

CHAPTER IV.

Two years afterward, Mr. Feast found the glittering, red sign in a village of Iowa. He entered the office without announcement.

"And the Lord knows the trouble I've had to ferret you out," was his greeting.

Dr. Gillett had altered; was graver, stouter, wore a middle-aged look, curiously unsuited to his years. He wrung Feast's hand, as men do who are famished with homesickness. "Sit down! sit down!" he said. "After a while you shall eat and drink. But tell me something—anything, now, of the old place."

"Well, first, there's Milroy. You heard of his defalcation. A most accomplished swindler, that, doctor. I thanked God he never took you in. It was I who threw you in his way, you remember."

"Yes, I remember."

"But never mind Milroy. I've other news for you. First is, I journeyed out here with it for you. You remember the chair you made for Sam? A folding-up, easy-seat?"

Gillett nodded.

"Well, that seems a trifle; but see what it grew into. One day, Cobbs, the chair-maker, in New York, came to me. 'Whose patent is this?' says he. Quick as thought, says I, 'Dr. Gillett's.' 'Who's his agent?' says Cobbs. I says, 'I'd write and see.' Then I goes and takes out a patent in your name. Then I bargained with Cobbs for the manufacture of the seat for our State. The idee took. Simple, cheap, yet ingenious, you see. The thing spread like wildfire. I've sold the right to manufacture them in these States. Cobbs is making his fortune out of them, and your's is made. Now I want you to come home, and look into it. But I think," with a shrewd look, "I deserve something as agent, eh?"

Two days after Gillett was on his way home. In all that time he had not asked the question, trembling on his lips. He beat about it—hovered near it. "I cannot believe such great results have grown out of such a mere trifle," he said.

"No? Why, there's Forten, in New York, is a millionaire; and his fortune grew out of a boy's ball, with a bit of elastic string fastened to it. Or look at Perkins, with his fruit-cans. Something practical and cheap to catch the popular fancy, you see. Now the chair's a thing everybody admires, and wonders they did not invent themselves. Only the other day Miss Laura Matlack stopped to look at Sam's in the greenhouse. 'It was Dr. Gillette who gave you this?' she said, and she sat down in it for a moment, very grave and quiet."

"She is not married, then?"

"No. People say she's waiting for some foreign prince."

Tom made no reply.

A month afterward, Mr. Feast received a magnificent bridal order for flowers. Late in the evening, Dr. Gillett came into the green-house, with a lady, a veil over her bright, blushing face. She took the old man by the hand. "The prince has come," she said, "thanks to you! But who would ever have thought the steed to bring him to me would have been an improved camp-chair."

"My dear, young lady," said Feast, sententiously, "Nothing's a trifle. Underneath that was the kind heart, which forgot its own troubles, to please a poor, lame child."

THE FIRST SNOW.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

"What are those beautiful things so bright,
That fall and fall as if rose-leaves light?
Or dance, and frolic, and whirl away,
Like millions of tiny birds at play?"

"Far in the South, where we dwelt, my dear,
Winter is never as Winter here.
No trees are bare, and no ice-winds blow,
Nor falls that beautiful wonder, snow!"

"How long will it fall? All night? Oh, see!
It hides the fences, it weights the tree.
Can Earth be dying, and this the pall—
Mamma, it frightens me!—o'er us all?"

"'Twill fall and fall, thro' the night so still,
O'er field and forest, o'er vale and hill,
Till all, my child, in the morning light,
Seem wrapped forever in shroud of white!"

"Is't God who does it?" the awed voice said;
"Will Spring return, or the Earth stay dead?
Will ever the trees, and the golden grain,
And the bright, bright flow'rs bloom again?"

"'Tis God, my love," the mother replies,
"And yet, for all, there is nothing dies.
Like the trees, the flow'rs, and golden grain,
We, too, after death, shall live again."

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THE WRECK OF THE KRAKEN.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

CHAPTER I.

It was early in June that the Kraken, a staunch, young, clipper-built barque, with Philip Singleton, master, and a picked crew of sixteen men, sailed out of New York, bound for Genoa. She carried a number of steerage passengers, mostly Italians, who, by the help of hand-organs, monkeys, hurdy-gurdys, and the like, had accumulated enough of American coppers and currency, to purchase the very moderate amount of gold requisite to provide their daily bread and maccaroni in the home of their youth, and their constant longing. The cabin passenger, for there was but one, was a lady, quite young, too young, one would think, to travel alone, under any circumstances. Yet, although apparently an invalid, she had secured her own passage, made all her own arrangements, and had, at the hour appointed for sailing, driven down to the pier in a hired hack, without a single friend or attendant. She was registered under the name of Mrs. M. Gray, and Capt. Singleton, who was on deck when his passenger came on board, noticed, with some surprise, that, although she was young, and elegantly dressed, her luggage consisted of but one trunk, evidently quite new, with the initials M. G. painted upon the end, in letters hardly yet dry.

"Queer; but all the better," muttered Capt. Singleton; and crossing the quarter-deck, he received the lady with a profound bow, saying,

"Mrs. Gray, our lady passenger, I presume?"

"Yes. And this is Capt. Singleton?" asked the lady, in her turn, but without raising the heavy veil covering her face. The captain noticed, with pleasure, however, that the voice was low, sweet, and of a peculiarly musical quality, and her manner at once gracious and high-bred. So he answered, very deferentially,

"The same, at your service, madam; and I hope I shall be able to make you comfortable aboard the Kraken, and carry you into Genoa within thirty days," he added. "Will you go below at once, Mrs. Gray, or shall I offer you a chair on deck? It may amuse you to see us get under weigh."

"Thank you, captain; but I will go to my state-room at once, if you please," replied the lady; and, leaning upon the captain's offered arm, she descended the short flight of steps into the cabin, and gracefully bowed him adieu at the door of the state-room.

For the next three days, all that was known of Mrs. Gray was through the stewardess, who had been engaged especially to attend upon her, and who reported her very ill; but, about the middle of the fourth day, Capt. Singleton, having ordered a mattress and cushions to be spread in a sheltered corner of the quarter-deck, went himself to the door of his passenger's state-room, and, having inquired after her health, and learned that it was much improved, suggested that she should allow herself to be brought on deck, to spend a few hours, at least, in the balmy summer air. To this proposal Mrs. Gray assented, after a short delay, and the captain returned to the deck, where, some time later, appeared the stewardess, supporting a mass of shawls and furs, under which Capt. Singleton, with some difficulty, traced the outline of a human figure. Springing forward, with a sailor's gallant alacrity, he offered his arm, saying,

"You should have sent for me, Mrs. Gray. I could have brought you up better than the stewardess. I have ordered these cushions and mattress, and I think you had better lie down directly, or the motion of the vessel may make you feel uncomfortable; there, let me help you. Is that right?"

There was no reply, and the muffled figure slid heavily from the captain's supporting arm, to the mattress, and lay there motionless.

"She has fainted away, I reckon, captain. She has two or three times before," exclaimed the stewardess; and, hastily pulling away the veil and hood, she exposed to the eyes of Capt. Singleton the most charming face he had ever seen, although its deadly pallor and closed eyelids gave it more the appearance of a marble statue than a living woman.

"Get something to restore her, stewardess; and be quick about it. You, man Jack, hand me that newspaper, d'y hear?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied the man at the wheel, and reaching the newspaper, which the captain had been reading, and had thrown down upon Mrs. Gray's appearance, he handed it over without letting go of the wheel. Then, resting both hands upon the spokes again, he watched, with quiet interest, the captain's movements, as the

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captain plied the newspaper fan, or held the flask of pungent salts to the nostrils of the beautiful statue, while the stewardess bathed the temples with cologne, and chafed the slender, white hands.

"She's coming to, sir. See, there's a streak of red on her cheek, and the eyelids are trembling."

"Here, take the smelling-bottle, and keep on with your cologne. She'll be startled, maybe, at seeing me."

And the captain hastily rose from his kneeling posture, and stood looking on, while his passenger slowly returned to consciousness, and, at last, opening a pair of soft, gray eyes, fixed them languidly upon him, while she whispered.

"I am sorry to be so troublesome, captain."

Of course, the answer was a cordial one; and, presently, the captain planted himself upon a camp-stool beside the mattress, and began to entertain his passenger with such little items of news as became matters of large importance at sea.

Mrs. Gray listened, smiling now and then, and sometimes whispering a word or two; but evidently too weak and languid for conversation; and, after all, it was a relief to both parties, when the captain was called away upon business of the ship.

Presently, the stewardess also was summoned; but, before she went, she said to the man at the wheel,

"Swedish Ned, you just keep half an eye on this lady, and, if she wants anything before I come up, you sing out to one of the boys to pass the word for me, will you?"

"All right, stewardess," replied Swedish Ned, briefly; and Mrs. Gray, who had heard the brief conversation, cast a glance of languid curiosity upon her new guardian.

"A real son of the Vi-kings," was the thought that crossed her mind, as she marked the straight, stalwart form, the frank look of the brightest blue eyes, the man of tawny hair, and the fair skin asserting itself in spite of the bronze and burn of exposure. With a vanity, oddly enough contrasting with the rugged strength of his appearance, the Swede had suffered his beard and mustache to grow to their full extent, and kept them with the nicest care, so that the mass of rippling, gold-brown hair fell upon his coarse, blue Guernsey, or floated out upon the fresh breeze, in a most striking and effective manner. Altogether, Swedish Ned was a picturesque point in the view, and Mrs. Gray suffered her eyes to rest upon him with the same quiet satisfaction with which she regarded the sparkling sea behind her, or the distant sail glittering upon the horizon. Suddenly she was reminded that the handsome steersman was not a mean point in the view, by noticing that a still deeper red was creeping over his sunburned face, and that a frown was gathering above the sea-blue eyes.

"I have stared the poor fellow out of countenance," thought the lady, and looked away. Presently, however, she became aware that she in turn was the object of scrutiny, and, turning her head, she met the full gaze of the eyes she had admired. Smiling a little, she broke the awkward silence, by saying, pleasantly,

"We are having fine weather, so far. Which way is the wind?"

"Nor-west and by nothe, ma'am," replied Swedish Ned, smiling enough to show a set of splendid teeth under the blonde mustache.

"And is that a fair wind?" pursued the passenger.

"As good as any, ma'am. There's a whale."

He pointed as he spoke, and Mrs. Gray raised herself upon her elbow, far enough to see the glittering arch of water just falling back into the sea, as the leviathan pursued his distant path.

It is against sea-law, as every one knows, to "talk to the man at the wheel;" but Mrs. Gray either did not know, or did not heed the rule; and Swedish Ned was too civil a young fellow to mortify a lady by reminding her of such a thing, so that, starting from the whale, the two fell into a conversation ranging over a number of maritime topics, and lasting until, at eight bells, Swedish Ned was relieved at the wheel by a stupid-looking fellow, and the stewardess appeared with Mrs. Gray's mid-day biscuit and lemonade.

A few days later, the mattress was dispensed with, or only used as a luxurious lounge; and the lady-passenger, in answer to Capt. Singleton's constant inquiries, declared herself better in health than she had been for months, and only anxious that the voyage should not prove too short an one, as she was enjoying it extremely. This declaration seemed to afford the captain an immense amount of satisfaction, and was, perhaps, the cause of his redoubled efforts to please his passenger; efforts so successful, that more than one oracle of the forecastle gave it as his opinion that "the old man is sweet on that young 'oman, the worst kind, and if so be she's of his mind, and all's straight for 'em, this 'er aint their last v'yge in company."

But though cordial and interested in Capt. Singleton's conversation, Mrs. Gray by no means confined herself to his society, and delighted in visits to the forward part of the barque, where she talked stammering Italian to the dark-eyed

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exiles collected there, or listened to their still more broken English with amusement and interest. Sometimes, also, she stopped for a few words with the under-officers, or even the sailors, as she passed them at their work; and more than a few times she came to lean over the taff-rail, or seat herself near the wheel, when Swedish Ned was on duty. At these times, she did her best to draw him into conversation, rendered very amusing to her by the naive simplicity of the sailor's ideas upon land matters, and his shrewd reflections and varied experience upon all topics connected with the sea. Nor is it possible to deny, that the unspoken admiration in the young Swede's honest eyes was perfectly legible to those of the lady, well skilled as she was in reading such hieroglyphics; and no less agreeable than intelligible; for Margaret Gray was one of the women we all have known, women whose breath of life is the homage of every creature who approaches them, and to whom kind nature, in giving the need, has also given the means of supplying it. We do not speak of coquettes, of vulgar syrens, whose noisy songs attract only the most ignoble game, and whose lives are one laborious effort for notoriety and attention. No! Women of the Margaret Gray order never need to strive for homage, for no man withholds it from them; they merely follow the law of their creation, and move through the world as fair planets, whose attendant satelites ask no nobler destiny than to revolve forever within the orbit of their light and warmth.

So, it in no whit surprised Mrs. Gray, as she chose to call herself (though how one so young could be a widow seemed inexplicable almost) to find that Capt. Philip Singleton, and Swedish Ned, the foremost hand, both worshiped her, and that neither of them dared to hint at his worship, and she, smiling sweetly all the while, strengthened the ice-wall which she knew they would not dare to pass.

CHAPTER II.

The Kraken sailed, as we have said, in June, and the weather, for the first ten days, had been like that of Paradise before the Fall, its only defect being the lightness and softness of the wind, which merely fanned the barque along, without once allowing the captain to display his seamanship before the eyes of his solitary passenger.

"A regular ladies'-breeze," was his somewhat discontented remark, day after day, until Mrs. Gray was moved to inquire, "if he pined for a breeze that should drive ladies below, and out of sight?"

At last came a change; first, a sharp east-and-by-south gale, then a deluge of rain, and then baffling puffs of air, from every quarter in succession, until the captain and mates had roared themselves hoarse in rapid orders, often countermanding those of a few moment previous; and Mrs. Gray, snugly ensconced in furs and shawls in her chosen nook beneath the bulwark, had more than enough to do in watching the manœuvres of the well-trained crew, and learning, by silent observation, the meaning of the terms and phrases so strange to a landsman's ear. Nor could she fail to notice that in every little knot of men summoned, for "a small pull on the main t'r'yal sheets," or to "haul down on that mizzen stay-sail," or to "haul tight and belay," it was always Swedish Ned who was foremost of all, always he who seized upon any duty requiring especial activity or daring; he who encouraged the rest by word and example; he who in every moment of emergency or surprise, showed a cool courage and capacity that, as she often thought, would have better befitted a leader than a subordinate, and pleasing her as much in the purely artistic view from which she regarded the man, as his handsome face and figure had already done.

"We have rough weather now, almost all the time, it seems to me," said she to him, one day, as he came close to where she nestled among her cushions, and busied himself in replacing a chafing mat, disordered by the working of the rigging in the last gale.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the Swede, briefly, and then, pausing in his work, to cast an eye around the horizon, he added, "and maybe we'll have worse before long."

"What do you mean? Why should you think so?" asked Mrs. Gray, anxiously.

"There's signs of it, ma'am," returned the sailor, in the same cautious manner, and, after a moment, added, "but she's a good ship, and we've a good captain, so that there's no call for fear—yet."

"I am not afraid; I never am," replied the lady, quietly.

Swedish Ned stole a keen look at her pale, serene face, and uplifted eyes, before he answered.

"I don't think you've any need to be, ma'am. Did you know that we're off our course, ma'am?"

"No. How much?"

"I don't know; but the mate dropped a few words, this morning, that showed me how it was. We've got to the nor'ard more than a bit, and it

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may be we'll run afoul of an iceberg yet. There's stories of ships that went down with all hands, and never time for a prayer, through running afoul of them icebergs; and we're getting to the nor'ard every day."

"Why do you want to frighten me, Ned?" asked Mrs. Gray, fixing her wonderful eyes steadily upon the face of the Swede, and growing yet a shade paler than her wont.

"I said just now, ma'am, that you have no need to be afraid," replied he, shooting one swift glance at the steady eyes. "Whatever happens, you'll be saved; for I never set myself to a thing yet that I didn't do it; and I never tried yet, as I would try to save you."

And with that, Swedish Ned, gathering up his tools, slowly walked forward, leaving Mrs. Gray hardly surprised, hardly flattered by what he had said. She had known it before he spoke.

But, perhaps, because of the mention of icebergs, Mrs. Gray soon perceived a heavy chill in the wind, which now blew steadily from the north, with enough east in it to baffle the Kraken, whichever way she tried to lay her easterly course. Shivering, and drawing her shawls about her, Mrs. Gray smiled upon the captain as he approached, driving away a frown as he came.

"How cold it is," murmured the lady, in an appealing sort of way, which made Capt. Singleton long to take her in his arms, and shelter her from every chill and harm. But he only seated himself beside her and said,

"Yes; we are getting a little breeze out of the north."

"Do you think we shall meet an iceberg?"

"Possibly. But what made you think of such a thing?"

"Oh! it is not wonderful that I should, is it? One often reads of them; and in this weather I feel quite like an Arctic explorer."

"Let me send for another shawl, or at least wrap you better in this one."

"Thank you! That will do perfectly without another. But if we meet the icebergs, will there be danger?"

"The icebergs haunt you. Why should there be danger from them?"

"You turn the question very neatly, but please to answer it."

"Well, then, there might be danger, if the icebergs bore down upon us, and the wind failed before we could get out of the way; but that is very unlikely, to say the least."

"It has happened."

"Certainly. But I have never, in my ten years' experience, been in the slightest danger, from icebers, or even known a man that was."

"The men who are overtaken by such a fate, do not often come back to tell the story."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Gray; but has any one been frightening you?" asked the captain, after a little pause.

Mrs. Gray flashed a laughing glance into his eyes, and only said, such as she had said to Swedish Ned,

"I am not frightened. I never am."

And he, unconscious that he was but echoing poor, unlearned Ned, replied, much as Ned had done,

"You are the last one aboard this barque who need to fear, Mrs. Gray, for not a man of us but would risk his life to save yours. I wish that I had a dozen, that I might offer them all."

He choked a little over the earnestness of these last words, and Mrs. Gray raised her dove-like eyes to his, with a grateful smile. She liked that sort of man, and she was quite in earnest, when she said,

"I know it; but I hope the occasion will not arise, for your life is worth a great deal more than mine. Will you please send for the stewardess to bring my chocolate?"

A little disappointed at this end of the interview, the captain strode away, and Mrs. Gray, nestling deeper among the cushions, slept, or at least dreamed, until dinner-time.

The next morning she was awoke by the stewardess—a mulatto, by the way—who rushed into the state-room, with her yellow face faded to a dirty cream-color, exclaiming,

"Oh, ma'am, do get up and come on deck! There's an iceberg a coming, sure enough. Lordy only knows whether it ain't a going to gobble us, 'fore we get shet of it!"

"It has come, has it?" remarked Mrs. Gray, blithely, and springing from her berth, she dressed herself, with the help of the chattering woman, as quickly and as warmly as possible, and followed her on deck.

The captain met her at the companion-way, looking pale and anxious, but still mustering a re-assuring smile for her benefit.

"Here are our bergs, to be sure," said he, offering his arm. "I thought you would like to see them before we get past. So I sent the woman down for you."

"Yes, I should like to see them—before we get past," re-echoed Mrs. Gray, with a queer little smile; and following the captain's silent gesture, she looked over the starboard quarter, and saw two great phantoms, more like solid snow-clouds than anything substantial, looming upon the horizon in awful beauty.

"They are very grand," said she, breath-

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lessly, and then, shivering a little, she leaned closer upon the captain's arm and looked uneasily about her.

Swedish Ned was at the wheel, and his eyes were fixed meaningly upon her.

"Good-morning!" said Mrs. Gray, gently, looking at him; but the brave smile upon her lips meant more than good-morning, and the young Swede read in it. "Yes, I see; but I am not afraid, and I do not forget that your life is pledged for mine."

The sun rose, and the pale phantoms, touched by his first rays, grew to marvelous beauty, now glittering like ice-palaces, now showing Alpine heights and deep crevasses, now robed in rainbows, which gleamed and disappeared at every moment as the spray, driven before the bergs, leaped high, broke, and fell back, then rose again. The loud dash of the waves, breaking against them, as on a rock-bound shore, was already audible, and at intervals were heard reports, as of distant cannonading, succeeded sometimes by a grinding, crashing sound, as pieces of the berg split off and fell down the sides of the mountainous mass.

"A wonderful sight!" murmured Mrs. Gray, pallid with awe and admiration.

But the captain, for once, did not heed her, his frowning eyes were fixed upon the clouds.

"Hard a-port, there! Hard down, I say!" growled he; and the helmsman answered in the same low tone,

"Hard down it is, sir!"

"The wind is failing us," muttered the captain; and his chief mate, standing close behind, replied, gloomily,

"The bergs hold it; they've got enough.'

"The wind is bringing them down upon us, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Gray, quietly.

Capt. Singleton cast an angry glance at the mate, and answered briefly,

"Just now it is so, to be sure."

"And at the same time, they cut off the wind, so that we don't get any," pursued the lady, in the same quiet tone.

Capt. Singleton glanced at her with the pitying surprise one yields to a child's bold speculations upon life and death, and soothingly replied,

"They are not going to harm us; don't be afraid."

"Oh, no! I am not. But I should think there is great danger of their drifting down upon us; and in that case, if we are becalmed, and cannot get out of the way, we shall be crushed—shall we not?"

"Good heavens, Mrs. Gray! Do you realize the meaning of your own words?" exclaimed the hardy sailor, turning ashen pale, as he gazed upon her steady face.

"Yes; I think so. If the bergs come down upon us, we die, here and now; but you know death is not a matter that, by any chance, is to be escaped finally. Why not as well meet it here and now, as anywhere and anyhow?"

"I wish to God we men were as brave as you," muttered Capt. Singleton, grasping her hand. Then, leading her to the chair she usually occupied, he seated her, bade her good-by with a look, and gave himself entirely to the management of his vessel.

But, after all, of what avail is the wisest management, or the highest courage, when opposed to those gigantic forces of nature, especially if nature herself refuses to aid us? There lay the Kraken, a puny toy upon the surface of the ocean, her sails idly shivering in the last breath of the dying wind, her rudder almost useless, all her cunning appliances for speed and safety suddenly become of no avail, all the wisdom, experience, and courage of her commander and crew dwindled to a baby's effort to escape an avalanche; and yonder rose the two great ice-mountains, looming momentarily larger and closer, the slow momentum of their own weight bringing them steadily on, and the mutual attraction of all large bodies in motion, drawing them always toward each other, and toward the quivering Kraken, as she drifted feebly before them.

The captain's brief, sharp orders had for some moments ceased, and the men stood in pallid groups at their various stations, Swedish Ned still at the wheel, which no longer controlled the becalmed vessel.

All eyes were fixed upon the icebergs, except when, now and then, they glanced at the captain, as if expecting a final and desperate order. At last it came.

"Mr. Barlow, see the boats victualled, and make ready to lower away," he said

CHAPTER III.

At sound of that order, a sort of shudder ran through the ship's company, from Barlow, the mate, to curly-headed Joe, the cabin-boy; for every man there knew that such a commander as their's would never desert his ship, except in the direst necessity; and to more than one among them death itself may have appeared less cruel than the prospect of drifting for days and weeks upon the surface of mid-ocean, starving, maddening, and enduring all the agonies, without the blessed release of sudden death.

And Low were seventy-six human beings to be

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crowded into four boats, none of them extraordinarily large?

With grave, white faces, the seamen wrought at their task. The orders of the mates were given in voices strangely subdued and hurried. Capt. Singleton, pacing his quarter-deck, looked now at the idle sails, now at the looming icebergs, now at the hurrying, silent men, and finally at her, the pale-faced, quiet woman sitting there, her brave eyes watching all, her soft, sweet mouth curved sadly, solemnly, indeed, and her hands folded tightly upon her knee. She was not yet afraid, he saw that; but she looked like one, who, standing face to face with death, confessed his power, and bowed herself humbly before it.

He came and bent low over her.

"We must take to the boats, I fear, in a few moments. Will you go and collect what you value most from your state-room; and, above all, dress yourself very warmly? I shall have some blankets put in the boat for you, and some food, such as you can eat. I am so sorry, dear."

The last words burst in a hoarse whisper from his lips, almost in his own despite; and her sad smile did not reprove the fondness, as she replied.

"I am more sorry for you, and the Kraken, and all these brave sailors, and poor, frightened people, than I am for myself. Yes, I will go and make up a parcel, although it hardly seems of much use, and I do not like losing sight of the icebergs. Aren't they magnificent?"

She rose and turned toward them, now not a quarter of a mile distant, and already so near to each other as to leave only a river-like channel between. The broad sunlight, flashing from a hundred surfaces, and touching every spire and pinnacle with flame, clothed them in almost intolerable glory, and seemed to wish to veil the real terror of their presence under its gorgeous blazonry; the flitting rainbows still played amid the spray; but beneath them were now to be seen the eager, angry billows, dashing themselves against the walls of ice, and seeming to hurry them forward to their fearful work. The sharp reports and crashing fall of the masses continually split from the parent berg, became at every moment more audible, and reminded one of the sounds drifted from a battle-field down upon the devoted town doomed to the horrors of sack and pillage.

"Magnificent?" groaned Captain Singleton, echoing his passenger's exclamation. "Horrible! awful! I should rather say. But hasten with your preparations, dear madam, our minutes on board the Kraken are numbered."

Without reply Mrs. Gray turned to obey, but in so doing, her earnest eyes sought those of Swedish Ned, as he stood, with the idle wheel still grasped in one hand. He was looking neither at her, nor at the icebergs; however his face was turned seaward, and upon it was a strange, eager, doubting look.

"What does he see?" exclaimed the lady; but no one heeded her, for in the same moment a strange, gasping cry burst from the sailor's lips.

"A breeze, sir! Look!"

And with his left hand he pointed far over the shining water, to the spot where a dark, ruffled patch, rapidly drawing near, told that the fickle wind was coming out of a new quarter, in the light puff called by sailors, "a cat's paw."

"Thank God!" cried the captain. But immediately, with a groan, he exclaimed, "But it's too late—too late, I'm afraid!" and he measured with his eye, the distance between the Kraken and the icebergs, and then the space yet to be traversed by the little breeze.

"You can't weather them, Ned, with this puff," continued he, in the same low tone, for even in that moment, balanced between life and death, the étiquette of the quarter-deck prevailed, and the captain would not be overheard taking counsel with a common sailor, although both men knew, that, without that sailor at the wheel, Capt. Singleton would hardly have dreamed of saving his ship.

"No, sir, we can't run by before we meet her," replied Swedish Ned, already handling the wheel as the jockey feels the mouth of his horse, while waiting for the starting word.

"No, we can't do it," groaned the captain, still eyeing the great, white wall, stretching far across his course.

"But if this cat's paw holds, I can put her between the bergs."

"Good God, man! They're closing upon each other at every moment! If the breeze fails us, under their lee, we shall be crushed between them, like an egg-shell!"

"Aye, sir, and if we try to run by them, we shall be drove under, like a shore-boat under a steamer. The r'yals draw, sir. Will you give the order?"

Thus recalled to his position, Capt. Singleton turned toward the waist of the vessel, where stood the eager knots of sailors, every eye fixed upon him, while a buzz of joyous excitement told that they, too, felt the promise of the coming breeze, and were but waiting for orders to strain every muscle and every nerve to its utmost.

Beyond them the groups of steerage passengers, dimly conscious of a new hope, although

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they knew not what, buzzed and swarmed, like angry bees, ready to attack the first object offered to their blind rage and terror.

"No getting those fellows into the boats without mutiny and murder," was the thought which rushed through Philip Singleton's mind, as his eyes swept the forward deck; but it served to steady and to nerve him; and as his orders rung out full and clear, every man who heard him felt a new confidence replacing the chill of inaction and hopelessness.

Mrs. Gray did not go below. If she was to die, she preferred doing so with her eyes open, and did not think it important that her dead hands should grasp a few trinkets, a purse, a packet of purple and fine linen. She preferred standing there on deck, white and quiet, now gazing at the great bergs frowning close above her, now listening to the captain's rapid orders, and watching their swift fulfillment, and now glancing at the pale, set face, gleaming eyes, and nervous, stalwart figure of the helmsman, who never looked at her, but, with his stern gaze bent upon the fast-closing passage, toward which he steered, seemed ready to dispute his course, even with the impressive monsters who opposed it, and to have more than a fair chance of success.

The breeze proved fitful and uncertain, now filling the sails to their utmost, and sending the Kraken flying through the water, now sighing away almost into calm, never strong enough, or steady enough to have made it possible for her to have stood outside the icebergs, upon whose immense bulk the fitful young wind had as yet no effect, even to check the onward course caused by their own momentum. Thus it was, with the irregular and jerking motion of an ill-broken steed, that the Kraken held her course; and still with the calm eye and hand of him who feels himself master of the steed's wildest struggles, Swedish Ned held the wheel, and guided the quivering vessel straight in between the jaws of death, already closing upon her.

"If the wind fails us now, we are lost," murmured Margaret Gray, and a tingling thrill ran through her young veins, and the blood ebbed from her finger-tips, leaving them as cold as death. And yet she was not afraid.

High upon either hand rose the great, white walls, the chill of their icy breath seeming like the visible presence of death; far away in the distance, gleamed the sunny, open sea, like the unattainable fields of Paradise; and behind them the outer spurs of the ice-mountains seemed already closing together.

"If the wind fails now!" The words seemed to set themselves to the dreary beat of the waves upon the base of the icebergs, and to ring through and through the woman's excited brain, until she could hardly refrain from shrieking them aloud. But she neither shrieked, nor wept; she only clung yet more tightly to the bulwark against which she leaned, and with her bloodless face and bright eyes turned toward the helmsman's strong, brave presence, she waited for what should come, trusting in God and him.

The wind did not fail; but, on the contrary, confined between the icebergs, as in a tunnel, it gathered new force and a steadier direction, and filled the sails, and urged the flying vessel on, until when, with a great crash, the two bergs smote together, and closed the channel behind her, and so cut off the wind, as if a vast door had shut upon it, the Kraken already lay beyond the farthest boundary of the passage, with the open sea before her, and the soft, June sky smiling above, as gently as if no thought of death and terror had ever marred its peace.

"We are safe! saved almost by a miracle!" said Capt. Singleton, coming up to his passenger, and offering his hand in congratulation.

She placed her own in it, and returned its pressure, but tremblingly said,

"Not by a miracle, although God's hand was over us; it was wrought through brave and skillful men. Thank you, Capt. Singleton, and——" She crossed the deck as she spoke, and extended her hand to Swedish Ned. "And thank you, too, for even Capt. Singleton could not have saved his ship without you."

As Swedish Ned heard these words, and looked at her who uttered them, his pale face flushed deeply, and the hand he extended in answer to hers, trembled visibly, while he said,

"I hope we all did our best, ma'am. Nobody was cooler than you, and that helped as much as anything."

Capt. Singleton listened to this brief conversation with a disapproving face. As a captain, he did not like to see a passenger shaking hands with, and complimenting, one of his foremast hands; and, as Philip Singleton, he was annoyed that the woman he had grown to love, should thus speak to another man. And yet he was too brave not to acknowledge the truth of what she had said, and the three feelings, working together, made him thrust his hand into his pocket and say,

"Yes, Ned, you did your part very well, and here's a dollar for you to drink the lady's health, when we get ashore."

It was Mrs. Gray who flushed now, and, with a look of shame, she half raised her hand, as if to draw back that of the captain; but with a

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quick glance toward her, the Swede was already saying,

"Thank you, sir; but I don't think the lady would wish it."

"Not wish you to take the dollar, or not wish you to drink her health, man?" asked the captain, with good-humored contempt.

"Neither one, sir. Eight bells." And Swedish Ned turned to strike them, then nodded to the sailor whose turn to relieve him at the wheel was thus announced, and, with a half bow to the captain and lady, he walked slowly forward.

"A splendid fellow that, Capt. Singleton," said she.

"H'm! A good seaman; but absurdly set up in his ideas," replied the captain, shortly. "But here it is twelve o'clock, and you've had no breakfast. Steward!"

"Or you either," suggested Mrs. Gray, gently.

"Only my six o'clock coffee and biscuit. I will take a lunch with you now, if you please. Will you go down?"

"One more look at the icebergs first, please;" and, leaning upon the captain's arm, Mrs. Gray looked long and earnestly at the great, white dangers floating so calmly astern, as if they were only points of interest and beauty in the view, with no possibility of harm in all their magnificent bulk.

"There! Now I will go down. How cold it has grown. I hope there are no more icebergs coming," said she, and the captain, looking keenly around the horizon, replied,

"I hope not, but who knows!"

CHAPTER IV.

The chill in the air, of which Mrs. Gray had complained, rather increased than diminishd, and wise old salts, shaking their heads over their splicing and knotting, their tar-buckets and marling-spikes, muttered that the Kraken wasn't out of her troubles yet, and that the next iceberg mightn't be so easy to get clear of.

Whether the captain shared their opinion or not, no man was qualified to say, but although his own was not given, what it was might be guessed from his orders that the stores hastily placed in the boats should be more snugly arranged and covered with tarpaulins, and that the boats themselves should be so disposed at their davits that the falls could be let go or cut at a moment's warning. The two deck-boats were righted, oars and provisions placed in them, and they were covered with old sails, so that if the Kraken should sink beneath them, they were all ready to float above her a wreck. A lookout was stationed at the bows, with orders to watch especially for icebergs, and all the men were pithily enjoined by Barlow, the chief mate, to "keep their eyes skinned, or there would be worse squalls inboard than outboard."

The day passed, somewhat drearily, and Mrs. Gray was glad to retire to her state-room, at an earlier hour than usual. Some vague feeling of coming emergency, she hardly knew what, prompted her, before she lay down, to secure her money, jewelry, and a water-proof letter-case, about her person, and to lie down fully and warmly dressed. Then she said her prayers, simply as a child, and closed her eyes. The last sound in her ears, as she dropped asleep, was the cheery voice of Swedish Ned, hauling down upon the sheets, close beside her state-room window.

As the night deepened it came on to blow, and with the wind came a small, stinging rain, penetrating to the skin of those not incased in oil-skin garments, and blinding the eyes that sought to pierce it. The midnight watch was set, and the men relieved went stamping along the deck toward the forecastle, shaking themselves like water-dogs, and grumbling, as sailors always do grumble, even while holding themselves ready for twice the hardship they have just endured.

"A dog's life it is, and maybe a dog's death a-coming, unless we get clear of these cursed bergs," growled one, shouldering along the narrow gangway; but a great wet hand, half playfully, slapped upon his mouth, cut short whatever was coming next, and a voice out of the darkness muttered,

"Avast with your growling, Bill; the lady's state-room is just alongside, don't you see? What's the good of waking her with croaking about icebergs, eh?"

"Avast yourself, Ned; did the lady ever trouble herself to talk to me half an hour at a time?"

So much of the conversation came sifting in with the keen night-wind, through the ill-fitting window of Margaret Gray's state-room; and in the darkness she blushed, and smiled at the last taunt of ugly old Bill, whom, to be sure, she had never found time to address.

"I will talk to him, to-morrow. I don't believe he will ever be careless about waking me again," thought she, composing herself to sleep with the pretty smile not yet faded from her lips.

High rose the wind, more wildly flew the sleety mist and spray; on drove the Kraken, like a frightened creature, flying from the death which followed close and furious behind. The cabin clock had just struck two, and the man at the wheel had answered it with four blows upon

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the bell, and sweeping the back of his great, hairy hand across his eyes, turned again toward the binnacle, when he was startled by an awful cry from the lookout, who, truth to tell, had been sheltering himself for a few moments behind the bulwarks, and in returning to his post, had found the breakers dashing into his very face. But his shriek of terror and surprise was also his death-cry, for in the same instant the Kraken struck with a crash that shattered her bows like the frailest porcelain, knocking the masts out of her as one might prostrate the straws that a child sticks into a shaving for his puny boat. The next instant rose the shrieks of fifty drowning wretches, already struggling with the waves that poured in to their crowded den, and mercifully smothered them there before they could reach the awful scene above, where, amid the noise of crashing spars and splintering masts, the deafening reports of the sails snapping and cracking in the wind like musketry, the rattle and roll of heavy blocks, and the sweep of the great waves as they broke all over the wreck, were to be distinguished the cries of human agony in its extremity; the shrieks extorted from strong men as the life is torn from them.

Thrown from her berth by the first crash, Mrs. Gray staggered toward the companion-way, but as she reached the deck, a new explosion beneath her very feet threw her into the heap of sails and rigging tangled round the stump of the mizzenmast. The main deck had burst, from the pressure of air as the sea drove in beneath it, and now the wreck was breaking up so rapidly that the survivors only hoped to reach the boats, and get them afloat before all went down together.

Capt. Singleton struggled to reduce the flight to something like a retreat, and to sustain himself in the position of a commander; but in such moments as these, men become wild beasts; and Mrs. Gray saw him, as he was hastening to her assistance, knocked senseless by one of his mutinous crew.

And now rose a terrible wailing cry from the other side of the vessel; the boat there had been cut away, and, before it touched the water, was swamped by a huge wave, which swept away four men with it; the deck-boats were already washed away, stove, or sunk, no one stopped to see which, so that the starboard cutter, now tossing beside the wreck, was the last hope, and into it the remnant of the crew were tumbling, one over the other.

"Push off! push off! She's settling! She's going down!" roared some; and others cried, "Where's the old man, and the woman? We ain't going to leave them!"

"Why don't they tumble in? Where are they? We can't wait! Hallo, captain, where be you?"

"Gone under. Push off——"

"Hanged if I will—here goes!"

And Billings, the second mate, leaped aboard. The next moment, he appeared at the side of the vessel, dragging something after him.

"Hold on, boys! Here's the old man, hit on the head, and can't speak, but alive. We ain't going to leave him behind. How'd we ever look folks in the face if we got home?"

"Don't you see the woman, nowhere?" asked one, pausing on his oar.

"No; gone to glory, I reckon, and it's the best that could happen to her," replied Billings, securing the lifeless figure of the captain to his own, with half a dozen turns of rope. Then, raising it in his arms, he boldly leaped into the boiling sea, sank, rose, struggled wildly for a moment, and was sinking again when his comrades reached him with on oar, and, after a terrible effort, dragged him, with his helpless burden, into the boat.

"Now for it! The chance is pretty nigh gone, at any rate," growled old Bill, and, dragging at their oars with the desperate strength of men whose death stares them in the face, five of the survivors of the Kraken rowed away, leaving her to sink how and when she would.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SONNET.

BY T. ARMSTRONG.

We walk of gray noons by the old canal
  Where rain-drops patter on th' autumnal leaves;
Now watching from some ivied orchard wall,
  In slopes of stubble, figures pile the sheaves;
Or, under banks in shadow of their grass,
Blue waterflies, by starts, jettingly pass
Mid large leaves level on the glassy cool;
  Or noiseless dizzy midges winking round
The sereing sallows of the meadow pool!
  While into cloudy stillness sinks each sound,
And sifts the moulting sunlight, warm and mellow.
  O'er sandy beach remote, or slumb'rous flood,
  Or mossy red brick mansion by the wood,
Among its rooks, and hayricks tanned and yellow.

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DOLORES.

BY FANNIE HODGSON, AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN'S LOVE-STORY," ETC.

THERE was a mystery about her from the first. No one knew where she came from, or how she had come exactly. It seemed useless to discuss probabilities, and wonder how it was that the two, prim, little principals of the seminary, could make up their minds to tolerate a person, who must have appeared so very questionable in their eyes. Even the most inquisitive of the older girls, who tried to sift the matter to the bottom, arrived at nothing definite, and were baffled; and so there it rested. But it was very queer, we all decided; perhaps because we could work our way to no other conclusion. By "we" I mean the young ladies of the Misses Tripp's seminary and myself. I am the English teacher of the younger classes, and have been ever since dear little Miss Eloisa Tripp called me into the parlor, three years ago, and told me that my education was finished, and henceforth they would regard me as being in their employ. They had been very good to me; indeed they were good to everybody; and there was not a girl in the school who did not love the two quaint little creatures enthusiastically, often as they laughed at their primness and faded-out romance; and, as for me, I must have been dreadfully hard-hearted and wicked, if I had not been grateful for the generosity which had cared for me, a desolate child, with neither home, nor friends, and, certainly, with no claim upon the two old ladies, who had only been our neighbors a few months, when my mother died, and left me quite alone. I had been with them ever since then, ever since the day of the funeral, when Miss Rosabella carried me away from my mother's coffin, and took me home, and comforted me with apricot preserves, in their prim, little green-papered parlor; and, though I am telling another's story, instead of my own, I am sure there can be no harm in saying, that, from that day to this, their whimsical, warm-hearted gentleness to me has never failed; and I hope I shall never live long enough to forget it. So it is not to be wondered at, that, when Dolores came, I was quite willing to love, and respect her mystery. It was quite enough for me, if I was a girl and curious, that Miss Eloisa and Miss Rosabella sanctioned her presence, were kind to her in their staid, little, affectionately-patronizing way. But, though I never mentioned it to the other girls, she was more a mystery to me than to the rest of them, for I had accidentally heard and seen something they had not, and this was how it happened,

The night before she was first introduced to us, in the school-room, was a very wet and stormy one, and the little ones having gone to bed, the older girls were sitting round the fire, in the library, reading and talking, when all at once I heard Miss Eloisa call to me from the parlor below, where they usually spent their evenings.

"Toodie, my dear," she said. "I want you."

Now my real name was Gertrude. But Toodie was the old baby name I gave myself, before my mother died, and she had liked it so, and laughed at it so often, in a happy way, that Miss Eloisa and Miss Rosabella never would call me anything else.

I jumped up at once, and went to the top of the stairs, and, looking down, was quite startled to see how pale and excited Miss Eloisa looked. She was even trembling a little, and I saw there were tears in her eyes, as she spoke to me.

"Come into the parlor, Toodie, my dear," she said, in a hushed voice, as if she did not want anybody to hear. "Sister Rosabella has something for you to do."

I ran down as quickly and lightly as possible; but when I pushed the door of the little, green-papered parlor open, and went in, I found myself starting again.

Before the fire knelt Miss Rosabella, and upon the hearth-rug, at her feet, lay a girl, in a wet, draggled dress, face downward, and with tangled masses of black hair, hanging dank and heavy about her figure. A girl about eighteen or nineteen years of age, and in a dead faint. Miss Rosabella was rubbing her hands, and Miss Eloisa, who had hurried in before me, was trying to take the stopper out of a bottle of smelling-salts, and, as I came in, both looked up at me, as if they were frightened.

"Shut the door, Toodie," said Miss Rosabella, "and then get out some brandy. We sent for you, because we would rather trust you than the servants. Poor young creature, Sister Eloisa! Poor thing! Dear! dear! Poor thing!"

I did as I was told, without asking any questions, and then knelt down too, and began to try to help them. But for some time it really seemed

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as if she would never open her eyes again, she was so still and deathly; and, when she did open them, I was quite frightened. They were such great eyes; such great, sombre, sad eyes, and contrasted so fearfully in their dead blackness, with her thin, white face. She was very thin and worn, so thin and worn indeed, that I fancied she must just have recovered from a long illness. But this was not all. The moment she returned to consciousness, it seemed as if a desperate terror seized upon her. She raised herself from the floor a little, and looked at us all, one after the other; at Miss Eloisa first, then at me, and then at dear, little Miss Rosabella, whose dear, wrinkled, old face was all wet with tears. I think these tears must have given the poor creature some hope, or, at least, must have meant a great deal to her, for the next instant, she flung herself down upon the hearth-rug again, clasping her arms about Miss Rosabella's feet, and laying her deathly face upon them!

"For God's sake," she cried out, "for—for God's sake——" and then stopped, choked with her sobs and struggling for breath.

"Sister Eloisa," said Miss Rosabella.

"Sister Rosabella," said Miss Eloisa, and each looked at the other, with the tears running down their faces.

"Don't send me away," gasped the girl, "out—into the—dark—for—for God's sake. You don't know—what lies—waiting for me—there—or you would never send a woman out—because you are women."

"Toodie, my dear," said Miss Rosabella, with a gentle, little, frightened look at me, "I think you had better go up stairs."

And so, of course, I went, and heard no more; and this is why I say Dolores was more a mystery to me than she was to any of the other girls.

The next morning, when we were all busy at work, Miss Rosabella brought Dolores into the school-room, and introduced her to the pupils. She was to teach French and music, Miss Rosabella said, and she hoped the young ladies would be very fond of her, and would try to save her all unnecessary trouble, for she was not very strong. But though she spoke so cheerfully and humbly, I, who had known her all my life, could see that she was half afraid of her own daring, and would make herself secretly miserable over her bold venture, until she had found that time proved it a success.

As I was going to bed that night, I met her on the stairs, and when I lifted up my face to kiss her, as usual, she took it in both her hands, and looked deep down into my eyes, as if she was thinking about me, and asking herself a question both at the same time.

"We have a little secret to keep together, now, Toodie, my dear," she said, at last.

"Yes, ma'am," I answered, "if you wish."

"Yes, my love, I do wish," she said. "It is a secret it would be very cruel to tell, Toodie, even ever so innocently, to any one. It might drive a broken-hearted creature to despair; so we won't say a word about it, will we?"

"No, Miss Rosabella," I said, "not a word; though I don't quite understand." And I did not understand then, either, though the time came when I did.

She bent down and kissed me, and the tears were in her eyes again. "This has been an anxious day to me, Toodie," she said. "I have had a great responsibility resting on my shoulders, and I am afraid it will weigh heavy on me for many a day; but better that it should be so, than that I should wrong one of God's creatures. Good-night, my dear."

I watched her go down the stairs, an odd, prim, little figure, with an odd, prim, little head-dress set on the top of the stiff, brown curls of her false-front; and somehow the mere sight of her sent a rush of love to my heart. It was strange enough that I had never thought before of what my life might have been, if Miss Rosabella had not carried me from my mother's coffin, that day, into the small, green-papered parlor; but the wonder had never presented itself to my mind before, and it came upon me, just that minute, with a force that frightened me. I turned round and went up to my little bedroom, with an awed feeling; and when I had shut the door, the first thing I did was to kneel down by my warm, white, bed, and pray, scarcely knowing why. I felt so grateful, almost, I think, as if I had been saved from a great danger.

And so, after this, Dolores became an accepted fact, and in the course of time we began to be very fond of her. I am almost sure, too, that the older girls liked her all the better for the sake of the unexplained mystery; and I know the more imaginative ones made quite a heroine of her. And, indeed, it was scarcely to be wondered at. She was so young, and so pretty, and so sad; always so sad. She was always gentle and faithful in the performance of her duties, but she never brightened, as it seemed natural that she should have brightened, considering that she was only a mere girl. When she moved about the school-room, her manner was strangely subdued, and when she spoke her voice had no girlish ring. It seemed strange, too, that though we were all so fond of her, she appeared to

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shrink a little from us, even while it was so plain that she was grateful. When we gathered around the fire, chatting in our school-girl fashion, she rarely joined us; and even if she was with us I, for one, could not help feeling sadly that she was not of us; her beautiful, youthful face had so terrible a shadow upon it, and her great, dark eyes were so full of the unrest of pain. That she liked me, in her silent, sorrowful way, I was sure—at least, I began to be sure, when she had been with us some little time. At first, I had been afraid that she would feel some embarrassment and distrust of me, if she remembered that I had seen her that first night, so I tried very hard to be cheerful and straightforward, and affectionate toward her always; and I really think she understood me, for before she had been in the house long, I found out that she often came to me for little things, and let me help her in little ways, as if she felt sure that I was to be relied upon. Still she never kissed me, as the other girls did, and once, when she was lying upon the sofa, suffering from headache, and I bent over and kissed her, she turned quite pale, and instead of kissing me again, drooped against the pillow, trembling, and white, and downcast, as if she was ashamed, or frightened. But we were very good friends for all that, in a quiet way, and if I had ever had any secrets, I am sure I could have trusted Dolores with them, just as I would have trusted Miss Rosabella, or Miss Eloisa. After a while, too, when another pupil came, and my bed was needed, I was sent to share Dolores' room; and so we were thrown more together; and the more I saw her, the more I loved her and pitied her. I used to waken at night, sometimes, long after every one else was asleep, and found, when I opened my eyes, that she was crouching upon the floor, in her black dress, (she always wore black,) with her pale, sad, young face drooping against the window-pane, just as she had a habit of sitting for long hours, when she was in her saddest and most silent moods.

"Dolores!" I would say, "Dolores! are you awake?" And then, perhaps, she would start a little, and turn round to answer me. and if it was light enough, I always saw a strange, heavy shadow in her eyes, at such times.

"I am not tired," she would reply, "I would rather sit here than go to bed. I cannot sleep."

It was about this time that the girls began to notice, that she was in the habit of going out for a few hours, on a certain day of each month. She was never absent for more than a few hours; but, whether the day was pleasant or unpleasant, she was always missing from the school-room when it came round. She evidently went with Miss Eloisa's consent, and with Miss Rosabella's also; but we never heard them make even the most trifling comment upon her absence, which could suggest what its object might be. It was always on her return from these mysterious visits that she was most silent and sorrowful, and it was always at these times that she sat latest at the window of our bedroom before attempting to undress.

On the Christmas-eve of the third year after she had come to us, a strange thing happened, so strange a thing, indeed, that it created quite a sensation in our little world.

We were all busy making our little preparations, during the afternoon, all of us, I mean, who did not spend the holidays at home,—and there were several pupils who did not,—and as our time was our own at Christmas, we generally spent the greater part of it in making pretty trifles for Christmas gifts. So we were all sitting together round our favorite library fire, working and chatting, when suddenly Cecil Desmond, a pretty Irish girl, whose father was an officer in the India service, spoke up, all at once, changing the subject of conversation suddenly.

"Girls," she said, "Dolores has gone out again, on one of her mysterious visits."

"It is very queer," said one of the others. "I do wonder where she goes to. It is as good as a novel. Toodie, are you sure you never hear Miss Eloisa, or Miss Rosabella say anything about it?"

I bent a little closer over my work, for my face was always a dreadful tell-tale, and I was afraid that if I appeared confused they might begin to wonder still more among themselves, and in the end say and feel the very things about Dolores Miss Rosabella had wished to guard her from, when she spoke to me about the little secret we had in common.

"Why don't you ask?" said Cecil Desmond.

"I think," I answered as quietly as possible, "that if either Miss Rosabella or Miss Eloisa had intended that we should know anything about it, they would have told us without being asked, and if they don't tell us, it must be because it is better that we should not exactly understand."

"Well, of course, that is quite right," said Cecil. "But it puzzles me, I can tell you. They sat up talking together in the parlor, last night, all three of them, until after twelve o'clock; and to-day both Miss Eloisa and Miss Rosabella look actually pale, and nervous, and anxious; and I am sure Dolores' face, as she passed me in the hall before going out, was absolutely deathly; and, directly she saw I was looking at her, she

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pulled her veil down, as if she wanted to hide it."

I had fancied myself that both my old friends appeared anxious during the day; but, of course, I had said nothing about it, and I knew that what Cecil said about Dolore's deathly pallor was quite true, for I had met her, too, as she was going out, and had almost been startled by her heavy-eyed, colorless face.

When she returned, we were having tea, so we did not see her at once, and, when we did see her, we met with an additional surprise.

This surprise came first to me. Tea being over, I found that I needed something from the parlor, and so went down stairs to get it. When I opened the room-door, the first object that caught my eye was the figure of Dolores, standing in the dim light, before the window, a tall, slender, dark-robed figure, holding by the hand a little child.

I started back. I scarcely knew why, unless it was that the strange, lonely sadness of her attitude made me feel as if it would be better to leave her; but, Miss Rosabella spoke.

"Come in, Toodie, dear," she said. "I have something to show you."

And then, when I came in, she went to Dolores, who still stood motionless, and, bending down, took the little child's hand from her clasp.

"Toodie, my dear," she said, and her sweet, old voice shook strangely, though I had never heard it so loving and tender in my life. "Toodie, my dear, here is a little child, who has been sent to us to be taken care of, almost as you were sent to us, my dear, and we want you to help us to care for it."

For one minute I did not speak. It was the something in her voice, I think, and the helpless sadness, expressing itself in Dolore's silent figure, that filled my heart so full; but I knelt down upon the carpet, and kissed the little child, again and again, though when I answered it was only in three half-whispered words.

"Yes, Miss Rosabella," I said.

Then Miss Rosabella, standing up, spoke to me again.

"Then, my dear," she said, "you shall begin to help us now. You shall take him into the school-room, and show him to the girls, and you shall say to them what I have said to you now, that he is a lonely little child, sent to us to be taken care of, and they must try to love him. It will be better, Toodie, that you should do this, than that we should, Eloisa, or myself, or Dolores."

So I took the little one in my arms, and carried him up stairs, and setting him in the midst of the group about the fire, told them, as briefly as I could, and as steadily, what Miss Rosabella had said. If they had been older, it is probable that they would have asked more questions about the matter; but, as it was, they were too much delighted, in their school-girl way, and too happy in the possession of such a novelty, to be very curious. The child was very pretty, a fair little fellow, with a round, baby face; blonde, baby curls, and great, round, dark, hazel eyes; so he ruled supreme at once. No school-girl is proof against a baby, and these girls were no exception to the rule. They fell down, and worshiped immediately, and contended among themselves for baby favors.

Standing apart, I watched them all silently. The minute that I took this little child into my arms, my heart had grown all full of warmth and love for it. They were going to care for it, as they had cared for me, and I wanted to help them; I wanted to share the work with them, because I had no other way of showing how thankful I was.

So I made up my mind to do my very best to care for it, in the wisest and most faithful way. I attended to its wants, and endeavored to be thoughtful always, where it was concerned. I do not think I was ever tired of it, and I know there were often times when it made me very happy indeed.

It began to love me too, and, in the end, the girls began, by one consent, to consider it as my special charge, though they were all very fond of it, from Miss Rosabella to the youngest pupil in the school. And Dolores cared for it with the rest of us; but her love was of a different kind. It was a silent, shrinking, timid love, a love that made her watch it hour by hour, and day by day, and yet never seem to grow light-hearted, or girlish over it, as the others did. She never played with it, or laughed at its pretty ways; though, when other people were tired, or when it was fretful or ill, she would hold it in her arms for hours, and watch over it with a depth of yearning in her eyes, that was terrible to see.

It was quite natural, perhaps, that the little creature should care more for the brightest and most playful of its friends; but I could never help wishing that it would care more for Dolores; and I tried very hard to cause it to be fonder of her. But, whether her sad, young face seemed unattractive to it, or whether her black dresses frightened it, I cannot say. I only know that it never clung to her, as it clung to the others, and it was always ready to leave her.

"It does not care for me," she said to me once, when it was trying to get away from her. "It will not love me! See!" And her voice

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broke into a sound like a cry. "I cannot make it love me."

If she had been sad before, she was far, far sadder in those days. She grew worn and hollow-eyed again, just as she had been when first we knew her; and sometimes it made my heart ache to look at her. If she had been a middle-aged woman, it would have seemed more natural; but her slight, black-robed figure was so youthful, and her pale face so nearly a child's, it was almost impossible to believe that she was twenty-two year's old.

The little boy had been with us nearly a year, and we had learned to love him him dearly, when, all at once, without any warning as it were, a great trouble came upon us. Fever broke out among the pupils, and one after another was taken ill, until only a few were unstricken, and these few were obliged to be sent to their homes. It was a terrible time for us. Our two dear old friends were too far advanced in years to be very strong; indeed, for some time, all the principal duties had devolved upon Dolores and myself, since it was decided that, in after years, we were to carry on the school together. When the epidemic appeared, we had our hands full indeed. The servants were frightened, and would not stay with us, and there were no new ones who were willing to face the disease. So Dolores and I worked night and day, doing our best, and trying to save our friends any heavy labor. But it was a difficult task, and we both of us felt the strain upon our strength fearfully, though neither of us broke down until the worst was over. This worst lasted two months, in which the house was like a hospital, and three poor girls died, and were carried to their homes to be buried. In the meantime, little Theo (that was the little boy's name,) ran about the house, looking as bright and strong as ever. He had never been as pretty and loving as he was through those dreadful days; and somehow or other he began to seem to care more for Dolores. He would come to her, when she was unoccupied for a moment, and when she lifted him in her arms, would lay his round cheek upon her neck, and look up at her with his questioning, baby eyes. More than once, I went into one of the rooms, and found her standing holding him in this way, as if she had forgotten all else on earth.

But at last, when this worst of which I have spoken of was over, and the convalescent had gone home to recruit, I was awakened, one night, by a little moan, and when I started up, understanding and dreading the sound, I found that it came from the child, who slept at my side, as he always had done from the first. I was out of bed and standing on the floor in an instant, and when I brought the light and bent over him, I saw that my fears were not groundless ones. The dreadful scarlet flush was on his little face, and, the next moment, he moaned again.

"Dolores!" I cried out; "Dolores! get up, and come here." She rose at once, weak with long watching, and almost helpless from exhaustion. When she reached my side, and saw what I had seen, she fell upon her knees by the bedside, with a cry.

"He will die!" she wailed out; "he will die! I knew it would be so; I felt it from the first."

And so it was. When the doctor came, he only lifted the little hand, held it for a moment, and then laid it down again upon the baby breast. Then he turned and looked at Dolores, who still knelt, with her face in the pillow.

"Is this the mother?" he asked, with evident hesitation in his wonder at her youth.

Miss Rosabella stepped forward.

"This is a dear young friend," she said. "The child is an adopted one."

Dolores did not move. Until he was gone, she knelt by the pillow, with hidden face, without even stirring. Even for a few minutes after the door had closed upon him, she did not alter her position. She was so motionless, indeed, that I spoke to her, at last, feeling a little frightened.

"Dolores!" I said, kindly.

Then she slowly lifted her head, and looked up at me, her poor, young face all white and woe-begone, her great dark eyes heavy and wandering, as if she had just woke from a dream.

What she would have said, or done, I do not know, for just at that moment Miss Rosabella touched me gently on my arm.

"Toodie, my dear," she said, "come away."

I could not understand exactly what the tender tremor, in both voice and touch meant; but I knew it had some deeper significance than I could comprehend, so I followed her out of the room, wondering and weeping.

When we reached the little, green-papered parlor, I threw myself into my old friend's arms and cried aloud,

"Oh! Miss Rosabella!" I sobbed, "our poor little baby—our poor, pretty little boy!—Just when he was growing so loving and bright!"

"My dear," she said, in a broken, half-whisper, patting me on the shoulder as she spoke, "it must be for the best; and we must try and think it is." And then she broke down and cried too.

Oh, what a terrible trial the next few days were to us! Our poor little pet fought against his fate so hard, and it was so fearful a thing to

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watch him. It seemed almost as if he could not die; and yet death was so near. My heart was almost broken, and there were times when I could not bear to stand by, helplessly, and watch his pitiful pain. But Dolores never left him for an instant. She would hold him in her patient arms for hours, when he could not rest upon his pillows; and I fancied, more than once, that she did not want any of us to touch him. And when he died, he died in her arms.

I shall never forget how the end came. He had been very restless for a long time, one evening, and she had been holding him as usual. At last, he had fallen into a strange, fitful slumber. But, as it grew darker, he became quieter, and lay upon the pillow, on her knee, breathing more calmly, and Dolores noticed it.

"I think he is a little better," she said, lifting her sad, appealing eyes to me.

But just at that moment—it was very sorrowful that it should happen so, just as this first gleam of hope had come to her—just at that moment, the poor, little thing stirred and awakened. His eyes were as clear and bright as stars, and he raised them to Dolores. He did not seem to see me, he only saw Dolores. It was such a pretty look he gave her—such a pretty, innocent look! and then—it was not like dying at all, it only seemed as if he was well all at once, and the act was one of his pretty baby ways—he turned on the pillow, and laid his tiny hand upon her breast, and was dead. I could not believe it, at first—I would not believe it; but when he did not move again, or breathe, I threw myself down upon my knees beside him, crying out to Dolores to look at him, to speak to him, to speak to me. But she would not move, and sat there with her dreadful eyes wide open, as if she was stunned, his little, dead hand still upon her breast. And then our two friends came in, and saw what had happened, and, being so weak with long anxiety and excitement, I could not control myself, and scarcely knew anything but that Miss Rosabella led me out as she had done before, and that I wrung my hands, and cried aloud, half through my own great grief for the dead baby, and half because of the strange, deathly look I had seen on Dolores' face, as they closed the door.

"Let me go back!" I cried out. "Let me go back to her. Oh! why is it that it seems as if she will die, too?"

And then, in a moment more, I knew; for Miss Rosabella, looking pale enough herself, and weeping gently as she held me in her arms, told me the truth.

"My dear," she said, "it is her own little child—she is its mother."

She told me the whole story afterward; but I have thought it best that it should remain our secret still. Suffice it to say, that it was a history sad enough and cruel enough; more cruel, even, than usual; for Dolores, an orphan and friendless, had been betrayed by a mock marriage, which she did not find out for months. When she did, she left her traitorous lover without a word, and, half-crazed, half broken-hearted, fled, with her baby.

The night Dolores had come to us was the night she had carried her little child to the door of the foundling-hospital, and left it there; and the days on which she had been absent had been the days on which she had gone to stand among the crowd of visitors, only to see it; and knowing this, our two dear, old friends had formed the plan of taking it into their home. If, before hearing this truth, I had loved Dolores, then I loved her far, far better; if, before hearing it I had pitied her, then I pitied her far, far more.

To the pupils (who are ours now, since our friends have given up their labors,) she seems, in these days, a beautiful, sad creature, whose gentleness makes her beloved by them all, for, indeed, they all love her dearly.

Her watchful tenderness toward Miss Rosabella, and her sister is so beautiful, and full of grateful humility, that it sometimes brings the tears into my eyes. It seems as if she devotes her whole existence to them, in a silent, faithful way, and though she so rarely speaks of the past, I, knowing all, can understand, and see more clearly, day by day, how every act of her life tends to the one object of her labor of love.

ON AN OLD FRENCH AIR.

BY A. LANG.

There is an air for which I would disown
Mozart's, Rossini's, Weber's melodies—
A sweet, sad air, that languishes and sighs,
And keeps its secret charm for me alone.

Whene'er I hear that music vague and old,
Two hundred years are mist that rolls away;
The Thirteenth Louis reigns, and I behold
A green land golden in the dying day.

An old red castle, strong with stony towers,
The windows gay with many-colored glass;
Wide plains, and rivers flowing among flowers,
That bathe the castle basement as they pass.

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MY PRUDENT CHOICE.

BY MARGARET MEERT.

Yes, the question was settled at last. No more plucking of daisy petals; no more fervent wishes breathed over lucky four-leaved clovers; no more of that innocent necromancy to test the future.

My future was assured, that is, so far as it was in my power to assure it. Was it not staring me in the face? Looking at me through three flashing eyes? A very agreeable medium through which to view it, I thought, those three flashing diamonds, set in my betrothal-ring.

Yes, that ring was the pledge of my engagement to Wilton Reynolds. It promised to be a very quiet engagement, not full of any rapturous joy, perhaps; not many blushes; few, if any, tremors and wild heart-beats; but, in exchange for these doubtful joys, the satisfaction of knowing that I had made my choice prudently, sensibly. Every one spoke well of Wilton Reynolds. There was but one voice in regard to his eminently sensible, sterling qualities, which were the things a woman should stay her heart upon, the things to make a woman's home-life happy.

Mr. Reynolds, besides, was not poor. He had money enough to take good care of me, to make thoroughly comfortable my somewhat fastidious self.

My grandmother and aunt Esther had told me over and over again, impressed it upon me line upon line, that nothing so much conduces to domestic harmony, domestic happiness, as a reasonable amount of money.

"If," my grandmother used to say, "if a man has good temper, a kind heart, and the will and the means to do everything he can for her comfort, a woman cannot fail to live happily with him; and you will be a great fool, Laura, if you throw away such a chance."

"But falling in love, grandmama? Don't you think one should do that first?" I ventured to add, on one occasion.

My grandmother stopped to fold her spectacles, and then replied, with a slightly satirical smile on her clear-cut face.

"That is an innocent exercise of the imagination that no one surely would be hard-hearted enough to find fault with, but when you come to making it a prelude to marriage, that is quite a different matter."

"What! You would not exclude love from marriage!" I cried.

"By no means," said my grandmother, calmly. "If a woman marries a man whom she has reason to respect, and who is kind and good to her, she cannot fail to love him."

"Surely something more is necessary. Must there not be something about the man's character that is congenial and agreeable? Some unison of tastes, grandmama?"

A streak of angry red flushed my grandmother's brow.

"They are merely the product of the imagination. Fancy is soon wearied, and the awakening to realities is attended by unavailing regrets."

"But, grandmama, don't you believe in love-matches?"

"Laura, I have known many of those so-called love-matches, in my life, and every one shows the same picture of bitter disappointment and delusion."

Seeing the practical sense of my grandmother's decisions in other respects, it was not surprising that these dispassionately delivered opinions should have had their weight in influencing my own views of the question of marriage.

Wilton loved me desperately, had loved me so for years. I like homage. Wilton liked to render it. Doubtless, we would be contented in our married life. It was a satisfaction to think that every one approved.

I slipped my ring on and off my finger; admired the effect of the diamonds to my heart's content. They were set just as I liked them, three large, clear stones in a row. They looked well when I played the piano—Wilton had just sent me a roll of music—I would try it that very moment. I could not help smiling a little disdainfully at Wilton's selection of music—waltzes, and arrangements of opera airs. The "Consortien," however, was not be despised. I was trying it when Wilton was announced. His eyes sparkled, when he saw that I was playing his music.

"Oh, 'The Consorts!'" he said, looking over my shoulder. "It's a pretty waltz—don't you think so?"

"Why don't you say 'Consortien,' Wilton?" said I. "It sounds so much better than turning it into English."

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"Oh, I don't pretend to pronounce foreign languages," he said, laughing.

"Why don't you?" said I, seriously. "You ought to study them."

"You can do all that for me."

"But you ought to do it for yourself," I persisted.

"What's the use? Try those selections from Traviata, Laura."

But I preferred to strum at the waltz.

"How beautifully you read music, Laura."

"Oh, no, I do not," said I, carelessly. "It's nothing to read a waltz."

I left the piano, and walked to the window. Roses climbed the casement outside, and thrust in their blooming sprays. I remember one long spray of noisettes that tossed and waved. Near the window was a small sofa. Wilton seated himself on it, and taking my hand, drew me to a seat beside him.

I hardly knew why it was. Perhaps there was something of assured possession in Wilton's air and action; but I did not rest five minutes satisfied in this lover-like arrangement. I jumped up, and drew an arm-chair before him, and threw myself into that.

"I can't stand having my eyes turned from the window," I cried.

"Then I will turn the sofa around," said Wilton.

"Oh, no! please do not! Just let things stay as they are. Now you don't care about looking at trees, and grass, and all that, and I do; and now, I can look through the window and see the delicious green lawn, and the waving branches of the trees, and that trailing noisettes, that looks as though it sadly needed a support. Oh! you don't know how much nicer I will be now!"

"I don't know anything about that; but I know one thing, Laura!"

"What is that?"

"That you always seem studious to avoid any demonstration of affection. I know you love me, Laura, and I suppose that is only your way; but I must say, I think you carry it too far, sometimes."

I colored deeply. "You are very right," I said. "I do not like demonstration at all *in the least degree*. You must remember how I have been brought up; you know what grandmama and aunt Esther are in that respect."

Wilton leant over and took my hand.

"But you might show a poor fellow some kindness once in a while?"

With a faint impulse of remorseful tenderness, I bent forward. Just then a shadow fell athwart the window-sill. I looked up.

A pair of shoulders, and a head, obstructed my cherished view of waving green boughs and noisette roses. Surely I knew that handsome head, though four years had passed since I had seen it.

"Murray! That can be no one but you!"

"Murray it is, beyond a doubt," said he, laughing at our somewhat startled faces. "But is that the reason I should be forever excluded from the house? Don't you let travelers i , Laura?"

"Certainly! What was the matter at the front door?"

"I can't tell you, except that I rang and knocked, then rang and pounded, ineffectually; then I heard voices, and wandered here."

"Grandmama and aunt Esther are out, and the servants must have taken themselves off, too. I am so much mortified," I said, apologetically.

"Oh! I am perfectly satisfied out here, since I have found some one to talk to," said Murray, folding his arms on the window-sill. But I suddenly remembered my duties, and ran to open the door myself.

Then I introduced the two gentlemen, "My cousin, Mr. Bradshaw, Mr. Reynolds," etc. They shook hands with each other, in orthodox fashion. Wilton, I could see, was annoyed at this interruption. As for Murray, it was nothing to him if he found me engaged in a suspicious *tete-a-tete* with one man or a dozen.

He was a cousin, barely near enough to be called a cousin; but our families had always been intimate. My grandmother was especially fond of him. It was in response to one of her oft-repeated invitations that he had come down to spend at "Brawleigh" the short summer vacation he allowed himself.

Murray was no "match." Though clever and able, he was only one of that determined brotherhood who are toiling, and struggling, and fighting their way, inch by inch, to gain the sweet bread of independence, in a city where the contestants are hungry and clamorous. No, no "match" was poor Murray, in my grandmother's eyes; "a poor lawyer, and a perfectly safe companion for her well-brought-up Laura."

I was relieved that Wilton chose to take his departure early that evening. Of course, I cared not at all for Murray's possible suspicions. I was ready to stand by the fact of my engagement before all the world, if it was necessary; but Wilton never would talk in general conversation. He had a way of trying to say loving little asides to me, that was not pleasant.

I could not see why a man, were he ever so much in love, could not drop the subject, for

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once, and join in a rational, agreeable conversation; especially where the new comer had so much to say that was interesting. Once I felt really angry, when, while Murray was half through a sentence, addressing us all, Wilton rose abruptly, and went to the window, and called to ask me to look at something he saw.

I could see how surprised Murray looked, at such a piece of ill-breeding.

After Wilton left, I could talk and listen at ease.

The conversation was ostensibly general; but Murry and I had it all to ourselves.

There was something strangely pleasant about it. My spirits rose.

I felt the keenness and force of Murray's mind. But I felt, at the same time, a certain confidence in myself. I knew that I was capable of entertaining, of interesting him.

Murray asked me to sing. I did not feel like selecting one of my wild or pathetic German songs, still less like singing an English ballad. Irresistibly my voice glided into a dreamy melody, that rippled caressingly, ever restrained to the regular rock of the bass accompaniment.

It was Aide's "Danube River." A trifling song enough, considered musically, but strangely captivating to some ears.

Murray stood by the piano, and watched me intently. I knew that I was singing unusually well; that I was giving the song a power not its own; indeed, there was a certain inflection in my voice, that was new even to me.

"It is because I am excited," I thought to myself. "I always sing better when I am under the influence of excitement."

I thought it over, that night, when I was alone in my own room. I leaned out of the window, and looked at the resplendent stars; and the perfume of the heliotrope and damask-roses, that were growing under my window, rose up in a perpetual incense. I did not feel sleepy—only very bright, very happy.

"How pleasant it is," I thought, "to meet with clever, cultivated, brilliant people. If I had my way, they should be always about me, not for friends especially, not to marry, of course, because they are never good for domestic life; but for society, for exhilarating companionship. Murray needs all his keen wits. How glad I am not to be a lawyer in a great city. One has to be so clever! What power there is in a certain sort of gray eye! I wonder if Murray's eyes ever look soft!

While thus thinking, I had been, according to custom, slipping my ring on and off. Suddenly it slipped from my fingers, as rings will slip, bounded over the window-sill, and fell into the shrubbery below.

What could I do? My first thought was to light a candle, and go down for it. But then it was very late. I had been a long time sitting at the window. Every one was asleep. To reach the hall-door, at the other end of the house, I would have to go by a long, circuitous route. I was absurdly timid about some things. I really felt no inclination to traverse the lower rooms alone. Besides, some one would surely hear me unbolting and unlocking the hall-door; and then there would be such a commotion—so many questions. "No! Rather than all that," I said, "let the ring repose among the flower-beds until morning."

The next morning I was dressed and down at an early hour. But, early as it was, I found Murray sitting on the lowest step of the stone portico, playing with my black-and-tan.

"Why, Murray!" I said. "What brought you out so early?"

"I could not sleep. I suppose it was the unusual stillness that waked me so soon. You have no idea how impressive, to a city man, is this delicious hush, and fragrance, and greenness of the country. It is especially so at this hour."

"Yes, I think so. This early morning is one of my favorite times."

"I have heard many young ladies express themselves enthusiastically before; but I have rarely met one who was sufficiently active to indulge her taste," said Murray.

"Oh, I don't at all deserve to be enrolled among those latter specimens," said I, laughing. "It is an exceptional duty that brings me out this morning. I was careless enough to drop a ring from my window, last night, and I must look for it."

Murray aided me in the search. I thought I knew just where the ring had fallen; but it was not until after some search, that Murray discerned it, glittering like its companion dew-drop, under a fallen rhododendron leaf.

Murray examined the ring leisurely, not noticing my repressed impatience, as I held out my hand.

"These are fine stones, Laura. They look like family jewels reset. Were they your mother's?"

"No," I said. "Give it to me, Murray. The breakfast-bell will ring directly, and I must go into the house."

"If it were not that I knew certainly to the contrary," pursued Murray, turning the ring in the sunlight, as if fascinated by its sparkle, "I should say that its expression was certainly that

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of an engagement-ring. It has a steady, watchful look, as if perpetually on the alert to detect, if possible, faithlessness on the part of its wearer. But observe the pliancy of imagination! Now that I know it to be nothing of the kind, I see, in lieu of the watchful eye, only a haughty, self-satisfied brilliancy, that, having shone on the fair fingers of successive generations of maidens, it was quite sure of the continuance of so exalted a fate."

"Now you have speculated long enough, Murray," said I. "Give me the ring, and let me go."

"Let me put it on," said he.

Without any thought of what Wilton, probably, would have thought of such a proceeding, I held out my hand. Murray slipped the ring on. Silently we walked into the house.

"Laura," said my grandmother, at the breakfast-table, "what were you and Murray looking for, under the rhododendron bush?"

"Something I dropped out of the window, last night, ma'am."

"Was it your ear-ring?"

"No, ma'am."

"Your breast-pin?"

"No, ma'am, it was neither. Aunt Esther, I will set out those rose-slips for you, after breakfast."

"What did you drop, Laura?" persisted my grandmother.

"My ring, ma'am."

"Your ring!" cried aunt Esther.

"Your ring!" said my grandmother. "Well, I must say, you took it coolly, letting it lie on the lawn all night. Why didn't you go down and get it?"

"For a good many reasons," I answered, carelessly. "It did very well where it was."

"Young people, now, are curious beings," said aunt Esther. "Imagine a girl thinking that her engagement-ring 'did very well where it was,' out under the trees, all night, when two steps would have put it on her finger again! What would Wilton say to such nonchalance, Miss Laura?"

"Engagement-ring," said Murray, surprised. "Wilton." It was out, now.

I would not raise my eyes to encounter Murray's, which I felt were fixed on me. Why did I feel so provoked and vexed? After all, what difference did it make? Murray might as well know of my engagement as every one else. But ought I not to have acknowledged it when he spoke about my ring? Why should I? I was certainly under no obligation to announce the state of my private affairs to Murray.

Notwithstanding these reasonings, I felt very foolishly uncomfortable, and inclined to run after Murray, and explain. Explain what? Truly there was nothing to explain.

Wilton came, as usual, that morning. But it was to announce, reluctantly, that business called him away for a week or two, to a distant city. I never saw Wilton appear so sad, so depressed. When we parted, he took my two hands into his, and looked at me fixedly. His eyes were filled with tears; and must I admit that this annoyed me?

"Laura," he said. "Love me, and be faithful to me. Laura, does it distress you to part from me?"

"You will soon return, Wilton."

"Yes," he said. "Thank heaven, I will. I will hurry through my business, as fast as I can, knowing that my own Laura is watching for me."

He let fall my hands, and the moment after was gone.

I thought to myself how sorry I was that Wilton would not come as usual, and went about the house that day thinking with satisfaction of how much Wilton loved me, and how precious a thing was the possession of a great, warm heart—a thousand, a thousand times worth cold intellect, and heartless charm of manner. Murray I did not see from breakfast time until evening. He stayed in his room, looking over papers, he said, and I busied myself with a thousand things.

When we met again, there was, at first, a slight stiffness in our manner to each other, but that soon evaporated. Grandmama and aunt Esther had nothing particular to say when Murray's family news was exhausted, so his entertainment was left in my hands.

Murray knew that I was engaged, and was, therefore, perfectly unconstrained in his manner to me; and I knew that however congenial Murray was to my mind, Wilton assuredly had my heart.

So, as Murray had nothing to do, having come expressly to enjoy a holiday, he shared all my occupations and amusements. When I put on my gauntlet-gloves and sundown hat, and went to work my garden beds, and set out flowers, Murray went too, and we tried to do as people do in books. He would bring a volume of poems or essays, and read aloud while I troweled and planted. But we always found our own conversation more interesting than the book, and Schiller, Charles Lamb, and Mrs. Browning would lie neglected, after awhile, on their backs.

How incessantly we talked! From morning until night, conversation never flagged. Murray

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had so much to say; I had so much to say. We differed, it is true, upon every topic, and then there were endless explanations and misunderstandings, to end in the discovery that we both thought precisely the same thing after all.

How could I fail to find out, day by day, how noble were Murray's aims, and how disinterested his nature.

"But it is all the same. I am unchanged," I would answer firmly to something within me, that, from time to time, uttered a faint suggestion, "this companionship is pleasant; Wilton has my heart." "It is all the same," I repeated, hastily, as every day showed me more of his truth, and the tenderness which lay deep in his heart. "The same, the same!" I would murmur, through my closed teeth, and my face buried in my hands, as I sat in starlight, before my window, that overlooked the roses and rhododendrons. There was no need to start up and listen, with fast-beating heart, to Murray's ringing footsteps, as he passed down the distant hall to his room.

Thus flew the time away. I had received two or three letters from Wilton, and had answered the first, but not the last ones. What was the sense of writing so often? Wilton would soon be back.

One afternoon Murray proposed that, instead of playing chess under the trees on the lawn, we should take the table to a more distant point that commanded a fine prospect. I assented. Murray marched away with the table on his head, and carried the men, and we were soon established under a mountain-ash, playing chess with all our hearts.

A ray of sunlight struck across the board, and touched my diamonds, lighting them up so brilliantly, that I exclaimed, and called Murray's attention. "Oh, how they glitter! Don't they look beautiful, Murray?"

"No!" said he, vehemently, in a low voice, and through his set teeth.

I was startled at this sudden violence from the calm Murray.

"Don't you admire diamonds, Murray?"

"No!" said he. "I have learned to hate them. Perhaps," he added, bitterly, "it is because it would be utterly out of my power to offer diamonds to the woman I loved."

"But you would offer her what would make diamonds as dust, Murray," said I, involuntarily, by one of those quick impulses that bring the truth sometimes to our lips.

Murray looked up at me. For one moment his dark, gray eyes grew unspeakably soft and luminous. For only one moment; in the next, the white queen planted herself firmly in the midst of my defences, and he was saying,

"Checkmate, Laura!"

"Well, I have learned to take defeat composedly. You always get the better of me, Murray," said I.

Murray smiled, and, leaning his elbow on the table, and his head on his hand, he regarded me thoughtfully.

All was still around us. There was no sound but the rustle of leaves, and, from time to time, the cawing of a flight of crows. The glowing air was stirred constantly by a light wind. Far down below us into the valley stretched the forest; the tree-tops restlessly tossed and waved; the silver-lined poplar leaves shivered, and their branches swayed unceasingly. The clouds cast transient shadows on the nearer mountain sides; far away rose deep blue summits.

I felt oppressed; there was an undefinable feeling of pain in my heart.

The wind was rising. The waving tree-tops seemed to be sighing, and sobbing, and moaning. I found myself repeating to myself, over and over again, the words in Shubert's "Aufenthalt,"

> "As with the breezes, the tree-tops sway,
> Unceasing thus throbs my heart night and day."

and fainter, and farther off, the wind seemed to take up in echo,

> "Unceasing thus, throbs my heart night and day,
> Unceasing thus—unceasing thus——"

"Come, Laura," said Murray, suddenly. "I see you are shivering. This breeze is too much for you."

Just then something fell from a tree a few feet behind Murray. It was a little bird, that the wind had blown from its nest. Murray left his seat to pick it up. At the same moment, I heard a footstep. I turned. It was Wilton. He came with hands extended, and beaming face.

"Thank heaven! my dearest Laura, that I find you alone. I was afraid that self-sufficient cousin would be around!"

Before I could speak he had caught my hands in his, and kissed me.

The blood rushed in a burning torrent over my face and throat.

"Oh, no, Wilton!" I stammered, almost pushing him away. "You—I——"

As I spoke he perceived Murray. He could not but see Murray's face at that moment. It was literally transformed. There was a still passion in its white expression that frightened me. But it was gone quickly. Murray murmured a few hasty words, and disappeared.

To make up for his enforced absence, Wilton

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now spent nearly his whole time at Brawleigh. In place of Murray's society, I now had the conversation of Wilton, my affianced. I had an abundant supply of it. I could drink long draughts of happiness from my lover's presence, as they say in romances.

Wilton was the fondest of lovers. He idolized me; bore patiently with my slightest whim—how many there were to bear with! I had grown so irritable, I was vexed with everything Wilton said or did. If he was submissive, I was impatient; if he found fault with me, and ventured to read me a lecture on my imperiousness, I grew disdainful—nothing suited me.

Of Murray, I now saw almost nothing. In long walks over the mountain, and perpetual writing in his room, he seemed to spend his time; going at these things as if his life depended upon their fulfillment. When we did meet, we interchanged but few words, scarcely ever a glance.

It required an effort of the imagination to believe that we had once chatted and laughed together, through the live-long day. Murray seemed to have forgotten it utterly. But could I not understand that in those times I was merely his cousin, a good companion, with whom to beguile the long summer hours? Now, I was the same; but the owner of his cousin's time, the lover, had now come to enjoy his own again, and Murray must step back and find his amusement elsewhere. No; I could not understand this, and would not. But it was a lesson that must be learned.

Murray did not miss his talks with me. Murray did not hunger and thirst for one word with me. But what was that in Murray's eyes, when they met mine, be it over the breakfast-table, be it over the most commonplace reference to commonplace things, that made me, for a moment, forget time, place, even my own words! How could I read the thoughts that rose to Murray's eyes, if they were not the reflection of thoughts that rose to mine.

But this was only momentary; only the flash of a hidden light. For one second I felt a thrill of pure joy; the next moment, perhaps, would hear the slam of Murray's door, and Kate's voice, "Mr. Reynold's is in the parlor, Miss Laura." Oh, did he think of me! "I do not love him," I would say to myself, weeping bitter tears. "I do not want anything like that from Murray; but only I want to see him as much as I did. I want to have one long satisfactory talk with him again; to be like intimate friends; to ask him why he will not stay with me, sometimes, and talk as we used to——"

But this was not to be. In the parlor must I sit with Wilton. Sometimes I would be sitting listless, half-thinking my own thoughts, half-listening to Wilton's, when, suddenly, every nerve would awake. I heard it; Murray's step through the upper hall; nearer and nearer, down the stairs, and then—— He had gone by, never looking into the room as he passed!

"Your cousin goes in and out a dozen times in an hour, I should say, Laura," said Wilton, one day, laughing. "He seems a moody sort of fellow. Don't be turning your dark eyes so often toward the door, Laura, or I will be jealous."

"I did not know your feelings ever took that turn, Wilton," said I. "You have a sublime confidence in your own power that is rare to see."

"No, it is not that," said Wilton, gravely. "But I have perfect confidence in you. I trust you, Laura."

"Come," I said, rising abruptly. "Let us go out of doors. This air is stifling. How I hate this hot glare! The sun under clouds; no clear sunlight and shadow!"

"Give me one of these Ophir rosebuds, Laura," said Wilton, when we passed the flower-beds, "and then I must go. I don't like those black clouds rolling up from the west."

I broke off the rose, and held it out to him.

"Let me, in return, put one in your hair; this coppery gold color was just made for you," said he, attempting to fasten the rose in my brown plaits.

I shook off his hand and the rose with an impatient gesture.

"Don't, please. I don't want a flower in my hair."

"Why, I have often heard you say that you liked nothing better."

"Pray don't be perpetually reminding me of what I have said and done, Wilton!"

Wilton sighed, then he bade me adieu, and mounted his horse, and rode away. I wandered through the shrubbery, down the hill, and on through the pine wood that succeeded it, so absorbed in my thoughts that I never noticed the thick gathering clouds, and the settling gloom. My attention was first aroused by the rumbling of thunder. Looking up, I found myself much farther from the house than I had imagined, I turned to make my way home as soon as possible, but had gone but a little distance, before the increased loudness of the thunder, and repeated flashes of lightning assured me that I must seek some nearer shelter.

Not very far from the house, in a grove of evergreen shrubbery, was a rustic summer-house. The "hut" I called it, dedicated to my use. To-

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ward this I ran, and reached it just as the first heavy drops of rain struck my cheek.

Quite tired from my run, I dropped into the nearest chair.

"An exhausted refugee!" said Murray's voice, "How you startled me, Murray! Yes; I was about to ask you the same question; but I see you are quite domesticated with your books and papers."

"It is my haunt," said Murray. "This rustic work is prettily arranged, and compactly, as we have reason to rejoice in, when we hear that heavy rain. Then I like the evergreens around me; the odor of these young pines is particularly agreeable."

"Yes, I like the evergreens," I said.

I had wished for a "long, satisfactory talk" with Murray. Here was just the opportunity I needed; the thunder and lightning were not violent; but they came as if they meant to keep it up, and the rain, too, promised a steady effort. Here, then, was the chance I craved. Admirable opportunity! but, when it came, I had nothing to say. All the reproachful speeches; all the eager questions; where were they? In Murray's actual cool presence, they shrunk out of sight. To every subject of conversation that suggested itself, there was an objection to its discussion.

Murray seemed to have a like difficulty, or else was silent, because he chose to be. He put his hands in his pockets, and looked out at the window, whilst I contemplated the sky from the door.

"No chance of its stopping," I said, at last.

"Not the slightest. All the better, perhaps, for my journey to-morrow."

"Journey to-morrow! To-morrow! Was he going away so soon?" My heart beat violently; but I spoke quite calmly.

"Are you going to-morrow? Must you go so soon, Murray?"

"Yes," he said, turning and seating himself by a tiny table. "I must go, as you say, so soon."

"I am sorry," I said, "that you will leave us. I fear you have had but a dull visit."

Ah, if he could have known what a throb my heart gave, at each commonplace word.

Murray got up, and walked to the window, then seated himself again; then, bending over the table, he said, gently,

"Are you sorry, Laura?"

Tears rushed to my eyes, but I kept them back by a strong effort, and my voice, when it came, sounded natural, and only too careless.

"Sorry! Of course, I regret that you should. What an absurd question to ask me, Murray!"

"Pshaw!" he said, throwing himself back into his chair. "An absurd question, indeed! What difference can my going make to you, so long as you are left behind with your lover? Sorrow! What can you know of sorrow, of feeling, of a wretched, despairing heart, writhing under its separation from its idol—the thing it loves best in the wide world? You, who have your heart's chosen, what can you know of my bitter pain in thus parting?"

Everything seemed to glide away from me.

"Murray!" I cried, faintly.

"Oh, forgive me! forgive me!" he cried, coming around to my side, and grasping my hands in his. "Pardon me, Laura! I did not think what I was saying. I forgot myself, in my angry jealousy, at the thought of your love for him! Those wild words should never have escaped me! Forget," he said, more calmly. "Forget that I have been mad enough to love you, from the first moment that we met."

Oh, how the voices clamored then in my soul! Oh, how I longed to throw aside fidelity, truth, everything that forbade me to put out my hand to grasp what I was starving for. Only to speak one word, and Murray's love was mine; only to give one long look in Murray's eager eyes, and he would know that mine was his.

Oh, no, no! That word must never be spoken; that look could never be given. Alas, my plighted faith!

In the tumult of mind and heart, poor Wilton's words, "I trust you, Laura," repeated themselves over and over.

"You cannot imagine the torture I have undergone, every day, of late," pursued Murray, in a low voice, "and yet I could not endure to leave you. Oh, Laura! if your heart had not been already given; if I had been before him, could you have, perhaps—— Let me think—what am I saying?" he cried, turning to the window once more. "You will look upon me as a madman. Forgive me! forgive me!"

Alas, I could forgive too easily! I felt my resolution failing me; I could not listen longer without betraying myself. My only safety was escape. His back was toward me. Before he turned again, I was half way to the house, utterly heedless of the pelting rain.

Murray went the next morning. Calmly we shook hands, and bade each other farewell, when he came to me in turn; but, haggard as Murray looked, my face was as colorless.

"You must come again, next summer, Murray," said my grandmother, smilingly, "and then, perhaps, Laura will have another home to welcome you to than old 'Brawleigh.' Don't give me such a look, child; Murray is no stranger."

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Murray murmured something, which conveyed to grandmama's mind, I suppose, that he would be very happy to visit Laura under those improved circumstances.

I was sitting alone, the next morning, when Wilton entered the room. It was a terrible effort to meet him again. I felt as if that one night had placed leagues between our spirits. As he entered, heaven forgive me! I felt as if I absolutely abhorred him.

He had a newspaper in his hand. "Laura," he said, sinking his voice, "I have some bad news for you, my dear girl; but it will be a shock to your grandmother; you must break it to her!"

A sudden, awful fright came over me.

"Oh, what is it? Do be quick, Wilton!"

"Why, there was a terrible accident on the train to New York, yesterday. Many killed, outright. Among them, they say, your cousin. Why, Laura! Laura! Stop! stop! Do calm yourself! For heaven's sake, don't rush in that headlong way to your grandmother!"

"Let me go! let me go!" I cried, pushing him off violently. "I hate you! I hate you! I loved him! I love him! Oh, Murray! Murray!" and all was darkness before me.

Murray was not killed. For awhile he carried his left arm in a sling; but only awhile. Only awhile, too, did I suffer the penalty of my rash engagement. Instead of the life-long pain that my own act might have awarded to me, came a happiness as undeserved as it was precious.

My dear, skeptical grandmother lived to see that whatever trials fell upon Murray and me, in the years of our married life, they were met by two hearts that beat together in undiminished love and trust; two hearts that beat bravely, each one brave for the other's sake.

But Wilton, whom I had so cruelly wounded, in my folly? Generously he forgave the wrong I had done him. But years passed before he could pass from under the shadow thrown over his life from MY PRUDENT CHOICE.

WIND AND RAIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

BEATING on the house-top,
Dropping on the roof;
Wreathing leaves and branches
In a tangled woof.
Dashing up the hill-side,
Sweeping off again;
Thus you see the wild work
Of the wind and rain.

Tossing willow branches,
In their leafy sheen;
Shooting diamond rain-drops
Along the golden green.
Beating down the daisies,
Clouding up the sun;
Sweeping through the clover-tops,
Laughing at the fun.

Sighing through the violets,
Thrilling them with fears;
Stealing purple kisses,
Giving gentle tears.
Dashing o'er the roses,
Laughing off in glee;
Filling golden buttercups
That tremble on the lea.

Crowning all the mountains,
With a silver cloud;
Wrapping all the meadows,
In a misty shroud.
Dashing through the hollows,
With a loud refrain;
Thus you have the wild work,
Of the wind and rain.

THE KINGDOM OF BLISS.

BY MRS. HELEN A. MANVILLE.

OUT to the banks of the beautiful shore,
Where the angels and seraphim be;
On to the streets of the sweet Evermore,
My darling has journeyed from me.
Has journeyed away to the glorious day,
Where the sunshine falls softly forever;
To the throne all of white, that out-dazzles the light,
In the kingdom of bliss o'er the river.

He has quaffed a full draught from the Fountain of Life,
And none is more happy than he!
For pain never comes, nor anger, nor strife,
In that land o'er the sapphire sea.
He has found his release, in that city of peace,
Where suffering is banished forever.
Dear love of my heart, oh, how happy thou art!
In the kingdom of bliss o'er the river.

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A RUN-AWAY MATCH.

BY HELEN MAXWELL.

"HALLO, Barton! I hear you are going to be married. Accept my felicitations, and all that sort of thing."

"Thanks!" drawled Barton, slowly removing the segar from his mouth. "But there is some mistake. I am not going to be married."

"Why, I was told the knot was soon to be tied; that the girl was awfully pretty, and awfully rich. I have been envying you, and cursing my luck, ever since I heard it."

"No cause, Hexter, I give you my word," said Barton, continuing his promenade on the deck of the Newport boat.

"I see how it is, old fellow! She jilted you," replied his friend.

"Who jilted me?"

"Miss Bradfute."

"I have not the honor of Miss Bradfute's acquaintance."

Hexter stared.

"Come, that's good! Not know a girl who has been living in your mother's house for the last six months?"

"And where have I been for the last six months, if you please?"

"In Paris, amusing yourself, you lucky dog!"

"Exactly. I have been in Paris. I return home in August. My mother and her guest, Miss Bradfute, are in Virginia, at the White Sulphur Springs. My mother writes, and asks me to join them there. I don't like sulphur water, so I don't go. I have never seen Miss Bradfute, and I am not going to marry her."

"How do you suppose the report of your engagement got afloat?"

"Can't say," said Barton, with a shrug. "You will oblige me by contradicting it, however."

"Certainly, my dear boy. I'll say its a confounded lie!"

"Not necessary. Be kind enough to simply state 'tis a great honor to me, but no such marriage is in contemplation, and that Miss Bradfute and I have never met."

"All right!" said Hexter. "I wish she'd have me, though. She is rolling in money, and deuced pretty! Speak a good word for me when you do meet. I say, let us go below, and see what we can get for supper. I am as hungry as a hunter."

They supped, and smoked, and lounged up and down the deck, listening to the band which crashed out an innumerable quantity of galops and waltzes. They discussed many mutual acquaintances; but there was no further allusion made to Miss Bradfute. But Barton thought much about her, nevertheless, and was extremly amazed to find that he was reported as engaged to her. Just before leaving Paris he had received a letter from his mother, hinting at her earnest wish that he should marry her young guest, Miss Nora Bradfute. This young lady was the only child of a widowed father. Gen. Bradfute was a man of fabulous wealth; but he was of a roving disposition, and led a life of wanderings. Nora had spent her days in traveling from country to country, from town to town; and now, at nineteen or twenty, she had found a temporary home with her mother's old friend, Mrs. Barton.

Of course, good Mrs. Barton had at once set her brain to work to make a match between her son Philip, who was then abroad, and Nora. She talked of Philip, and Philip's wonderful cleverness, and Philip's good heart, and Philip's talents, till poor little Nora felt that, if there was a person on earth who was destined to love her to death, that person was Philip Barton.

They were at the White Sulphur, more for the benefit of the mountain air, than for any gayety. But Nora was a bright, amusing, easily-amused little thing, and she soon had lots of new friends about her. Her pretty foreign manner, and rich dress were enough to attract attention anywhere; but, at the White Sulphur, she entirely captivated the hearts of the susceptible Southern men; and, before she had been there a week, she had many devoted admirers.

Poor Mrs. Barton was now seriously alarmed, for fear that Nora should form some attachment, and Philip lose his chance. She was really fond of the girl, and desired to have her for a daughter-in-law, as much for the sake of her cheerful company and sweet disposition, as for her wealth. She knew that Gen. Bradfute would refuse his daughter nothing, and would sanction any marriage she might choose to make. So Mrs. Barton again wrote to Philip, who, she supposed, by that time, would have landed in New York; to hasten down to the White Sulphur Springs, and secure the little heiress. In reply, she received

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the following curt letter from her undutiful son,

"DEAR MOTHER—I am sorry I cannot oblige you by marrying Miss Bradfute. The idea is extremely distasteful to me; and, as sulphur-water and mountain air don't agree with me, I shall not join you in Virginia, but dispose of myself otherwise, for the rest of the summer. Address me at the club.

"Your affectionate son,

"PHILIP."

Meantime Nora had been flirting in her innocent way, dancing innumerable German cotillions, taking innumerable romantic walks, breaking innumerable Southern hearts! She had quite put the unpleasant thought of Philip Barton and his probable advent out of her mind, when one day Mrs. Barton recalled him to her memory, in anything but a way which was acceptable to the young lady.

"My dear," said her old friend, following her into the long drawing-room, where she was going with a lot of young people for an impromptu dance. "My dear Nora, I have something of real importance to say to you. Would you mind coming with me to my room?"

"Is anything the matter with papa?" asked Nora, in sudden fright.

"No, dear child. It is about yourself."

"What have I done now?" pouted Nora, rather pettishly.

"You have done nothing as yet; but I must warn you against the attentions of these strange men." She had drawn Nora away from her companions, and they were now walking on the gallery.

"I know them all very well; they are not strange," said the little cosmopolitan.

"But, Nora, Mr. De la Roche pays you entirely too much attention; people will begin to say that you are engaged to him."

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Nora.

"It is not nonsense! my dear. And I do wish you would be more careful. Philip will soon be here."

"Well, and what then?" said Nora, saucily.

"I had hoped that you would feel some more particular interest in my son, Nora. I have written to him that it would be a great pleasure to me to have you for my own daughter, and Philip is coming on at once to see you."

"To see *me!* and to marry me, I suppose?" exclaimed Nora, in great scorn.

"If he finds you all I have described you to him, dear child; but, if you persist in allowing Mr. De la Roche——"

Mrs. Barton did not have a chance to finish her sentence. Nora broke away from her, and ran into the house, and up to her room, as fast as her little feet could carry her. And when Mrs. Barton followed her, in all haste, Nora refused to hear anything she had to say; but declared, in the most vehement and positive manner, that she would leave the White Sulphur the next morning.

"I will not stay here to be looked at by Mr. Philip Barton. Nothing in the world would induce me to marry him! And I am going to join my friend, Mrs. Preston, at Newport. You have been very kind to me, ma'am, and I am very sensible of your goodness; but I think you have taken a very great liberty in offering me to your son. Mr. and Mrs. Thomton are going away from here to-morrow, and I shall ask them to permit me to go under their care."

And nothing poor Mrs. Barton could urge would make Nora change this plan. She left in the morning with the Thomtons. And the next mail brought Philip's note to his mother. Altogether, it was rather hard lines for the poor old lady.

"I'll never attempt match-making again!" she said, solemnly, to herself. A resolution which, let me advise every old lady to make and keep.

Philip Barton was leaning over the piazza railing of the Ocean House, in Newport. He was watching, with apparently much interest and satisfaction, the nondescript lot of women and children who were climbing into the omnibus bound for the beach. It was about eleven o'clock of a pleasant August morning. The band was playing an overture; the piazzas were thronged with a gay crowd of people; mammas crotched and gossiped, in little sociable knots of their own; papas read the New York papers, tipped back their chairs, fanned, and wished themselves in Wall street. Pretty girls, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, sauntered up and down in groups, that looked as bright as a bouquet, depth and shade being imparted to the general coloring by the occasional glimmer of a dark coat, a gray hat, with a blue veil, a thin pair of legs, and an incipient mustache.

"Do you bathe this morning, Barton?" called Hexter, from the carriage drive, shouting to make himself heard above the music of the band.

"I'll drive down with you, if you like," said Barton, indolently moving from his place, and descending the steps. "But I don't bathe, thank you."

"Why not? Afraid it will take your hair out of curl! For my part, I am good for nothing till I have my dip."

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"And not good for much afterward."

"Don't be severe, Phil. Get in, and I'll show you how well my mare can use her legs."

The tide was low, but there was a good surf, and many bathers were disporting themselves therein, when the two young men reached the beach.

"I promised to join a party, Barton, so you'll excuse me, of course?" said Hexter, putting the reins into his friend's hands, and springing from the trap. "Wait for me or not, as you like."

Philip kept close to the water, letting the incoming waves wet the mare's feet. He looked with but small interest at the gay crowd, and took off his hat to an occasional fair acquaintance with quiet unconcern.

Two or three pretty faces brightened into smiles, as they recognized him; and one little blonde reined in her bay ponies, and made a slight gesture with her hand, inviting him to a seat at her side. But Philip apparently was unaware of the honor intended him, for he merely bowed and drove on. The little blonde opened her blue eyes in blank astonishment, and then struck the ponies such a sharp, quick lash as to almost make the natty little "tiger" in the rumble lose his well-preserved balance.

Philip drove up to the very end of the beach, turned, drove back a short distance, and stopped suddenly. For, coming toward him with great swiftness, was a little phæton, drawn by a stout, wicked, vicious pony. The reins were in the hands of a very distressed-looking little damsel, who did not appear to know at all how to manage them. As the phæton shot past, a little, piteous voice gasped out, "Oh, please! make him stop. I'm so frightened!"

Before the words were said, indeed, in answer to the first look from the brown eyes, Philip had thrown the reins to the groom, and was out of the dog-cart, and at the pony's head. That sagacious little beast became very docile, and looked very innocent, as soon as he felt the strong hand on his bit. He stopped at once, and the distressed fair one got out.

"Thank you so very, very much!" she said, in a soft, trembling voice. "I think—I am sure—you have saved my life!"

"I wish I might have been so fortunate," said Philip; "but I am afraid my services were of less importance. I am very glad, though, to have been of any use. Will you permit me to see you safely to your friends?"

"I won't trouble you any more, thank you. If you will let your groom drive the pony to the other end of the beach, I will walk. It is Mrs. Preston's pony; I was to drive, while she went in bathing; but I had no idea he was so obstinate and naughty, or I never should have ventured. I am such a coward!"

She spoke with perfect ingenuousness, and with none of the reluctance an ordinary American girl would have felt in speaking to a stranger. The color was returning to her face, and Philip thought he had never seen so bright and radiant a little creature.

"Of course, I am not going to permit you to walk on this wet beach," he said, with great decision. "You must let me have the honor of driving you until Mrs. Preston can be found."

"I don't like to trouble you; but since you are so kind as to offer, perhaps it would be best. I am not very well shod for walking," and she put out a tiny foot dressed in scarlet hose, and low, black satin shoes. There was nothing coquettish in the action; it was done unconsciously, and the brown eyes looked anxiously from the thin shoe to the wet sand.

So the young lady again stepped into the phæton, and Philip seated himself at her side, much amused to find himself there, and much amazed to find that he liked it.

The pony behaved in the most exemplary manner, and pulled steadily through the crowd, without a symptom of rebellion.

"Philip Barton driving with Nora Bradfuto, I declare!" thought the little blonde before mentioned, as she drove past them with a smiling nod. "I heard they were engaged. That accounts for his not being more civil to me!"

As they neared the bathing houses, Barton descried Hexter standing talking with a stylish, rather faded woman, whom he appeared to know very well.

"There is Mrs. Preston!" exclaimed Nora. "You must let her thank you for me."

"Which is Mrs. Preston?" asked Philip.

"Standing with that tall, ugly man, with the yellow mustache."

At this moment the tall, ugly man, with the yellow mustache, called out,

"Hollo, Phil! I have been wondering where you had got to!"

"Why, Nora!" exclaimed Mrs. Preston, with gentle, well-bred surprise, as the phæton drew up before her.

"The pony ran away with me, Grace. This gentleman saved my life!" cried Nora, in her soft, eager voice. "He has been so kind. I said you would thank him for me."

"I am indeed very grateful for the assistance you have rendered my little friend," said Mrs. Preston, with great courtesy; but looking doubtfully at the pony, who had never before been known to do anything so desperate.

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"Let me present my friend Mr. Philip Barton to you, Mrs. Preston," said Hexter, interrupting Philip's disclaimer as to having done anything which called for thanks.

"Philip Barton!" said Nora, aloud, and looking oddly at her preserver.

Mrs. Preston said a few civil things to Philip, and then turned to Nora.

"I think you hardly need an introduction to Miss Bradfute, Mr. Barton."

"Miss Bradfute!" exclaimed Philip.

Their mutual surprise and embarrassment was so evident that Mrs. Preston laughingly asked if there was any mystery, and, if so, if she might not be let into the secret.

"There is no mystery, Grace," said Nora, with a shy little laugh; "but I have been staying with Mrs. Barton for some time; don't you remember? And it happens that I have never before met Mr. Philip Barton."

"I hope we shall see a great deal of you now?" said Mrs. Preston, giving her hand to Philip.

"I shall only be too glad," said Philip. "Of course, you will shake hands with me?" he said, in a low voice to Nora, going round to the side of the phæton where she sat. "We ought to be very good friends, you know. If I had been at home for the past six months, we should have been, of course."

"I don't know," said Nora, gazing thoughtfully over the sea. "At any rate, we will be now," she added, looking brightly up into his face. "You know you saved my life!"

Philip thought it was just as well that she should remain under this delusion, as it was a very fortunate one for him. He hated himself for having written such a letter as he had done to his mother. Fancy his saying that the idea of marrying Miss Bradfute was distasteful to him! Somehow he had imagined her a tall, angular girl, with pale eyes and white eyelashes. And, on the contrary, she was a little thing, with chestnut hair, and deep brown eyes, with smiling, vermilion lips, and white, even teeth. The dearest, sweetest little bit of life he had ever met! He determined to write to his mother, at once, and tell her to burn to ashes his last letter.

He was so engrossed with his own thoughts, as not to hear all that Hexter was saying. It ended with, "Deuce take my luck! It ought to have been I that stopped that confounded pony. She thinks you saved her life, and will fall in love with you of course. I say, Barton, it is hardly worth while to deny the engagement, is it?"

"No," said Philip, coolly.

"You are in love with her already, by Jove!"

The end of the story is too apparent for it to be necessary to tell it in detail. A few visits at Mrs. Preston's pretty cottage, where Barton was received quite as one of themselves, and allowed to hang over the piano, when Nora played, or to smoke his segar in the conservatory, while Nora cut flowers for the drawing-room: a few meetings at morning concerts and evening parties, and the thing was done. Nora said "yes," and called him her preserver! He accepted the title, and put his arm around her.

"Precious little thing!" he said, kissing her lovely mouth. "To think that I should have run away from you!"

"And, oh, Philip! to think that I should have run away from *you!* And that I was bored when your mother told me of your perfections! And, after all, you are a thousand times more perfect than she said."

That night Philip wrote the following note to his mother at the White Sulphur Springs:—

"Dear Mother—I am going to marry Nora Bradfute. She is the most bewitching, lovely—But, of course, you know how charming she is, and how exactly she suits me. Suppose you join me here. Nora is very anxious to have you say you forgive her for running away from me. She bids me send you her love and a kiss.

"Your affectionate son,

"Philip."

"P. S.—Did you burn my last letter, as requested? If not, pray do so *at once!*"

THE WINTER RAIN.

BY ESTHER NELSON.

Drearily, drop by drop, to-night,
Against the window-pane,
And on the sparkling ice-trees bright,
Falleth the Winter rain.

Anon it singeth so merrily;
And then a sad refrain.
It tells of friends long gone, that we
May never meet again!

And ever and ever its tale it tells,
With many a sad refrain,
As we sit to-night and listen, still,
To the falling Winter rain!

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THE LOST INHERITANCE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER I.

For hours that old man had been hanging about the market; sometimes he would pause before a stall, and look with wistful longing on the heaps of food piled up there; still he never offered to purchase anything, but tore his hungry eyes away from the food when too curiously observed, and moved on, heaving a deep, long sigh, which sometimes broke into a moan so faint that the noises of the place drowned it as it rose.

More than one kind-hearted huckster-woman followed his tall, gaunt figure with her eyes as it moved along with the ever-flowing stream of people that swept through the market; for there was something about the man to arrest attention even in that sweeping crowd—a look of want in the haggard face, held in abeyance by some struggle of gentlemanly pride, which those women could feel without comprehending.

As the old man came slowly down the market, veiling the hunger of his glances as they roved from stall to stall, two of these women, who had no customers just then, drew together and laughed, not ill-naturedly, while one of them said, in a half whisper,

"Here comes our steady customer again.'

The other woman cast a bright glance on the old man, without really seeing how thin and famished he was, and answered,

"Oh, yes! we shall get rich as Jews if he keeps on giving us his custom!"

"Hush! Do hush!" answered the first speaker, with a thrill of pity in her voice. "See how white and hollow-eyed he has grown—how feebly he walks?"

"True enough, poor old fellow! One would like to do something if there wasn't so many of 'em."

As she spoke the woman stripped some of the coarse outer-leaves from a pile of cabbage-heads on her stall, and flung them down with emphasis, as if some such action was necessary to enforce her resolution to be hard-hearted. She was doing this when the old man came up.

Seeing the little heap of leaves the woman had cast to her feet, he paused, hesitated a moment, half stooped, as if to gather them up, but checked the impulse, and turned his eyes wistfully on the owner.

"Are they of any use?"

"No! take them, and welcome!" answered the woman, pushing the leaves toward him with her foot.

While he was picking them up, the other women, who dealt in fruit, hastily selected some apples from a heap of golden and crimson fruit that formed pyramids on her table, and held them toward him.

The blood rushed into that thin, old face for a moment, his eyes shone with a fierce joy, then he turned away, shaking his head, and muttered something.

"What did he say?" questioned the woman of her companion. "What did he say?"

"That he couldn't pay for them."

"But I meant to give them to him, in course."

"Yes, I know, but he didn't. The poor old fellow must be awfully bad off. Did you see how greedily he rolled up the cabbage-leaves, and tucked them under his cloak?"

"Yes, Mrs. Mason, I saw it plain enough, and a mighty thin old cloak it was. I wish he had took the apples, anyhow."

The object of this conversation was also thinking of the apples with a great longing, that made him walk on with more speed than his strength permitted. The temptation to go back and seize upon them was almost so irresistible, that he turned once, and walked back a yard or two, hunger was so much more clamorous than pride within him.

But the old man had been accustomed to subdue himself, and this keen animal want gnawing him so fearfully, did not quite subdue the inborn pride of his nature. But another feeling, stronger than want, and more noble than pride, almost drew him back—almost, but not quite. The old man could not bring himself to accept alms, even when he thought of that suffering woman at home—the woman who had for more than half a century been young and beautiful to him. No, he could not beg, even for her. A moment's hesitation held him motionless, but the lofty nature of the man conquered. He turned his back

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upon the woman who tempted him, for she held the apples in her hand while she talked with her companion, and watched him with kind, smiling eyes. Yes, he turned away resolutely, and there, directly before him, was a slender woman, toiling under a heavy market-basket, which bent her frail form as saplings yield themselves to the wind.

The old man looked at the basket and the woman. There was pity and craving in his deep, gray eyes.

"Shall I—may I carry it for you?" he said.

She set down the basket, panting for breath.

"Yes, it is too heavy for me."

It was too heavy for him, certainly; but hope gave the old man momentary strength. He lifted the heavy load, and looked to the woman for direction.

"This way," she said; "to the nearest street car."

She moved forward as she spoke, and he followed, tottering under his burden, but still holding on to it bravely. The woman looked around after a little, saw how feebly he toiled on, and took hold of the basket, thus sharing its weight. He answered this kindness with a dim, pitiful smile, still doing his best to save her from the toil that threatened to break him down at every step.

They reached the street-car at length, and this woman, who was compelled to count every cent in order to keep the wolf from worrying her out of the kitchen of the boarding-house she kept, blushed as she gave him ten cents, and said, with truth, that it was all she had left, after paying for her marketing.

It was pitiful to see the flash of joy that came into that old man's eyes as the bit of paper was pressed into his hand. He trembled all over, and watched the car move off with a look of yearning gratitude far more pathetic than tears could have been.

But he went into the market, grasping the filmy bit of paper in his hand. What should he buy with it? How far would it go toward feeding three famished human beings? Meat of some kind. Yes, she should have that. He went to a butcher's stall, and looked around on the joints—hanging over it, gorgeous with paper flowers—on the piles of snow-white pork, and ruddy chops, all of which were far above his means.

"What is the price of this?" he questioned, in a voice that was almost inaudible, touching a pile of broken liver with his finger.

"What, the liver? Not much; say eight cents a pound."

"Weigh me out a pound."

The old man's voice trembled; he was so eager to get the food and be off, that he shook all over over.

The butcher glanced at his customer's pinched features, as he took up the liver, and threw in half a pound without speaking.

"Never mind the change," he said, rolling up the liver in a half sheet of paper, "we sometimes give scraps like this away to such of our customers as like to feed their cats well. It don't amount to much."

But the old man would pay for the food that was so precious to him; so the butcher gave him two cents in change, turned to another customer, and forgot the whole matter.

In passing out of the market, this old gentleman, for he was a gentleman, every inch of him, passed the fruit-stall, and bowed gently to the woman behind it, while a faint smile quivered over his lips, which seemed almost to claim her congratulations.

"There he goes again," she said, leaning toward her neighbor. "I'd give something to know who he is, and all about him. I've seen lots of men in their carriages that didn't look half so much like gentlemen, though his coat is buttoned up to the chin, and you can't see a bit of collar or wristbands."

"That's one of the things I can't help you out in, Mrs. Mason," answered the huckster-woman. "But one thing you may make sure of, that man has seen better days; and his children, if they're not all dead, will see them after him, or that part of Scripture which talks about the seed of the righteous never going about begging for a loaf of bread, isn't worth nothing. That old man'll starve before he'll beg, take my word for it."

"Do you know, I think he is just starving now."

"Shouldn't wonder, Mrs. Mason. That look in his eyes seems like it, and it's kept getting sharper and sharper all the time, for he's been hanging about here, off and on, for more than three weeks."

"I wonder where he lives," said Mrs. Mason, thoughtfully. "One might send him stray apples and things, when they begin to be touched, without feeling it, or hurting his feelings, if one only knew."

The good woman waited for no reply to this kindly speech, for that moment a lady came up and asked the price of some grapes, that lay a heap of purple clusters on her stall.

CHAPTER II.

"GRANDFATHER, have you got anything?"

The old man, who was toiling up the last flight of stairs in an old tenement-house, looked up

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with a wan smile quivering over his face, and saw a young girl clinging to the rickety banister, and bending half over, in her keen anxiety for his answer.

"Yes, Maud, something; but your grandmother—how is she?"

The girl left her hold on the banister, and sprung down stairs.

"Where is it? What is it? Oh, grandfather, tell me quick, quick!"

"See here, and here!"

The old man opened his scant and threadbare cloak, and exhibited the cabbage-leaves and liver which he had brought from the market.

"Oh, grandfather, how delightful!" cried the girl, clasping her hands. "How did you get them?"

The old man smiled; the joy of that young creature fell upon his heart like sunshine.

"I have been about the market three days, hoping that some one might want a little help; but nothing came of it till this morning. Then I got a basket to carry."

"Poor old grandfather. It is hard!" said the girl. "I didn't mean to let you go out to-day; but when you stole off, how could I help it?"

"Have you managed to get anything for her?" asked the old man, turning his face, pinched and gray with famine, on the girl, whose eyes filled with tears as she answered.

"No, grandfather. I would have tried; but, somehow, it didn't seem safe to leave her alone."

A faint moan broke from the old man. He hurried the cabbage leaves and the liver into the girl's hands, and, turning his back upon her, was going down stairs again.

"Grandfather!"

The old man paused, drew one hand across his eyes, and answered, without looking up.

"Well, child?"

"If—if it's fire you are going about, don't mind."

"Not mind!" answered the old man, almost sharply, for pain made him impatient. "She isn't a wild animal, to eat them as they are, though I dare say she is hungry enough for that, poor girl!"

It was pitiful to hear this old, old man speak of his mate of fifty-five years as a girl; but to him she was something far more tender and sacred than that; the mother of children, now in their graves; the more than mother to that half-famished young creature, who stood at the top of the stairs, looking down upon him through the great tears that swelled into her eyes.

"Don't go, grandfather. I can cook the liver in Mrs. Thorp's room. She has got a good fire, and won't mind the trouble."

The old man came back, hesitating at every step.

"I was thinking, perhaps, the woman over the way might let us have a spoonful of tea for this. It's so long since she has tasted a drop," he said. "But, perhaps, she wouldn't do it. I'm almost sure she wouldn't give out so little."

"I—I'm not sure of that, grandfather; but we mustn't be extravagant, so long as we've got all this."

All this? A few cabbage-leaves, and a morsel of liver! Yet the girl looked thankful, and her eyes brightened over the coarse food, as if it had been a marvelous God-send; and so it was, for there had been no food in that poor tenement-room for nearly three days.

The old man, who still grasped the two cents, he had received in change, in his hand, looked at them wistfully.

"They will bring a little bread," he muttered, half addressing the girl. "But we could do without that, if a morsel of tea could be got for them. Let me try, Maud; let me try!"

"Not you, grandfather. I won't hear of it. Give the money to me. I'll manage it beautifully. Now just go in and tell her what a famous meal is coming."

"Yes, I'll go in now. It doesn't seem so hard, when there is food in prospect. Only be as quick as you can, dear."

"Trust me for that," answered the girl, cheerfully. "No one ever tasted such a meal at Delmonico's, as I will bring you. There, now, go in."

Maud opened the door of a little room under the roof, and, leaning forward, called out,

"Grandmother, he has come, and I'm off to cook supper for us all."

A faint noise came from within, half a cry, half a moan, which made the old man's heart quiver as he entered the room, which was full of dull, gray light, and scarcely anything else; for every movable thing that possessed the value of a loaf of bread had been swept from it in the great destitution that had fallen on the family.

All the light went out from that old man's face as he entered this dreary room. His first glance was at a large arm-chair, from which the velvet seat had been worn long ago, and replaced by a basket-work of coarse list, that contrasted squalidly with the rare carving by which the old English oak was made a marvel of art.

The old man had expected to see his wife in this seat; but it stood empty before a poor, fireless stove, which would have been eaten through

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with rust, but for the care that had been given it. Then his eyes wandered to a corner of the room, where a tick, made of coffee-bags, and stuffed with straw, formed a bed; and there, covered by a clean, coarse blanket, lay the woman he sought, watching him through the slow, painful tears that had struggled to her eyes, when a hope of food had so suddenly been given to her.

"Alice, are you so ill?" he said, going up to the bed, sinking to his knees beside it, and smoothing the gray locks back from a forehead which would always be fair to him.

"Not ill. That is, not much: but so tired of waiting."

The poor woman shivered a little, and half rose up, resting her head on her husband's shoulder.

"I have brought you food, darling. Not much, or very dainty, but——"

The old woman interrupted him, with a sob that broke into a laugh.

"Dainty! Oh, I do not ask that. Anything—anything! Oh, Ingersoll! Ingersoll! I have suffered so much, and you, more than I have, because of your pity for me."

He smoothed the white hair on both sides of her temples, with his hand, as if she had been a child.

"We need not think of that now, my girl; because there is a good, warm supper before us."

"Are you sure, Ingersoll, quite sure?" she questioned, turning her eyes on the black stove. "Surely nothing that is warm can come here."

"There! there! Don't be so desponding. Maud is getting it ready in Mrs. Thorp's room. She'll lose no time, be sure."

The old woman broke into a soft laugh, which brought tears into her husband's eyes, it was so like a half-starved child's that sees it's mother coming.

"I'll get up," she said, pinning a white kerchief across her bosom. "There is the table to set. One mustn't lie here, you know, when one has something to do?"

"Shall I help, Alice?" questioned the old man, rising with difficulty from his knees, and standing upright in the room, which seemed to have gained something of dignity since he entered it.

"You? Oh, no! There is not so much work here that Maud and I cannot do it. Still, if you are so anxious, help me draw out the table."

The old man drew the little pine table from its place against the wall, and left it where a gleam of sunshine shot through the only window in the room.

"Now for the table-cloth," exclaimed the good wife, going to a deal cupboard, in which a few cracked dishes were hoarded: and from it she brought forth a damask cloth, fine, and white as snow, of a pattern well known in wealthy houses fifty years back; but so disguised and broken, with fine darning, that a second design seemed running over the first, confusing and almost enriching it, for the needlework was fine as lace.

Deftly the old lady smoothed this cloth over the table, with her little wrinkled hands, while her husband sat down in the arm-chair, and looked on, almost happy to see her moving about again, as if a dawn of hope had fallen upon her.

"I scarcely expected to take them out again," she said, wiping a plate of China, twice broken, and deftly mended, on which flowers glowed like roses in the sunshine, fairly brightening that corner of the room. "You see, dear, the pawnbrokers have left us something. They would not take these, because of the cracks; so we can set a table yet. There, now, when Maud is ready, we are. This is for you, Ingersoll."

The brightest and best-mended plate in the cupboard, the old lady placed at the head of that little pine table, and, with a pathetic effort at playfulness, ordered him up, that she might drag that oak chair to the place of honor which he was to occupy. But the old chair was ponderous, and she had hardly the strength to move it; so he drew the chair forward himself.

There was a few minutes of silence now; nothing more was wanted, and these two, half-starved old people had only to wait for the food that was coming. Oh, how the moments dragged! How the hungry fiend tore at them, at every noise outside! Then bright, wild eyes turned upon the door, and when it did not open, looked aside, each ashamed that the other should see all the animal greed that burned there.

CHAPTER III.

While these old people waited, Maud was busy in an apartment below, preparing the coarse food that her grandfather had provided. An active little woman, with fiery red hair, and greenish gray eyes, was bustling about a rather untidy room, in which three or four children were at play, now running under the feet of the little red-headed mother, then gathering in a group to see what their pretty visitor was about, and making themselves the principal figures everywhere, as the homely scene changed.

"Tea!" said the little woman, taking down a battered cannister from a shelf, and shaking out a liberal drawing into the round top. "Of

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course, there'll be a cup of tea wanted, and a drop of vinegar for the cabbage; just take some from yon black bottle, with the neck broke off, and a taste of sugar from the box there. I wish it was lumpy, and white, for his sake. Here, Maggie, run across the street and bring in the milk. We shan't miss what she will want for her tea, because I shall just make it up with pure water, you know, which is as wholesome as milk, any day."

While she was talking, the little woman was actively pouring a stream of hot water into a shining black tea-pot, which sent a fragrant odor through the room; and Maud was busy as a bee, turning slices of liver in the short-handled frying-pan, and peeping now and then into a covered pipkin, in which the cabbage was boiling.

By the time all was ready, little Maggie came in with the milk, and all three went up stairs in procession, one bearing the dishes, another the steaming tea, and the little one taking charge of a tiny milk-cup, which she carried proudly, as if it was of superior weight and importance.

Somehow, Maud's request to cook her dinner at Mrs. Thorp's fire, had been an event in the family, and every member of it was warmed into obliging hospitality. Still, with a certain delicate reserve, which these old people had inspired through the house, Mrs. Thorp paused at the door, and hushed the child with a look while Maud went in, placed her dishes on the table, and returned again.

"How good you are," she said, in a low voice. "I don't know how to thank you."

"Never mind," whispered Mrs. Thorp, surrendering the tea-pot, while Maggie gave up her tiny pitcher of milk; "only this, never trouble to build a fire when you want anything on a sudden, because you know my stove is always a going, on account of the children, and the washing I take in—so mind what I tell you."

"I shall always remember how kind you are," said Maud; and her sweet voice trembled with the thankfulness she felt.

"And I," put in little Maggie, "I'll go for milk, or anything—I will."

Maud stooped down and kissed the child, who went off proudly, following her mother down stairs.

"Now for a splendid feast," said the girl, bringing some odd cups and saucers from the cupboard, pouring out the amber-hued tea with a graceful dash—milk, sugar, and all. "Here, grandmother——"

The old lady took the little china cup, and set it down by her plate. She was too hungry for any thought of drinking it just then, but would sip it luxuriously when the craving of her appetite was appeased.

Maud half satisfied her hunger by happy glances at the old people. She declared that cooking food was almost as good as eating it, and refused to touch anything but the cabbage, which she protested was delicious.

After the meal had progressed awhile, and the old lady was sipping her tea with gentle sighs of satisfaction, Maud broke into a subject that had been heavy on her mind for some time.

"Grandfather," she said, faltering a little, "now that we are comfortable once more, I want to ask a question. Why is it that you will not let me do something to earn money?"

"Earn money? What can you do, Maud?"

"Anything that will keep you and grandmother from suffering as you have done."

"Anything is a vague word," answered the old man, shaking his head.

"I can sew."

"But who will give you work?"

"It is to be got. Others find it."

The old woman looked up anxiously. The face before her was wonderfully bright and beautiful, though want had swept all the roses from it. A stray sunbeam fell through the solitary window that moment, and lost itself completely in her thick, chestnut hair. She was smiling with a new-born hope, and the very expression of her pure, sweet mouth, was like a promise that her wishes would find a fulfillment.

"Grandmother! Grandfather! I must do something. I am young and strong—that is, I shall be——"

"And beautiful," said the old woman. "Ah, me! how beautiful!"

The girl blushed crimson, then her eyes filled with tears.

"I cannot help it, grandmother. It isn't my fault—is it?"

She was in earnest; this beauty of hers seemed like a sin and a shackle in that place.

The old man lifted his eyes, with yearning fondness, as the girl pleaded this excuse for her own loveliness.

"Wait awhile before you try that, child," he said. "We could not see you go out into the world without dread and terror."

"Oh, grandfather! where is the power of the God we worship, if He cannot protect the creatures He has made from one another?"

Maud asked this earnestly, and with a power of faith that bent the old man's head down upon his breast.

"Were I a cripple," the girl continued to say, "and saw you sinking from want, as I have but

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now, nothing would prevent me taking up staff or crutch, and searching for some means of helping you, who are far too old and feeble for work."

"Oh, Maud! do not say that," interposed the old lady, wounded in her love, which never would admit that real old age was upon her husband, but only a thing to come by-and-by. Of course, he would live to that. Heaven forbid that it should be otherwise! But not yet. In the ignorance of her extreme youth, Maud had mistaken the ravages of want for the helplessness of old age; but once comfortable again, and she would understand the difference.

"Yes, I am an old man; but not altogether worn out," said the grandfather, gently, but with sadness. "My memory is good, and I have learned much that younger men are glad to know; but who, seeing me thus, would believe it?"

Here the old man glanced down at his poor, threadbare garments, and sighed heavily.

"Every one who sees you, grandfather. All the shabby clothes in the world could not hide——"

He interrupted her.

"Hush! Hush, child! Look around, and see what it has all come to."

"But this is not the end. There is yet a place in the world for us, and we shall find it," cried Maud, fully aroused, and speaking with a confidence she had never exhibited before.

The old man smiled—very sadly—still he smiled.

"First," he said, "let us thank God for this day's food. The sun is going down, and soon it will be so dark that we cannot read."

Maud arose from the table, and brought forth, from an inner closet, where she slept, a great Bible, with ponderous silver clasps, and a binding that had once been magnificent—one of those old volumes that men prize like pictures, or rare intaglios dug up from graves and ruins. While he unclasped the book, and glanced over it lovingly, she brought warm water, and carefully washed the frail china, putting it heedfully away in the cupboard—for the grandmother prized that almost as much as her husband did the old Bible, and for the same reason.

When the table was cleared, and the damask cloth neatly folded, they all drew close together near the window, and, in the dying light, the old man read to them out of the old, black-letter book, with silver clasps—read only as a man of great erudition, and a finely cultivated voice could read—the grand poetry of the Bible.

It chanced that Maud had left the door ajar when she returned from Mrs. Thorp's room, where she had been with the tea-pot and milk-cup, after clearing the table. It also chanced that a young man, who was going into an opposite room, on some object of business or mercy, heard the voice of the reader, and paused in the passage, listening, as persons who love music with a passion will stand in the street, hours, drinking in the melody of some voice cast, like the waters of a fountain, loose upon the air. This man had no thought of intrusion, but the grand poetry which fell from that old man's lips thrilled him to the heart, and he was stricken with wonder that such sounds should issue from that poverty-stricken room.

Maud saw that her grandfather shivered, and arose, softly, to shut the door. She did not see this stranger in the entry, but, as she bent forward, he caught a glimpse of her face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TWILIGHT.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

The day is dead, the light has fled,
The dark-browed night, with stealthy tread,
Approaches near.

All discords cease, we rest in peace,
From toil enjoy a brief release,
With conscience clear.

Sweet visions rise before our eyes,
Dear faces that beyond the skies
Angelic glow;

The loved who sleep in silence deep,
Above whose graves we can but weep—
We miss them so!

But twilight gray, with gentle sway,
Recalls to us each vanished day
They lingered here;

Their voices sweet again we meet—
Our hearts with rapture joyful beat,
And life is dear.

The shadows fall along the wall,
And darkness slowly wraps her pall
Round Nature's face.

But still we dream, and catch the gleam
Of angel forms, and eyes that beam
With heavenly grace.

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MAY GLENDENNING'S BEAUTY

BY EMMA F. M. WHITCOMB.

It was the old story of Mary and her lamb over again; only it wasn't a lamb, it was a dog—a black dog, too; and sweet May Glendenning, though innocent and young, was not the simple child of the story; perhaps, after all, the similitude lay merely in May's pet following her everywhere. Everybody said he was the most absurd-looking pet any one ever had; he was exactly like an animated ball of dirty wool; but May delighted in him.

Many were the troubles that dog led her into; but the greatest one, in fact the most severe trial of her life, came one bright Sunday morning. As she lifted her devout little head from prayer, and looked up at the young minister, who was to preach his first sermon in Bloomingdale that day, what should she see but Beauty, as her pet was most inappropriately christened, snuffing at the pulpit-stairs. She could scarcely credit it; she looked down at her Hymn-Book, though she had lost the place, then glanced up again; Beauty was slowly ascending the stairs; in a moment he was out of sight, behind the desk. During that moment May suffered something of the sensation drowning persons are said to have; she had not dreamed that so much could be crowded into a moment. Presently he came in sight again, wagging his tail complacently, then, after walking around the minister, he disappeared in the vestry. Two or three of the small boys who occupy a corner of the gallery, in every country church, and who are as assiduous in their attendance as the deacons or elders, tittered out loud at this; and the minister, who had seemed to be very much annoyed, quietly closed the door. Compared with what she now felt, May's sufferings before were as nothing; her face seemed on fire; her heart kept trying to get above her collar, as she listened to the scratching and snuffing at the vestry-door; then she heard a low whine, and momentarily expected to hear Beauty's shrill bark. It seemed as if the service would never end; when it did, May didn't stay to be introduced to the minister; her Sabbath-school children wondered what had become of her; and her young brother understood, by the expression of her face, that he might as well prepare to "catch it," when May told his father that he let Beauty out after she went to church.

The next week the minister called at the Glendennings'. May was sitting by the parlor-window, and saw him coming. She noticed now, what had escaped her observation before, that he was very handsome; then, too, with what good taste he was dressed, so simple, yet elegant. She wished her father would wear a Panama hat, like his. Her mother was out, so she knew she must entertain him; and though some people—principally old maids, or mothers of several particularly homely daughters—hinted that May Glendenning was somewhat of a flirt, she dreaded meeting him. But it wasn't nearly so bad as she feared; and before he had put his hat down on the hall-table, and came into the parlor, she felt quite at home with him. An hour passed away rapidly. He gave May a laughable account of his annoyance the Sabbath before, and said, "I wonder whose dog it is; the poorest specimen of a canine I ever saw." May kept a silence; she felt herself guilty, both as regarded Beauty and the minister, and she was quite relieved when he bade her good-afternoon, and turned to take his hat. But his hat was not there! He looked under the table, and behind the door—no hat was to be seen.

"Tom could not have hid it," said May, indignantly. "But, no; he isn't to blame this time—he has gone fishing."

Then she called the servant-girls; but they had not been into the hall that afternoon. What was to be done? It wasn't clerical, to say the least, for him to go home bareheaded. May suggested that he wear one of her father's hats, which hung on the rack—and it did seem to be the only thing that could be done; so he walked off with the pleasant consciousness that May stood behind the curtains of the parlor-window, laughing at him; and he did expect every moment that the hat would slip over his ears and rest on his shoulders.

He didn't make any more calls that afternoon, but shut himself in his study, and, I am afraid, he meditated more upon the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," than upon the text he had chosen for his next sermon—"Let patience have her perfect work." Alas, for the blindness of the human! He had thought, when he decided on that text, that he could draw one or two illustrations from his own life; now he was not worthy to speak of it to others.

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The next morning he received a note of apology from Mr. Glendenning, accompanying the gift of a new hat.

When Tom came home from his fishing-excursion, he found Beauty in the back yard playing with something that looked like a hat. He stopped to examine it, and found it was part of a handsome Panama hat.

May was in the dining-room when he came in, and he told her what he had seen.

"Oh, Tom," she cried, "I'll do anything for you, if you won't tell a soul that Beauty did it. Please promise me."

Tom was of a practical turn of mind, and inclined to be mercenary. He couldn't see why May didn't want it told. I don't think May, herself, knew exactly why; but Tom saw he had her somewhat in his power; so he deliberated over the matter a few minutes, then said, "If you'll give me that little knife on your watch-chain, and if you won't tell mother I took her mosquito-net to fish with, I'll be mum."

May promised the knife at once, and, after a little consideration, agreed to both conditions.

Tom kept his part of the compact faithfully, only I must say that he indulged in a great many mysterious winks, and nods, and occasionally, when Mr. Morwood sat in the parlor with his mother and May, he would practice gymnastics of a peculiar kind, where no one but May could see him.

When Paul Morwood rose to read the first hymn, on that eventful Sabbath, a feeling of human loneliness fell upon him, though God was with him, that gave him great peace; but there were no eyes looking up at him through the rose-hued glasses of hopeful affection; no heart would quicken its beating because he was speaking; and in the days that came after, he felt more deeply the unhappiness of being surrounded by strangers; but gradually he began to find at the Glendennings' an atmosphere of home. Mrs. Glendenning had that delightful motherliness which includes all the young in its watchful affection. Mr. Glendenning was a sympathetic friend, and a man of wide culture. Tom, with his boyish pranks, supplied another element; and May—— He had not yet acknowledged how much of the attraction lay in her presence. Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that frequent as were his calls, there was one member of the family he had never seen—Beauty either stayed, or was kept out of sight; and May seemed to have taken a dislike to the once-beloved pet.

One morning, Mr. Morwood called in haste to ask May if she had seen a handkerchief he dropped there the evening before; he said it was one he valued, because his sister had embroidered his initials on it, and "it was the last thing she ever did for me," he added. May had noticed the crape on his hat; she searched everywhere for the handkerchief, but in vain. "You seem destined to lose something almost every time you come here," said May. And he smiled to himself as he answered, "Yes."

Not long after Tom came running into the parlor, with the remnants of a fine, cambric handkerchief, on one corner of which Mr. Morwood's initials were embroidered.

"I found this in the kennel," he cried. "Beauty was tearing it into strips."

"Beauty?" said Mr. Morwood.

"Yes," replied Tom. "May's pet dog; the cur you know that you shut up in the vestry. I tell you though, wasn't May *scart!* She told my father if he didn't give it to me for letting Beaut'out, that she would. But May couldn't kill a fly. You ought to see her take 'em out of the milk, and let 'em dry on her finger;" and then Tom's "moral sense" being remarkably undeveloped, he added, "I've lost the knife you gave me, May, and mother knows all about the net—so I will tell. He tore up your hat, Mr. Morwood. I saw him, but didn't know what it was till too late; and May, she hired me not to tell."

May had stood perfectly quiet, looking imploringly at Tom, while that young savage told the story through. Then she ran out of the room, and did not stop until, out of breath, she reached her own apartment, and sat down for a "good cry."

Her mother, she knew, would make apologies enough. She did not care what was said, only she never wished to see Paul Morwood again. What must he think of her, and her silly, childish performances?

"Oh! I wish you were some one else." she said to herself, "so I could shut you up."

When May came down to tea that night, there were suspicious indications around her eyes, and her little nose was red. Happily, Tom had taken his supper in his hand, and gone to watch for a cat, that was supposed to kill their chickens, as they had been disappearing, one by one, for several weeks past, so no remarks were made.

Days went on, and May kept her resolve not to meet the minister. When she saw him coming up the walk, she vanished. She hurried out of church before he had an opportunity to speak to her. Then he began to realize how interested he had become in her; how he had delighted to watch her kindling face; how he

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had come to look to her for an inspiration that only her presence gave; and he knew that in losing the hope of winning her, he lost that which had added to his life, for months past, a brightness, a sweetness it had never known.

He had spent a year only at Bloomingdale when he received and accepted a call to a church in a distant city. Every one could see that a change was good for him, so thin he had become.

It happened, somehow, that when he went over to the Glendennings' to bid them good-by, May sat alone by the same window in the parlor where he saw her for the first time. She was very much embarrassed as she rose to meet him.

"I came to say good-by to your mother. I did not hope to meet you, Miss Glendenning," he said.

May blushed, and stammered something, they both knew to be untrue, about not having met him more frequently, and regretting that her mother was not at home.

"Why do you leave Bloomingdale?" asked May, trying to say something commonplace.

"I think I may tell you the whole reason," he said, with a look of entreaty. "My ill-health is, of course, part of it; but my life here has been a continued disappointment to me;" and then, looking at the sweet face opposite him, he said, "Oh, Miss Glendenning! May! Why have you been so unkind to me? I used to think you were my friend."

"Oh! I am! I am!" said May.

He went on without noticing her little exclamation. "I used to fancy that in time you might learn to care for me."

"I do! I do!" cried poor May, forgetting everything at that moment except him; her love for him; her wish that he should not go away till he knew that she loved him.

He looked at her a moment, and read the whole story in her glowing face; and an hour later, when Tom came into the hall, followed by Beauty, and saw a tableau in the parlor, he said sagely to himself, "Hat, handkerchief, and heart;" for Tom is deep in the study of English literature, and his conversation is embellished with quotations from Spenser, and alliteration especially takes his fancy.

Three months later, at the wedding-breakfast, Tom asked his sister if she had seen Beauty within a week, "because, if you haven't, you never will;" and to her look of astonishment he added, "I didn't give up about the old cat that caught the chickens; I watched for her, saw her come stealing out, and took aim, fired, and shot—Beauty!"

AN AUTUMN IDYL.

BY CARRIE F. WHEELER.

LYING 'mid the grass and clover,
  In the meadows sweet and low,
Where the robins sing and hover,
  And the shade and sun fly over,
As the dreamy clouds are floating
  In the blue, like drifting snow.

I can smell the roses, dying;
  See, o'er uplands far away,
Spirit-like, the white down flying
  Out across the purple bay,
Where one sail, adrift, is lying,
Like a bird with white wings folded,
  All the still and sunny day.

Summer birds their flight are taking
  Past where sea and skyland meet;
Crickets ceaselessly are making
  Weird and melancholy music,
Tender mem'ry softly waking
  Thoughts of days gone by forever—
Oh, so sad! and, oh, so sweet!

But those thoughts no more can thrill me
  With wild, passionate regret,
Now that death's soft shadows chill me—
  Oh, how soon I shall forget!
Like the lotus-eaters drifting
Down a slumb'rous, dreamful river,
  Where Hope's star shall never set.

Gone forever all repining,
  Now that on my soul is shining,
Glory from my heavenly home;
  Through the golden mists of Autumn,
Long hushed voices, unforgotten,
  Ever gently bid me come.

Summer's dying, but what splendor
  In the echoing woodland glows;
Lovely flowers their souls surrender,
  Full of balm the south wind blows,
Shines the beech a cloud of amber,
  Woodbine's scarlet tendrils clamber
'Mid the wild vine's scented snows;
  Clouds of starry, silver blossoms,
Clematis, in graceful wreathing,
  O'er the burning sumach throws.

Sigh, sweet wind, for Summer going,
  When you come this way next year,
You will find the long grass growing
  O'er one lover of your music:
Sleeping sweetly—sleeping deeply—
  Who your whispers will not hear,
Sob of rain, or rushing, blowing,
  In the winter, when 'tis snowing,
Or the blue tide's ebbing, flowing
  On the white beach, far and near.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC

BY EMILY H. MAY.

It is our object, in this department, to give illustrations and descriptions of dresses for every-day wear, children's dresses, and other garments, etc., etc., which can be made at home. In our colored steel-plates we give the more elegant dresses: in the front of the number those not quite so expensive; and here the more economical ones still. It is our boast, however, that, even these cheaper ones are stylish, which cannot be said of those of this kind published in other magazines. There is no reason, why a delaine, calico, or common water-proof dress should be less elegant or less fashionable in cut, than a silk dress, or a velvet one.

We begin this number, with a very charming water-proof cloak, of which we give two engravings, one the front, and the other the back. This is an article which every woman should have for winter wear. Generally, water-proof cloaks are hideously ugly; but this one is, as will be seen

positively beautiful. The material is navy blue tweed, or water-proof cloth. The cloak is trimmed with black braid. The cape is scolloped out at the edge, and bound with black galoon. Above the scallops there is a row of wide braid, and a scroll of narrower braid above. The cape is opened up the center of the back, and is ornamented with cords and tassels. The ordinary black and white mixed tweed, if you choose that for this costume, will cost about one dollar and twenty-five cents a yard. The fancy colors cost from two dollars and a half to three dollars a yard.

We give, next, a dress for little girl of six to eight years. The dress is made of woolen serge or merino, of one color, and has simply one skirt, ornamented at the bottom with a side plaiting of the same. This plaiting is put on with a heading, separated by a narrow band of velvet ribbon of the same color, and is eight inches deep. The waist is plaited from a yoke into the belt, to match the skirt. Small coat-sleeves, with a plaited cuff. The over-sacque may be either of the same material as the dress,

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thus making a complete costume, or it may be of any light-colored cloth. It is ornamented with three rows of narrow braid, put on in scallops, a

black one in the center, with a white one on both sides. The coat is a simple sacque, coming just below the waist, and fastened in front with buttons and loops. Small open sleeve. Four yards of material, double width, or eight yards, single width, will be required.

We give, next, a house and street-dress, combined, for a little girl of eight or ten years. This dress is of dark-blue poplin, and is made with two skirts, the under-one entirely plain. The tunic is trimmed with bullion-fringe, two inches deep, to match; the front of the tunic is cut apron-shape. The waist is of the basque form, open in the back, and the skirt of it slashed in front, at the sides, and open at the back to the waist; these slashed pieces being all trimmed with fringe, the same as the skirt, only narrower. Small coat-sleeve. The over-basque, for the street, seen in our design, is to be made either of white merino, corduroy, or white cloth. It is cut with side-bodies, and a postillion at the back, slightly pointed in front. The trimming is one row of black velvet ribbon, one inch wide, headed by a narrow black silk embroidery braid, put on in the simple loop design seen in the cut. Black velvet buttons close the basque entirely to the throat, where the trimming is continued around the neck to simulate a collar. Small open sleeves are here designed, but we would suggest coat-sleeves for this climate. Six yards of poplin for the dress, and one and a quarter to one and a half yards of material for the over-basque, if double fold; as much again if single. Poplins cost from seventy-five cents to two dollars per yard.

Next, we give a suit for a boy six years old; but we make a slight variation in the cut of the upper part of boys' suits. The pants are the old Knickerbocker patterns, always popular. The jacket and skirt, as may be seen, are all cut in one. The fronts are double-breasted, with two rows of buttons all the way down the skirt, with a rolling collar, showing the plaited skirt underneath. The back is cut a loose fit to the waist, where the fullness of the skirt is disposed in two large box-plaits. Coat-sleeves, with a pointed cuff of black velvet, ornamented with white silk braid. The collar, the band down the outside of the pants, and also half the belt at the back, are to be ornamented in the same style. These suits are prettiest made in navy blue cloth. Two and a half yards for the complete suit.

We give, now, an over-coat for a little boy. This over-coat is intended to be worn with the suit last described. It is made of the same material, say navy blue cloth, and should be lined with twilled red flannel. The cut is a loose, double-breasted sacque, collar and cuffs of black

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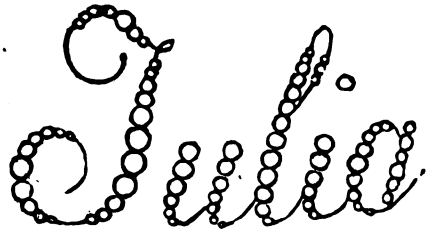
velvet, ornamented in the same way as the costume just described.

We finish with a white cashmere house-sacque for a young lady. This sacque is cut in, to fit the figure at the back, and is loose in front. Open pagoda sleeves. The trimming is one row of black velvet ribbon, one inch wide, headed by a narrow black silk embroidery braid, put on in

loop pattern, seen in the design. One and a quarter to one and a half yards of merino, one piece of embroidery braid, and five yards of velvet ribbon will be required. Line, either with white flannel, or silk, as the merino is scarcely warm enough for a winter wrap, even for the house.

NAMES FOR MARKING.



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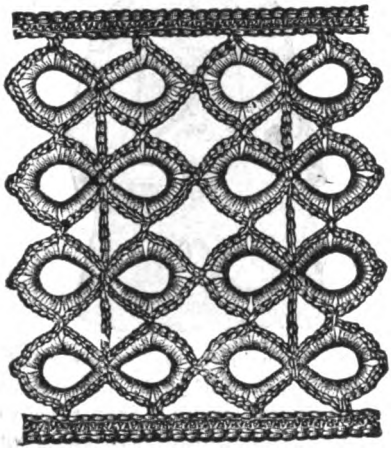
CROCHET INSERTION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Crochet work is always useful. It can be made, too, so easily. The work, moreover, can be carried about when visiting. We give, accordingly, a new design for insertion.

Make a chain of thirteen stitches, join with one single to the first, thirteen chain, repeat, joining to the same stitch as before.

Work under each of these loops five double, two chain, five double, two chain, five double, two chain, five double, six chain; repeat three times more from the beginning, and fasten off.

In the second and following rows the upper chain stitches are joined to those of the previous row.

For the edges, work six chain, one double under each of the side loops. For the outer rows, one double into each stitch of the chain of previous row.

LOUISE CASAQUE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, an engraving of a new and stylish casaque, called "The Louise Casaque." No other article of wearing apparel for ladies is so fashionable this winter. It consists of

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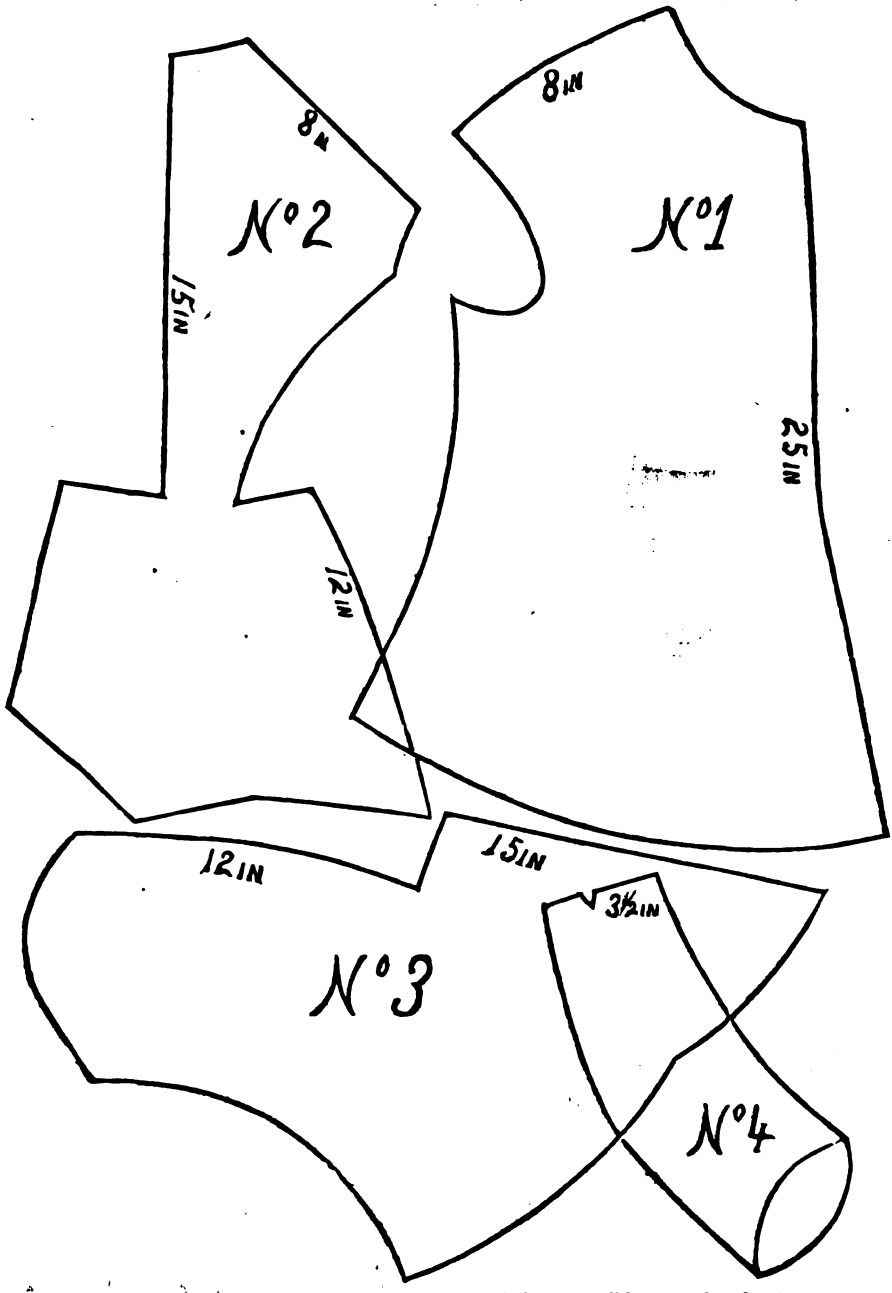
four pieces, as will be seen from the annexed diagram, viz:

No. 1. Back.

No. 2. Side-Piece.



No. 3. Front.

No. 4. Sleeve.

We may add that the back, when made up, will have a hollow plait in the middle, and one on each side, and these plaits are to be laid underneath: and there is a similar large plait at the back of the sleeve, but this plait is to be outside, (as shown in the engraving,) and to be headed by a ribbon or band of *passementerie*. This casaque forms a very elegant out-door garment for mild days in winter, especially if made of velvet, or cloth, and lined.

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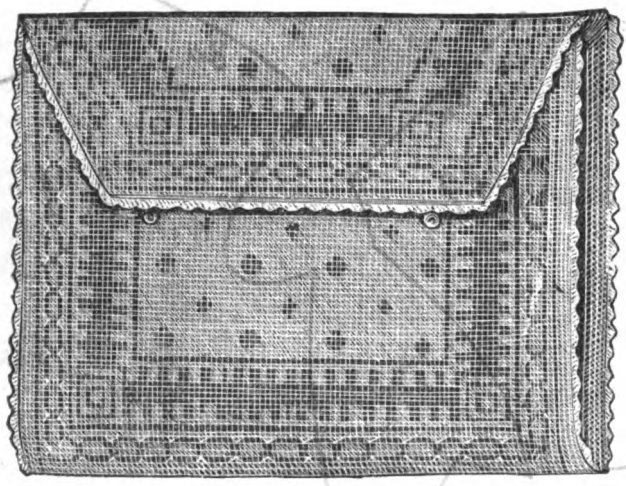
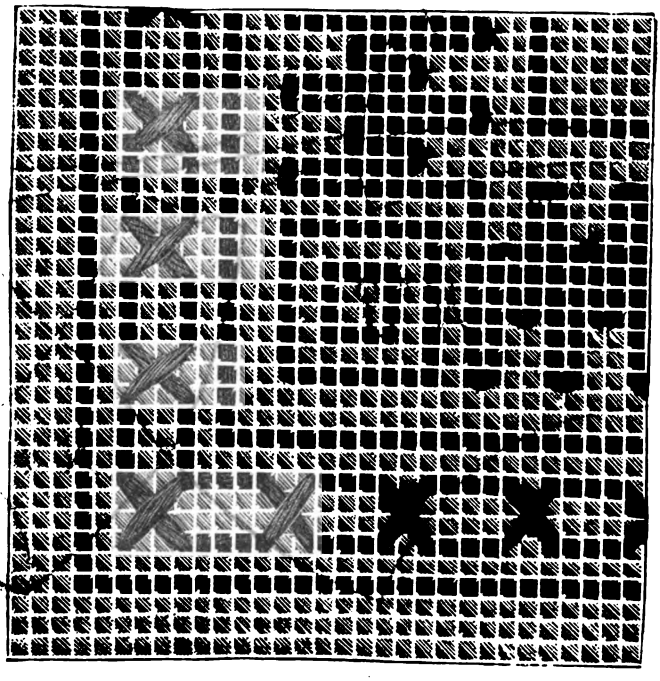
HANDKERCHIEF SACHET

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This sachet measures twelve inches in width, and twenty-four in length, which allows four and a half inches for the flap, cut to the shape shown above. It is of white honeycomb canvas, worked with red and black Berlin wool, the design for which is given in the full size below. The sachet is finished at the edge with a narrow waved braid, and fastened with elastic loops and pearl buttons. It would make a very pretty Christmas, New Year's, or Birth-Day gift.



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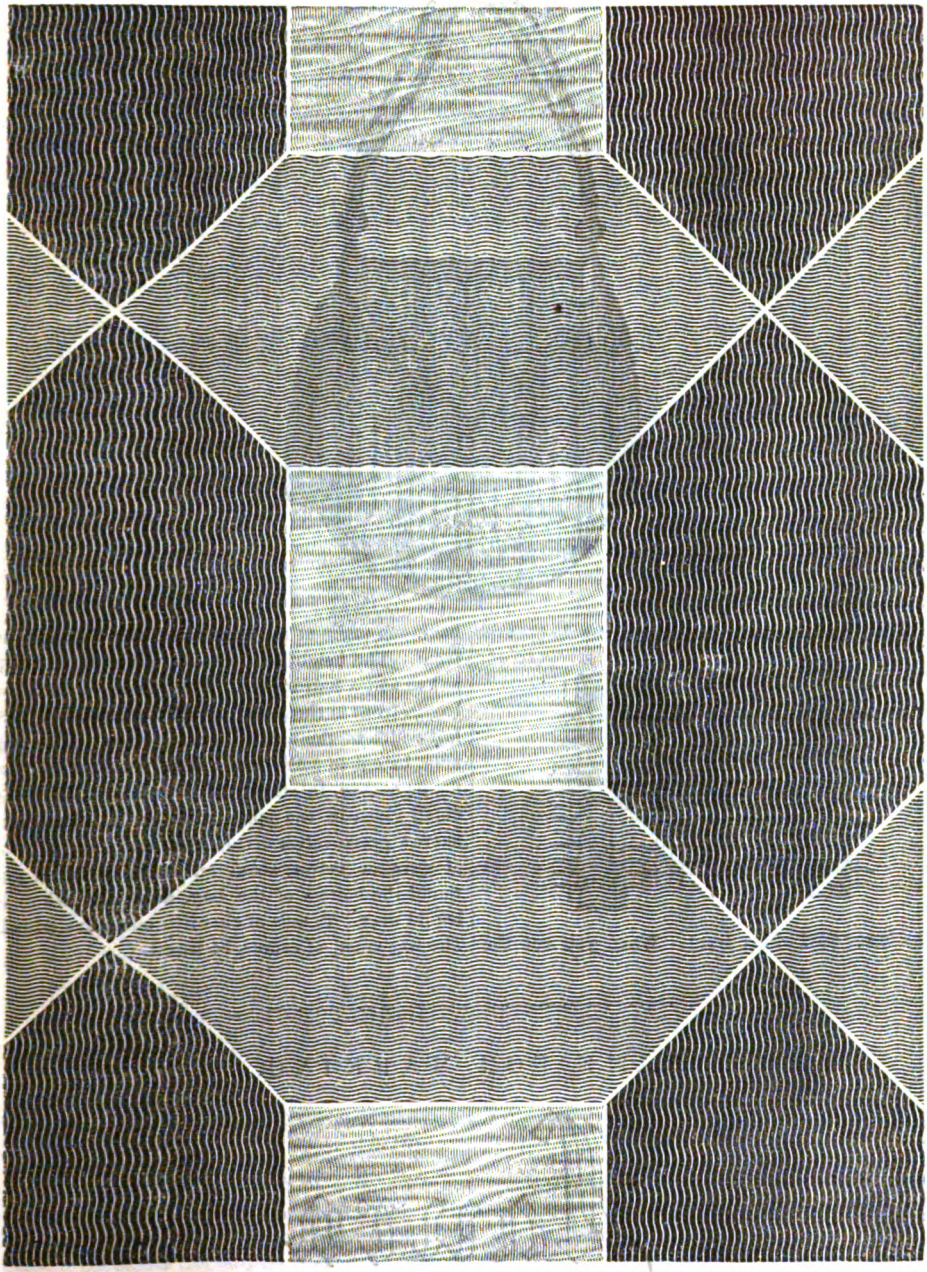
PATTERN IN PATCH-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a pretty pattern in patch-work. The three colors may be chosen to please the maker. This would be a good pattern for any small article, or, enlarged, for a bed-quilt.

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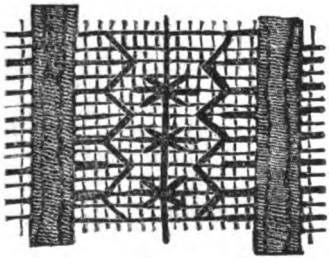
WORK-BAG.

BY MRS JANE WEAVER.

This bag is made in two parts, the back and



the lower part of the front. When you cut the back you make at the same time the flap for the front. The height of the back without the flap is five and a half inches. The piece to form the bag in front is three and a half inches high; the full width of the bag is three inches. The flap must be cut to correspond; it is worked on open net as canvas, in stripes of green silk, like the detail given in the opposte column. Bands of narrow green velvet divide the stripes; a band of satin or velvet, about an inch wide, is put round the bottom of the bag, and the whole is bound over. Tassels of chenille cord are added. The bag must, of course, be lined.

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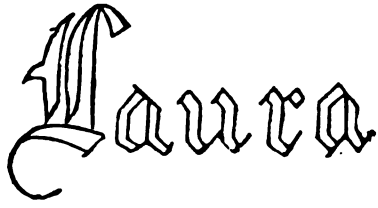

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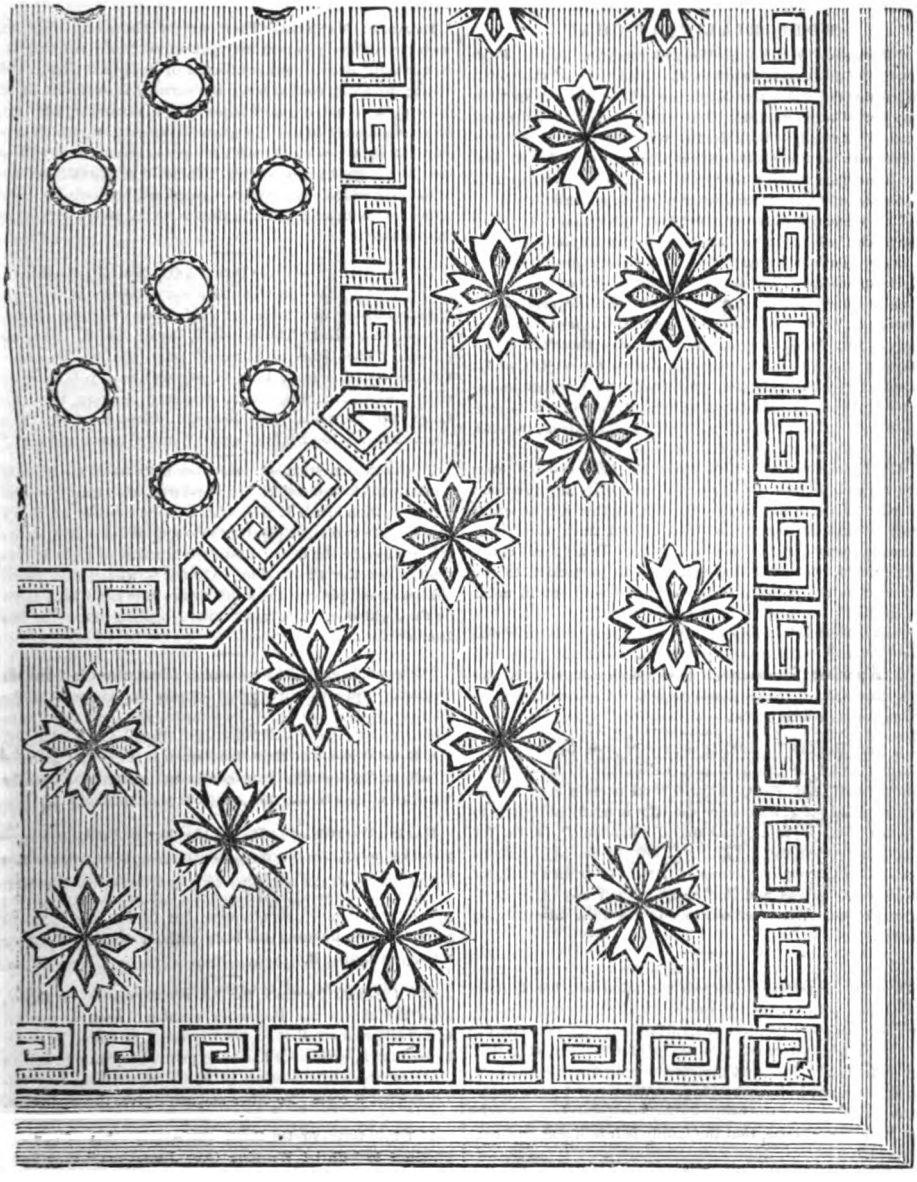
EMBROIDERED DAMASK FOR TEA-TABLE SET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



An embroidered Damask for Tea-table Set. This embroidery is done on damask, with red ingrain cotton, in chain and satin-stitch. The Greek borders are done in chain-stitch. The pattern between the borders is chain-stitched on the black lines, and the inside is filled in with white cotton, in satin-stitch. The same is to be observed for the large dots occupying the center of the cloth. Also the upper part of the border is to be filled in with the white cotton. These embroidered cloths are very pretty, both for luncheon and tea-table. The edges are to be fringed out four inches all round, or scalloped in button-hole stitch, as may be preferred.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1873.—We call attention to our Prospectus for 1873, to be found on the third page of the cover. We claim there that this Magazine is *better and cheaper* than any periodical of its kind. Our enormous edition, exceeding that of any lady's book in the world, enables us to offer "Peterson" at these unprecedentedly low rates; for we find by experience that a small profit on a large circulation is more remunerative than a large profit on a small one.

The original stories and novelets in "Peterson" have long been acknowledged to be the best in any lady's book. *We pay more for literary matter than all the others combined.* For 1873 our stories will be better than ever. The novelets alone will be worth the subscription price. In the fashion department, "Peterson," in many respects, has no rival. Not only are expensive dresses given, but also those for every-day use, and these latter, while economical, are stylish, which cannot be said of the cheap patterns given in other magazines. As to our mammoth, colored, steel-plates, it is conceded, everywhere, that they are the most beautiful, tasteful, and reliable issued in the United States.

We have three classes of clubs for 1873, *and the prices are reduced to meet the times.* For one class the premium is our new and costly mezzotint. For another it is an extra copy of the Magazine for 1873. For a third class both an extra copy and the new mezzotint. In all these clubs, the price to the subscriber decreases in proportion to the number in the club, an inducement we hold out in order to stimulate the getting up of large clubs.

Now is the time to get up clubs! Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits are fairly presented. The best way to present these merits is to exhibit a number. We invite comparison. *Be the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for.

A FIVE DOLLAR Engraving, as will be seen by our advertisement, will be given to any subscriber to "Peterson," *whether singly or in clubs*, who will send us fifty cents. This is a nominal price, and hence the offer is confined strictly to friends, that is to subscribers to "Peterson." Thus, for $2.50, any person can get either of our five dollar premiums—as well as a copy of "Peterson" for 1873; or, in a club, for even less. This is a dollar cheaper than any other periodical offers. Whatever others do "Peterson" always does better.

NOTHING BEAUTIFIES THE HOUSEHOLD SO MUCH as a good magazine. Its stories to refresh the mind and heart, often tired out with household cares; its steel engravings; its colored and other pictures of new fashions; its patterns for the work-table; its music; its receipts for cookery, etc., etc.; all assist to give innocent pleasure, or to refine the mind, or to aid economy in housekeeping. "Whenever I see a magazine like yours, on the center-table," writes a clergyman to us, "I know, at once, that the family is intelligent and cultivated."

"THE GEMS OF ART."—We have often been asked to publish a selection of the best engravings that have appeared in "Peterson." We have done so accordingly this year, and will send it, *as a premium to persons getting up clubs*, if they prefer it, instead of the large-sized engraving, "Christ Weeping Over Jerusalem." The book has been called "The Gems of Art," and contains twenty-five of our very best steel plates. By getting up enough clubs, you can earn, not only an extra copy, but also the premium picture and the "Gems."

ENGAGING MANNERS.—There are a thousand engaging ways, which every person may put on, without running the risk of being deemed either affected or foppish. The sweet smile; the quiet, cordial bow; the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or, more especially a stranger, who may be recommended to us; the graceful attention, which is so captivating, when united with self-possession, these will insure us the good regards of all. There is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that is even more irresistible than beauty.

BOOKS OF MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co., No. 277 Washington street, Boston, have just issued a very excellent collection of sacred and secular music for choirs, conventions, singing-schools, etc., called "The Standard," price $1.50. They also publish "The Gems of Strauss," price $2.50. The latter volume contains more than eighty waltzes, polkas, quadrilles, polka mazurkas, galops, etc., etc. Among them are those exquisite gems, "The Beautiful Blue Danube," "One Thousand and One Nights," and "Wine, Women and Song."

TO CLEAN OLD SILK.—A subscriber asks us if we can tell her how to clean old silk. The best way is to take the dress to pieces, then brush it well with a velvet brush on a dry towel, grate two large potatoes into a quart of water, strain off, and sponge the dress; iron each breadth or piece as it is sponged on the wrong side. Always, however, iron black silk on an old piece of the same, as the side not ironed is to be the right side. You must guard against lint from the ironing-cloth.

"CHERRY RIPE."—This charming illustration is from an original picture, painted by the famous French artist, Bouguereau, and owned by W. B. Bement, Esq., of this city, to whom we are under obligations for permission to copy it. Mr. Bement is one of those gentlemen of taste and fortune of whom, fortunately, Philadelphia has many, who dignify wealth by their liberal and judicious patronage of art.

HAVING SOMETHING TO DO is a blessing, and not, as is supposed by many, the reverse. Idle people, as a class, are the most unhappy in the world. Health, good-spirits, and contentment follow work. We do not speak of excessive labor; that injures as much as idleness; but of the work that is enough to occupy mind and body without wearing it out, or unduly fatiguing it.

OUR COLORED PATTERN, for this month, excels, we think, even the one in the December number. Such a pattern would sell, at a retail store, for fifty cents, or more. In order to produce it, each color has to be printed separately, and as there are some fifteen colors in it, our subscribers may imagine what it costs. No other magazine gives these patterns.

IF THOSE GETTING UP CLUBS prefer any other of our engravings to "Christ Weeping Over Jerusalem," they have only to say so, when they remit, and we will send the one they wish. See the list in our advertisement.

LESS TROUBLE EACH YEAR.—A lady sends us a club, and writes:—"Each year I find less trouble in getting subscribers. I got up my club, this year, without going out of the house."

LET THE NEW YEAR bring renewed resolutions to do right, whatever may come of it. This is the best and surest way to secure happiness, and to rise to a higher spiritual level.

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OUR NEW PREMIUM MEZZOTINT FOR 1873, proves, as we predicted, one of the most popular we have ever had. The subject is "Christ Weeping Over Jerusalem," after a very celebrated picture, by Sir Charles Eastlake, late President of the Royal Academy. We are rapidly introducing this beautiful engraving into tens of thousands of households. When framed and hung up, it is an ornament to any parlor. A little exertion in getting subscribers for "Peterson" will entitle any person to a copy of this valuable engraving gratis. See our unprecedented offers in the Prospectus for 1873, on the third page of the cover.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Outcast, and other Poems. By James Watson. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is one of the most beautiful volumes, considered typographically, that the American press has produced. Nor are the contents without merit. The author claims to be the writer of that popular poem, "Beautiful Snow," and no one who reads "The Outcast" can deny that he has the ability to have written it. For ourselves, we have long considered Mr. Watson's claim to be indisputable, and only wonder how any well-informed person can have arrived at a different conclusion. One of the great merits of Mr. Watson is that he touches the heart. His verses are not merely word-gymnastics, if we may coin an expression, like so much that is called poetry now-a-days; but something higher and better, because true and emotional. We predict for this volume a success inferior only to "Beautiful Snow" itself.

A Manual of American Literature: a Text-Book for Schools and Colleges. By John S. Hart, LL.D. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: Eldridge & Brother.*—Whatever Professor Hart does he does thoroughly and well. His "English Literature" was a work that exactly supplied an acknowledged want: and the present manual, in its way, is not less perfect. The work is not a mere compilation, but is original in conception, form, and structure. Quite one-third of the matter has been collected by the author himself. The book, apart from all its other merits, is a thorough catalogue of every American writer, who has distinguished himself, or herself, even in the slightest degree.

Hobb's Architecture. By Isaac H. Hobbs & Son, Architects. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This work contains a very large number of designs and ground-plans for Villas, Cottages, and other Edifices, both Suburban and Rural, adapted to the United States, and is illustrated with upward of one hundred engravings. Of late years the taste in domestic architecture has greatly improved, in the United States, and we attribute it, in a very large degree, to the influence of books like this.

Johnson's Natural Philosophy, and Key to Philosophical Charts. For the use of Schools and Families. By Frank G. Johnson, A. M., M. D. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: J. W. Shermerhorn & Co.*—A large, royal octavo volume, illustrated with five hundred engravings, some of them colored. These engravings are reduced photographic copies of all the diagrams contained in Mr. Johnson's well-known Philosophical series of Indestructible School Charts. The book is neatly printed.

The Atheneum. Arranged and written by U. C. Burnap and Dr. W. J. Wetmore. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.*—This is a collection of part-songs for ladies' voices. The music is of a superior order, and would be useful for concert purposes. Altogether, like "The Polytechnic," a work published by the same enterprising firm, it is a compilation very much above the average.

The Doll-World Series. By Mrs. Robert O'Reilly. 3 *vols.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—Three pretty little volumes, beautifully illustrated and bound. Their titles are, "Doll World," "Daisy's Companions," and "Deborah's Drawer." They would make a nice Christmas gift.

The Toilet in Ancient and Modern Times. By Arnold J. Cooley. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—Just the book for a lady's boudoir or center-table, for it not only gives a history of the toilet, and of matters connected therewith, but it also contains a perfect store-house of copious information respecting the toilet, social, hygienic, and medical. The volume is charmingly printed and bound.

Off the Skelligs. A Novel. By Jane Ingelow. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—The many admirers of Jane Ingelow's poetry will be curious to know how she succeeds as a novel-writer. This is her first attempt in that direction. We shall not forestall the interest of the public by any lengthy criticism, but simply say that the work has been issued, in advance, from early English sheets.

A Progressive Grammar of the English Tongue. By Professor William Swinton, A. M. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—In this work Orthography and Prosody have been discarded, as not belonging to English grammar, and only Etymology and Syntax retained; but to these have been added Analysis and Construction, and English Composition.

The Rye-House Plot. By G. W. Reynolds. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The scene of this historical romance is laid in England, during the reign of Charles the Second, and the author follows, with great fidelity, the main incidents of that famous conspiracy. As a mere story it is intensely interesting.

Wonders of the Yellowstone. Edited by James Richardson. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.*—Another volume of that excellent series, the "Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure." The volume has numerous engravings and a map.

Wonders of the Moon. From the French by A. Guillemin. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.*—A new volume of that popular and useful series, the "Marvels of Nature, Science, and Art." The volume is illustrated by not less than forty-three engravings.

The Polytechnic. Compiled and written by U. C. Burnap, and Dr. W. J. Wetmore. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: J. W. Shermerhorn & Co.*—This is a collection of music for schools, classes etc. It is a royal octavo of two hundred pages, and is divided into three parts, viz.: school songs, college songs, and hymns.

A Lonely Life. By J. A. St. John Blythe. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a new novel, by an English writer, who has already won distinction in his art, by his "Wise as a Serpent" We cordially recommend it. Its moral is especially good.

Doctor Norman, Rector. By Mary A. Denison. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A charming little story, by a writer well-known to our readers, and who passes from pathos to humor with infinite ease and naturalness.

David Copperfield. By Charles Dickens. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Another volume of the beautiful "Household Edition" of the works of Dickens. These volumes are in royal octavo, double column, illustrated.

A Summer's Romance. By Mary Healy. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—This writer has already achieved considerable success, in England, and now, returning to her native country, seeks to win a new reputation here.

Hand-Book of Perfumes and Cosmetics. By Arnold J. Cooley. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is a sequel to the "Toilet in Ancient and Modern Times," and is full of receipts, to preserve, or increase beauty.

A Girl's Romance, and other Tales. By Frederick W. Robinson. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A collection of tales by the author of "For Her Sake," etc., etc., the longest being that from which the volume takes its title.

Isolina; or, the Actor's Daughter. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A love-story, pure and simple, full of incident, and quite romantic in character.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE BEST OF ITS CLASS.—The Manchester (Iowa) Press says:—"We call the attention of our readers, and especially those ladies who want a Fashion Magazine, to the advertisement of *Peterson's Magazine*, which we print this week. It is, in our judgment, the best of this class of monthlies. It is profusely illustrated. In its fashion department it excels all rivals. And the quality of its reading matter is better than that of any other similar periodical with which we are acquainted. Its tales are never silly and lackadaisical. Peterson has published, heretofore, some of the best stories ever given in an American magazine. We believe this monthly to be the best of its kind."

SOCIAL GAMES AND HOME AMUSEMENTS.—Milton Bradley & Co., of Springfield, Mass., are the makers and publishers of various games for the amusement of the family circle, among them a very entertaining new game called "Carsomette," which is played on a prepared board, with a cue, six wooden pins and five balls. Some of the other games are the "Pammena," "Japanese Backgammon," and "Kriss Kringle's Christmas Tableaux." Mr. Bradley & Co. also manufacture the "Kindergarten Alphabet and Building Blocks," "The Yacht Puzzle," "American Squails," etc., etc. All the games, published by this firm, are innocent as well as amusing.

THE REPUTATION of the Improved Wilson Sewing-Machine is so thoroughly established that no word in its commendation is necessary. The plan adopted by the manufacturers of this famous machine of placing their prices so low as to come within the reach of the poorer classes, certainly entitles them to the gratitude of those who are really most in need of such an article. Salesroom at 1309 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.,

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.—Mattie E. Duncan, Shelbyville, Mo., has in 11 years, made with her Wheeler & Wilson Machine about 2500 heavy dresses, coats, overcoats, shirts, and pantaloons, and paid nothing for repairs. The machine is still in perfect order, and she has half of the original dozen of needles.

HORTICULTURE.

PARLOR VINES.—The first thing to be considered in the culture of any plant is its soil. Bulbs require light and very loose soil. Short, fibrous roots need a firm, fine soil. Long and spreading roots, a heavier and coarser soil than others. For most plants, good garden loam—loosened when necessary by mixing it with street sand or gravel—enriched by the application of a liquid stimulant, answers very well. To make this stimulant, mix half a peck of stable or street sweepings with a quart of pulverized charcoal, in a three-gallon vessel, and fill up the vessel with soft water. After it has stood a week, the liquid will be ready for use. It should be clear, and about the color of green tea. Water plants with this three days, consecutively, once in three weeks, during their earliest growth and blooming. It should be perfectly odorless; if it is not, add more charcoal. As the liquid is exhausted, fill in more water. This quantity of fertilizing material will supply stimulant for two dozen large plants during six months.

If you can obtain leaf-mould—the fine, dark soil from the woods—or have any means of making it, by collecting all sorts of decaying vegetable matter, and allowing it to become completely decomposed, take this for a third ingredient of your soil; it will serve the same purpose as the stimulating fluid. All fertilizing liquids must be applied directly to the soil; but when water only is used, the whole plant should be showered with it, if possible.

A judicious management of the air and the water, given to house-plants, has much to do with their health. Never give them an excess of either; it is much safer to keep a plant a little dry than too moist, and with never a whiff of free air than too great a draught. A room, airy enough and warm enough for our own comfort, will suit nearly all plants. A little experience will soon show what species need greater heat, and it can be easily supplied them by allowing them more sunshine, placing them nearer the ceiling, or setting their pots on a slab of heated soap-stone. But there must be no sudden changes from heat to cold; or *vice versa*.

Plants flourish best in pots that will allow a free passage to all superfluous moisture, such as the common unglazed flower-pots of baked clay; the material being porous enough to admit air to the roots, and the hole in the bottom of the pot serving as an outlet for the water to the saucer below. If wooden pots or boxes are used, they must have several small outlets for superfluous moisture. Glass, metal, crockery, or glazed earthen pots, should serve only as receptacles for the common clay pots. Plants, requiring loose soil, should have a layer of pebbles, a piece of broken crockery, or something similar, in the bottom of the pot, to give them proper drainage, without waste of the soil. Bits of charcoal, or of old iron, should fill this place for those plants whose blossoms would be improved by a darkening of their hues. These few general hints must suffice for the present; others will be given from time to time.

Vines, while they are the most graceful of plants, are the most easily cultivated; hence they should be our first choice for in-door growth. And, chief of all, should stand the *hedera canariensis*, the Irish, or German ivy, as it is popularly called; for, no matter how low, or shady, or close, a room may be, it is sure to flourish. It receives its name from the Celtic *hedra*, a cord, in allusion to its long cord-like branches, that twine and cling about everything that comes in their way, and from its native place, the Canary Isles. It is propagated by a slip or cutting. Take a young, tender branchlet, about three inches in length, and insert half an inch of its stem in wet sand, or wet sandy soil, under a bell-glass or a tumbler. Be sure that the sand is never dry, but keep it in the sunshine, or where it will be warm, for a week. Then loosen the sand, withdraw the stem, and, if rootlets have started, set it immediately into a pot of good garden earth, mixed with one-third its quantity of gravel or coarse sand. Press the soil lightly yet firmly about this young plant, to the same height as the sand has covered it; cover it with the bell-glass again, and keep it in the shade a week, watering it meanwhile sparingly; then set the glass aside, and accustom it gradually to the sunshine.

Too great exposure to the sun causes the leaves of this species of ivy to turn purple, and to ripen too quickly; yet it will seldom blossom without sunshine. The flower, however, (of a pale yellow,) is rather ordinary; the elegant, light-green foliage which its luxuriant shoots throw out is much more desirable. It must be frequently watered, but not liberally, just enough to keep it from wilting. Suspend the pot from the ceiling, in front of a window where there is little sun, or set it upon the mantel or a bracket, where there is plenty of light, and let the branches droop or climb as they will; or gather them with slender cords into festoons about the window and walls; the plant is much handsomer thus than if trained to a frame. Early in June, trim off the longest branches, or give them some slight support, and set it with the garden shrubs, (having filled the hole in

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the bottom of the pot with a cork, so that no worms can enter.) In September, take it with new soil to a larger pot; keep it in a cool and very shady room for a month, and then gradually give it light, and water, and heat. Be sure that the soil is never dry, but do not over-water it; especially, never allow water to stand in its saucer.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

PARLOR DECORATION.

ARRANGEMENT OF CUT FLOWERS.—Of all the errors made by persons in arranging flowers, the commonest is that of putting too many into a vase; the next to that, is the mistake of putting too great a variety of colors into one bouquet. Every flower in a group should be clearly distinguishable and determinable without pulling the nosegay to pieces; the calyx of a clove pink should never be hid by being plunged into the head of white phlox, however well the colors may look. Sweet peas never look so well in the hands as they do on the boughs over which they climb, because they cannot be carried without crowding them; but put them lightly into a vase with an equal number of mignonette; or, rather, ornament a vase half full of mignonette, with a few blooms of sweet peas, and you get a charming effect, because you follow the natural arrangement by avoiding crowding of blooms, and putting them with the green foliage which they want to set them off. Few people are aware until they try it, how easy it is to spoil such a pleasing combination as this; a piece of calceolaria, scarlet geraniums, or blue salvia, would ruin it effectually. Such decided colors as these require to be grouped in another vase, and should not even be placed on the same table with sweet peas. They also require a much larger preponderance of foliage than is wanted by flowers of more delicate colors. It is unquestionably difficult to resist the temptation of "just putting in" this or that flower, because "it is such a beauty;" a beauty it may be—and so may be an apricot—but it would be out of place in a basin of green pea soup! There is at least one proper place for every flower; then let every flower be in its proper place.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

Good Cheap Soup.—Maccaroni, simmered slowly for three hours in a good gravy, makes a good soup for luncheon. The gravy can be made of the lean trimmings of meat, the uncooked shanks of a leg and shoulder of mutton, cooked meat, poultry and game bones (hare bones are excellent,) and the uncooked gizzards of fowls cut up. The shank bones of leg and shoulder of mutton should never be roasted with the meat, but cut up for stock gravy. In a large family where there is much consumption of meat, an ox heel added to the above improves the quality of the stock for gravy. Season with pepper, salt, and allspice. In a small family a calf's foot would do.

Cheap White Soups.—Cut up two rabbits, and put them into a stew-pan, with three quarts of water, several onions, some celery, and lettuce. Stew three hours. Thicken with flour, adding pepper and salt to taste. Stew three-quarters of an hour longer, and then strain through a sieve. Add to the strained liquor a pint of cream or new milk, and boil all up together. Jerusalem artichokes added to the onions and celery, are very good; and the same stock will make a good oyster soup, by adding oysters at the same time as the cream or milk.

Stock for Soup.—Take a pot of any sort which will hold about five quarts of water; put in three pounds of beef (the round is best) with the water, salt to taste, put it on the fire, let it boil, and take off the fat as soon as it comes to the top; this must be done several times, till it is quite free from grease; then put in a few carrots, one or two turnips, and the heart of a cabbage. In France *caromel* is always added to color it. Some burnt sugar or burnt onion does as well. Then put it on a very slow fire for several hours to simmer.

Lenten Soup.—One pound of potatoes, and one pound of onions, peeled and boiled gently together for an hour in two quarts of water, seasoned with pepper and salt, and two ounces of butter stirred into it just before it is served, makes a very savory dish.

MEATS.

Boiled Fowl and Rice.—One fowl, mutton broth, two onions, two small blades of pounded mace, pepper and salt to taste, one quarter of a pound of rice, parsley, and butter. Truss the fowl, as for boiling, and put it into a stew-pan, with sufficient clear, well-skimmed mutton-broth to cover it; add the onion, mace, and a seasoning of pepper and salt; stew very gently for about an hour, should the fowl be large; and about half an hour before it is ready, put in the rice, which should be well-washed and soaked. When the latter is tender, strain it from the liquor, and put it in a sieve, reversed, to dry before the fire, and in the meantime, keep the fowl hot. Dish it, put the rice round as a border, pour a little parsley and butter over the fowl, and the remainder send to table in a tureen.

Meat or Sausage Rolls.—Make one pound of puff paste; roll it out to the thickness of about half an inch, or rather less, and divide it into eight, ten, or twelve squares, according to the size the rolls are intended to be. Place some sausage-meat on one half of each square, wet the edges of the paste, and fold it over the meat; slightly press the edges together and trim them neatly with a knife. Brush the rolls over with the yolk of an egg, and bake them in a well-heated oven for about half an hour, or longer, should they be very large. The remains of cold chicken and ham, minced and seasoned, as also cold veal or beef, make very good rolls.

Rich Oyster Pie.—Strain off the liquor from the oysters, and put it on to boil, with some butter, mace, nutmeg, pepper, and salt. Just as it boils, stir in a thickening of milk and flour, put in the oysters, and stir until they are sufficiently stewed, then take them off, and put in the yolks of two eggs, well beaten (do not put this in while it is boiling, or it will curdle.) Line a dish, not very deep, with puff paste; fill it with white unglazed paper, to keep the top paste from falling in; put on top paste and bake. When done, remove the top crust carefully, and take out the paper, and pour in the oysters. Send it hot to table.

Rissoles of Cold Meat.—To one pound of cold meat allow three-quarters of a pound of bread-crumbs, salt, and pepper, a tablespoonful of minced parsley, a little finely-chopped lemon-peel, and two eggs. Mince the meat very fine: mix all together. Divide into balls or cones nicely shaped. Put them into a pan of boiling lard; there must be enough lard to cover them. Fry the rissoles till they are a nice light brown. Serve with parsley for a garnish, or, if preferred, with gravy poured over them. Chicken or rabbit makes very delicious rissoles.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Spiced Sausage.—Rub well into a piece of pork some saltpetre, allspice, and black pepper; let it lie several days, rubbing it each day; then chop it small, and add to it two shalots, chopped fine; have ready an ox-gut, fill it with this meat quite tight; tie both ends firm; let it be smoked as ham; wrap it in a thin cloth, then let it be well-dried. You may tie it into what lengths you please before smoking. This will eat hot or cold.

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Souse.—Take pigs' ears and feet, clean them thoroughly, then soak them in salt and water for several days. Boil them tender, and split them; they are then good fried. If you wish to souse them when cold, turn boiling vinegar on them, spice with peppercorns and mace. Cloves improve the taste, but turn them a dark color. Add a little salt. They will keep good pickled five or six weeks. Fry them in lard.

Westphalia Loaves.—Mince one quarter of a pound of lean ham, with one pound of flowery, mashed potatoes, a little butter and salt, and two eggs beaten; make them up into little rolls, or any shape preferred, and fry them. Serve with gravy.

Omelet.—Make batter as for a pancake, chop a little parsley and green onions, and pepper and salt; stir in, and fry in plenty of lard. It may be served either dry or with gravy.

Ham Toast.—Chop some lean ham fine, put it in a pan, with a little pepper, a lump of butter, and two eggs beaten; when well warmed, spread on hot-buttered toast, and serve.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

Fig. i.—Walking-Dress of Plum-Colored Serge.—The skirt has two deep, full-plaited flounces: the bottom one headed by a quilling of the serge. The upper-skirt and basque are cut in scallops, and bound; the skirt is a good deal looped-up at the back. Tight coat-sleeves, trimmed with scalloped cuffs.

Fig. ii.—Evening-Dress of White Tarletan.—The under-skirt is trimmed with seven puffs of tarletan; the upper-skirt has an apron-front, trimmed with lengthwise rows of blue ribbon, edged, top and bottom, with a narrow ruffle of the tarletan: the back of the skirt is very much puffed, caught up with rosettes of blue ribbon, and has a sash of blue ribbon tied low on the right side. The waist and sleeves are trimmed like the apron-front, the trimming coming down below the waist in front, like a vest. Gilt band and blue flowers in the hair.

Fig. iii.—Carriage or House-Dress of Pomegranate-Colored Silk.—The rather long lower-skirt is trimmed with two bands of black velvet, the upper one having points which turn upward. The upper-skirt is composed of a number of pointed pieces, those at the sides being the deepest, these are trimmed with black velvet, and black tassels, which hang at each point. Around the waist is a Henry II. frill, lined with black velvet; a broad, black velvet belt is above this. Pointed collar, trimmed with black velvet and tassels. Wide sleeves; black velvet hat, and white plume.

Fig. iv.—White Nansook Dress, tied with blue ribbons, for a little child.

Fig. v.—Evening-Dress of Black Silk.—The lower-skirt has a deep plaited flounce, headed by a puffing of black tulle, above which fan-shaped plaitings of black silk stand up at intervals. The upper-skirt has a short apron-front, trimmed by a black lace flounce, headed by a quilling of silk. The back of this skirt is rather short and untrimmed, and caught at the sides by large, fan-shaped ornaments in silk. The low waist and sleeves are trimmed with black lace. Black lace and yellow roses in the hair.

Fig. vi.—Evening-Dress of Light-Green Silk, Trimmed down the Front with White Lace.—Opera cloak of white cashmere, embroidered in gold and crimson. White lace hood, tied in front with a bow of poppy-colored ribbon. Poppies and a white aigrette in the hair.

Fig. vii.—Carriage-Dress.—The petticoat is of black velvet, and has no trimming. The upper-skirt is of smoke-gray silk, trimmed with a ruffle of the same. The dolman is of black velvet, trimmed with silver-fox fur.

Fig. viii.—Walking-Dress, or Traveling-Dress.—The under-skirt is of myrtle-green silk, with one wide-plaited flounce. The over-dress is a myrtle-green cloth Polonaise, slightly looped up in the back, and trimmed with a heavy gimp. A small cape has three rows of this gimp.

General Remarks.—As the weather has become colder, cloth walking-dresses have become more popular. These are worn over silk or velveteen petticoats of the color of the cloth, or black; there is but little drapery in these Polonaise. They are usually quite plain in front, and but slightly looped up in the back; some are untrimmed; some trimmed with rich gimp or bands of fur. The heavily-trimmed dresses are still in the ascendant; but there seems to be a reaction setting in, in some places, and plain, slightly looped dresses are considered very distinguished looking.

Dresses are now worn exceedingly flat in front, so much so that no starch is used in the petticoat itself; only the flounce that borders it is starched. At the back a dress improver is worn, with whalebone or steel in it, or else made entirely of horsehair; but the size of this tournure is decidedly less exaggerated than last year.

Large Square Pockets and Vests; the latter often coming low down on the skirt of the dress, are very generally worn. Lace, gimp, fringe, quillings of silk and embroidery, are all much used as trimmings.

Those ladies who have put away in former seasons a velvet mantelet can now bring it to light again, for it will be fashionable. The alterations it will require will be to cut the ends square if they are long, and to add a small lace hood at the back, and a bow of faille ribbon arranged in falling loops with four ends; two of the ends fall at the back, and two are tied in front of the mantelet. Sometimes the hood is varied by arranging a ladder of loops and rich appliques of gimp; the edge terminates with a row of lace (not too deep,) and a row of fringe above the lace. Occasionally there is a feather border above the fringe.

The Feather Trimmings are again exceedingly popular. In furs, that called in Paris the skunk, and the silver-fox, are as yet the most fashionably worn. Poplin Polonaises, trimmed with silver fox are exceedingly lady-like; but the cloth Polonaise is considered more suitable for walking wear.

Bonnets and Hats are not worn so high as in the fall. In the front of the number we give engravings of the newer fashions, which we think very much the prettier.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. i.—Little Girl's Dress of Blue and Gray-Striped De Laine.—The lower-skirt is quite plain; the upper-skirt is of blue de laine, having an apron front, and a plain, square skirt at the back, and is trimmed with a band of gray velvet; the waist has a deep-pointed basque in front, close coat-sleeves, and is trimmed with gray velvet. Gray felt hat with blue ribbon, and feather trimming.

Fig. ii.—Young Girl's Dress of Chestnut-Colored Merino, with a Band of Dark-Brown Velvet.—Cloth cloak of a darker shade of brown than the dress, made like a double cape, and trimmed with dark-brown velvet. Hat of dark-brown velvet, trimmed with brown, and chestnut-colored feathers.

Fig. iii.—Boy's Suit of Claret-Colored Kerseymere.—The trousers are half-long and loose, the jacket rounding.

Fig. iv.—Polonaise of Wine-Colored Poplin, buttoning down the Front.—The coat sleeves have a deep cuff trimmed with black velvet; black velvet sleeveless mantelet, with long square ends in front and back, and trimmed with cords and fringe. Black velvet hat.

Fig. v.—Boy's Suit of Bottle-Green Cloth.—Green felt hat, with a cock's plume.

Fig. vi.—Suit of Blue Poplin for a Little Boy, trimmed with velvet of a darker shade of blue.

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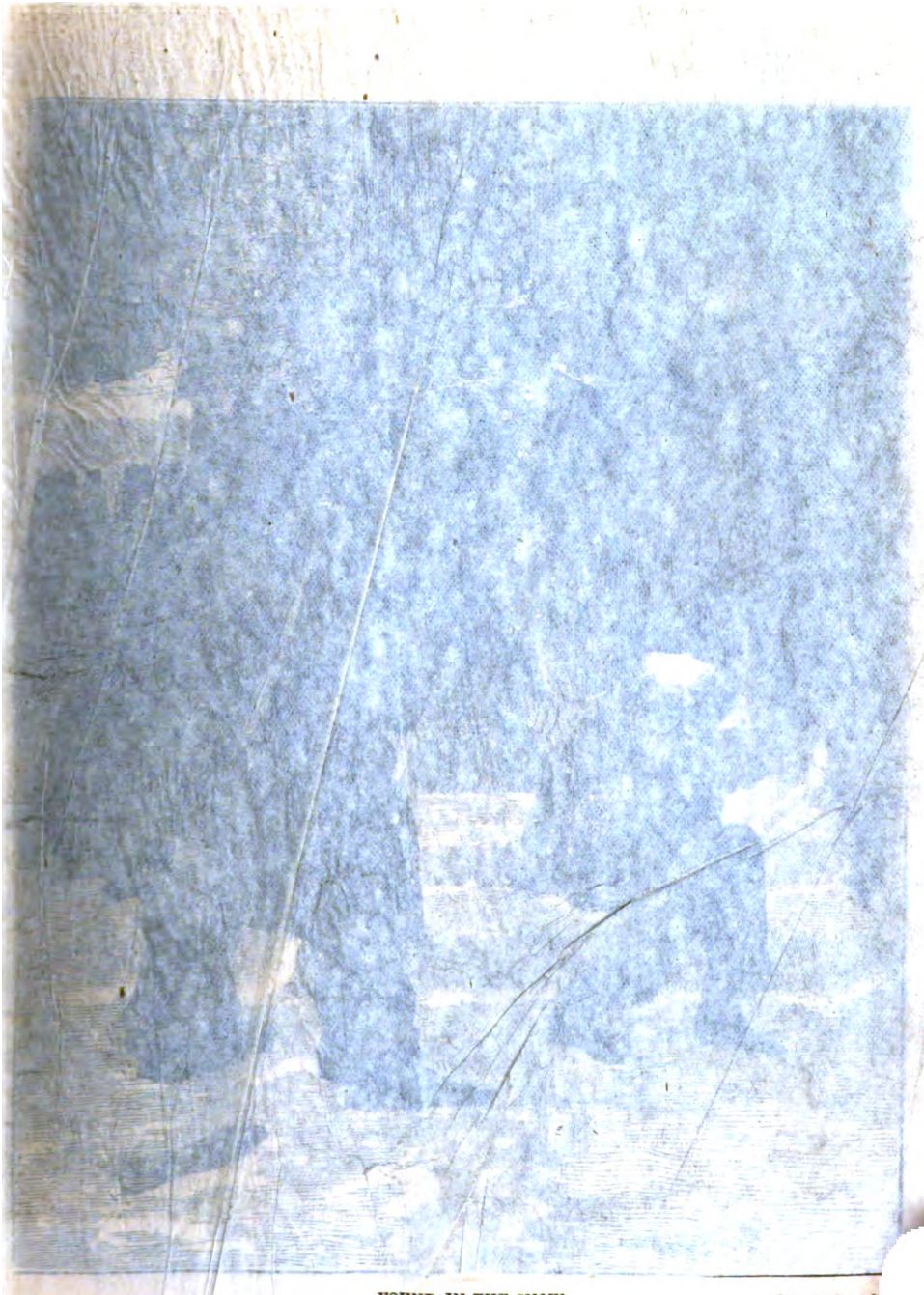

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY

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HOUSE-DRESS, (FRONT.) BONNET. HAT.

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HOUSE-DRESS, (BACK) BONNET. HEAD DRESS.

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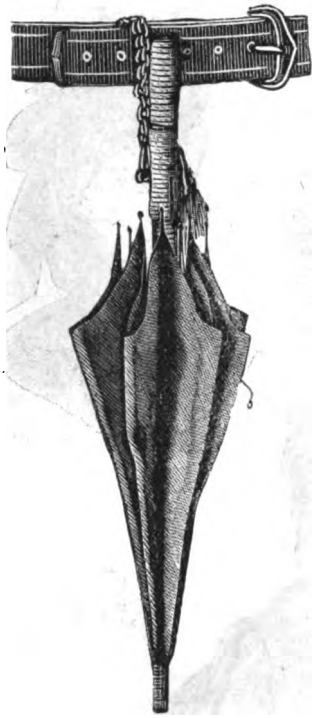

BOYS' OVERCOATS. NEW SLEEVE. BELT AND CHATELAINE. UMBRELLA WITH BELT AND CHATELAINE

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FLANNEL UNDER-BODICE. SLEEVELESS JACKET. CHIGNON COLLAR. IN-DOOR JACKET. CREPE DE CHIN FICHU.

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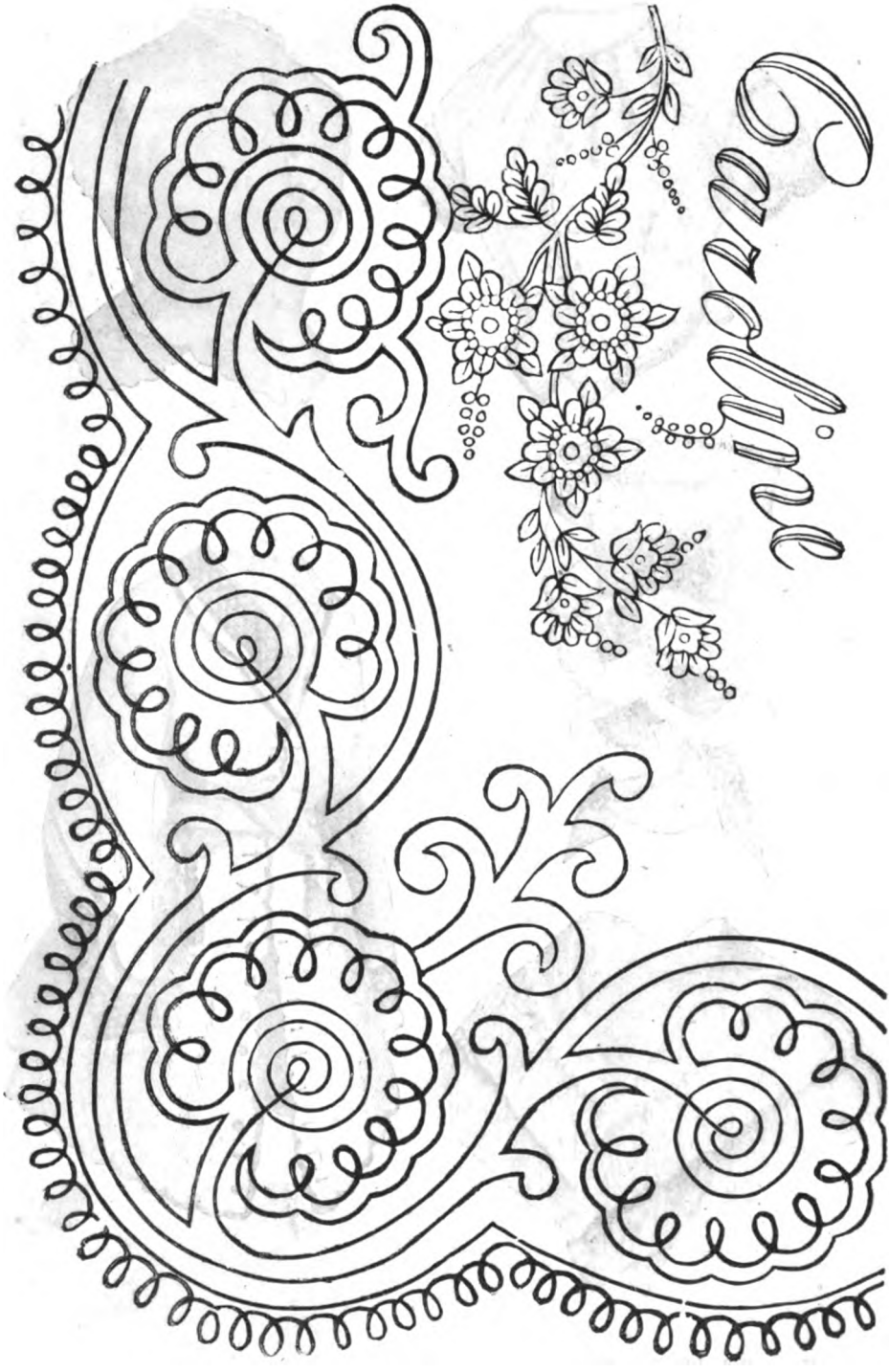

PATTERN FOR BRAIDING. NAME FOR MARKING.

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HANDKERCHIEF BORDER AND CORNER. NAME FOR MARKING.

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THE

DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1003 *Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia.*

CHERRY.

Moderato.

1. There's a dear lit - tle plant that grows in our Isle, 'Twas Saint Pat - rick him - self sure that set it; And the sun on his la - bor with plea-sure did smile, And with dew from his eye of - ten

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wet it. It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mire-land, And he

call'd it the dear lit-tle Shamrock of Ire-land, The dear lit-tle Shamrock, the

sweet lit-tle Shamrock, the dear lit-tle, sweet lit-tle Shamrock of Ire-land.

2

That dear little plant still grows in our land,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin;
Whose smiles can bewitch and whose eyes can command,
In each climate they ever appear in.
For they shine thro' the bog, thro' brake, and the mireland,
Just like their own dear little Shamrock of Ireland,
The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock,
The dear little. sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.

3

That dear little plant that springs from our soil,
When its three little leaves are extended;
Denotes from the stalk we together should toil,
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended.
And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mireland,
From one root should branch like the Shamrock of Ireland,
The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock,
The dear little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.

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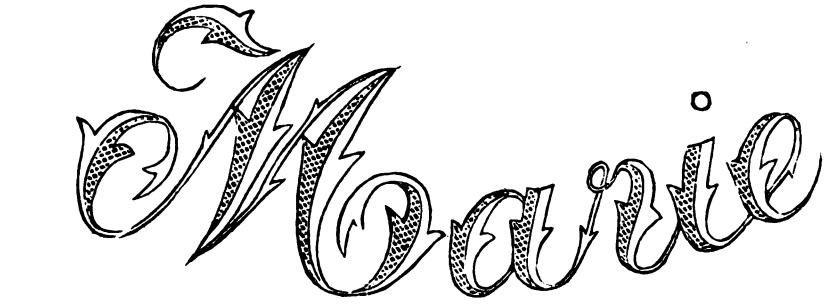

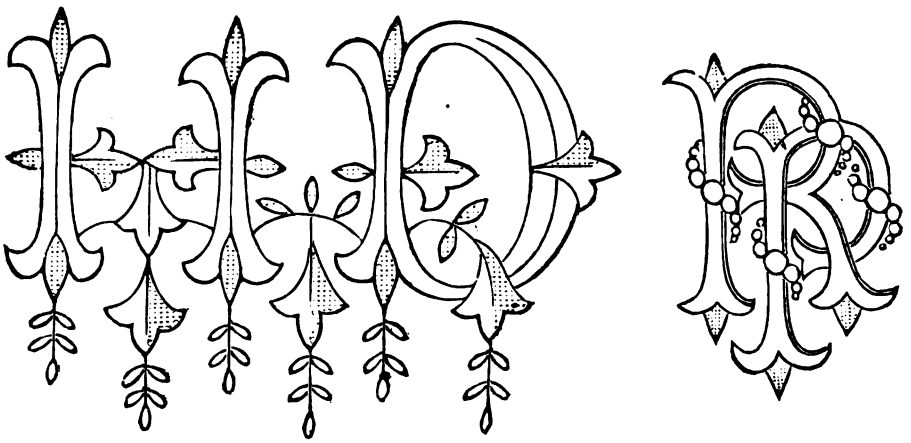

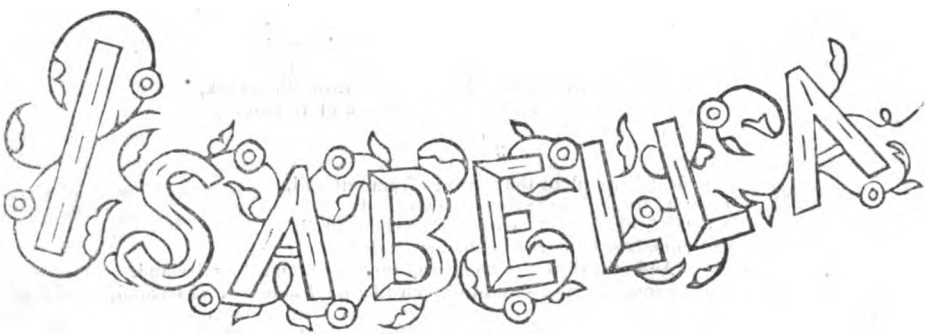

NAMES FOR MARKING. HANDKERCHIEF CORNER. MONOGRAMS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXIII. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1873. No. 2.

FOUND IN THE SNOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COBWEBS," "HOW KATE WAS DARED," ETC.

"HILLO! This won't do. Move on."

The speaker was a gigantic policeman. The object of his wrath was a boy, who sat on a low stoop, with his face buried in his hands as if crying.

It was night, and snowing fast. A bitter, bitter night, in which one would not wish even one's enemy to be homeless and shelterless.

The boy did not stir.

"Hillo, I say," cried the policeman, angrily advancing nearer. "No shamming, young 'un. Get up and move on."

But as the lad, even yet, did not rise, the policeman stooped down, and shook him. As he did this, the boy fell over, senseless, in the snow.

"Great God!" cried the policeman. "He's dead. Frozen to death, too: perhaps starved. Poor little fellow! An orphan, no doubt. Well, I must take him to the station, I suppose."

But as he lifted the body, which he did tenderly, for he had children of his own at home, the seemingly inanimate form stirred,

"Fainted," said the officer, "but not dead yet. If the station-house only wasn't so far off. Ah! maybe they'll take him in here."

As he spoke, a close carriage had dashed up to the next house, a footman sprang from the box, the coach-door was flung open, and an old man, wrapped in a fur cloak, stepped out, and took the servant's arm, to be helped up the high stoop. Seeing the policeman, however, with the boy in his arms, he stopped abruptly.

"What! What!" he cried. "A young tramp. A beggar. Not dead——"

"No, not dead yet, Mr. Ascot," said the policeman, respectfully, as he recognized the speaker, well known as the wealthiest and most influential householder on his beat, "but I'm afraid will be, before I reach the station. And he doesn't seem to be a common sort of beggar boy——"

"Not the common sort, eh? Neither is he," said Mr. Ascot, as he looked at the boy's clothes. "Have him in here. Have him in here. John, ring the bell—why the deuce do you stand there gaping—don't you see the boy's dying from cold and hunger? I can walk up the steps well enough alone."

A moment more, and Mr. Ascot himself led the way into a warm, spacious drawing-room.

"There's a roaring fire ready," he said. "I always have one waiting for me, when I come home from dining out. Where's the housekeeper? Didn't I tell John to bring her at once? Ah! here Mrs. Somers comes. Something to revive him, quick. Gracious heavens! if he should die after all."

"Poor little dear!" said Mrs. Somers, as she poured a restorative down his throat. "There, Jane, give me the blankets, while I wrap him up. Ah! he's coming to."

The boy opened his eyes, looked in a far-off way at Mrs. Somers, and then glanced, dreamily, about the room. Evidently his senses had not yet quite come back.

"Mother, mother," he murmured. "I can't find grandfather—and it's so cold. I'm so——"

His head dropped on her shoulder, and his eyes closed again. One of his hands, which, up to this moment, had been tightly shut, opened weakly, and a note fell to the floor.

Mrs. Somers did not see the note. Something in the boy's look had startled her: she gave a quick glance up at her master; then she began to tremble all over.

Mr. Ascot, who had been standing by her, full of interested anxiety, did not observe this look, for his attention had been attracted by the note, which he now stooped to pick up. Then he proceeded to take out his glasses, in order to read the superscription.

"Perhaps this may throw some light on the matter," he said. "The poor lad has been sent out on an errand, and has fainted from cold,

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and perhaps hunger. What! What! Good God!" his hands were shaking like a leaf in an autumn wind. In the deep stillness the paper rattled with a startling noise. "It can't be—it can't be! Mrs. Somers, your eyes are younger than mine—read, read—is that address—is it—mine—Thornton Ascot?"

As he spoke, in choked, convulsive gasps, Mrs. Somers leaned forward to read. The motion roused the boy again, and he opened his eyes: this time with more of consciousness in them; and he fixed a long, questioning, puzzled look on Mr. Ascot.

"Merciful heaven!" the latter said, staggering like one struck with sudden palsy, "it is her eyes—her eyes——"

With these words, he fell back senseless, the half-open letter fluttering from his fingers to the floor. Fortunately the policeman was in time to catch him, and lay him on the sofa.

For a moment the boy was forgotten, every one pressing around the master of the house.

"Is it a stroke?" asked the policeman, anxiously. "What does it mean?"

At any other time, Mrs. Somers would have been reticent about family affairs; but she was too flurried to think clearly. Surprised out of herself, she took her audience, unconsciously, into her confidence.

"No, it's not a stroke," she answered, with the experience of long years of nursing. "His face isn't awry, you see; and he's only limp, not paralyzed. There, I've opened his cravat, and now, Jane, bring some water. It's but a fainting fit: he often has 'em when he's worried; often, I mean, since his daughter went away. She ran off, you know, 'most ten years ago. He's never forgotten her. Or rather she's never, leastways of late years, asked to be forgiven. The last time was when she came herself, just after she was married," all this while, Mrs. Somers was busy in trying to revive her master, chafing his hands, holding smelling-salts to him, even ordering the window opened, "on a night as bad as this. He turned her from his doors, in a perfect rage: I never seed him so angry, afore or since. But he's been sorry for it, many and many a time, I know. I've heard him sigh so! He was a-thinking of her. He'd have forgiven all, years ago, if she would only have come again. But she was as proud as him: I don't know which was the prouder. She went to forrin parts, with her husband—he'd been her music-teacher, you see: that's what made Mr. Ascot so angry; and she has not been heard of for these years and years. There—he's coming to; what a sigh! Stand aside, Mr. Policeman, please, and give him some air. Poor man! But he's nobody to blame but himself, after all. I don't uphold disobedience in children, of course; but a dearer, sweeter girl than his daughter, Margaret was her name, never was. Many and many's the time I've carried her in my arms, when she was a baby, and her mother was alive. How are you feeling now, sir?"

This last sentence was addressed to her master, who, with a deep-drawn sigh, opened his eyes.

"What, what is the matter?" he said, looking vacantly from one to the other. "Yes! I remember." Putting his hand to his brow. "Margaret——"

His eye, wandering about, fell on the boy, who, during this episode, had entirely recovered consciousness, and was now looking up, with a strange sort of wonder, at Mr. Ascot.

"Please, sir," said the lad, seeing he had attracted the old man's eye, "Please, sir, can you tell me where Mr. Ascot lives? I was to go to him—only I lost my way—mother's very sick—and she's had nothing to eat to-day——"

With these words he broke down, with a great sob, the tears streaming along his thin, wan cheeks.

"Where's the note—the note? Order the carriage," said Mr. Ascot, incoherently, rising to his feet. "Is it from Margaret? Did somebody say she was starving?" His poor, weak, shaking hands vainly tried again to unfold the paper, which the policeman handed to him. "I—I—am not as strong as I used to be. I think I am getting old," and he looked, piteously, at Mrs. Somers, and sank again on the sofa.

"Drink this, sir," said the housekeeper, handing him a restorative.

He drank it, and rallied. "Ah! it is her—her writing," speaking to himself. "She is a widow. Her only child is named—after—after me——"

He stopped reading, and turned to look at the boy.

"Are you grandfather?" said the latter, timidly. "I think you must be, for mother has a picture she looks at, and cries over, and it's like you."

The letter fell again to the floor. But this time it was because he opened his arms, and the boy, catching his meaning, came to him.

"You won't let her die, will you?" said the boy, looking piteously into his face.

"Die, die!" cried the old man, rising up; and his voice and air were that of youth. "She shall not die. Where is the carriage? I will go

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at once She shall come home to-night. The carriage, I say,' he cried, almost angrily, and he turned toward the door, where the footman now appeared

"The carriage waits, sir," said the servant, obsequiously.

"Get your cloak and bonnet, Mrs. Somers. A few blankets—a bit of food—there's not a minute to lose. Good God! Margaret dying, and we wasting our time here. No, my brave little fellow," he said, "your mother shall not die."

In a few minutes, during which the thoughtful Mrs. Somers had provided a biscuit and some hot tea for the boy, the little party set forth. While the carriage is rolling over the snow, its destination being one of the most distant and obscure streets of the great metropolis, let us say a few words about the daughter.

Margaret Ascot had been one of those sweet-tempered, sympathetic natures, that everybody loved. Beautiful, accomplished, wealthy, and well-born, she had crowds of suitors: but at nineteen she turned from them all, and gave her heart to a penniless lover. This was not because she was foolishly romantic, like so many others; but because her suitor was worthy of her in every way, except in riches. He was only a poor music-teacher, an Italian exile, for this was in days, now, fortunately, long ago, before Italy was free, and when to be an Italian patriot meant banishment, or life-long imprisonment, or even death. Andrea Fillippo had, when hardly more than a boy, joined in the insurrection of '48, and had been compelled, after its failure, to fly the country. He had come to America, and being penniless, had been compelled to take up the first pursuit that offered itself. In his own land, nearly everybody has some knowledge of music; but Andrea was an amateur of more than ordinary merit; and he naturally became a teacher of singing. Margaret Ascot was his favorite pupil. He saw in her everything that youthful manhood, in its highest type, admires: she saw in him a hero and a martyr. Compared with the prosaic young men of business, or the cold, calculating lawyers, or the idle men of fashion, who constituted the bulk of her admirers, he was a prince in disguise, a young god! Parents do not sufficiently make allowances for the imaginative element in their daughters. They fancy, that, at nineteen, girls can feel as their mothers do at forty; that the dry husks of a matter-of-fact life are sufficient for them. It is not so, and Mr. Ascot, though a sensible man in other respects, could not understand why his daughter was cold to her wealthy lovers, and had given her heart to the exile.

When Margaret, hopeless of altering his opinion, finally eloped with her lover, his wrath knew no bounds. He refused to answer her letter announcing the marriage, and when, a few weeks later, she came in person, he had her literally thrust from the door.

After vainly trying to get some other employment, for Mr. Ascot's influence deprived Andrea of all his pupils, the young couple went abroad. For awhile they lived in London, but after Magenta, Andrea returned to Italy, and there struggled on until he died. He left his widow penniless. She had only money enough to pay her passage to America, whither she had resolved to come, in hopes, by a last appeal, to soften her father's heart. It was a winter voyage, and Margaret caught a violent cold, which threatened an inflammation of the lungs. She could only crawl feebly to the nearest lodging, on the night she landed, a miserable attic. The next day she wrote a note to her father, trusting to her boy to deliver it, as she was too ill to go herself. Knowing that Mr. Ascot would be out during the day, she had deferred sending the lad until toward nightfall; but hardly had he left, before she began to think of the perils he ran, alone in that great city. Perhaps, she said to herself, he had fallen down some open area. Perhaps he had sank, chilled and insensible, in some bank of snow. When eight o'clock struck, from a neighboring steeple, and still her boy did not return, she became almost wild with fright. Ten o'clock came, but still no son. She listened intensely for the sound of his feet. But she heard nothing but the roar of the storm. At last her anxiety and fear rose to phrensy. She was sure now her boy was dead. Eleven o'clock struck. Her candle had burned down into the socket, and was almost on the point of expiring. Suddenly the sound of carriage-wheels, muffled by the snow, was heard. The carriage stopped. Surely that was the opening of the street-door; there were steps ascending the stairs; yes! she could not be mistaken, they were the steps of her boy. The door of her room flew open, and her son rushed in.

"Mother, mother," he cried, flinging his arms eagerly around her, "I came as soon as I could. And, oh! mother, I have brought grandfather. See!"

She looked past her son, scarcely believing her eyes. There, just behind her boy, stood her father. She rose up in bed; she held out her arms.

"Father!" she sobbed.

"Margaret! My child!" And then they were locked in each other's arms, and both were in tears.

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"I can die in peace, now," she murmured, after awhile, as she clung to her father's breast, "since you have forgiven me. You will promise to take care of Thornton!"

"Die," cried the father, rising bolt upright, and fairly lifting her from bed, all the strength of his youth coming back in that supreme moment. "You shall not die. You are coming home with us. We have brought blankets, food, everything; the risk is not so great as remaining another night here; physicians, the best, shall be called in. No! you shall not die. You have not come home to die."

Nor did she die. Our simple tale has already been too long in the telling, or we might narrate how the sense of rest and peace that grew up in her now, the skillful care of the best physicians, and the knowledge that her boy's future was assured, all combined to work a cure, that, otherwise, might have been regarded as almost miraculous.

To-day there is no more beautiful woman of her years, in that great city, than Margaret. She lives only for her father and her boy: they come, at least, before everything else. But she does not seclude herself entirely from society. To the select and cultivated circle of which she is the center and chief ornament, she gives freely of her varied accomplishments and of her exquisite charm of manner.

But the memory of her dead husband is still green in her heart, and ever will be; and though men of high station and even world-wide celebrity would woo her, if she would, to be the light of their home, they know, one and all, that her first and last love lies buried, in that lonely grave, on the blue shores of the Riviera, to which, every year or two, she makes a pilgrimage.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

BY ANNIE E. DOTY.

Suns have risen, suns have set,
Since that day when we two met,
  Margaret, Margaret!
Didst thou think I could forget?
Nay, my love, I see it yet—
  That day, Margaret!

Hearing thy unconscious sigh,
As thy color mounted high,
  Margaret, Margaret!
Looking in thy downcast eye,
There I saw, but passed them by,
  Love lights, Margaret!

In my hands a gift there lay,
But I put it far away—
  Thy love, Margaret!
Now I wait, but life is gray,
And I know I've had my day,
  And lost it, Margaret!

Now I meet thee, and thine eyes
Look in mine with mute surprise,
  My fair Margaret!
Look in mine and see what lies
In my heart that madly flies
  To meet thee, Margaret!

Lips that mine may never press,
Would, oh, would I loved them less—
  Margaret, Margaret!
Would I had but one caress,
Of the many that do bless
  Thy lord, Margaret!

Art thou happy? Is it best
Thou shouldst pillow on thy breast,
  Margaret, Margaret,
The gray head that there doth rest,
To thy heart so closely pressed—
  Margaret, Margaret?

In my hands a gift once lay,
But I put it far away,
  Thy love, Margaret!
Now I wait, but life is gray,
And I know I've had my day,
  And lost it, Margaret!

THE DYING AUTUMN.

BY D. PIDSLEY.

The Autumn flowers are fading fast,
  The Autumn days are dying;
And scattered o'er the garden beds
  The fallen leaves are lying.

The rose has yielded up its breath,
  The golden rod is dying;
The latest birds, with plumage gray,
  To southern homes are hieing.

The Autumn's fruits have ripened long
  And Autumn tints are dying;
And in the grand, old sombre woods
  The Autumn breeze is sighing.

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THE SUFFERINGS OF ASPIRE DINGMAN.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

CHARLEY BREWNELL was proud. So, when he lost his property, by the failure of the great banking-house in which his money was placed, he would not marry a rich wife to retrieve his losses. He gave me back my freedom in a letter, written on the eve of his departure for California. He gave me my freedom; but assured me that he should be "forever faithful to his love for me, and, if fortune favored him, he should come back to me." I read, half-broken hearted, the brave, loving words, and spent half the night in forming impossible plans for sharing my wealth with him. But, in the morning, I was as poor as himself, for the Western House, in which my money was placed, fell too, in the shock of the great financial ruin. And so ended my dreams. I could only accept my freedom silently. For, although poverty had no terrors for me, if shared with him, I could not tell him so.

> "For gentle souls must keep their bounds,
> Nor rudely snatch at bliss."

I am afraid I was as proud as Charley, for, although a home was offered me by some of my relatives, I refused to accept it. I found a situation, as governess, in a wealthy family, and a pleasant home, until changes rendered a governess unnecessary. We were at their country-seat, when a pleasure-trip to California was decided on, for the elders of the family, and a boarding-school for the younger members. In the autumn they desired my services again. And the alternatives were before me, to pass the interim at my rich uncle's, or obtain some employment for the summer. I chose the latter.

In my drives about the country with my pupils, I had often noticed a little, white school-house, nestling in rural quiet, amidst its evergreens. Accident discovered to me the present need of a teacher there. I applied for the situation, and obtained it.

I found a home in the family of the trustee, Mr. Cork. His family consisted of himself, wife, little boy, and hired man, Aspire Dingman. The little boy's name was put down in the family Bible, William Henry Harrison; but his father always called him Tippecanoe, the rest of the family Tip.

Tip, aged about six, or six and a half, was in a state of chronic disaffection with the world. Where he imbibed such gloomy views of life I know not, for his father was one of the happiest, as well as the best of men; and his mother was altogether too energetic and hard-working, to find any time to be gloomy. But Tip was misanthropic. His food never suited him, nor his apparel; and, above all his other clothing, he had a fur cap, that filled him with the most morbid and unhealthy emotions. The wearing of this cap was a constant source of disagreement between him and his mother. He would, in hopes of its annihilation, leave it exposed to all sorts of dangers, from which his mother would always appear to rescue it. He would misuse it when out of her sight; but not fatally, owing to apprehensions of the rod. But it seemed gifted with perpetual youth, or rather perpetual middle age, for it had passed its first bloom when it fell to him from a richer relative with a larger head.

His mother had contracted it, in some mysterious way, so it fitted him tolerably well, if he would wear it properly. But though his mother was triumphant in making him wear it, in one thing he was firm to the last, let her put it on ever so good, he would never let it remain as she placed it; but he would take it off, and drag it firmly and defiantly on to the backside of his head, so it would cover the most of his neck at the back, and in front leave about an inch of his pure white hair out in sight, like the frill of an old woman's cap.

Aspire Dingman, the hired man, was tall, and exceedingly loose-jointed, and he bent slightly forward in walking. His hair and complexion were what is called sandy, and his large, watery-looking blue eyes stood out from his face, as if in search of something. He was always dressed in a suit of light-brown tweed, and I should judge that he had grown rapidly, for his pantaloons were too short for him, even his best ones, which he only wore Sundays, and which were a large plaid, blue and green. His big leather shoes were separated even from these by a wide strip of blue stocking, like two desert islands divided from the main-land by a strip of the deep blue sea. And his large, red hands were so far from the bottom of his coat-sleeves that they looked lonely, and utterly hopeless of ever getting into any situation, where they could enjoy repose. He was exceedingly faithful in

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his work; but I had been there three weeks, before I discovered that he was a poet. Several times, during that period, I heard Mrs. Cork speak in terms of withering contempt, of "littery people;" and she said it so directly at Aspire, that I could not help being aware that she meant him. But I thought, perhaps, he whittled too much on the floor, and by that she meant "littery." But one morning, during the third week of my stay there, Mrs. Cork remarked, at the breakfast-table, that "if there was any class of people she couldn't abear, it was littery folks!" with a glanee of such unutterable contempt at Aspire, that it made his mouth open, and his eyes stare out further than ever with terror and deprecation.

I went to my room after breakfast, and was writing, when Tip appeared at the door, with his gloomy brow, lit up with a gleam of exultation, as he asked me, in mysterious tones, to "Come down stairs a minute." He seemed so urgent about it, that I put away my pen at once, and followed him down into the sitting-room, and out into the piazza. There had been a heavy fall of rain during the night, and Tip pointed silently to a small, dark object, lying soaked and battered in the grass. It was the cap.

"I guess it is done for now," he cried, exultingly. But, at this unlucky moment, his mother appeared, and, taking Tip and the cap into the kitchen, she subjected them both to a warming and purifying process, which, whatever it did to Tip, made the cap look better, and more durable than ever. I had just turned to go in myself, when Aspire Dingman appeared suddenly at my side, and asked me "If I thought there was any harm in folks's writin' poetry for their own devotion?"

I thought he meant psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; but he added, immediately, pointing over his shoulder, in the direction of the kitchen, where we could hear Mrs. Cork's voice, as she corrected Tip, and also Tip's howls.

"*She* is awful sot aginst writin' poetry; but I can't see what hurt there is in it, if you don't print any of it; but do it just for your own devotion."

I told him I could see no possible harm in any one's diverting themselves in any innocent manner. He looked so depressed and unhappy, that I could not help giving him this slight consolation. And, as I said it, his face lighted up with satisfaction, and, from that hour, he commenced giving me, in the most secret and mysterious manner, little slips of paper, covered with what he called poetry. They were usually written on square pieces of paper, bordered round the edge with a running vine, made by pen with great labor, in imitation, I suppose, of funeral odes, which I have seen printed at the expense of surviving relatives, and at their pecuniary disadvantage. There was one "Owed to Shakspeare," so long that you might imagine that he had had a long account running with the noble tragedian, and had come out largely in his debt. Then there were "Owe'ds to Spring, to Summer, to Hope, Memory, Liberty," and other single females, supposed to be free to receive the addresses of manly poets. As he delivered them to me, he would shut the door and stare, with his back against it, and with a look on his face as if Mrs. Cork was liable to become, at any moment, an incorporeal spirit, and ooze into our presence through the keyhole; and, accompanying each poem, was a request, either verbal or written, "To burn it in the candle as soon as read."

I have often read of the sufferings poets have endured from an unsympathizing world; but I can truly say, that the sufferings of Aspire, over the unappreciation of Mrs. Cork, exceeded anything I had supposed possible. And I must have shown my pity in my countenance, for he seemed deeply affected by it; and I thought then, and I think still, that it was only gratitude that caused that stricken young man to think of me more highly than I deserved, or desired. For, one evening, (I had been there then about six weeks,) as he handed me an "Owed to Saffo," with a secrecy he could not have exceeded had it been a deadly poison designed for the destruction of Mrs. Cork, he said to me, with a face that shamed his woolen shirt, and that was colored with madder,

"Polly Ann Hawkins hain't nowhere."

I might have thought that this unfortunate girl had been suddenly annihilated, had he not immediately added,

"Before you came, I thought she was pretty neat; but, by Vam, she can't hold a candle to you."

One pleasant day in July, I gave my pupils a half-holiday, which they much desired, and had earned by their diligence and good behavior. And I left the school-room at noon, amid acclamations of joy and loyalty many a monarch might envy.

After dinner Mrs. Cork asked me if I didn't want to go down into the wood-pasture with her to pick some berries, or to see her pick. She said they were all going—Mr. Cork, Tip, and Aspire; and she thought maybe I would be lonesome at the house alone. I told her I should be very glad to go. The wood-pasture was more than a mile away, and the way to it was full of

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summer delights. The berry lot was on the edge of the woodland, and, arrived there, I found so many beauties of ferns and mosses, and I loitered so dreamily over them, that, when Mrs. Cork appeared before me, with her large pail full, I had not gotten my little two-quart dinner-pail a quarter full. As I looked at her brimming five-quart pail, and her honest face dripping with perspiration, the noble ambition seized me on the spot, to fill my little pail, or perish in the attempt. So I told Mrs. Cork, who seemed anxious to go to the house, as it was nearly supper-time, that they might all leave me, and, after I filled my pail, I would follow them. But, after they all went away, the coolness and stillness was so delightful, and the golden sunlight glinting through the tree-tops was so delicious, that I sat down on a fallen tree for awhile to enjoy it; but the approaching sunset warned me that if I mastered my ambition I must be alert. I found a clump of bushes bending down with the luscious fruit, and had gotten my pail nearly full, and I was reaching up for the cluster of larger ones, that I thought would look so well on the top as I carried it in, when I was startled by a voice close by my side.

"Miss Eveleen, I have come a purpose."

I turned round, almost spilling my berries in my fright.

"Aspire Dingman! how you frightened me! [illegible]ever brought you down here again?"

He was arrayed in his very best clothes, the blue and green pantaloons, the tweed coat, the flaming, red neck-tie. The haste to get through with his chores, and return in time, which seemed to me an incredible feat, or some emotion that was struggling in his breast, rendered his face of a scarlet hue, while his eyes had a sort of [illegible]d look; and never did his hands seem so homeless, look so much like two red wanderers, who would never be at rest, as they did, when he said again, in answer to my question.

"I have come a purpose!"

He seemed to have a difficulty in getting [illegible]y farther, and I said to him,

"[illegible] for what purpose?"

"[illegible]e clear down here, Miss Eveleen, a pur[illegible] Again his courage, or his breath, failed him, and again I inquired, encouragingly,

"On purpose for what?"

"A purpose to walk up to the house with you."

I diligently suppressed any outward manifestation of annoyance, and answered pleasantly,

"It was entirely unnecessary for you to take so much trouble; I should not have been a bit afraid, although I suppose you thought I would. I think I won't wait to finish filling my pail, it is so nearly full; but we will return to the house at once."

I picked up my hat, which I had thrown on the grass, and, tying it on, I took up my pail, and was just turning toward the house, when, glancing at Aspire, I saw his eyes were bent upon me with an agonized, imploring expression, impossible to describe or imagine. I didn't know but he was taken suddenly ill, and I was about to ask him if such was the case, when he broke out in a tone that was a fit companion to his look.

"*Won't* you, Miss Eveleen, a-goin' up to the house, lock arms with me?"

"Don't let me hear any more such absurd nonsense, Aspire," said I, with all the dignity I could command.

"Won't you lock arms with me, part of the way?" he entreated.

[illegible]s about opening my lips to rebuke him into something like common sense, if possible, when a glance at his woe-begone, despairing countenance, softened my tone.

"You go on ahead, if you please; you know the way so much better than I do; and I will follow. I know you can find out a better path than I can."

He started immediately; but every few steps he would look back over his shoulder at me, with a glance indescribable in its mingling of longing, agony, and suspense. Finally, he stopped short, and turned round, and faced me.

"*Won't you* lock arms with me a-goin' through the stunny pasture; it is awful hard goin' there over the stuns. Say, *won't you* lock arms with me there?"

"Mr. Dingman!" I commenced, in dignified tones——

"Won't you look arms with me a rod or so?"

"Mr. Dingman, if you don't go on and lead the way, I shall certainly go on first myself; and if you don't want to seriously displease me, you will cease talking so absurdly."

He evidently discovered that I was in earnest, and he strode silently on, his long, lanky figure bending slightly forward; but, ever and anon, during our entire walk, he would look over his shoulder at me, with a longing, unsatisfied look in his blue, watery eyes, as if, although he suppressed any active outward tokens of it, the desire was still rampant in his heart to "lock arms" with me.

As we reached the door, he hastily thrust a paper in my hand, and disappeared, like a gayly-attired phantom, in the direction of the barn. I opened the paper on the piazza. It was an "Owed to Miss Eveleen," and the fourteen

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verses were worthy companions of the first, in merit and sentiment.

> I cannot tell thee what I knew
> To me such beauty lies
> In your dark hair, I call it a auburn hew
> Your forward and your eyes
> And when you raise them last named on me
> I feel perfectly lost and dull
> The admiration I feel for thee
> Is so completely inexpressible

Below was a written request that I would "burn them in a candle." I complied with the spirit of the request by putting them in the stove. On the occasion of Aspire's handing me his next poem, which was addressed to "Miss Eveleen," and outdid the former in sentiment, I considered it to be my duty to talk to him kindly, but firmly. He disappeared so suddenly, like a tweed phantom, while I was yet speaking to him, tha. I could not tell how he was affected; but, as I still held it in my hand, he appeared again at my side, and asked me, in an agitated tone, "If I would burn it in a candle?" adding, in a despondent way, "as a *friend?*" "Will you burn it as a *friend?*"

And from this time he never failed to add this to his requests. And once, on a cool day, he brought some wood into the sitting-room, where I was sewing, and asked me "If he should build up a fire for me, as a *friend?*"

One pleasant morning, it was the morning of my last day at school, Aspire, who had been to the village very early in the morning, brought me a letter. He handed it to me, saying, "Here is another California letter for you, Miss Eveleen."

I reached out for it, thinking, of course, it was from my friends, and would tell me the day of their return. But one glance at the superscription, and I seized it, and rushed away to my room. It was not from my kind friends. But it told of a return—the return of one, who, it seems, had never forgotten me. He had but just heard of my loss of fortune. He had been successful. He was coming to see if my heart was the same as of old. He should follow the letter so immediately, that I might look for him as soon as I received it.

As I went down stairs, ready for school, Mrs. Cork observed that "She guessed I was glad it was my last day, for she hadn't seen me look so bright, since I had been there."

As we drew near the school-house, Tip, who was in his most dejected mood, took hold of my arm, and shook it slightly, complaining that he couldn't get my attention. Said he,

"I have asked you a question more'n twenty times, and you haint never answered me, nor nothin'. I never seen you act so kinder curious."

I am afraid I blushed, even before little Tip. I know I hastened to give him due attention, and asked him at once to repeat the question.

"Wall," said he. "Do you think I shall outlive mother?"

I said something about the uncertainty of life.

"Wall, suppose I live to be eighty or so?"

I told him his mother couldn't be expected to live to see him eighty.

As I said this, he set his cap firmly on to the back of his head, and said, in a satisfied tone,

"There is one thing certain, I shall have to have a new hat then, for there can't be a mourning weed fixed on to this cap, no how."

Tip went home for his dinner, and did not appear in the afternoon. And when I went home at night, I found Mrs. Cork in a state of deep anxiety. Tip had not been seen since noon, and his mother, with a weakness I would have believed impossible to her sensible nature, was treasuring up, to her grief, words Tip had uttered on his return home. Some boy had reviled the hated cap more than common, and life was a burden, he said. "He shouldn't stand it so long; she'd find out that he wouldn't," he declared. "She'd be sorry when it was too late that she made him wear it."

There were real tears in Mrs. Cork's eyes, as she related these melancholy remarks. And when Aspire came in to supper, and said that he saw Tip, about noon, going toward the creek, her agony was intense. Mr. Cork made the sensible and practical suggestion that "he had gone a fishing."

"No! Something had happened to William Henry. She felt it in her bones."

The fact of her calling him William Henry impressed me too with a sense of his danger, for it was the first time I had ever heard him called by that name.

Aspire, always fidelity and goodness personified, took his hat silently from the nail, and started in the direction of the creek. In a few minutes he was seen coming through the orchard with Tip in his arms. We all rushed out on the porch to greet them. Mr. Cork was right. Tip had been fishing; but just as Aspire reached the stream, a treacherous log gave way, and the boy fell into the water. No worse consequences would have befallen him, probably, had he been alone, than a fright; but Mrs. Cork looked upon him as one rescued from the jaws of death. As she grasped Aspire by the hand, which she thought had saved her boy from death, and which she knew had written such an amount of poetry under disadvantageous circumstances, she said,

"There needn't anybody tell me that littery folks haint good for nothin'."

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And while Aspire stood before her like a statue of bashful innocence, in damp tweed, she looked about her with an air, as if she had always been convinced of the fact herself; but had now got incontrovertable evidence to prove it in the eyes of a gainsaying world.

"I'd like to have anybody tell me now that littery folks haint good as anybody. I'd like to see anybody, while you are in my house, hinder you from bein' littery."

I was truly glad to know that Aspire's lot was to be pleasanter in the future than it had been in the past. And as he had returned to his devotion to Polly Ann Hawkins, which was warmly returned, life seemed to stretch before him in a pleasant valley. His Parnassus, at first so precipitous and rocky, had dwindled to a flowery hillock that he could climb with ease.

In a few minutes Tip sat before the kitchen fire, swathed in blankets, looking like a mummy who had died in despair. But once his face lighted up with joy and triumph. It was when Aspire, in relating, for the third time, at the request of the mother, his simple story of the rescue, mentioned, incidentally, that, as he lifted Tip from the water, the cap fell off, and went down stream, and was lost.

We were married in the little village church, Charley and I. We were to start for our Western home immediately after the ceremony, and it seems to me like a dream now as I look back upon it. The quiet little church, with the morning sunlight streaming through the chancel window, the flower-wreaths and bouquets my scholars had woven for me; the white-robed rector; the villagers, in their holiday attire; and myself, a trembling little figure, clinging to Charley's strong arm. But two memories stand out vividly from that background of shadowy remembrances. One is, the face of Tip, looking out upon me from beneath one of the tallest and most imposing-looking beaver hats I ever saw on a child of his years. I remember, for they stood near me, that he insisted on wearing it through the services, and that his mother, after several ineffectual efforts, finally succeeded in removing it from his head. The other memory is of Aspire. Charley had put me in the carriage that was to take us to the station, and was following himself, when, at the opposite window, Aspire appeared. The expression of his face was indescribable. He seemed to think that the occasion demanded an expression of extreme joy and hilarity, and yet he appeared to be painfully conscious that the sentiments he had avowed for me so recently, called for a certain broken-hearted look. And by his endeavoring, as I think he did, with his customary fidelity, to do honor to both these expressions, it resulted in a look, as I have said, entirely indescribable. He thrust a paper in my hand, adjured me, hastily, to "Read it, as a *friend*," and disappeared.

Charley's brown eyes, overflowing with mischief, caught sight of it. I endeavored to hide it from him, but in vain. In all the dignity of a husband of ten minutes, he asserted his rights, and insisted on looking over my shoulder, as I read it. It was entitled "Owed on a Wedding Day," and was very long. But one verse, the last, will suffice my readers, I am sure,

I wish thee joy oh Mrs. Evaleen
Although I feel awful cast down and mean,
To think of what couldn't never be
Beautifulest of winming—which is thee!
But if such thing could ere be did
I'll keep all former affections and admirations hid,
And like a iron anchor stand
By she whose name is Polly Ann,
And now most lovellest mortal dame,
With mournful joy I sign my name,
Till I expire,
Your friend Aspire,

(Dingman)

HEART THROBS.

BY MARY GILMER FOOTE.

Twice the flowers have bloomed in pride;
Twice have drooped their heads and died,
Meek and haughty, side by side,

Since was made a little grave,
Near the restless ocean wave,
Where the hoarse winds fret and rave.

Still I sit and wring my hands,
Where the weeping willow stands,
Casting shadows on the sands;

Mourning there the blessed dead,
Till the clouds are flecked with red,
By the sun's refulgence shed;

As it slowly sinks to rest,
In the golden glowing west,
On the calm Pacific's breast!

Just before I touch the reef,
In the sea of unbelief,
Ebbs despair and graceless grief!

And I stifle stormy sighs,
Knowing that my babe shall rise,
Like the sun in softer skies;

And that we again shall meet,
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
And our joy shall be complete!

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PAUL SARTAIN'S RETURN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE train stopped with the usual whiz and bang, and a vindictive shriek from the engine, as if the monster regretted the necessity of disgorging any portion of its prey unharmed.

Paul Sartain got out upon the platform, and glanced about to see if there were any of his old neighbors, or acquaintances, in sight. But there chanced to be nobody to welcome him, on this return, after a year's absence. Even the station-master was a new man, and answered one or two questions which Paul addressed to him, with a gruffness, that, ten to one, he would remember and regret, when he learned later that he had snubbed a magnate of the neighborhood. So Sartain had nothing to do but make arrangements, with the proprietor of a baggage-wagon, to send his luggage on to his house, and set out to walk himself, by a path which led up over the hill, without passing through the village.

The sun had set, and he sauntered on, smoking his segar, and thinking idly of the quiet beauties of the scene, which looked so familiar, that he almost felt that the varied events and rapid journeyings of the past twelve months must be a dream. Everybody, now-a-days—I mean everybody with a vagrant, wandering disposition—feels it his duty to make the voyage round the world, and Paul had been doing it, Japan and all. He had just crossed over from England now, and his return had been the caprice of a moment, so that, when he landed in New York, none of his friends were expecting him. As it was early in September, and the weather still very warm, not a soul of his acquaintance did he find in town; so, after boring himself a few hours, he decided to start for his country-place, situated away up in the neighborhood of beautiful Champlain.

He felt rather solitary, accustomed as he was to a bachelor life, and smiled to discover that he was thinking it would be pleasant to find some one at home, to give him a warmer greeting than he would receive from the old woman, and the lame gardener, who always had charge of the house in his absence.

The gray of twilight was gathering around, as he came out on the high road, and found himself near the entrance of his own grounds. He could see the roofs and tower among the encircling trees; and, once more, pretty and picturesque as everything appeared, he could not help thinking that it was rather sad to come back thus to an empty house, and almost wished that he had gone to Newport, or descended upon some of his friends, who had places nearer town. Even his sister and her family were not at the dwelling they owned near his. Usually they spent the summer there: but he knew, by his last letters, that the demon of change had seized upon them too, and they were all off to see what the Rocky Mountains looked like, and meant, perhaps, to have a peep at California before they drifted homeward.

On, up the winding carriage-road, Paul passed, and halted before the broad veranda. The scent of his beloved roses reached him from the flower-garden; a belated robin chirped querulously in the top of the great elm where he lived; the breeze sighed softly past; everything looked as peaceful and pretty as possible; though again it occurred to Paul that it was a very solitary old place, and he rather regretted having come back to it, without at least first hunting up a knot of friends to accompany him.

The entrance-doors stood ajar. The windows in the apartment where he usually spent the mornings, when staying in the house, were open, and the muslin curtains floated to and fro, as if offering a sort of ghostly welcome to the wanderer.

He passed into the hall, and entered this room, meaning to surprise the old housekeeper, by ringing the bell. The room was rather dark, and he stumbled over a footstool near the door, and banged himself against an easy-chair, that stood maliciously in the way, and made quite a fracas.

"Dear me!" said Paul, half aloud. "Here's a nice welcome home, after a year's absence; the very furniture rises in rebellion."

He went over to one of the windows, and sat down to finish his segar, before summoning Mrs. Andrus. He was in a mood to feel doleful, and might as well have it out, instead of ordering lights, and listening to the old housekeeper's wonderment.

"Why," quoth Paul, after some moments of giving way to his misanthropic sensations. "It would be a sort of consolation, if I was a man with a history, and a mystery, and a secret crime hanging over my head; at least, then there'd be a ghost here to greet me on the threshold!"

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A step sounded from the inner room. He caught the flutter of white draperies, in the doorway, and rose, rather suddenly, giving his chair an involuntary push against the wood-work of the casement. Then a girlish voice called,

"Good gracious, Minnie! how you startled me!"

Sartain stood still, and stared straight before him, dumbfounded. Certainly, it could not be a ghost that spoke, for it was against all rules laid down in veracious histories, that one of the tribe should claim recognition in that easy, mundane manner. Or, if it were a ghost, there was more than one. It certainly would be a new experience, to find his quiet dwelling taken possession of by a whole family from the other side of the invisible gates.

"Minnie!" repeated the voice. "Please do speak! I have been out in the garden, and the house seems like a tomb."

The speaker was approaching. In another instant she would see him, and be dreadfully frightened. Paul felt very guilty, though he was in his own house, and this young person the intruder. He sat down in his chair again, and waited, because he did not know what on earth else to do. She came on, saw a man's figure there, uttered a little cry, checked it, and demanded, with tolerable firmness,

"What do you want? How dare you come here?"

"I beg ten thousand pardons," Paul began. Then the idea of apologizing for having entered his own house struck him as so supremely ludicrous, that he laughed outright.

She was very near him now. A tall, slender girl, with a profusion of soft, waving hair, and a face that was very pretty, though with a degree of firmness and determination not usual in a countenance so youthful. The young lady saw him plainly, too, and saw that he was an entire stranger. He did not look like her idea of a housebreaker. So, naturally, what, with his absurd fit of laughter and all, she concluded that he was an escaped lunatic.

"What do you wish?" she asked, rather tremulously, though standing her ground with a good deal of courage.

Paul checked his laughter, and began again.

"I beg ten thousand pardons. I have only just got back. I expected to find my house empty——"

He was interrupted by voices from the hall. In came Mrs. Andrus, carrying a lighted lamp, and a lady following her.

"Lord a mussy on us!" cried the old woman, staring with all her might at her master.

"Well, Jane, don't you know me?" he asked. "I am sorry to cause such confusion, by my unexpected return," he added, addressing the two strangers.

The new comer had stopped by the door, and seemed inclined to run away. She looked pale and frightened.

"Why, Mr. Paul!" exclaimed Jane, setting the lamp down, and rushing forward to shake his hand. "If it ain't Mr. Sartain, Mrs. Erfort —why, I never did!"

The younger lady had retreated too. The pair stood side by side, exchanged glances of astonishment, then looked back at him. Apparently, he was expected to explain his appearance in his own house, though it struck him that an unprejudiced person might think him the one to whom an explanation was due.

"When did you come?" added Mrs. Andrus. "Ben way round the world, Mr. Gorham told me. Dear me, wall I never did! It's only yesterday, Miss Margaret, we was a talking about it?"

The elder lady, who looked perhaps thirty, came forward, laughing a little, after Miss Margaret had whispered to her.

"You must excuse our apparent inhospitality, Mr. Sartain," she said. "We had no idea of seeing you, as you may imagine. I suppose you found your sister gone, and so strayed on to see how your old house looked. We have taken good care of it. What a lovely place it is."

"I believe I was as much taken by surprise as you," he said. "I supposed I should find the old den shut up——"

"Why, it's mine for three months yet," interrupted she.

"I beg your pardon," was all Paul could say, at hearing another person put in so cool a claim to his dwelling.

"Why, I never did!" repeated old Jane, going back to her shibboleth. "Ben right straight round the world, and never stopped. You must be hungry——"

Paul was staring. The elder lady began to look confused. At this Margaret Erfort came forward, and said, quietly,

"Minnie, Mr. Sartain, perhaps, does not know that his agent, Mr. Gorham, has rented the house for six months."

"Indeed I did not," Paul said, growing very warm. "How stupid of me to come in like this!"

But Mrs. Erfort began to laugh, and could not stop, though Margaret looked reproachfully at her. Paul caught the infection, and laughed too, and old Jane joined them, cackling shrilly, and exclaiming, at intervals,

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"Why, I never did! Straight round the world. Land's sake!"

Presently explanations were made. Miss Margaret's stateliness helped Paul back to his senses. On leaving America he had yielded to Mr. Gorham's idea that it would be better to let the house to some quiet family than to leave it empty. But, on thinking the matter over, Sartain did not like the idea of having his household gods desecrated by the presence of strangers, however well ordered. He wrote to his agent, and forbade his leasing the place. The letter failed to reach him, and, three months before, Mr. Gorham, in the innocence of his heart, had allowed Mrs. Erfort and her daughter to take possession of it.

When matters were made clear, and Sartain found himself an intruder, he offered his excuses, and prepared to withdraw; but Mrs. Erfort would not hear of it.

"We will give you some supper, and you must stay all night," she said. "You must remember, that, between your sister—we like her immensely—and Mrs. Andrus here, we feel as if we know you already. I'm sorry about the blunder; don't hate us for having the house; to-morrow we'll see what can be done."

He did stay to supper, and spent the night. The evening proved a charming one. Even Margaret thawed, and talked agreeably; and, after he went to his room, he thought he had never seen a creature with a smile so beautiful. It seemed absurd to think of Mrs. Erfort being her own mother, she looked so young; but old Jane, who came up to his room to be sure that he was comfortable, told him that it was the case; Margaret was nineteen, and her mother thirty-six.

In many ways, she seemed the younger of the two. One of those pretty, little childish creatures, who would always stay young; while Margaret was as dignified and self-contained as if she had been a youthful princess, with the weight of a whole empire resting upon her fair shoulders.

The next morning, before the ladies descended to breakfast, Sartain had been over to his sister's place, which adjoined his own, with only a strip of pleasant woodland for the boundary line on either side, and, finding an old body in charge, who could cook him a dinner, and make him sufficiently comfortable, he determined to take possession of the dwelling.

Somehow he could not decide to leave the neighborhood. It had never looked so pretty to him in his life, as it did now.

So he returned, and found Miss Erfort seated at the breakfast-table, looking very handsome, and rather unapproachable; but she thawed gradually, and, after a little, the mother came in, with a bunch of flowers in one hand, and a pet kitten in the other, and was so full of fun and nonsense, that even Margaret's dignity could not withstand them.

"I am so unhappy, Mr. Sartain," said Mrs. Erfort, during the meal, "I don't know what to do. The idea of keeping you out of your house all the autumn——"

"I beg you will not think of it," he replied, as she hesitated. "It was my own fault that the place was rented. I shall like it all the better when I do again get possession."

Mrs. Erfort laughed in her girlish way; but Margaret looked as if she thought the little attempt at a compliment rather foolish.

"I told Margaret it seemed really cruel to send you off," continued Mrs. Erfort; "but she is so wise and prudent, that she convinced me it would not be proper—propriety is so awful."

"Now, Minnie," said her daughter, coloring and smiling. "Do leave the subject; you are in one of your heedless moods this morning."

They all laughed. It amused Sartain to see how the natural positions were reversed, and though Margaret treated her mother a good deal as if she were a child, her manner was very affectionate and charming.

"I am going to be your neighbor for awhile," Sartain said, and explained to them that he had taken possession of his sister's house.

Mrs. Erfort clapped her hands in delight, and tried to make Margaret own that it was charming; but Margaret was dreadfully sedate and matter-of-fact; and it seemed to Sartain that she seemed by no means altogether pleased.

Sartain did not dislike the young lady for her coldness; in fact, it rather piqued him to try and thaw the ice. He spent a very pleasant morning, and would have gladly stayed longer, only Margaret reminded Minnie, as she always called her mother, of several important duties that must be attended to. But he was invited back for the evening, and so took himself off to hunt up some of his old neighbors, and pass the day as agreeably as he might.

It required very few days to make Sartain feel that he had known Mrs. Erfort a long time; but his acquaintance with Margaret was of slower growth; perhaps all the more interesting on that account. She seemed much older than her age. As the weeks went on, and he learned to know her moods, as we do those of the people with whom we are thrown into daily intercourse, he saw that she was like a woman, who had borne some anxious care, or wearisome burden, which

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had taken a good deal of the brightness and zest out of her life. He wondered about it, but could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion. Certainly it was not money troubles, for Mr. Gorham, who came into the neighborhood for a short time, and stayed with Sartain at his sister's house, told him that they were well off. He knew all about the family, though, since Mr. Erfort's death, he had scarcely seen the mother and daughter, as they had lived a great deal with some relatives in a south-western city. All the details in regard to them were perfectly satisfactory. Mrs. Erfort's own family were Albany people, and well known to Sartain by name.

More than six weeks passed, and they had been very pleasant ones to Paul. He had glided into familiar intercourse with his two neighbors, and spent more time in their society than he did elsewhere, and had quite relinquished his idea of setting out again to travel in some direction during the autumn.

Mrs. Erfort was fond of little gayeties. She had become a great favorite with the small knot of people, who had country places within visiting distance, and managed usually to have some slight excitement to interest and amuse her.

Sartain had rather forgotten his first impression in regard to Margaret, she grew so calm and tranquil in the repose of her present life, when a curious incident recalled them, and taught him, at the same time, that deeper feelings than friendship had stolen into his heart.

It was almost dusk one evening; he had been out through the wood back of the house. On his way home, he took a path which would lead him to his house, meaning, as usual, to pass an hour or so in the society of Margaret and her mother.

He was strolling idly along, thinking of a hundred pleasant things, but not asking himself the cause of the cheerful fancies which had of late made his solitary musings so different from the rather gloomy ones, to which his somewhat morbid tendencies had formerly left him liable.

He stopped, roused by the sound of voices. In the stillness, the words were distinctly audible,

"It is all I can promise you now. I will not even give you that while you stay here."

"I should say it was for me to make terms, not you. If I had chosen, I might have gone straight to the house, and presented myself to your mother."

For an instant Sartain stood thunderstruck. The first voice was Margaret Erfort's; the second that of some man, whose tones he did not recognize. Sartain stepped forward to the edge of the hill, and saw them, plainly standing, not far off, among the trees. He could see the man's face, a man between thirty and forty, wonderfully handsome in spite of the signs of dissipation which disfigured his features. Sartain's first impulse was to start forward. Then he remembered, and a strange pang shot through his heart as he did so, that he had no right to interfere. He had unwittingly intruded upon some secret of Margaret Erfort's. There was nothing for him to do but go his way.

The two walked slowly on. He stood and watched; lost sight of them presently; and when he came out of the wood, he perceived Margaret alone. She was far in advance, and just entering the gate which gave admittance to the grounds of his house.

At first he turned to go back to his solitary rooms; but some impulse, stronger than he could resist, led him on toward the house. When he reached the veranda, Mrs. Erfort was sitting there, gayly conversing with two or three persons, who had strolled up from the inn in the village; friends of Sartain's, who were in the habit of coming thither in the autumn.

He ascended the steps; was received with joyful acclamations, and, while he was making his greetings, Margaret Erfort came out of the house, and joined the group.

"How is your head, Daisy?" Mrs. Erfort asked.

"Better; thanks," she replied, quietly.

"She has been shut up in her room all the afternoon," pursued Mrs. Erfort, while Margaret was speaking to each of the guests in turn. "She locked the door, and wouldn't let me in. I nearly died of the horrors."

She was in gay spirits to-night, and made them all laugh by her ludicrous description of her loneliness. Sartain watched Margaret. She was perfectly composed, a little pale; but then she always looked that, in contrast to her pretty mother's brilliant coloring.

"You ought to have gone out for a walk," he said to her, as she chanced to be standing near him.

"Bed was the best place for me,' she answered, coolly.

He was feeling increased bitterness toward her, on account of the implied untruth, when she added,

"I did go out, though, after sunset."

"You bad thing!" cried her mother. "You might have asked me to go with you."

Sartain saw the smile. It was such an odd, dreary smile, that a sentiment of pity shot up, over his anger.

"You will catch cold, Minnie," she said. "The evening is too cool for muslin."

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She brought a shawl, and put over her mother's shoulders a bright, scarlet bit of drapery, which made the little woman look so handsome and picturesque, so youthful, too, that even one of her own sex could not have believed her past twenty-five.

Alone in his room, that night, Paul Sartain was obliged to confess a truth to his own soul. He had learned to love this girl, brief as had been the season of their acquaintance, and the knowledge had come just as he had discovered that some secret disturbed Margaret Erfort's life. He, the strictest and most suspicious of men, had let his heart go out toward a woman, who, by some means, had placed herself in an equivocal position, who was guilty of holding a clandestine interview with a man, who had dared threaten her with the betrayal of his presence to her mother.

Truly, Paul told himself, he had garnered his affections to a grand purpose, at last to have bestowed them upon a girl, who was capable of such conduct; and he battled stoutly through the long night against his consummate folly. But argue and reason as he would, the horrible pain remained, and the newly recognized love fought for supremacy over all his doubts.

The next two or three days passed so quietly that Sartain could almost have persuaded himself that the scene he had witnessed in the wood, was some delusion of his own brain. It was all so out of keeping with his opinion of Margaret; so at variance with the right creeds he had so often heard her express, with her devotional aspect of a Sunday in the little village church! Oh! there must be some explanation possible; the matter would be cleared up; even in his own thoughts he would do her no wrong. He knew that this line of argument only came from his weakness; he told himself that in reality he was a stranger to her, and her past; but in spite of everything, he held fast to his faith, and tried to put the mystery from his mind.

Then, by accident, he learned something of this stranger, and his whereabouts. Some five miles off, there was an hotel of not over good repute, where wild young fellows from the Eastern cities came up on fishing excursions. There was a party there now. He chanced, in one of his rides, to stop at the inn to water his horse, and, seeing this man seated on the piazza, asked some questions of the garrulous hostler, formerly in his own employment.

"There's a fast set on 'em here," the man said. "A couple of young chaps with pots o' money; and it's plain to me that this chap yonder, and one other, are just picking them two boys like a pair of pigeons. They gamble all night, and drink like fish; but you can't shake this fellow's head. It's my belief that if he was to drink the lake full, he'd hold his cards just as steady."

It was the afternoon of the same day. Sartain had gone over to his house, and found Margaret alone. Mrs. Erfort had driven into the village, to get some express packages, that she expected by the train, and Margaret sat in the pretty morning room, surrounded by her books, and dainty feminine employments, looking so pure and fair, that it seemed sacrilege, in any way, to connect her with the man, a leaf from whose vicious life had just been spread before him.

If he might claim her confidence; if at least in some manner he could aid her; that was the thought in his mind, for, quiet as she sat, pleasantly as she greeted him, he had learned to know her face well enough to read the signs of care and anxiety under its forced composure.

Straight into the midst of their quiet walked this stranger, and before Sartain, sitting with his back to the door, was aware of his presence, he saw Margaret rise to her feet, white as death.

"I thought it was you I saw drive past, so I came to see the mother. You haven't kept your promise."

Sartain turned and confronted the man who was speaking these words with a composed insolence.

"I am sorry to have interrupted a *tete-a-tete*," he added, with a sneering laugh. "Pray introduce me to Mr. Sartain; we've not made acquaintance yet."

Margaret's great eyes, black with mingled anger and fear, were fixed full upon his face. He laughed still, but there was something in the glance which checked some further words he was about to speak.

"Before Miss Erfort presents you to me, I wish to hear you apologize for your rudeness in entering in this fashion," cried Sartain, beside himself with a sudden fury that seized him.

He made a step forward; but Margaret's hand was laid firmly on his arm, and held him fast. The stranger sat down in an easy-chair, and only laughed by way of answer.

"Please to go away, Mr. Sartain," Margaret said, speaking calmly, though her face was literally lined and seamed with suffering. "I beg you to go at once."

"After I have relieved you of this man's presence——"

"Go; do go!" she broke in. "You can do me one favor. Walk on and meet Minnie. Keep her from coming home at present."

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"I might go and meet her myself for that matter," said the stranger.

"Will you be quiet, Edmund Hunt?" exclaimed Margaret, sharply. "You will gain nothing by such conduct!"

"You see it's a pity to have a gentlemanly fellow like Sartain think me rude," he continued. "Now, I can show him in three words that, so far from that, I am the most forbearing man—"

Sartain fairly pushed Margaret aside, and sprang toward him; but as the other arose, the girl darted between them, and held Sartain back.

"If you have any mercy, any pity, go, go!" she said.

He let her draw him toward the farther end of the room, so touched by the anguish in her face that he could not refuse her plea.

"Oh, Margaret!" he exclaimed, "let me help you. I can't leave you here like this."

"I am in no danger," she replied. "You can do me but one kindness—to go."

"And afterward, you will explain; you will tell me; you will let me aid you?"

"I can tell you nothing," she answered, in a dull, dead tone. "I cannot even set myself right in your opinion. I knew you saw me in the wood that night——"

She stopped suddenly, and he, carried away by the sight of her misery, forgetful that his words might be overheard, groaned aloud,

"And I loved you so! Oh, Margaret, I loved you!"

She wavered to and fro, supported herself against the doorway, and answered in the same dull, dead voice,

"I tell you that I cannot explain—perhaps never. Don't speak to me. Don't look at me—only go!"

Sartain glanced back at Hunt, who was sitting quietly in the easy-chair, and had taken up Margaret's scissors, and was cutting a card into tiny bits, looking down toward them with a half curious, half disdainful smile.

"So sorry she will drive you out, Mr. Sartain," he drawled. "Now I could just as well go and meet her mother."

Margaret's two hands clenched again over Sartain's arm.

"Have a little mercy on me," she whispered. "If you ever fancied that you cared for me, I conjure you by that—the feeling must be dead and gone now—but, but, for the sake of these pleasant days—go, do go!"

He walked out of the house without another word; walked blindly on down the avenue, feeling as if a flash of lightning had stricken him, leaving nothing of vitality except the power to hurry on.

He was at the gate, when he remembered Margaret's wish, that he would detain her mother. At least he could do so much—all that he could ever do for her; she had said so! He turned into the road to the village, and sat down upon the bank. It was more than half an hour before he saw Hunt leave the house, and take the path that led toward the inn where he lodged. Twenty minutes later, he saw Mrs. Erfort's little carriage driving up the hill, toward him. It was safe now for her to return. There was nothing for him to do: he had served Margaret to the full extent of his ability.

He rose, got over the fence, and struck into the wood, to escape Mrs. Erfort's observation. When the twilight came, he was still lying, full length, upon the grass, where he had thrown himself. Still he lay there, staring up at the pitiless blue sky, wondering why some kindly fate had not ended his mortal career during that long year's journey, instead of luring him on to a crisis like this, from whence he must go forward, with no possibility of love to brighten the darkness, no gleam of faith even left in his kind.

If he could even have hated the girl! But he could only love and pity her. He understood, clearly enough, the facts of the case. His reason would not let him doubt. He had been treated to a glimpse of one of the disgraceful tragedies, which every now and then horrify us in the public prints, one of the dark histories which romancers are fond of weaving into their pages, and which we try to believe are far fetched and unnatural.

But he pitied her—poor Margaret! He caught himself saying the words over and over, and other words came, too—the wild plea with which he had shaken her desperate firmness, "I loved you so! I loved you so!"

It was all over; she had told him that! No explanation would ever be possible; consequently, she was bound—held fast. He could do nothing but go away; not even the hope of aiding her was granted him.

He had that thought in his mind, all night long; it rose with him, when he rose from his bed, in the morning. The day went by, the evening; another night came on. He had not been near his house; no tidings from there had come to him. On the following morning, he was going away; going without any farewell to Margaret. It was useless to pain her by another sight of his face; he had no wish to add to her humiliation. Yet, in spite of his resolution, when the moon appeared, he found himself threading the fa-

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miliar path which led to her house. If he could have one more look at her: be sure that she was safe!

So he found himself close to the house, looking through the open French windows, that gave upon the shrubberies, where he stood. He saw Margaret supporting her mother in her arms, talking rapidly, uttering words of comfort, while the woman moaned and shrieked in hysterical spasms.

Then the sound of horse's feet reached him. He started forward and came out by the front veranda. Hunt was riding away down the avenue. The horse was obstinate, and he was beating him with a stout cane: and Sartain could hear his curses with each blow.

There was a momentary struggle. The horse plunged forward, reared, rolled over, crushing his wretched rider under him in the fall. There was a cry of mortal agony. Sartain hurried up. But by the time he reached the spot, the horse had got upon his feet, trampling the heart of the prostrate man as he rose, and had bounded away down the avenue.

Hunt lay perfectly still, a mass of gory wounds; but as he bent over him, Margaret Erfort and her mother rushed out of the house. Mrs. Erfort uttered one awful shriek, and fell so close to the side of the dead man, that his blood stained her garments.

Old Mrs. Andrus and the gardener were just coming up the avenue. Among them they got Mrs. Erfort into the house, then Sartain and the gardener returned to the spot where the accident had happened. The old man summoned the groom from the stables, and the three raised the body between them. Hunt was quite dead. Only the coroner was needed. His neck had been broken in the fall.

"We will take him down to your house, Jones," Sartain said to the lame gardener.

Even in the first shock and horror, he remembered Margaret, and desired to spare her as much as might be possible.

He was busy a full hour. Assistance was sent for from the village, and he did not go back to the house, until he had made all necessary preparations, even sending word to the dead man's friends at the inn.

He meant to go away without seeing Margaret that night. He was so shaken and unnerved, that he could not bear the idea of meeting her, while her anguish, or remorse, was at its height. But he could not do it. After passing through the garden, he turned back to the house. He persuaded himself that it would be unkind, and even brutal, to depart without learning how she was. Besides, she must be told that the man was dead. Perhaps he might be able to break the dreadful news more gently than the servants would do.

He reached the porch, where he paused an instant, feeling that it would be easier to go in, if he knew that the girl lay there dead, than to witness her suffering, to know that some dreadful secret must keep them worlds apart, that even the death of that bad man could change nothing.

As he stood there hesitating, Margaret Erfort came through the hall and saw him.

"I was going to look for you," she said.

She was deadly pale, but very calm. She could not know what the end had been, he thought; and he must tell her. While he remained silent, searching for some kindly words, in his profound pity, she added, quietly,

"Jane told me. Please to come up stairs. Minnie wants to see you. Don't let her talk any more than you can help; she is almost delirious with fright and suffering.

He could only stare at her in stupefied wonder. She turned back, making him an impatient gesture to follow. He walked on up the stairs after her, and entered Mrs. Erfort's chamber. The poor creature was lying on the bed, moaning faintly, though the smell of laudanum and ether, which pervaded the room, proved that Margaret had resorted to remedies strong enough somewhat to dull her senses.

She heard Margaret's step, and raised her head.

"Is he here?" she called, wildly.

"Lie still, Minnie," Margaret said gently, bending over her, and forcing her kindly down upon the pillows.

"Where is he? I must see him—I must!" she gasped.

"Mr. Sartain has come in. Here he is close by the bed."

Mrs. Erfort uttered a shuddering cry, and hid her face, sobbing.

"Oh, Margaret! Margaret!"

"Don't try to talk to-night, Minnie," urged her daughter. "Mr. Sartain will come back in the morning."

"No, no! he is going away," she moaned. "Jane told me. He mustn't go till—till—— Where is he? I'm half blind. Oh, Margaret! I'm dying! I won't die till I've told him. I can't!"

The nervous spasms began with renewed force. Sartain and Margaret were both beside her, holding her hands, imploring her to be calm.

"I can't! I must tell!" she shrieked. "Oh,

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it was my fault. I have ruined her life! Believe me, Mr. Sartain; do believe me! She is so good—so good! She has kept my secret—protected me—done everything; even let you go——"

"Minnie, darling!" interrupted Margaret.

But expostulations were useless, she was past listening.

"You only make her worse," Sartain whispered. "Let her speak; she will get quiet then."

His voice shook, his whole frame trembled. He understood already that Margaret was what he had at first believed her, a noble, courageous woman, who, in some way, had been sacrificing herself for this weak creature.

Presently Mrs. Erfort could speak again, and, broken as her story was by hysterical sobs, she managed to render it clear.

She had met Hunt a few years before, in the south-west, and her natural coquetry had led her into a desperate flirtation; for in those days he was still a very fascinating man, and managed to keep his vicious life within the limits of respectability. The foolish woman had written him letters, calling him by all sorts of tender epithets; signing herself in one or two his wife; enough to establish a legal right in the State where they were living.

She learned his real character in time to escape a marriage. But since then he had haunted and tortured the two, and wrung large sums of money from them, threatening to produce the letters, and claim his wife if they refused to satisfy his importunities. This summer they sought that quiet retreat, hoping to escape his persecution. Margaret, long before, would have appealed to the law to protect them, but the weak little woman dreaded exposure more than anything else, and menaced Margaret with suicide if she did not swear a solemn secrecy.

The whole miserable tale was told, then the poor creature sank back exhausted, and dropped into a deep sleep, holding Paul's and Margaret's hands fast in her own.

An hour afterward, Margaret and Sartain still remained in the room, watching her, hand yet locked in hand. The moon shone softly in at the casement, where they stood, and the breeze whispered happy omens of the future to their thankful hearts.

A few hours previous, each had thought life at an end. But they knew, now, that it was only just rounding into fullness and perfection.

STRIVING.

BY MARIA S. LADD.

'Twas when the sun stole softly in
And tipped the fleecy clouds with gloom,
I sat me down, in pensive mood,
Within the shadow of my room,

And slowly, sadly, there recalled
The wasted moments of my life,
The slow defeats, the high resolves,
The struggles in the weary strife;

And then I planned to measure well
My moments, and meet out my time,
That all the future might be spent
In making life a thing sublime.

Alas! so hackneyed we become,
Our judgments our best acts despise,
And though we seek we cannot find
Wherein their boasted virtue lies.

But when to nobler stature grown,
Our souls enlarged to fairer scope,
Then, possible to us, may be
The work with which we aimless cope.

ONLY IN THEE.

BY W. H. BEAUCHAMP.

Only in Thee, oh Lord, we trust,
Only in Thee, while we have breath;
In Thee when, Lord, we join the dust—
Only in Thee in life, in death;
Only in Thee.

Only in Thee we hope, when sin
Tempts our poor feet from Thee to stray;
Only in Thee when ease would win
Our hearts from Thy blest work away,
Only in Thee.

Only in Thee; what is our strength
Unless Thy goodness makes us strong?
A reed our passions snap at length;
What strength have we to strive with wrong,
Except from Thee?

Only in Thee; our very will
Be as Thou wil'st whose aid we seek;
Oh, hear our cry! oh, make us still
Strong with Thy strength—we else were weak:—
Only in Thee,

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THE WRECK OF THE KRAKEN.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49.

CHAPTER V.

BUT Margaret Gray? Was she really, as the rough mate had said, "gone to glory," leaving her fair body to beat and toss among the cruel waves, until all its beauty and even its human shape was disfigured and destroyed.

No, her time was not yet, or thus. Lying among the tangled cordage, at the foot of the mast, she had received the rebound of a blow, that, falling first upon Capt. Singleton's head, as he bent over her, had stricken him senseless. Even so it had stunned her, and Swedish Ned, who, after working like a tiger to get the boat afloat, had rushed to fetch her, as its first and most precious freight, found her lying apparently dead, with the lifeless form of the captain beside her. Both faces were wet with blood, and he, not able in that dim light to perceive that it all flowed from the captain's wounds, concluded that both had been killed by the same blow.

For a moment he stood aghast, he had so bent his mind upon saving this woman alive, no matter by what exertion, or at what sacrifice of his own or others lives, and now death had snatched her from his grasp, without giving him even the chance for a struggle. Then he wished to take away her dead body, since that was all that remained, and raised it gently in his arms to carry it to the boat; but, before he had taken a step, he saw that this was worse than folly. What sailors would set forth upon a desperate chance like this, encumbered with a dead body, and even if they would, how much harder it would be to cast her into the sea himself, and he must in a day or two at most, then to perish with her, now and here, before decay had touched her beauty, or her poor corpse had been made the subject of an angry wrangle, perhaps struggle.

"No, my dear, for now you're dead, you are my dear, and no man's else," said Swedish Ned, pressing his lips to the cold, white cheek upon his shoulder. "I'll not let them have the chance of refusing your company, dead or alive, and I'll not desert you either. No, my pretty darling, you shan't be left alone with all these broken, battered corpses, nor you shan't lie near him. While we were all alive, I couldn't come near you, and he could; but now we're dead, I'm as good as any captain of them all. Come, my darling, my pretty one, we won't stop here; but we'll go off and have a grave to ourselves, away from him, and all the rest. My own!"

So muttering, the sailor busied himself with disentangling a great piece of the top-mast lying near, and in lashing the lifeless form of the young woman upon it; then he heaved and pushed at it until it slid over the side from which the bulwark was torn away. Throwing himself after it, he made fast a turn or two of the rope about his own wrist, and, clasping Margaret in his arms, suffered the wild waves to carry them where they would.

But Margaret Gray was not dead, or even severely stunned, and the shock of her plunge into the sea was the best means Ned could have devised for her recovery. A faint, gasping cry was the first sign of life she gave, and the sailor, raising the white face from his shoulder, where he had laid it, gazed into it with the eager joy one might feel, whose friend had returned from the grave to him.

It was quite light now, and the storm had passed over, contented with its night's work; nothing remained upon the scene to sadden the fresh young day; not even the wreck of the Kraken, for that had sunk fathoms deep; not even the boatful of haggered, despairing men, for that had disappeared; nothing but these two figures, the half-dead woman, and the desperate man, whose only hope had been to die with her; only them floating over the great ocean, with nothing but the horizon to limit their voyage or their sufferings.

"What is it? Am I alive yet?" murmured Margaret Gray, at last, and, opening her eyes, she found that pale, strong face bent close above her, and beyond that only the summer sky and the limitless sea.

"Yes, you are alive; but we are all alone here, and cannot last long. Oh, if I'd known you were alive, you'd have been in the boat this minute! What a fool, a stupid fool I was! I've killed you, and all I wanted was to die with you, since I couldn't die to save you. You know I promised I'd do that."

And the great, stout fellow leaned his forehead upon the spar, and sobbed like a baby. Well,

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perhaps it saved his brain, which had been something shaken by finding her dead, when he had so counted upon her life. At any rate, he looked up in a moment, calm and collected, as was his wont, and said,

"You'll forgive me, can't you? I couldn't guess that you were alive."

"Forgive you for what? Tell me the whole story, since we've nothing to do but amuse ourselves." And she laughed wildly.

The sailor looked at her, with a new terror in his eyes. It was nothing uncommon, as he knew, for shipwrecked folk to go mad in the agonies of thirst, hunger, and exposure; and she had been hurt upon her head. But even so, was it not better than to linger on, in full consciousness of all the suffering that could not be escaped? While he pondered, Margaret Gray, smiling into his face with all the subtle charm that so many men had felt welling up in her soft eyes, said,

"Don't pity me, and don't blame yourself, Ned. I am not afraid to die, and I had rather die alone here, with you, than among all those men who do not care for me. Tell me how it all happened?"

"The Kraken run afoul of field-ice in the morning watch. It wasn't an iceberg, for I looked for one as I jumped on deck when we struck; and in the middle of the Atlantic, where we are, there are neither islands nor rocks; so it was field-ice floating under the surface, and the Kraken, running before a fresh breeze, drove on to it, and stove her bows, and filled, and went down. That's her story. Ours is, that only one boat was left fit for use, and when I looked for you to put you aboard of her, I found you lying dead, as I thought, and I didn't want to leave you, and I knew they wouldn't take you in the boat, and so I lashed us both to this spar, and here we are. I did the best I knew how, and if it was wrong, I humbly beg God and you to forgive my ignorance."

"There is nothing to forgive, Ned," replied Margaret, faintly, but very sweetly. "It is a peaceful. clean manner of death, and I hope it will not be very long in coming."

"Shut your eyes, and rest here on my shoulder if you will. We shan't suffer much with thirst here in the water, and it isn't very hot weather yet."

He did not speak of the sharks, which were his great terror after all; but he felt for the knife which he wore at his belt, and was well content to find it safe. Then making his charge as comfortable as might be, with her face hidden upon his shoulder, he felt that nothing more was left for either of them, but to wait for starvation, or drowning, or the deliverance which was no doubt possible, and yet so very improbable that he would neither suggest it to his companion, nor think of it himself.

The long day crawled on, so slowly, so slowly, each of its sixteen hours of sunlight lengthened to two or three. The fierce pangs of hunger began to tear at the strong man's vitals like a beast of prey. The feeble system of the woman, not offering such resistance, did not suffer so acutely; but her lips grew very white, and she no longer opened her eyes, or tried to speak. The night went by, and another day, and, as it drew to its close, the gaunt famished face of the man grew terrible to look upon. Once he drew his knife, meaning to cut the lashings, and suffer himself and her to sink, and end it at once; but as he moved his arm, Margaret stirred and whispered,

"Poor Ned! It is very hard."

"Not while you live, dear lady," muttered he, thrusting the knife back into its sheath, and to himself he added, "I will wait till she needs me no longer. I have no right to drown her, and I won't leave her."

At that very moment a little bird, a stormy petrel, dazed by the setting sun perhaps, or perhaps sent by the hand of Providence, careered past them, and became entangled in the floating meshes of rigging still clinging to the spar. With a fierce cry Swedish Ned grasped at it, caught it, and, in the first wild instinct of starvation, carried it, all alive as it was, to his mouth. Before it touched his lips, however, he withdrew it, twisted off the head, stripped off some feathers, and tearing away a morsel of the flesh, put it between Margaret's lips.

"Oh!" sighed she, with the content of a baby at its mother's breast, and, swallowing the morsel, she opened her lips for another. He gave it her, and another, and another, until she had taken it all, every bit. Then she sank back upon his shoulder to sleep.

Then, and not till then, he took his own share, the head, the feet, even the entrails; and when he had swallowed this refuse, he was sorry enough that he had done it, for it was just enough to reawaken the fiercest pangs of his hunger, a little deadened before that by exhaustion.

"Oh, my God! my God!" groaned the poor fellow. "How can I bear it?" and, in his rage, he seized his own arm in his strong teeth, and bit it until the blood came. This gave him a new idea, and, drawing his knife, he made a gash to deepen the bite, and greedily drank the blood that followed the blade.

"It's robbing Peter to pay Paul," muttered

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he, binding up the wound with his neck-tye. "For I feel weaker already, but that awful gnawing is stopped. I wonder if I could get her to take it to-morrow. The little bird will keep her for awhile, anyhow."

And then the poor fellow's fancy trailed off into delirious visions of the abundance in his father's comfortable farm-house, nestled at the foot of a Swedish mountain; and out of the melancholy reaches of the great sea, came the resounding tones of the horn, that his mother used to blow to summon her boys home to the mid-day meal. The wash of a great wave, breaking over his head, recalled him to the terrible present, and extorted a faint groan from Margaret, as she clung closer to his neck.

"I—I was sleeping, wasn't I?" stammered the exhausted man, raising himself and her higher upon the spar, and grasping at his reeling senses, as he would have at a rope, thrown out to him from some rescuing ship.

After that, through all the long night, he never suffered himself to fall away from consciousness, even into sleep. Margaret was there, and needed him, for when his arm loosened its clasp of her, she moaned uneasily, and struggled faintly to cling to him. What if she should die while he slept, and he not bid her good-by! So the poor, reeling brain held itself steady by a grasp upon the old ways and old sights, and, watching the constellations rise, Swedish Ned struck the hours upon his imaginary bell, and set the watches, and steered the vessel, and paced in fancy, the quarter-deck, muttering, "For I'm captain now—captain of all that's left; and I've got as good a right to talk to her as anybody, and she'll talk to me; only you fellow on the look-out, keep a sharp eye ahead for icebergs; no, not icebergs; it's field-ice, you lubber; can't you see? Field-ice? That's what wrecked the City of Boston! Yes, and that other little craft, the M. Gray. No! no! the Kraken; yes, the Kraken, hailing from New York, and bound to Genoa, one lady passenger, and no more. Avast there with your jor, you lubber; it's eight bells, and time to turn up the watch."

And so he rambled on, not quite delirious, and yet not sane; but always alive to the faintest movement of the senseless form, clasped so closely to his breast, the face hidden in his neck, and the wealth of gold-brown hair washing all over both of them.

The night wore on, the stars paled and disappeared, and a glorious, rosy light spread itself over sea and sky, tinting even the death-white face of the dying woman with a hue like that of life. Swedish Ned, reviving somewhat, as all creatures do in the light of a new day, raised the wan face, admired the change wrought upon it by the warm, soft light, and saw that his watch was not yet over, and Margaret Gray not dead. Then he raised himself as far upon the spar as he could, and looked all about him, with his keen sailor eyes.

Just between him and the golden spot where the sun would presently rise, he saw a black speck, nothing for a landsman to notice, but full of meaning to a seaman.

"It's something afloat; we might be near land, or a ship, or it may be our mates in their boat. At any rate it's something, and we can't be worse than we are."

So muttering, Swedish Ned began to make what effort he could to propel himself and his clumsy raft toward the floating speck, which he might never have seen had it not been between him and the sunshine. But so weak was he, and so heavy was the spar, that all his efforts would have been useless, had not the current helped him, and brought the object toward him faster than he could go to it. Thus it was not very long before he discovered that it was a boat, floating right side up, and apparently unoccupied. But as no figure appeared above the gunwale, how many might be lying dead, perhaps already skeletons, in the bottom of her, could not yet be known. Until this doubt was solved, Ned would not arouse his charge with what might prove only a shock, and no help. Better to sink, as they were, to what she had called a clean and peaceful death, than to share with ghastly relics of mortality what could only become a floating grave.

Hours passed, and the sun was overhead, when, at last, the drifting boat, swinging now this way, and now that, but always advancing a little, came within reach of the sailor's eager grasp. Catching at the gunwale, he clung, for a few moments, collecting his strength; then, slowly and painfully, raised himself sufficiently to look over the side. The boat was empty, both of life and death, without oars or sails, and yet showing signs of occupancy in various packages secured beneath the thwarts and in the stern. Something familiar in her look made the sailor pass his hand across his blurred and swimming eyes, and then, looking again, exclaim,

"Yes, it is for certain! Well, if that ain't right straight from God, nothing ever was! Here, my lady, my poor, tired darling, though it's the last time I can call you that, for we needn't die now, look up and see. Here's life and hope come to us a-floating over the water in our sleep. Here's one of the Kraken's deck-

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boats, all fitted for a cruise, and right side up, and only wanting a little bailing to be as good as when she slid off the deck, and started out by herself, all alone in the dark. Do you hear me, lady-bird?"

"A boat? One of the Kraken's boats? Will they give us some water?" whispered Margaret Gray.

"Water, and spirit! Hurrah! And biscuit, and meat. That's what she's got for us; and enough for six months. We're saved now, for sure," replied Swedish Ned.

CHAPTER VI.

It was not without great effort, and after a long time, that Swedish Ned succeeded in lifting the helpless form of his companion over the gunwale, and gently lowering her to the bottom of the boat, and then following her himself. His first care was to place her in a tolerably comfortable position, in the stern-sheets, and out of reach of the water, which half-filled the boat, and then he fiercely rushed to one of the breakers of fresh water which he had himself secured under the thwarts. A tin pannikin had been thrown in, and it was with a keen sense of delight that the good fellow raised Margaret's heavy head upon his arm, and held the life-giving draught to her lips. The effect was immediate and striking, for she, who had hardly seemed to know what was passing about her since that last faint cry for water, now opened her eyes, smiled feebly, and said,

"Oh, how good! Drink, yourself, quickly."

Ned was not slow in obeying, and then he tore open one of the bags of biscuit, found that the salt water had not spoiled above half their contents, and crumbling some in his horny palm, he placed the bits in Margaret's mouth, coaxed her to try to swallow them, laughed with delight when she did so, and never remembered his own hunger until quite sure that she was satisfied. Then to be sure he took his turn.

"Now I'll bail the boat," he said, at last, "and then I'll try to fix up some place for you to lie in, to-night, my lady; and after your clothes are dry you'll be tolerably comfortable, I hope."

"Thank you, Ned," whispered Margaret, smiling faintly; and then she lay and watched him at his slow work of bailing, until she dropped off to sleep, and only woke far in the night, with the solemn stars shining down upon her. A faint groan, from the other end of the boat, roused her effectually, and, half rising, she called,

"Ned! Is anything the matter?"

But no answer came. Rising and going forward, she found Ned, half delirious, tossing and groaning with fever. The strain on his nerves, added to the blood he had drank in his moment of insanity, had been too much for his stalwart frame.

"This is horrible! What can I do?" cried Margaret. "Alone, on the ocean, with no help—what if he should die!"

She roused herself and tried to think. She had no medicines, but she had great faith in the healing effects of water, especially in fevers. She began bathing his head, and induced him to drink.

To her inexpressible joy, the fever, after awhile, seemed to break. Swedish Ned had tried to rise, but she induced him to lie still, and arranged a place for him as comfortably as might be, talking to him all the while so cheeringly and firmly that her very voice was an elixir.

Presently he said he felt as if he might sleep, and then she brought the wraps he had arranged for her, and piled them upon him, finishing by tugging a great piece of sailcloth over the whole, and burying him quite out of sight, lest he should get a chill. Ned would have remonstrated at this tendance, and especially at her robbing herself for him, but Margaret was now the stronger of the two, and had her way.

When all was arranged, she returned to her own place at the stern, wrapped herself as well as she could, and presently, overborne by fatigue, fell fast asleep, nor waked until the sunlight fell upon her face; then she started up with a vague sense of unfaithfulness, although, at the first, it was hard to remember where she was, and what was the duty neglected while she slept; but the glimpse she caught of Ned's blonde head and wistful eyes peeping out at her from under the mound of covering, soon recalled her to the present, and she made her way to that end of the boat with a cheery good-morning, and inquiries after his health. She found him quite free from fever, but weak as a baby, and only able to whisper his request for "a little water."

"You've been wanting it some time, Ned, I am afraid," said Margaret, holding the pannikin to his lips.

"Yes; but it was just as good to see you sleeping so sweet," whispered the poor fellow, and then he dropped off to sleep again, exhausted.

Margaret sat at his side, and looked down upon him with a strange mingling of tenderness and terror in her eyes, for, while every word and act, yes, every look of this man showed her the

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rare delicacy and nobility of his soul, and proved his chivalrous worship of herself, she felt with yearning keenness the desolation that would befall her if he should die, leaving her without one barrier between herself and the ugly shapes in which death and suffering haunted this wilderness of waters. She was not afraid to die, but the thought of drifting for days and nights, and weeks, perhaps, all alone in this boat, haunted by the memory of a dying and dead man, unable perhaps to rid herself of the visible presence of death. Oh! here was something worse, a thousand times worse than any death! And then, still shuddering beneath the horror of her own imaginings, she began to reproach herself with selfishness and ingratitude, and cowardice, and so scourged with the stinging whip of conscience, that Ned, awaking suddenly, found her sitting there all white and trembling, the piteous tears running down and dripping off her cheeks, and her great eyes full of anguish as they looked at him. He half guessed the cause of her emotion, and was too much a man to flatter himself that it arose from any tender interest in him.

"Don't fret, my lady," said he, trying his very best to speak with some appearance of strength. "Don't think I'm going to leave you, after promising to stand betwixt you and harm, so far as a poor fellow can. No, my lady, God loves you too well to let me die just now. Maybe, though, you'd better say a word or two, just to remind Him of your need; it might make you feel a bit better, anyway."

"I will pray for both of us, Ned, although I am not so near to Him as you seem to think. God ought, in judging us two, to care for you far before me," said Margaret, rather bitterly.

The sailor looked troubled, and a little disappointed, but he only said, very humbly,

"It isn't for a poor, ingnorant fellow like me to say what God ought to do; but it don't seem likely that He could care much for me, except as I can be useful to some one a heap better and more precious than myself."

Margaret said nothing more, but kneeling there beside him, she repeated the Lord's Prayer, and added a few words of her own; but those words related only to the man before her, and were expressed with more reverence and humility than love. It seemed as if some great fountain of bitterness, in her own heart, had poisoned all her faith in the Father's loving kindness toward her, and giving little, she expected nothing. Some consciousness of this feeling, although he could not have expressed it even to himself, impressed itself upon the sailor's mind, and deepened the look of pain upon his face; but he said nothing at all, except, "Thank you, my lady," and closed his eyes, as if to sleep.

"That is right, Ned," said his nurse, speaking in her old tone of cheering commonplace. "Try to take a little nap, and when you wake I will give you some panada, for that is the only invalid food to be come at here."

"And what is that, my lady?"

"Panada? Oh, I shall make it by soaking and beating bits of biscuit in water until it makes a sort of paste. It ought to be hot water, and there should be a little salt, and some sugar, and perhaps a few drops of wine—but all these we must do without."

"I think it would be good for you, too, my lady. The biscuit are over solid for you, though you don't bolt them as I did, yesterday; but, today, you'll soak it, won't you?"

"Yes, if you like, Ned; but now try to rest, and I will get my own breakfast before I make yours, if that will satisfy you."

"Thank you, my lady, for all your kindness," replied Ned, simply, and then he closed his eyes and pretended to sleep, but, in reality, watched the graceful figure of Margaret Gray, as she moved about her narrow domain, performing her little household cares as deftly and serenely as if they had not been limited to such rude materials and humble preparations. But when she proceeded to bathe her hands and face over the side of the boat, and arrange her abundant hair, with only her fingers for a comb, he turned his head away, and closed his eyes. He would not intrude upon such mysteries as those, by so much as a look.

All through that day and night, and the next day, and part of the third, Swedish Ned lay prostrate and helpless, his strength crushed and deadened by the terrible strain it had endured, both while he was in the water, and during his brief, sharp illness. Margaret, who had suffered less from the first cause, and nothing from the latter, and who, besides, possessed, in a large degree, the wonderful elasticity which, in women, serves instead of the stubborn strength of men, remained well enough to care for both him and herself, and to convince him by her cheerful looks, and eager appetite, that she really was but little the worse for the trial they had both undergone. Seeing this, the good fellow did his best to rally his own strength, and, as we all know the influence of will upon matter in such cases, he succeeded so well that, in the afternoon of the fourth day, he was up, and moving, like a gaunt ghost, about the boat.

And now this anxiety being removed, Margaret began to wonder, with an impatient curi-

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osity, what was to be the end of it all, and the end of her. Were they to drift, in this fashion, before the soft, summer wind, until they had exhausted their provisions, and then die? Were they to be wrecked, in some sudden storm, or smitten down by disease, or go mad, and leap overboard? Or was there, could there be the slightest chance of rescue?

Revolving these ideas, one lovely evening, while Ned stood motionless and silent in the bows of the boat, she was startled by a sudden movement, and a suppressed cry from him.

"What is it, Ned? What has happened?"

"Do you see that little blue cloud over there, as far as you can look; just against the yellow sunset?"

"Yes! Is it a ship?" panted Margaret, half crazed with hope.

"Better than that, my lady. That is land!"

CHAPTER VII.

The glory of the sunset faded with the rapidity peculiar to the lower latitudes, and with it the faint glimpse of that unknown land of promise, which Margaret Gray already doubted of having seen at all.

"It was only a cloud, I am sure, Ned," said she, straining her eyes wearily across the waste of darkening waters; and he replied, as he had already done a score of times at least,

"It was land, my lady. I am certain of that, and, by God's help, will make it out clear and close in the morning, if this breeze holds."

"And to think that for want of a sail, or even oars, we might miss it altogether," repeated Margaret, impatiently.

"That's so, my lady; but the wind and the current is in our favor, and if they hold till morning——"

"I know! I know! but it's so dreadful not to be able to do anything. I hate to drift along in this lazy, aimless fashion."

And then she would sit down and cover her face, and poor Ned would look at her with the pathetic, wordless sympathy of a little child, or an animal, and presently turn again toward the west, where, through the darkness, and the pathless waste, lay that speck of hope to which he clung so steadfastly. At last, overcome with her own emotions and fatigue, the lady sank into an uneasy sleep; and Ned, softly laying the bit of old sailcloth over her, heaved a sigh of relief; it was so much easier to watch, without feeling that she, too, was wearing and pining for the morning. All through the summer night he waited, unable to do anything, except by means of one of the thwarts, which he had shaped into something like a rudder, to steer the boat due west, guiding himself by his old friends, the stars.

At last, in the dead hour before dawn, that terrible hour in which, if ever, the world seems left to its own blind guidance, and hope, and faith, and light seem crushed out forever; that hour in which old nurses have noted that tired soul and sick body oftenest divide company, a great weariness fell upon the sailor's exhausted frame, and he sank down in a dead sleep, the first for near forty-eight hours.

He was awakened by a great cry, and a frantic grasp upon his arm.

"Ned! Ned! Asleep, man, and the land before our very eyes!" cried Margaret Gray, half mad with joy.

He started up, and, before his very eyes, as she had said, he saw the breakers dashing upon a precipitous shore, with a high mountain rising behind it.

"One of the Western Isles, I should say," muttered he, the instincts of a sailor awakening first in his tired brain.

"No matter what it is," cried Margaret, impatiently. "It is land. It is safety, and hope, and a future for both of us. How are we to reach it, through those breakers?"

"How are we to keep off it, I should say, my lady. The wind is driving us dead on, and this bit of board is nothing of a rudder in a sea like that. We'd better be where we were yesterday morning, to my mind."

"A sailor, and afraid of a rough sea!" exclaimed Margaret, impatiently; for, half wild as she was with mingled despair and hope, it was out of nature, or out of womanhood, that she should be just. But as she saw the great pain and shame her words had wakened flashing up into his face, and through his eyes, her own filled with penitent tears, and, snatching at his hand, she murmured,

"Forgive me. I do not deserve your care and pity, when I can repay it so basely."

"It was not for myself that I was afraid, my lady, and it is not for you to ask forgiveness of me, no matter what you may choose to say," replied Ned, patiently. But, although he turned away his head, Margaret saw well enough the pallor and hardness that had settled down upon his face, and she cried bitterly.

"Make no effort—let the boat drift as she will, and dash herself and us to pieces upon the rocks, if so it is to be. I do not care to live; I am not fit; and you will never save yourself without me, I know well enough."

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He turned and grasped her hand, while a light like that of morning broke all over his face, as he said,

"Thank you, my lady, for that word! If you know me so well as to know that, you never can believe what you said before, and I shall forget you ever spoke those words. Now let us see what is to be done. There is no break in these rocks, until that little inlet away down there, and we have no way of making that without sail or oar. We've got no choice but to drive straight on, let the boat go to pieces under us, and trust to luck for the rest. I am going to lash these two empty water-beakers to your shoulders, and I'll make fast the other end of the line to my own body; then, when you find yourself in the water, all you have to do is to let yourself be flung ashore, and I shall be at hand to help you all that I can get the chance for. You ain't afraid, are you, my lady?"

"No, Ned," smiled she. "I'm not afraid—with you."

There was no time for more; already the boat began to tremble, to rear, and to plunge, and to fight madly against the feeble rudder, by which Ned sought to control it, even while making the arrangements spoken of for Margaret's safety.

Suddenly the tiller snapped in his hand, and, flinging the useless thing aside, he turned toward his silent companion, saying, bitterly,

"There! That's gone, and now I've only to wait till the boat strikes, and then do what a man can for you."

She did not reply, except by laying her cold hand upon his arm, and glancing hurriedly into his face; then her eyes returned to the fierce conflict of angry waters and sullen rocks, which filled the whole space between the boat and the base of the cliff, except where a strip of black sand gleamed and disappeared as the waves rose and fell across it.

"The tide's falling. Thank God for that!" muttered Swedish Ned, intently watching this strip of sand, as the boat, advancing and receding with the capricious action of the waves, seemed, on the whole, more likely to go ashore at this point than any other.

But even as he spoke, a cry of dismay from Margaret drew his attention from the shore to the sea, where a monstrous wave was rolling in, with an ominous roar, its green and transparent crest edged with foam, already towering high above their heads. On it came, swelling and whitening at every step, like some terrible wild beast, lashing himself into deadly fury as he springs upon his prey, until reaching the boat, ti broke, crushing the little craft, and all it contained, down, down, until, to these two gasping terrified atoms, it seemed as if they were buried forever in the fathomless bosom of the sea. But, even then, the sailor clung to the senseless form of his charge, and still clung, when the great wave, sweeping back, dragged them with it, and gave them over, a prey to its successor; and still, as they were swept backward and forward, now tossed against the rocks, now rolled upon the sand, and anon snatched back into the foam, still he clung to her, and clung to his consciousness that he might be ready to serve her; until, rising on the crest of a great wave, he saw that they were to be cast upon a large black rock, which once before he had evaded, but now had not the strength to escape.

"It is the last," was the thought which swept through the brave fellow's mind, and, by a rapid movement, he flung the lifeless form of Margaret Gray upon his back, and seized the rope connecting them in both his hands.

The next moment they were hurled upon the rock, he striking first, as he had intended, and with a force that knocked the breath, and all but the life out of him, and would certainly have killed the feeble woman upon the spot, had she encountered it; but even in the moment of falling, Ned, with one last great effort, flung his rope well over the shore-ward point of the rock, which the action of the sea had here worn into a sharp horn, which caught and held the rope, as the sailor had foreseen, and thus, no doubt, saved what life was yet in the two poor, bruised bodies, made fast to the ends of it; for neither was able now to lift so much as a finger, if that finger had meant life or death, and a very few moments more of submersion, or one more such blow as we have described, had been fatal.

As it was, the rope held, and the tide fell, and Margaret Gray lay lifeless upon the face of the dripping, black rock; and Swedish Ned hung between it and the sand, his powerful limbs unstrung, his leonine head drooped, his golden hair and beard dank and dark with salt water.

CHAPTER VIII.

The day went on, and the sun was already high overhead, when the sharp report of a fowling-piece, near the crest of the cliffs, was followed by the whirling fall of a couple of wild pigeons, who were flying homeward to their nests in the face of the rock, after a breakfast in the green fields inland.

"*Credo!* They've tumbled over the cliff, like the last you shot, Senor Sebastiano," exclaimed a coarse, good-humored voice; and the shock head of a young fellow, about eighteen years of

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age, crowned with a funnel-shaped, red, woolen cap, was carefully thrust forward to command a view of the base of the cliff.

"The worse luck for you, Manoel, since it is you who will have to go down after them," replied a nonchalant voice, its somewhat languid and somewhat imperious tones harmonizing well with the soft accents of the Portuguese, in which the conversation was carried on.

"Well, what are you staring at, down there?" continued the last speaker, as the boy, called Manoel, sinking upon his knees, and clinging to the stunted turf with both hands, stretched his neck still farther over the edge of the cliff, and opened his black eyes wider and wider.

"*Credo? Mai santissima!* Do but look here, Senor Sebastiano! Or no, don't come near it; it's a trap of the Evil One; its bad luck; come along, senor; come home as fast as you can go. Oh, *Padre, Filho, Esprito Santo*, defend us——"

"Stop, you blockhead, or I'll fire this charge of bird-shot into you! Stop, I say, and come back here!" roared Senor Sebastiano, hastily capping his gun, and raising it to his shoulder, without mentioning that he had omitted to load.

The mere threat was, as he had foreseen, sufficient, and the luckless Manoel, already half across the lupin-field, upon his way homeward, stopped, trembled, and came creeping back, his cap in his hand, and his rich, brown skin yellow with terror.

"Now, Malucco," exclaimed his master, half laughing, and yet more than a little vexed, "will you tell me what is the matter, and why you set off in that fashion, as if all the witches were mounted on your shoulders——"

"Oh, senor! Don't mention *feiteceiras* here, and with that thing down there——"

"What thing, idiot? There; you stand still exactly where you are, or I'll give you something worse than *feiteceiras* to think about. Mind you don't stir now!"

Laying down his gun, as he spoke, the young man carefully approached the edge of the cliff, and looked over.

"Holy Mother! It is a drowned woman, and —is that thing a man? Manoel, it's two drowned people—couldn't you see? What are we to do? How shall we get at them?"

"To my mind, Senor Sebastiano, the less we have to say to them, and the quicker we get away from here the better," replied Manoel, shaking with terror, but never stirring from the spot where his master had planted him.

Sebastiano, however, springing to his feet, approached him so hastily, that the poor fellow, afraid to stay, afraid to run, seemed likely to sink down through the cliff at once, as the only way of escaping without disobedience.

"Now look here, Manoel. Give over this nonsense at once, or I'll take my ramrod to your back. There is nothing under the sun to be afraid of in those two bodies, and they may be alive. Come to your senses this minute, and help me to get down there to them. Do you hear?"

"*Sim*, senor; I'll do what I can," replied Manoel, meekly, and beginning to walk along the cliff, while he added, "There's a path down to the shore this way, senor."

CHAPTER IX.

Arrived upon the narrow beach, at the foot of the cliff, the two men found themselves confronted by a new difficulty. The small bay, in which the boat of the Kraken had come ashore, was shut off from the rest of the beach by two craggy promontories, so steep and knife-like in their formation as to render scaling them almost impossible, and projecting so far into the sea as never to become quite uncovered, even at the lowest ebb.

Sebastiano noted these circumstances in silent dismay, then turned to Manoel.

"How are we to get round this point, *rapaz?*"

"It is impossible, senor."

"Nonsense! I shall scale the cliff, and you may go home. This is no work for cowards."

"'*Spera*, signor! If you will go, you can never climb that cliff. I can carry you round the point at low tide, I suppose."

"Ah, ha! You are coming to your senses. Have you ever been round yourself?"

"Not just here, senor; but it is not so different from other points that I have been round. The tide will not be dead low for half an hour yet, and while the senor waits, I will roll down some stepping-stones."

Nodding his approval, Sebastiano seated himself upon the beach, and watched while Manoel, throwing aside the gay waistcoat, which he wore more as an ornament than dress, turned up his shirt-sleeves to his shoulders, and began rolling down into the sea some of the largest of the fragments of lava and volcanic rock, with which the beach was strewn, and arranging them in such order as to form a rude causeway, extending to the outer point of the cliff, which ended in a shelf, or step, easily scaled by an active man. Mounted upon this, Manoel succeeded in detaching and throwing down, upon the other side of the point, some fragments of the brittle rock of the cliff itself, and then carefully lowering himself upon them, he soon laid them in something like order.

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"There, Senor Sebatiano," exclaimed he, at length, re-appearing, hot and breathless, "the road is ready, and here am I."

"Hold! Look at that!"

And Sebastiano, with a face of horror, pointed up at two great hawks, which were slowly circling and stooping above their heads.

"They are after the poor creatures we have come to save," said he, hastily fitting a bullet into his fowling-piece.

"Then they can't be *feiteiceiras*. The hawks wouldn't be cheated so easily," exclaimed Manoel, joyfully, and the cloud lifted at once from his simple face, while his master, taking a hurried aim, brought down the nearest hawk, who fell fluttering and screaming into the sea, while his mate hovered over and beside him with loud cries of rage and grief.

Leaving them to their fate, the young Portuguese sprang upon his servant's sturdy shoulders, and half laughing, clung there, while Manoel, with slow, sure steps, balancing himself with outspread arms, stepped along the rude causeway, until reaching the end, he landed his passenger, climbed over the spur, and resumed his load upon the other side.

"There, Senor Sebatiano," said he, triumphantly, as he landed him finally in the little bay "Not even the little boots of your excellency have been wet."

"No. You are a capital donkey, Manoal; but now, let us see."

Hastening forward, in advance of his attendant, Sebastiano stood presently beside the great rock, and with the natural impulse of a young man, first turned over the head of the woman to look at her face.

"*Os Santos!* What a lovely creature!" muttered he, reverently putting aside the wet, clinging hair, and laying his hand upon the motionless heart.

"I'm afraid there's no hope. I cannot find the least flutter; but we shall get her home as fast as possible, Manoel; *mamai* may know what to do for her."

"Old Josefa can do more than the senora; but here is another, at the other side of the rock, a man; and I should say a sailor. You see, Senor Sebastiano, some vessel has got wrecked, and—"

"Yes, yes, you wise man; but the thing now is to get these poor creatures to Os Mysterios. How can we manage it?"

"Why I suppose they will have to ride the senor's donkey, as he did in getting here," replied Manoel, with a shrewd smile.

But Sebastiano shook his head.

"You can carry the man, Manoel; but the lady—she would not want to know, when she recovered, that she had ridden on the back of—"

"*Hajo sande!* If the senora would rather stay here and be drowned, it's all the same to the donkey," replied Manoel, with the shrug, the grimace, and the extended palms, more characteristic of the Portuguese than even the French.

"Not that either, my boy, for I will carry her myself," said Sebastiano, coolly.

"The senor will carry her And who will carry the senor?" exclaimed Manoel, incredulously.

"His own feet," replied Sebastiano; and sitting down on the sand, he proceeded to take off his boots and stockings, and turn up his trousers, with a very business-like air.

"But, Senor Sebastiano, you will be wet to the middle; and you never carried anything in your life; and what will senor *pai* say——"

"That's enough! Now raise her up, very gently, while I get her upon my shoulders. There, that will do, bravely. Now do you get the man upon your own back, and lead the way; and quick, Manoel; be quick as you can!"

"I thought it would be too much for the senor," said Manoel, triumphantly, but still hastening to obey.

Cutting the cord, which had tangled itself around the body of the half-drowned sailor, he raised the stalwart form in his arms, and after several struggles, succeeded in drawing it across his shoulders, and rising to his feet.

"*Diabo!* I believe, after all, it is a *feiteiceiro;* nothing human could be so heavy," mumbled the poor fellow, staggering along the beach.

Sebastiano, who, probably, felt his lighter burden even more than the stronger, and better-trained peasant, made no reply, except to point with his chin, after the Portuguese fashion, in the direction of the causeway. Manoel obeyed the silent order, and a few minutes later, master and man were struggling through the water, which, even now, at its lowest point, dashed above their knees with every wave. The surmounting the spur of the cliff was a much more difficult matter, than if the load upon Manoel's shoulders had been a living and active being, ready to leap off at the proper moment, and to resume his seat when his bearer had passed the point of difficulty, and it required all the strength and address of both Sebastiano and Manoel to pass the inert and weighty body of the sailor across the cliffs. That of the woman was, of course, lighter; but, from Sebastiano's anxious care that it should suffer no bruise or indignity, gave even more trouble than the other. The remaining passage to the shore was safely effected; and then the arduous climb up the pre-

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cipitous path to the brow of the cliff. Here, by tacit agreement, both bearers paused, and gently lowered their burdens to the ground.

"God be praised!" panted Manoel, throwing himself down at a little distance from the bodies. "We have got them upon level ground, and away from the sea-shore. They say the bad spirits have more strength down there than up here, where one can at least see the roof of the church——"

But at this point he was ruthlessly interrupted by his master.

"The best course now, is for you to hurry on to Os Mysterios, and get the palanquin for the lady. Jose and Francisco will bring it, if you call them out of the field, and you can take a gate off its hinges, and fetch it along for the man. But, first of all, send Jose and Francisco with the palanquin. Run now, the faster the better!"

"S'nor! Leave you alone with two dead bodies; if indeed——"

"*Malueco!* If you don't set off this moment; I'll——"

But, without waiting for the termination of the sentence, Manoel was already speeding across the lupin-field, as if the demons he dreaded were pursuing him.

Sebastiano, with a smile of good-natured contempt, sank down again beside the lovely form he had rescued from the waves, and busied himself in gently wiping the face with his handkerchief, and laying the scattered hair in some sort of order.

He was still thus engaged, when the palanquin, carried by two wild-looking, black-eyed, barefooted fellows, came up, and, refusing all aid, Sebastiano himself raised the fair body, laid it upon the cushions, and arranged the curtain so as to shield the face from both sun, and curious eyes.

"Shall we wait for Manoel, Senor Sebastiano?" inquired Jose, casting a dubious eye upon the lifeless form of the sailor.

"No! Yes! He can't be left here alone," and Sebastiano glanced almost angrily at the calm, white face, which seemed to reproach him for the indifference he had manifested toward the one sufferer, while so anxiously attending upon the other.

But his perplexity was relieved by Jose, who exclaimed, eagerly.

"There he comes, senor, and Tomas with him; and they have the garden-door between them.

"'*Sta bon!* Take up the poles, and be off as quickly as you can; but very carefully; mind that, boys; carry it as smoothly as ever you can."

"*Sim senor!*" And the men moved off, at a rapid, yet cautious pace, their young master walking close beside the palanquin; while Manoel, with his assistant, proceeded to lay the body of Swedish Ned upon the light door they had taken off its hinges for the purpose, and then followed in the same direction with their fellows, but more slowly.

In this manner the little procession wound along, through several fields, until, out of the last, it descended a flight of stone steps, passed through a close gate in a high wall, and began to climb the steep and rocky road, closed in at either side by walls twelve or fifteen feet in height, built of the black volcanic stone of the region, and giving, both by their height and their color, a gloomy and forbidding look to the locality.

"Do my father or mother know of this, Jose?" asked Sebastino, as the men halted in front of a lofty, arched gate-way, closed to the very top by heavy doors, beside which hung a bell-rope, finished with an iron hand, its open palm seeming to invite the grasp of the visitor.

"I don't know, Senor Sebastiano," drawled the man, lifting his red cap, partly in deference, partly for the purpose of scratching the black head beneath.

"Never mind; come in at once," replied Sebastiano, impatiently, and, throwing open both leaves of the gate, he admitted the palanquin, with its bearers, to the broad graveled walk, leading between rows of nespra and incense-trees, to the front of a large house, built of stone, and, in the fashion of the country, colored white, with facings of dark brown. This house, also after the Portuguese fashion, was entered through a great, vault-like hall, called a sagno, paved and walled with stone, and giving entrance through low, arched passages, and heavy doors, to the above-ground cellars of the mansion: although one could much more easily have believed them to be the dungeons and torture-chambers of the Inquisition, from the whole look and feeling of the place. At one side of this dimly-lighted hall, a flight of broad and low stone steps led up to a wide landing, where a pair of heavy folding-doors showed the entrance to the habitable part of the house. Up this stair-case Sebastiano led his attendants, and through the doors, into a wide, low corridor, running through the house, to a veranda at the back.

"Wait here for a moment, Jose," said he, in a low voice, and, hastily opening one and another door, he presently encountered a pale, dark-eyed, mournful-looking old lady, dressed in mourning, and wearing a close cap, to whom he said,

"*Mamai*, here is a beautiful drowned woman for you to take care of." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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SUN OR SHADE?

BY MRS. R. HARDING DAVIS, AUTHOR OF "MARGRET HOWTH."

Louise Elam woke, with a shiver, precisely at five o'clock, as she had told herself to do last night. Even when asleep, her will ruled mind and body, absolutely. Not but what aching back and tired brain, and heavy eyes rebeled, as they were dragged out into the dark October morning. But what did that matter?

She dressed with stiff fingers, for the fire in the heater was covered, and when she had finished, crept softly in to look at her husband, who was still asleep. Now nobody would have called Philip Elam a subject especially suited for worship. His eyes, which were frank and clear, being shut, the remainder of his face was like that of the dozens of tired, haggard-looking men, whom you meet in the street; besides that, it needed shaving badly.

But Louise looked at it with a hungry, passionate longing. If the eyes opened, she knew too well there would be no bright, good morning smile in them for her, as in the old times. What had she done to drive it away?

God knew whether she had been a faithful or a loving wife? She knelt down, with this great loss of her life fairly before her, and with the almost intolerable burden of work which was to be lifted before night.

"As my day is, so let my strength be." She could not say anything but that. The weight was so heavy, and she so weak!

The practical remedy did not occur to her, that by making the day shorter by an hour's sleep, strength would have been greater. Faith is to some people so much easier to practice than rough common sense.

She rose from her knees, not comforted, but more resolute in will, which was, perhaps, hardly necessary. She determined to begin afresh to fulfill every minutest duty, both to husband and to children.

"I will be faithful, and then, if they turn from me—God help me!"

She glanced in at the boys and Jenny, where they lay asleep, and then went to the sitting-room, where the sewing-machine was, and began to work at Tom's trousers. It was near the last of the week: they must be done before night, and Jenny's basque finished, and the house swept from garret to cellar, ready for Sunday. Mrs. Elam was a model housekeeper, and quite as intolerant of short-comings in her servants as in herself. Consequently, half of her work was done by her own fingers. When Lucinda had the kitchen-fire lighted, she went down and cooked the breakfast, in order to suit Philip's peculiar taste. Day had hardly broken, when she rang the bell, and seated herself, with the consciousness of duty done, at the head of the table. It is true the work on the machine, and the long fast had given her both head and back-ache, and set every nerve on edge; and stooping over the stove had burned her thin face scarlet. But the breakfast was irreproachable, and so was her black gown and linen collar.

The boys came in yawning and ill-tempered.

"Don't slam the door," she cried, with a nervous shudder. Too late. It resounded with a crash, that shook her from head to foot.

"It's too dark to know what one's doing," grumbled John. "What's the use of hauling us out of bed, anyhow, in the middle of the night? This is vacation."

"It is hardly worth while to reason with you either on hygiene or respect for parents," she said, irritably, as though the child had been her own age.

Jenny followed next, her pretty face pouting and sullen. "I see you've been at work at my dress, mamma. I did so wish for that braid trimming. I asked you, you know. All the girls are wearing it."

"The dress is quite handsome enough without trimming," said Mrs. Elam, calmly. "You should not attach so much importance to trifles."

But the iron had entered Jenny's soul, with the loss of the trimming. She tried to eat her breakfast, but the tears choked her, and pushing her chair away, she went out.

"Is the trimming expensive?" said Mr. Elam, who had just come in.

"Not at all. But I forgot it, and she ought to be taught self-control about trifles," repeated his wife, with a dogged sense of ill-usage.

"I would have humored the child. The dress is to her only a necessity, but the trimming, the pleasure. God knows there are few enough pleasures for any of us. We need not begrudge them to children."

Mrs. Elam handed him his coffee in silence, and then put her hands to her forehead.

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"Headache, Louise?"

"Yes."

Now, when first they were married, he would have started to his feet at such a reply; but sympathy for a headache, which is renewed daily for ten years, grows lax. Mr. Elam composedly went on with his breakfast.

"Lucinda improves in her steaks," he said, carelessly.

"I cooked it," sighed Louise, out of the depths of her despair.

"Then I wish you would leave it to her," angrily glancing at her rasped red face. "You annoy me. There is no necessity for you to become a kitchen drudge;" and taking his newspaper, he went up to the sitting-room. Mrs. Elam sat still at the table, pressing her hand over her eyes.

Now all this was, no doubt, very commonplace and trivial, but it was precisely the tragedy, and the only one, which countless American women know just now, and which is wearing them into their graves. A fog obscures God's sunshine with a deadlier chill than a tempest.

Wherein had she failed? Her heart was so hungry for love this morning, and she had received but cold looks and biting words from husband a children. It was the same every day; yet she would give her life for them.

Now, Mrs. Elam was a young woman who had not lost the passion and freshness of love, ambition, or jealousy, in the colder blood of middle age. She was exceptionally fond of her husband. Yet, gradually, since they were married, the cloud between them had grown denser and colder, for no cause that, for years, she could define. She thought she could define it now. Even to herself, she would not say that Philip Elam loved another woman; yet there certainly was another woman that Louise looked upon with feelings she had never known toward any other human being. She had a kindly, gentle nature, and was a Christian. But I think, if she had seen pretty Grace Poulson lying in her coffin, she would have thanked God for His mercies. She wondered, sometimes, as she watched the chubby widow go by, with such a sudden poignant sense of hate, if her mind was not giving way. Her malignant jealousy frightened her. She reasoned on the matter, took up the facts, one by one, and found that so scrutinized, they amounted to nothing. But, after all argument, the sullen hate remained. She was, naturally, a downright outspoken woman; but on this point she had been strangely silent. She guarded her secret even in looks.

She was called upon to guard it now. When she went to the dull little room above, a curious change had passed over both Mr. Elam and the children. They were talking eagerly, laughing and excited. As usual, at sight of their mother, they became grave; but Philip, turning to her, with an open note in his hand, said,

"What do you think of taking a holiday, mother? You are more tired than any of us. The air is like cordial, and the sun will be warm, until late in the afternoon. Suppose we pack up a lunch, and go to Balder's Woods for the day?"

"Oh, mother! it would be so jolly!" cried Tom.

"You never have come with us, mamma," pleaded Jenny, with her arm about her neck.

Mrs. Elam did not hesitate for a minute. She knew her duty too well. What time had she for holidays and merry-makings? To-day, of all days, there was the sewing to be finished, and afterward, her own proper business to begin. For Louise had her "vocation," which was crayon-drawing, and through that she not only hoped to find outlet for some dormant power within, but efficient help for her husband.

She shook her head, taking her place at the machine. "I have made my plan for the day," she said, calmly.

The children were silent. Mr. Elam paused a moment, and then said, cheerfully, "Do you think it is always wisest to pursue a plan to the end? Do you never change your mind?"

"Never," firmly. "It is the only way to accomplish duty."

His countenance changed. "Louise, I particularly wish you would go with us to-day." She glanced up with keen suspicion. "You need rest. The work you have planned is really not essential."

"We can do without the clothes, mother!" cried Tom, swooping down on her basket to carry them off.

"Put the sewing back, Thomas. When these are finished, I wish to give an hour or two of daylight to my drawing," turning to her husband.

"Why do you persist in that work? You have neither strength nor leisure for it."

"I will be able to help you, Philip, if I succeed."

"I need no help," almost irritably. "My practice never was so lucrative as now, and it increases with every year. There is no necessity for this stinting and drudgery at home. It makes life a burden."

"You are laying by nothing to give the boys a start. I hope to be able to do that."

"There are other debts than money which we owe to our children," muttered Mr. Elam.

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But his wife did not hear him. She had the one unanswered suspicion to deafen and blind her to all else.

"Who has proposed your wood's party?" she said, turning to the children.

"Oh, Milly Poulson's mamma! Cousin Grace, we call her. She's always full of some such plan. They have charades and tableaux for the children, all the time over there, in winter, and in summer no end of fishing and nutting-parties, and picnics! Papa had a note from her just now!"

"I wish," resumed Mr. Elam, with a slight embarassment, "you would reconsider your decision, Louise. You have never met Mrs. Poulson. She complains that she has not even seen you."

"Ah-h!" Louise drew in her breath over her dry lips. "I have had no time to show any courtesy to new comers within a year or two. But you must go," with sudden animation. "The children and you, Philip. You will have a long, happy day in the woods."

"Yes. And your day——" laying his hand gently on her head.

She drew it quickly aside, without speaking. Her husband fancied that her face was pinched and haggard, and that her forehead was strangely hot. But he was used to unpleasant symptoms about her, which amounted to nothing.

He passed into the inner-room, and came out presently, arrayed in his "tramping clothes," as Tom called them. In his hand was a cluster of jasmine buds.

"You never forget aunt Grace's flower, papa," said Jenny.

As he passed the easel, he turned his wife's last drawing from the wall, and looked at it. It was a head of Medusa. She listened, every nerve quickened, for his next word.

"Ugh!" he shivered. "Your work smells of night and the grave, lately. Have you forgotten that God made life and sunshine as well, my dear? Well, good-morning. Ready, boys?"

And so they were gone.

It was one of those clear, October days, when sun, and air, and sky grow urgent to win men out of their ill-smelling boxes, wherein they hide themselves all the year, for but a breath in their real home. Mrs. Elam was artist enough to feel the powerful, sweet influence, as she crept to the window, in every atom of her fevered body. She stretched out her hands, after her husband, as he went down the pasture, singing some catch, while the boys and Jenny joined in the chorus. It was not the same man who sat gloomy and morose in the corner, day after day. If it were possible for her to go with them! If she could throw off, not only the work, but the plans, the ambitions of these years since her marriage! It was not so long ago since she was as young and light of heart as Jenny; now she was fettered by them as in some iron bands that cramped her every motion.

For one instant, she paused, half irresolute. Her face lightened, then the weight fell on it again.

It was the hope of meeting Mrs. Poulson that had changed her husband. She turned from the sun, and fresh wind, and the lessening figures across the field, into the dull room again.

Lucinda, after a while, not hearing the grating of the machine, made her way up stairs, with some inquiry concerning tea and toast. For the first time in her life she found Mrs. Elam idle, her hands clasped over the wheel, and her head, dropped on them, staring along the road down which her husband had gone.

"It was the first time, too," Lucinda said, afterward, "that she refused tea, when she had a headache."

Lucinda heard her step, soon afterward, pacing, not steadily, to and fro, as one would walk off a pain, but restless, uncertain, going all over the house, growing heavier, more eager with each turn.

"She be'nt at work! Lord'sakes!" was Lucinda's only comment.

Mrs. Elam saw neither work nor house. Her brain was hot; a strange sound was in her ears. What she did see, under the shade of some dusky tree, was Philip, looking up, with the loving eyes, she knew so well, into a treacherous woman's face. Her husband! The lover of her youth!

When she had elaborated this picture until she had made it real to herself, she strove to chase it from her, crying out that it would drive her mad; prayed to God to take it from her. But it did not go. Usually, when we amuse ourselves with making monsters out of our own passions, we find them as inexorably real as Frankenstein's.

Jealousy is at work, unseen, in many an outwardly calm household: unseen, because it is not often it finds fuel as ready for kindling as Louise Elam's heart or temperament. There could be no long, slow smouldering here.

Just before twilight the girl heard her mistress go out, and, looking through the open door of the kitchen, saw that she was wrapped in a waterproof cloak, and wore a hat, which she kept for traveling. Mrs. Elam had an invalid brother, in the neighboring city, to whom she was often suddenly summoned.

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"She be'nt goin to Mr. Richard's without a word of warnin!" cried Lucinda, dropping her brush to run after her, and then halting on the door-step.

Mrs. Elam's quick, unsteady walk and agitated manner heightened the presumption that she had received an alarming message. She took, too, the road to the depot.

The girl could not see, that, at the next turning, she struck into the path by the river, leading to the woods, where her husband had gone with Grace Poulson.

The woods were silent, in the melancholy twilight, the river rolled darkly, without a sound. After all the mad fever of the day, here was the quiet and sleep of night——

She woke, as from a dream, with the dash of the water about her knees, and two firm hands clutching her arms.

"No! no! We'll have nothing of that!" said a quick, cheerful voice beside her; and she was laid back on the grass.

She knew nothing more until she found herself in a bed, with two women rubbing her. She tried to move or speak, but could not. Except for the sense of hearing, she was powerless. Oh, God! what was this she had done? But for these women, she would be a senseless corpse now in the room! Where was her faith in God? —her duty? And yet she had been hardly used! Life had surely been different to her from other women. She stood off from herself, after her habit, with a bitter pity.

"Who do you think she is? Mill girl?" said a sharp, incisive voice, close to her ear.

The answering voice was the one she had heard by the river, clear, cheery, with curiously sweet inflections.

"No. She is an educated woman. Some poor creature, who has wandered up from the city, most likely. I'm glad nobody has seen her. Her friends will come in search of her to-morrow, no doubt, and we'll keep the thing quiet for their sake."

The other lady gave an impatient "Pshaw!" and added, presently, "There's no end to the women who are ready to curse God and die now-a-days, for every little cross they have. I'm tired of these Niobes run down at the heels!"

"This woman appears neatly dressed, Charlotte."

"I don't mean that. A woman can grow slovenly in the face as in clothes. Do you suppose anything but indulgence of ill-humors would have given to any features such an expression as this?"

"I think camphor would be more useful, just now, than your theories," dryly.

Charlotte knelt, good-humoredly, to chafe Louise's ankles with the camphor; but nothing ever stilled her tongue. "Oh, she'll do well enough! Blood's going all right. Only I don't want you to begin finding out her trouble, and correcting, and keeping it alive for her. Nothing the matter but exaggerated hysteria. Began with dyspepsia, no doubt. See the color of her skin. What ought to be done with such people is to give them a good shake, and set them to face the world again."

Before she had ended, Louise fell into a stupor, which changed finally into a quiet, natural sleep. She woke and dozed through the night, knowing dully that she was in a large, cheerful chamber, where a night-lamp burned, and that a woman lay watching on the sofa near. But Charlotte's rough words rankled deeper than any reasoning would have done.

"Had indulged ill-humors made her face the soured, rigid mask which she knew it to be? Had she only imagined Philip's neglect, and all the disappointments of her life? Could all her agony, her fightings against fate, dwindle into exaggerated hysteria, which began with dyspepsia? These were the questions she put dully to herself. She remembered when she was first married she really had no cause for grief. But she certainly had attacks of indigestion.

A hot flood of anger and shame dyed her thin face scarlet. She tossed uneasily on the bed. If daylight would come! It was nearly six; quite time for the household to be up, and for her to be on her way home. She tried to rise, and sank back helpless. The over-worked and strained nerves had thrown off the hold of the iron will at last.

There is nothing perhaps which more suddenly sets us at enmity with the whole world, and God above us, than the first doubt of ourselves. There was not one kindly or devout thought in Louise Elam's soul, in that hour of bitter self-suspicion. No wonder! The house which had been built on the sand, and which was giving away beneath her, was her own life. The creed and rules out of which she had meant to work out her salvation; that shaken, and the universe was going to wreck around her.

Presently, the dawn lightened through the open window, and she saw the face of the sleeping woman.

Grace Poulson!

It scarcely shocked her. At the moment, she was glad of something to hate absolutely, and with malignance. She barely remembered that this woman had saved her life yesterday. She did remember, for one moment, how often she

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had wished she could see her dead; and the next felt a fierce delight in finding that Mrs. Poulson was actually homely. Her hair was streaked with gray; her nose was thick and blunt; even in sleep she looked as if going out to take the world easily.

Yet Louise was, by nature, neither murderous nor jealous. When she was married, she was a woman of hard, sound sense, softened by an admirable charity and temper. But dyspepsia and overwork produce stranger changes than these. They fill, for instance, the women's wards of insane asylums; they lead to many a premature death.

One resolve, at least, it was not too late for her to make, with regard to this woman; she should not discover her to be the wife she had wronged. Until she could leave the house, she would feign stupor or sleep, anything to keep her secret. The next moment, the door opened, and Charlotte came in, with a clash and a bang. She was a sharp, angular woman of about forty-five.

"Why, Grace, asleep yet! I've been up with the lark!"

Mrs. Poulson sat up, sleepily shrugging her chubby shoulders. The moment her eyes opened, Louise felt, with a pang, that she was a beautiful woman, in spite of gray hair and thick nose. The cheerful, cordial light of those eyes made just the difference in her face, that the morning sunshine made in the landscape without.

"If the lark had reached my age, it would humor a tired back," she said. "Eight hours sleep means strength and good-humor for the day; six, aching body, scolding, and misery."

"Nonsense! How is she?" for Mrs. Poulson had crossed the room softly to Louise's bedside.

"Sleeping. I'll not disturb her. It is what she most needs, poor thing. Stay with her, Charlotte, while I dress." She disappeared in the adjoining bath-room, while Charlotte trotted up and down inspecting the different articles in the chamber, with many a sniff and muttered comment. Louise gathered that she had arrived but the day before, on a visit, and was either an old friend, or a kinswoman of Mrs. Poulson.

"Ah, Grace! As much a slave as ever to the pomps and vanities!" she said, when that lady came in dewy fresh from the bath, a knot of cherry-colored ribbon in her breast and hair.

"Yes. I am going to be 'pretty mamma,' always, in my boys' eyes, if to no one else," with a change of voice, and a guilty blush, clearly understood by Louise.

It was understood as well by Charlotte apparently, for she stood gravely regarding Mrs. Poulson's bent face.

"Grace! You have not yet given up that—that insane fancy?"

"I will never give it up, while I have life," vehemently.

"I am sorry," was her friend's only comment.

They were silent, after that, busying themselves about the room, and the patient, who lay with her eyes closed when they came near her. There was a tap at the door presently, and Mrs. Poulson hurried out. Then there came, from the hall, a hushed tumult of kisses, and "good-mornings," and children's laughter. The voices had the sweet, happy ring, that was peculiar in their mother's, in them.

Mrs. Poulson came back to shade the light from the bed, and then they all went in to breakfast. Louise could look through the open doors, across the hall, into the room where they were gathered. The morning sunshine fell on the white table, the bunch of pink and violet morning-glories at every plate, the vines creeping in at the window, the healthy, happy-looking children and their mother. It was no wonder, Louise Elam thought, in the bitterness of her soul, that her husband was drawn from his own gloomy home to this.

Mrs. Poulson sat down, at the open piano, and played softly, for a little while; then they sang a verse or two of a simple old hymn; and afterward, she read part of a chapter from St. John, the children asking questions as she read, with their ordinary cheerful manner, as if it had been in reality a letter with good tidings from a far country. It was, for some reason, the most solemn act of worship which Louise Elam had ever witnessed.

The woman was an admirable hypocrite, she said to herself, who, with a guilty love in her own breast, could thus show Christ's faith, fair and winning, to her children! But she would not yet denounce her. God saw them both. Not yet! The time would come.

"Shall I waken her?" said Mrs. Poulson, bending uneasily over her, when they came back from breakfast. "There is no rest in such sleep as this. Her face is colorless, and covered with cold perspiration."

"Don't rouse her. She is better as she is, whatever ails her. Sit down; I've something to say to you."

Grace, after another anxious inspection of her patient, sat down, very much like a pupil before her mistress.

"I see you have no carpet yet upon the floors?"

"Well, no! Really, Charlotte, after we came

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here, by the time Julius' violin was paid for, and Mary's drawing-lessons, and ponies hiried occasionally for the little ones, I had no money for things like carpets. We miss them very little, after all," glancing about, with a comfortable shrug.

"You miss nothing," sharply. "You disregard appearances too much for the sake of enjoyment. You sacrifice weighty matters, simply to make life cheerful to yourself and the children."

"That seems to me an object which weighs weight."

"Nobody would suppose," without noticing the interruption, "that there was any serious thought in your head, or ache in your heart. I know that this man," touching a small likeness, which lay on the table, "is more to you than ever, I believe, husband was to wife, and you are parted from him as if by death. Yet who would think you carried such pain as that about with you?"

The smile was gone from Mrs. Poulson's face at last.

"Because I have no such pain," she said, steadily. "I am not parted from him. He will be free to come to me some day. God joined us, and no law of man shall keep us apart."

"Grace! I came to talk with you calmly on this wild infatuation. Be rational, and——"

"No! I will not hear you! It maddens me to drag out reasons and logic in this thing. My own soul teaches me what is right to believe and to do."

Charlotte rose and walked in a heat to the window. She turned presently and went to the door.

"Well, Grace," pausing with the latch in her hand, "if you will not be advised, it is not my fault. I only wished to save you from fresh disappointment."

Mrs. Poulson did not reply, and Charlotte went out and closed the door.

Louise raised herself upon her elbow, looking at the guilty woman, who sat half-crouching on the low sofa, her face covered by her hands.

Mrs. Elam knew that there were advocates of women's rights, who used just such arguments to justify licentiousness and free-love. And it was her husband—John—upon whose breast she had lain so many years, that claimed to be "joined by God" to this poor wretch, and who was ready to defy all laws of man that would keep them apart.

Mrs. Poulson put out her hand, after awhile, and drew the miniature toward her, holding it in a childish, passionate way, close to her lips and wet eyes. The next moment a rough hand seized her shoulder, and a pale face and glittering eyes were thrust down to hers.

"You triumph too soon," cried Louise, shrilly. "You think he loves you, but God will not suffer it—not suffer it——"

Mrs. Poulson caught her, as she was falling, and laid her down on the couch.

"There! there!" she said, soothingly, with a good deal of natural fright in her face, reaching for the bell.

"No. I am not mad. There's no cause to fear," answered Louise, quietly, stopping her hand. "Shall I tell you who I am, Mrs. Poulson? I am Louise Elam, whose husband you have stolen from her. You have made a wreck of my life. I was happy until you came. Last night you know from what you saved me. It was you who drove me to it—you! There was no truer, no more loving husband, than Philip Elam, when we were first married; now 'God has joined him to you, and no law of man shall part you,' you dare to say."

Mrs. Poulson had watched her steadily, with a perplexed indignation, until this point, when her face began to clear.

"If you are not mad you are not far from it," she said, hotly. "I have had nothing to do with your life, or with your husband. He has come to my house, as others came, because they found it cheerful, and if——"

"Look there! there!" She pointed to the miniature. "Does innocent friendship treasure a face in that way?"

Mrs. Poulson's anger was short-lived. She laughed the old, genial, cheerful laugh.

"My poor woman! Jealousy has made you blind," she said. "Is this Philip Elam?" As she spoke, she placed the likeness in the wife's hands.

Mrs. Elam held it for one moment—a moment of shame, perplexity, and astonishment.

"Who is it then?" she cried, blankly, dropping it on her lap.

"My husband," taking it from her quietly.

"But you are a widow. I have been told so by Philip."

"I know. Everybody thinks that he is dead; but I—I know he is alive, and will come back to me." She stopped a moment to command her voice. "My husband was surgeon on the man-of-war, Stamboul, that was burned at sea, five years ago. He was reported as having gone on the long-boat, which was lost. But some of the crew escaped to the coast, and were supposed to have been taken prisoners by the natives. He was among them, I have always believed. Nothing can shake my faith in it. He will come back."

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Louise's eyes filled suddenly with tears. She put out her hand, and touched Grace's arm gently; but she did not say a word.

The two woman looked into each other's faces.

"I think we shall be friends," said Grace, gravely.

"If you can forget——"

Louise paused, looking keenly into the clear, blue eyes before her. "If it is not you that has wrecked my life, who is it that has done it?" she cried, abruptly.

"Is it not yourself?" shrewdly.

"God knows."

We have to record no sudden conversion, such as occur in novels, and there only, whereby Louise Elam's life, and character, and home, altered, as by magic, in a day. The end of the story was commonplace enough. She was taken home, to sink into a low, nervous fever, which lasted for weeks. It's one wholesome result was that she was forced, not only to think, but to rest. The wheel of the sewing-machine stopped; other servants were brought in; the whole domestic economy relaxed into softer, more generous limits. When Louise began to creep about again, she sank gratefully into the easier life.

"It is so good to take time to be comfortable and happy," she said, with bright eyes, stroking Philip's hand, as he sat beside her. She never had noticed, in words, his incessant, watchful care of her; but she had learned a thousand little caressing, cheerful, silent ways, which love had never taught her before.

"My income is larger now, Lou," he said. "I have kept that as a pleasant surprise for you. But even if it were not, we are going to take time now to lay up some treasure of love and happiness during the rest of our lives; are we not, my darling?" looking anxiously into her face.

"Yes, Philip, if God helps me."

"Here comes aunt Grace!" cried Jenny, bursting in.

Mrs. Elam turned her pale face to the window quickly.

"Oh, that is good! I did not look for her until evening," she said.

"Did you know there is a rumor that her husband is actually on his way home? Picked up by a whaling vessel, the story goes, and carried off north."

"I always believed he would come," cried Louise, eagerly. "That faith of hers was strong enough to bring him to life again, if he were dead."

"How fond you are of Grace?" said Philip, looking curiously at his wife.

"I have reason to be. I owe my new life to her."

"How, Louise? Am I not to know?"

"Some day, but not now," looking up, with an arch, tender smile, which made her plain face very beautiful, at least in her husband's eyes.

AFTER THE STORM.

BY MRS. E. R. SMITH.

As I, late vigil kept,
Last night, o'er one who slept,
A sudden tempest swept
Over the town!
The vivid lightning flashed,
And loud the thunder crashed;
The wild rain madly dashed
In torrents down.

I heeded not the din,
A fiercer storm had been
Raging, my soul within,
Since early dawn.
With hope, and courage lost,
I drifted, tempest-tossed,
Like ship, on stormy coast,
With rudder gone.

But with the breaking day,
Broke the dark clouds away,
And the sun's earliest ray,
Touching the bed
Whereon my darling lies;
Slowly the pale lids rise,
From the still conscious eyes,
Hope is not dead!

Now are the heavens fair,
And all the balmy air
Filled with a fragrance rare,
From buds that blow,
Cleansed, with baptising rain,
From many an old-time stain,
The earth seems born again,
After fierce throes.

And as the glad tears start,
I pray, with humbled heart,
To Him, who turned the dart
Of death aside.
Oh! give me faith to know
Thy love (though tempests blow)
Through height, or depth of woe,
Doth still abide.

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THE LOST INHERITANCE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73.

CHAPTER IV.

THE young man who had paused in the passage of that tenement-house, to hear old Mr. Ingersoll read, and who caught a glimpse of Maud through the door that had been left ajar, looked around the dreary place in amazement. How came that highly-cultivated voice there; by what misfortune had a creature like that girl found a home amidst such squalid misery. As he stood in the dim light, asking these questions of himself, there was a movement in the room, which reminded him that he lingered near it as an intruder, and he hurried away toward a door farther down the narrow passage, at which he knocked. A faint voice bade him come in.

It was that of a man, who lay on a long, low packing-box, such as large plates of glass are sometimes transported in, which, being turned bottom upward, served him as a bedstead. Across the upper end of this rude couch was a log of wood, with the bark partly torn off, which answered for a pillow, upon which a human head, covered with a short growth of iron-gray hair, rested. The face of this man was suddenly raised, and two wild eyes, bright with want, or fever, cast eager glances toward the door from which a sound of hope had come.

The door opened. That poor head fell back. A sob broke from the hot lips. The young man approached the bed quickly, for the sight of such distress moved his generous nature to pity. His life had not been altogether a dainty one; but destitution like this he had never witnessed before. An old blanket, worn gray with rough usage, barely covered the form upon the box. The face, so far as he could scan it, was utterly unknown to him.

"Am I in the wrong room, or did you send for me?" questioned the young man, in accents of tender compassion, such as he would have addressed to a woman in need of comfort.

The very sound of that voice brought a few great tears into those wild eyes, of which the man seemed ashamed, for he closed the lids, and when the painful drops forced their way through the lashes, turned himself on the box, and drew the blanket over his face.

"At any rate," persisted the young man, "I may be able to do some good. You seem to be quite alone?"

"Alone and sick," answered the man. "So sick that last night I thought that I was dying, and, by this time, would trouble no one."

The young man sat down on the edge of the packing-box, and took the thin, soiled hand, which fell upon the bare boards, in his own.

"There is great trouble here," he said, pressing his finger on the pulse. "We must have a doctor."

A cold, hard smile crept over the sick man's mouth as he muttered,

"He would give me medicine; but I want something to eat. The craving here is awful."

"Great Heavens! Starving!" exclaimed the young man, drawing back, as the invalid laid the poor hand that was free on his chest.

"That is it! Starving!" was the low, hoarse answer. "Sick and starving. Without a friend in the world!"

"Do not say that. In cases of great need all men are friends. You must have thought so when you sent for me."

"I sent for you because—— But no matter."

"It was reason enough that you wanted help."

"Because I once knew people that—that you lived with on the coast."

"The Whites? My grandfather?"

"I knew them all."

"And for that reason sent for me?"

"Yes. I had outlived everything. One cannot go out of the world twenty years, and find a place when he comes back."

The young man looked with pitying interest into the features of the old man.

"Where have you been? From what place do you come?"

"I have been in State's Prison. I came from there three weeks ago."

The young man drew back a little unconsciously.

"You start! You shrink! You will leave me to my fate!"

"No! no! God forbid that I should do that."

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The man drew a deep breath, and his eyes kindled.

"You will give me something to eat?"

"At once. What am I doing? Wait a minute."

The young man started up, and looked around the room. It was empty. An earthenware pitcher stood on the floor, near the box, half full of water; that was all—no chair, no table. The low window was darkened with cobwebs; these, with the old blanket, made the squalid drapery of the room.

"A minute! Oh, the minutes will be hours, now that I have hope. How can I wait?"

The sick man stretched half over the box, and attempted to lift the pitcher between his trembling hands. The very thought of food filled him with a fever of thirst. He literally could not wait. But his strength was gone; his hands dropped away from the pitcher, and he fell back moaning.

"Let *me!*" said a sweet, young voice; and into the room came a little girl, with a mass of golden hair tangled all over her head, and half-a-dozen tiny pink toes peeping through some break in her shoes at every step she took.

"Let me. I'd a come before, only Mrs. Indersoll had to have some milk, and I went after it; then mar wanted me to tend baby, and so I couldn't."

Here the little creature lifted up the pitcher between both her dirty hands, and held it to the famished man, while he drank. The water was fresh, and cooled his lips; but he looked eagerly at the young man, who had paused near the door, astonished by the appearance of that little untidy apparition. His wild, yearning look sent the young gentleman forth at once. The child set down the pitcher, and followed him.

"Be you the doctor?" she questioned, shaking back the hair from her eyes.

"Perhaps the best he can have just now," was the smiling answer.

"'Cause mar said it was a doctor he wanted, when I told her."

"I think it is something to eat, he wants, little girl."

The child stooped eagerly, and began searching some mysterious pocket, in her shabby dress; but she drew her hand away, with a look of disappointment.

"Oh, dear, I eat it all up my own self. The cent has gone too, and he wants something so bad. What can I do?"

"Go in and stay with him till I come back. That is the best thing," answered the young man, patting her tangled hair. "I'll not be gone long."

"But you'll bring him something nice," called out the child, hesitating for a moment before she retreated into the room. "Mar will cook it for you. She's got the stove hot."

"Yes, yes! Now go in, and see to him," answered the young man, as he hurried down stairs.

Maggie stole back into the room. She climbed up the box, and huddled herself down on one corner against the wall, like a good little lamb as she was. The man followed her movements with hungry, distrustful eyes. It seemed to him that the young man might abandon him. His craving for food was so great—that one want so terrible—that this possibility wrung groans of anguish from him.

Maggie, not knowing what else to do, straightened the blanket over his feet, and, unknotting a little shawl that crossed her bosom, and was tied behind her back, laid it on the log under the sick man's head.

When the young man returned to the room, with a bottle in one hand, a paper-bag of biscuits in the other, and his pockets crowded full of small packages, he found the little girl curled up against the wall, with her plump neck and arms bare to the waist of her red-flannel skirt, looking like an untidy cherub caught out in a storm, for the cotton shawl had done duty as a dress, and its disappearance left her scarcely more clothed, from the waist up, than some fashionable young lady at an evening party.

But the young man had no time to remark what a picturesque little object she was. Again his fine eyes went round the apartment, searching for some cup or bowl, into which he might pour wine from the bottle in his hand.

"Let me go," said Maggie, dropping down from the box. "I know who has got a glass."

The voice of the child was low and sweet, harmonizing with her quiet movements.

"That's a good girl," said the young man, watching her with kindly eyes, "and a corkscrew, if they have such a thing."

Maggie glided down the passage, and knocked at Mr. Ingersoll's door. Maud opened it.

"Please lend me a glass," said the child.

"A glass!" repeated Maud, in amazement.

"Yes. He wants something to pour medicine in, and we haven't got one left."

"Medicine? Who is sick, Maggie?"

"The poor old man in there," answered the child, pointing to the rickety door, which shut in so much misery.

"In there? I did not know. A sick man, did you say?"

"Yes, Miss Maud. Sick and hungry too."

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"Hungry! Ah me! and we have nothing left."

"Don't mind that. Please don't mind that; but bring out the glass, while I ask mar for a cork-screw," said little Maggie; and she glided down stairs, while Maud was wondering what she could do in aid of the sick man.

In fact, there was nothing that this sweet girl could do but get the one old wine-glass, which was, in fact, of rock crystal, and engraved with armorial bearings, so delicately done that no inexperienced eye could have detected their meaning. This precious glass was what the child wanted. Indeed, it was all Maud had to give. She said nothing to her grandfather; but sought for the glass in the little cupboard, and stood in the passage with it in her hand, when Maggie came up stairs with a cork-screw of twisted iron dangling from her fingers.

"I will go with you," said Maud, in a cautious undertone. "Don't speak loud. They have trouble enough without knowing of this. Come, darling."

Maggie's soft eyes brightened, and, pushing the door open, she led her companion into that bare, sick chamber.

The patient was sitting up on his box-bed, ravenously devouring a morsel of dry biscuit, which the young man had given him. Maud started, and uttered a little cry, when she saw that more than one person was in the room. The young man turned, and stood gazing upon her. He knew the face again, and his own flushed with sudden surprise.

"I—I thought the poor man was alone," stammered Maud, looking reproachfully on the little girl.

"I didn't think to tell," said the child, dropping her eyes.

"He is very ill, and needs us all," said the young man, resuming his presence of mind "I see you have brought a glass, and here comes the cork-screw. Thank you, little one!"

He drew the cork, and, holding up the bottle, poured a few spoonfuls of old Madeira into the crystal cup, which Maud unconsciously held out to him.

"There, now, we will dip some biscuit in this. That must be dry eating," he said, turning a pitying smile on the sick man, whose great, wild eyes wandered with wolfish eagérness toward the wine.

"Let me," pleaded Maggie, climbing up the box, and reaching out her hands. "I can get so close to him."

Maud placed the goblet in the child's hands, who held it in her lap while she gravely dipped fragments of the biscuit in it, and fed the hungry man, who, half the time, snatched the morsel before she could raise it to his mouth.

"Be careful," said Maud. "Not too much at a time. He could not bear it. Rest a little, and give him more by-and-by."

Maggie hesitated, and her sweet eyes filled with tears.

"Ah, but he is so hungry!" she said, while the invalid turned his great eyes, full of pitiful reproach, on the girl, and muttered, hoarsely, that he had eaten nothing for three days.

"I didn't know about it," said Maggie, stung with self-reproach. "He only asked for water, and I got it for him every time. Didn't I, now?"

"Yes, she did. But for her I should have died."

Maggie's face brightened. "Let him have just one more mouthful," she pleaded, and a sweet, coaxing smile shone through her tears.

Maud smiled faintly, and turned away, while that little hand broke a generous piece from the biscuit, and soaked it red with wine.

"It may hurt him," she said, answering the young man's questioning look. "But I cannot say no to her, for a kinder, sweeter little thing never lived."

"Still you are right, I dare say. Somewhere I have heard before that famine must be carefully fed; but I should not have thought of it, never having seen a case before."

Maud answered this only by a faint smile. She had seen cases like this before, and remembered, with a pang, how soon she might share them again.

They were interrupted by a knock at the door, and Mrs. Thorp came in, with a very dirty pillow crowded into a clean pillow-case, in one hand, and a cup of tea in the other.

"Only to think," she said, "of a man being sick under the same roof with us, and no one but the child to know of it."

"He told me not to tell," said Maggie. "So, how could I!"

"Just take that log of wood out from under his head. It's just awful to see a human creature lying on it. I've took this from the baby's cradle, and put the ironing blanket under him. There now, isn't that a sight more comfortable."

A grim smile came over the sick man's mouth as his head fell back upon the pillow, and his tongue darted out, with the flicker of a serpents, and gathered up the wine drops that reddened his lips.

"You will give me more, by-and-by," he muttered. "Not by the mouthful; but enough—enough."

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"Yes, yes," answered Mrs. Thorp. "But you must sleep a little first. Now, doctor, just tell us what we have got to do, and we'll manage to take care of the poor old fellow amongst us. Won't we, Miss Maud?"

"But I am not a doctor. All that I know about medicine is, that wine is strengthening, and bread the staff of life. Don't trust me, I beg of you, farther than that."

Maud stepped toward that rude couch, and touched the sick man's wrist.

"All that he wants is plenty of food, and good nursing, I think," she said, addressing Mrs. Thorp. "See how the little wine that he has taken colors the hollows of his cheek."

"Hush," whispered Maggie, lifting her finger. "He is going to sleep, he is. The soft pillow has done it."

The child was right. Those tremulous eyelids closed heavily, and that part of the blanket nearest to the man's heart rose and fell with his slumberous breathing.

Mrs. Thorp motioned the others to go out, and followed them, leaving the child on watch. She was a woman of warm impulses, and keen curiosity.

"Who is he, and how came he here? That's what I want to know," she said, closing the door behind her. "Renting a room, with nothing but a long box, and a log of wood for furniture, looks awkward at the start. Of course, you know something about him, young gentleman, or you wouldn't be here?"

"I can tell you nothing, madam. So far as I know, this is the first time I ever saw the man!"

"But how came you to see him at all, and he confined to the room?"

"It happened in this way," answered the young man, addressing Maud, rather than the woman who questioned him so closely. "I have been out of town for some days. When I came home, a letter was waiting for me, left, I was told, by a man after dark, who gave it in at the door, and went away without speaking. It was that letter which brought me here; for it was evidently written by some person in great distress, and had been lying more than a week."

"But it had a name?"

"Yes; it had a name, and only that—Jared."

"Ah, then his name is Jared. That is somethinge," said Mrs. Thorp. "A name is always the handle to a story. Being an old resident, you see, every family in the building will be after me for information. 'Who is he?' says one; 'Where does he come from?' says another; 'You are always mousing about, and nursing people up,' says a third; 'All we want to know is, do you, Mrs. Thorp, indorse this new comer?' These questions the gentlemen and ladies in this house will expect me to answer. That is why it becomes me to be particular. This may be a poor neighborhood, sir. I don't say it isn't; but there are people here as might do credit to the queen's palace, as me and my husband often say."

Here Mrs. Thorp nodded her head toward Maud, and patronized her with a wave of the hand, which brought a swift cloud of red into the girl's face, and an answering blush on that of the young man. While these two persons stood together in silent embarrassment, the chatty housewife went on,

"You seem to be a gentleman, sir, as I have no manner of doubt you are, and ought to know that men bred and born in the higher circles, can't go out into the highways and hedges, and ask for work. Some of them find it easier to go hungry. I know such. So now, if you happen to know of any one that wants a lift in edecation, or fancy——"

Here Maud turned white with sudden panic, and laid her hand on Mrs. Thorp's arm.

"Don't, dont! Oh, for pity's sake, don't!" she whispered.

The young man did not hear this. He had walked away toward the stairs in compassion for the poor girl's embarrassment. He came back again directly, and began to speak of the sick man, with an earnestness that fairly silenced Mrs. Thorp.

"If you will take a little care of him to-night, my good lady, I will find out what he needs in the morning, and bring some person to nurse him. Poor old fellow! he must have suffered fearfully."

"And to think of his being so still about it! Why, he might have died, and nobody have known. It's just a mercy you happened to come, and I shall always think so."

Mrs. Thorp would have kept on, but the young man cut her short with a bow, and turned to Maud.

"May I ask you to step in, now and then, till I come again. This poor man is, so far as I can make out, a stranger to us all; but he is human, and he suffers. I am sure that is enough to secure your help."

"He shall not suffer. We will all care for him," said Maud. "In a place like this we are all bound to help each other; Mrs. Thorp there being always first and foremost."

"I can easily understand that," said the young man, turning with a genial smile on the good woman, who was almost as hungry for praise as the sick man had been for food.

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"Oh, he shall want for nothing, while I am in the house. This young person is tractable, and I will tell her what to do. So go away content, young gentleman. You do not leave this poor soul among Hottentots and heathens, if he does lie in a tenement house, which sometimes covers hearts as warm and heads as level as wings of palaces."

Mrs. Thorpe got very much in earnest, and spoke so loudly that the old gentleman, in one of the side rooms, came to the door, and looked out just as the young man turned to go down stairs. Thus these two persons stood face to face gazing on each other.

CHAPTER V.

A TELEGRAM came across seas to one of our principal hotels, engaging the best suit of rooms it contained, for an English baronet and his lady, who had taken passage for this country. A paragraph to this effect, giving some history of the Oakley family, which traced back to the time when some of the proudest peers of Great Britain counted yeomen among their ancestors, had crept into the leading journals of the city. The late baronet, the paragraph said, had years ago, married a young American lady of wonderful beauty and accomplishments, who, since then, had been the pride of Queen Victoria's court, and a most brilliant representative of the Republic from which she had been chosen for that high destiny.

There was a dash of romance about this statement, which caused a ripple of expectation through all the ephemeral circles of the upper ten thousand, which had of late been shocked by the advent of several Continental nobles, with doubtful titles, who had mysteriously disappeared, some leaving duped and broken-hearted wives behind them; others going off in haste, before the magnificent solitaires, set in engagement rings were known to be paste, and worthless as their own pretensions to nobility.

Of course, foreign greatness of that cast had, for some time, been received with caution; but an English baronet, whose record could be traced in Burke's peerage, in good, honest Saxon, was quite a different affair. Such men might come to these shores incog, thus concealing the greatness to which they were born; but there was but little chance that the cleverest impostor could assume honors not his own. Thus, the good old families of England being matters of record, ranked high among us; and to this particular baronet, we had a sort of ownership, because of his mother, who was once a beauty and a belle among us. He was young and unmarried, too, which added to the excitement. At an earlier period in our social history, there might have been crowds of curious idlers gathered about the hotel when this aristocratic party from old England drove up from the steamer. As it was, the proprietor and his subordinates were all on the alert, ready to receive such profitable guests with distinction, and some considerable curiosity.

There was nothing very remarkable to see after all. A young gentleman, wearing an ordinary traveling-dress, helping a lady in black silk, and with a veil over her face, from the carriage, was no very romantic event; but, when the lady moved, no one could help observing the splendid grace of her person, or hear the low tones of her voice, as she gave some careless directions to her maid, without remembering them forever.

When this lady entered her apartments, she looked around, as if expecting some deficiency; but the critical glance changed to a smile, and, turning to her son, she observed,

"Really it seems very comfortable. One might almost fancy it a Paris hotel."

"Yes," answered the young gentleman, indifferently. "Very well! very well, indeed. These Yankees have progressed, I dare say, since you, my lady, were one of them."

The lady gave her head a little impatient toss. She did not quite like this allusion to what she considered her humble birth; but the young man cared nothing for that; in fact, he rather amused himself with the little weakness in his beautiful, proud mother, and ridiculed, while he shared it.

"Charles, Sir Charles! I say. Have you forgotten that there is more than one lady in the world. What must people think to see you standing there, and I with no one but Hugh to attend me?"

"I beg pardon," said the young man, slightly turning his head toward the stair-case, up which a little, old lady was moving, resting one little withered hand on the shoulder of a servant, who gave himself to her support.

"I beg pardon, but Hugh understands all about it better than I can. He is used to old people."

"Old people, Sir Charles!" cried the lady, shaking her head, which was always a little tremulous. "I am at a loss to understand to whom this applies. Old people, indeed!"

"Let me help you now," answered the young baronet, laughing. "The heaving of the steamer has not subsided yet with any of us. There, now that I have landed you in the softest corner of this couch, we shall be friends again, I hope."

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Lady Oakley had moved a little that her mother might seat herself among the silken cushions.

"Thank you, my dear. Really one does feel the rocking of the waves yet. Phillis, take my bonnet and shawl."

The staid and elderly waiting-woman, who had followed the ladies, untied the tiny bonnet, that lay, like a black shadow, over that little, old face, which, but for the keen eyes, would have seemed more like a withered white-rose than anything else, and arranged the soft, golden puffs it had crushed somewhat. Then she sought for a footstool, and placed it under two small feet, pinched in tight-fitting French boots, which she exposed artistically by a little dainty arrangement of her dress.

"Really this is not so very bad. I dare say we can manage to get along, if these people don't begin to annoy us with attentions, which they will, of course."

Here the little lady unfastened a scent-bottle of crystal and gold that swung, with some other fancy articles, from the chains of her chatelaine, and held it to her nose, as if the very idea of Republican equality made some stimulant needful.

After sitting a few moments, with her eyes closed, sniffing daintily at the scent-bottte, the old lady sat upright, and looked around the room, ready to cavil at its sumptuous appointments, if she could find room of any kind for complaint.

"Now, my dear," she said, at last, "Will you tell me why we have come to this place again? Before Sir Charles returns, or Phillis gets through with my dressing-table, I should like to understand something about your reasons for coming here, the last place on earth that I desired to see?"

Lady Oakley flung back her veil, untied her bonnet, and cast them away from her, with a gesture of impatience. Her beautiful face was agitated, and her eyes, full of dusky light, were turned on her mother.

"I come, mother, because my heart is not quite made of granite; because old memories drove me here. It seemed to me like a mercy, or a judgment, that Charles should insist, as he did, on this hunting expedition. I could not have stayed behind if I had wished it."

"But what shall we do here without him?"

"That which is appointed to us, I suppose," answered the younger woman, drearily.

"What do you mean?" faltered forth the little, old woman, inhaling vigor from the salts.

"I mean, mother——"

"Mother! How I hate that word. It betrays one's origin so. Why can't you say mamma?"

"I suppose the word comes back with my native air! But you are right. The shallow French title applies best here."

The lady spoke with bitterness, and a slow, contemptuous smile crept over her mouth; for each year that painted shadow lost some new claim on her respect. The habit of love was upon her strong as ever; but she knew how much cruel hardness lay in that old heart, and what pernicious effect it had had upon her own.

"For many years, mother, you and I have reveled in luxury; wielded social power among the proudest, while——"

"Beatrice! Beatrice! I charge you keep silent," screamed the old woman, seizing upon her daughter's arm with both hands. "Do you mean to rake up all that heap of dead ashes? Do you mean to kill me?"

Lady Oakley put away her mother's trembling hands with a sharp, impatient movement.

"I mean to find *him*, if he is alive," she said, resolutely.

"What! What!"

"And on my bended knees implore his pardon for myself and for you."

"For me! What have I done? How could I help it. Beatrice, are you going crazy."

"I think not. We have had luxury, power, everything that love or gold could lavish on us, while he——"

The old woman leaped to her feet, and clapped both hands to her ears, and rushed back and forth in the room like some froward child.

"You can talk, but I will not listen. You can act, but I'll have nothing to do with it. I knew well enough no good lay beyond this trip across the ocean."

Lady Oakley watched her mother gravely, but made no answer. The time had gone by when her own stronger and finer nature could be swayed by the unreasoning selfishness of this hard old woman. When the world was all untried; when her young heart was so full of ambitious longing, that the voice of a first love was hushed under them, she had been piloted into a brilliant destiny by the craft and persuasions of this woman; but now, when she had tried all honors, and exhausted every luxury, till her soul had discovered their nothingness, there was no argument that could reach her.

Still the old woman was not used to defeat. Frivolous, fanciful, childlike as she could seem, she had great faith in the underground craft which had wrought out so much for her and her daughter, years before. Creeping back to the

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couch, with cat-like meekness, she nestled close to Lady Oakley, her shaky little mouth tremulous, her eyes full of tears.

"Oh, Beatrice! do you mean to kill me?"

"I could scarcely be more cruel than we have been if I did," answered the lady, gloomily. "Mother, you and I have much to atone for."

"What! I—I? Oh, Beatrice!"

"When we left these shores, two noble hearts were placed under our feet, and we trampled them down."

"It wasn't us. How could we fight against the law?"

"How have generous and devoted women overcome the law before this? Oh, mother! you and I were cowards—mean, contemptible cowards, unworthy to tie the shoes of such women."

"Beatrice, I must say you talk dreadfully!"

"Mother, I feel dreadfully. The very sight of these shores brought a pang of remorse to me. I tell you that all we have, or can have, has been bought at an unholy price. While we have reveled, others have suffered. Oh, mother! mother! there were only three. Why did we leave him? Why have we never taken one step toward lifting him out of his misery?"

"Because we were weak women, and had no power!"

"Weak?" repeated the lady, with bitter emphasis. "No power! When is it that an earnest, truthful, good woman finds herself without power?"

"There, now, Beatrice, do be quiet. Do drop this subject; I hear Sir Charles. Think how dreadful it would be were he to guess of what we are talking about? I am sure it has been the object of my life to keep all this in the back ground. I thought you had forgotten all about it."

"Forgotten! as if anything short of a fiend could forget. Where is he? Oh, mother! have you done nothing in all these years to find out? Is there no clue? Tell me."

Lady Oakley did not see the steel-like glance of those light eyes, or remark the pressure of those thin lips, or she might have guessed that there was a secret locked close in the heart that seemed crowded full of frivolous vanities alone.

"Ah! I was wise not to tell her," she thought. "Had I done that, there is no guessing to what extent she might go. While her husband lived, she asked no questions; but now every drop of blood in her heart seems to be burning with impatience. This is what brought her over. She hopes to find him. I think she will hardly search in the only place where he is to be found."

These thoughts flitted like lightning through the little woman's brain. Years had passed; dull, heavy, painful years, to the person she thought of; while they had been full of bloom and gayety for her. The high position her daughter's beauty had won, she had enjoyed to the utmost. Why endanger it by a search that could only bring humiliation and disgrace?

You would not have believed that this frivolous little creature, artificial as she was from head to foot, could have reasoned so coldly and determined, with such crafty forethought. For, all the time these thoughts were chasing each other through her head, she was busy rounding out the crushed fluiting on one of her innumerable flounces, and seemed too listless for a serious thought.

At last Lady Oakley left her seat, and moved toward her bed-chamber. It was seldom that the superb repose of her manner was so much disturbed; but this subject had been in her secret thoughts for years, and at last both conscience and affection broke loose. In spite of her pride, in spite of everything, she was determined to search out the brother, who was lost to her in the very dawning of her great prosperity. Why had she never heard from him? In what way had he spent his life? It seemed as if the first breath of her native air had aroused feelings in that proud bosom that had slept for years.

The little, old lady followed the stately figure of her daughter with a side-long, wary glance, which had more meaning in it than a careless observer might have detected. The warfare between these two natures was about to commence.

CHAPTER VI.

The invalid in that tenement-room was sitting up in bed, for the old packing-box had been removed, and a narrow iron bedstead set up in its place. The cobwebs, too, had been swept away from the window, and one of Mrs. Thorp's calico aprons, stretched across it by the strings, supplied a more substantial, if less picturesque drapery. In short, a certain air of comparative comfort was visible, in a chamber that had been more desolate than the grave. Still it was a dreary place, and but for the presence of that child, with the grave little face and tangled curls, would have been lonely indeed to the poor man.

This child was sitting on the floor, with a small fruit-basket by her side, from which she was sorting out, now an apple, now a lemon, and again a little cluster of sea-green grapes from Malaga, which had aroused her admiring wonder, for such delicacies had never entered that

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tenement-house, so far as she could remember, up to that day.

She was holding up the grapes with a look of strange surprise; to her they seemed like the jewels she had seen gleaming in the windows of Broadway, far too beautiful for anything but the pleasant wonder which lighted her own blue eyes, till they shone again.

"Oh, what will you do with them?" she said, appealing to the sick man, who was watching her with a dawning smile in his haggard eyes.

"Suppose we give them, just as they are, to the young lady," he said. "They are far too dainty for us. I had almost forgotten that such things are in the world."

"For our Miss Maud?" questioned the little girl, turning her head sideways, like a bird eyeing the cherries he means to pick. "Oh, yes; won't they make her a lovely string of beads?"

The man on the bed laughed; but it was a weird, hoarse chuckle, which rather startled the child. A door, turning upon hinges, rusted from disuse for years, might have given forth like sounds, scarcely anything else.

"Don't you think they will be nice?" questioned the child, puzzled, and half frightened by the grim sound.

"Oh, yes. If I remember, they are very nice. Come here, little one."

The child arose, and drew toward him, with the grapes in her hand. Then she saw a gleam of pleasure break from those heavy eyes, and answered it with a bright, innocent smile. He took the fruit from her, and examined it awhile with mournful interest.

"Yes," he muttered, sorrowfully. "I had almost forgotten that such things are. I wonder if the taste for them is all gone!"

The man picked a grape from the bunch, and was tempted to put it in his mouth; but, seeing the wondering look of the child, held it up.

"Open your mouth, little one."

"And shut up my eyes?" answered Maggie, closing the white eyelids over her blue orbs, as white rose-leaves fall over violets. "There, now."

The grim invalid dropped a grape into the child's open mouth. She gave a little jump, opened her eyes wide, and crushed the delicious fruit between her pretty white teeth.

"Oh, my! They are good to eat," she exclaimed, with a drop of the cool juice trembling on her lip.

"I should think so. Now, again!"

"No, I mustn't; give them to Miss Maud. Won't she like them?"

"Well, then, take two more, and you shall carry the rest down to her. Will that do?"

The child looked at the grapes, and at the man's face, as if in great doubt, then gravely reached out her hands.

"By-and-by, when she has had enough. I want to see her eat them worst of all."

The invalid patted her head with one hand, and gave her the fruit with the other. The presence of the child in his room seemed to cheer and humanize him more than the comforts that kind young man had gathered about him.

"I wonder if the whole world has changed so," he muttered. "Children and all. I never saw a child like that before, never—never!"

He was interrupted in the beginning of this soliloquy by the child, who came slowly through the door, looking sad and disappointed.

"She wouldn't take them; wouldn't touch but just one, to pacify me; and that she gave to her grandma. Instead of eating 'em, she just did the whole bunch up in a paper, and told me to feed 'em to you my own self, 'cause that was what the young gentleman meant. So I've got to do it."

Here Maggie climbed into the bed, and arranged the fruit in her lap.

"Now," said she, rather sorrowfully, for Maud had disappointed her. "Open your mouth, and shut your eyes."

The man closed his eyes, and opened his mouth, which had been handsome once; but was now stern, and so inflexible, that the smile which quivered over his face scarcely stirred the lips.

Gravely enough, Maggie dropped the fruit into his mouth, which to her, seemed too rugged for such delicate fare.

"Is it good?" she inquired.

"Yes," answered the man, with a sob; and Maggie saw too great tears steal out from beneath her quivering eye-lids.

"Don't cry; don't now," exclaimed the child, patting the stubble of his unshaven chin with her little hand. "You shall have them all, everyone, you shall."

The man opened his eyes, and looked at her.

"My little angel."

Maggie shook her head reprovingly.

"That isn't my name, man. Only to think how grown up folks will forget. Why, it's Maggie?"

"But you seem like an angel to me."

"Do I?" answered the child, with a puzzled look. "Do I?" Then she continued, with a brightening countenance, "maybe you had a little girl once like me, and her name was angel?"

"No, I never had a little girl," answered the man in a broken voice. "Never shall have."

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"Oh, dear! No little girl? What did you do then?"

All of a sudden, the poor man seized the child's hands, and burst into a passion of bitter tears.

"What did I do?" he said. "Oh, little Maggie! it is years and years since I have seen the innocent face of a child."

"But you've got me now, so don't cry—don't cry. I'll come up here twice as much; so will Miss Maud, and mar, and every one of us. Then the young gentleman, he loves you like anything."

All the time she was talking, Maggie had been wiping away the tears from that grieving face with the corner of her apron. At last the man became more composed. How could he help it, with that innocent little creature comforting him so tenderly?

"Now," she said, smiling upon him, as his passion of grief waned. "You must be good, for Maud said you must eat every one of them your own self, because they are so sweet and cool. There, now, that's something like."

"But you will help me, little one?"

"No. 'Cause she said they were nice for sick folks, and cost ever so much more than apples and things."

"But you must. It will do me most good so."

Maggie shook her little grave head.

"No, that will never do at all. She wouldn't touch 'em, and I won't. But I'll tell you what: there is a little, rosy-red apple on the floor, and I'll eat that while you finish them up."

Down the child dropped to the floor, where a stray apple had rolled from the basket.

"Now," she said, climbing back to her place. "You and I will just enjoy ourselves."

As a proof of her own honest intentions, the child buried her white teeth in the rosiest side of her apple, smacked her moist lips over it, and shook her head till the sick man absolutely found himself longing for the grapes out of pure animal sympathy.

"Now," said Maggie, with evident reluctance, as if she felt herself to be a hard-hearted little thing. "I must go down and see about baby; but don't you get to taking on again. I'll come right back the minute I can."

The sick man nodded his head, and Maggie went away, leaving a scrap of old newspaper, and the skeleton stems of a bunch of grapes lying upon it, just within reach of the invalid's restless hand.

This man found it very lonely after the child had gone. At first he seized upon the grape-stems, and crumbled them in his fingers. Then he took up the scrap of paper, and gazed at it vacantly awhile, turned it over, and read something that checked the very breath on his lips.

Starting up in his bed, he called loudly for the child. She had lingered in the passage, telling Maud about the sick man, and ran back at once, when the sharp sound of his voice reached her.

"Child! child! Can you get me a pen, some ink, and a little scrap of paper anywhere?"

"I—I don't know. I don't think any of us here have got 'em," answered Maggie, startled by his vehemence.

"Try! Try! Ask for a pencil, if there is neither pen nor ink. A pencil and a scrap of paper. Surely you can get that."

"I—I'll try; indeed I will."

The little creature did try, and came back with a half sheet of foolscap, and the stump of a pencil. The patient took these with hands that shook so violently he could hardly hold the pencil; but he wrote, though his right hand leaped nervously from the paper at every word. At last, as he signed some name, a sob broke from him, as if the effort had been a terrible one. Then he folded the paper, and, holding it in his hand, spoke to the child.

"Little Maggie, are you afraid to go out of errands alone?"

"Me? What should make me afraid?"

"Could you carry this letter for me?"

"Of course I could; but where?"

"Come close, and I will tell you."

The child drew close to the bed, and listened attentively to the eager directions which the invalid gave her in a swift, feverish voice. Then she took the folded paper, and went out.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LINES.

BY HARRY J. VERNON.

It is not anger that we feel,
When we are loved no more.
Why blame the fickle tide that leaves
The desolated shore?

While hope remains, we struggle on,
We toil, we strive, we dare!
When all is lost, we bow the head,
And die in grim despair.

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WHAT CAME OF A BOUQUET.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

It was a bright, crisp autumn morning when I rang the bell of the palatial mansion, for the first time, where I was going out as governess. The neighborhood was in a new part of the city, and peopled by a new aristocracy, and the very dwellings and side-walks glistened with pretentious newness.

The inevitable colored-man admitted me, and flourished me, with a bow, up one flight of stairs to the "sitting-room." The children were there by themselves, two frightened morsels of seven and nine; and I was obliged to devote my first efforts to the task of convincing them that I was not an ogress come to devour them. They looked delicate, poor little things! and I felt like taking them into my lap, and coddling them.

While engaged in something very much like this, the tallest girl I ever saw swept through the room, in a trailing dress of the richest silk, overloaded with trimming. She was excessively ugly, with a doughy sort of face, and a very supercilious expression.

This expression became a positive sneer, as she regarded me and my charges; and I felt myself eyeing her with a defiant stare, as the angry blood rushed to my face. Never a word did she speak; and the children looked awe-stricken, as she rustled out as silently as she had come in.

"That's Mary Jane," said little Annie, the elder of the two children, as though she expected me to be very much impressed.

"Well, Mary Jane's a very disagreeable-looking person," I replied, without a moment's reflection; "and she is dressed in a very vulgar manner for this early hour of the day. Who is she?"

"Why, she's—*sister!*" said both of the children together, after staring at me in amazement. They evidently regarded "Mary Jane" as the glass of fashion, and the mould of form.

This was pleasant, certainly, for every word I had said would be repeated; but I had to make the best of it.

"Well, never mind," I said, "I want to see now if my little girls can read. Begin with that picture, Annie."

Such books as those children had! So elegantly bound and illustrated: primers and "helps," such as *my* childhood had never even seen. An auriferous atmosphere pervaded the whole house; and I should scarcely have been surprised to see the tempting luncheon that appeared before my departure, served on plates of gold.

I was quite pleased with the first day's experience; and I began to think that if "Mary Jane," could be chained up while I was on duty, the teaching would be quite endurable.

But that unamiable damsel seemed to take a malicious pleasure in crossing my path; and the next time I encountered her, she looked as though she felt disposed to make a face at me. I knew, from her expression, that Annie had repeated what I had said; probably with some additions; and as she had not regarded me favorably before, I could scarcely look now for any manifestation of pleasure at my appearance.

We passed each other in silence, and I wended my way to the sitting-room. There I found Mrs. Slater, the stout mother of my charges; and she was graciously pleased to be quite sociable. She was not on very good terms with the English grammar, and she used some expressions that were a novelty to me; but she evidently did the best she could, and tried to make me comfortable and contented.

The children were quite loveable; and I thought I had been rather fortunate than otherwise. To be sure there was a sharp sorrow tugging at my heart; but I had resolved not to be a blighted being, and I think I managed to escape it. Had I been Ariadne, I would never have called Theseus back, but would have bidden him a happy voyage.

One day, on my arrival at the Slater mansion, it struck me that the premises wore a festive air. I encountered a huge, glittering *epergne* being carried through the hall by a man from the confectioner's; the drawing-room was in process of a grand sweeping, and Mrs. Slater and the children had their hair in crimping-pins.

"Mamma is going to have a party to-night," called out the little ones in glee. "We'll have lots of fun, and ever so many good things. Are you coming, Miss Anvers?"

"There won't be enough white grapes, maybe," said little Belle, who evidently did not relish any unnecessary addition to the guests.

"I know who's coming," continued Annie,

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looking very wise, "Mary Jane's beau, Mr. Middleton. Mary Jane said she'd rather have him come, if all the rest stayed away."

"Mary Jane's beau, Mr. Middleton!" I repeated to myself. Could his name be Frank? I wouldn't ask, but I sat there trembling all over, while the children prattled on. He had acted strangely enough, to be sure; but I couldn't fancy him descending to the level of Mary Jane Slater.

The lessons were quite set aside that day; for Mrs. Slater suddenly appeared, in a state of comical distress.

"Isn't it too bad?" she half sobbed. "That wretched Allen, whom we promised to pay exorbitantly, the only man in the city who can give cut flowers just the right look, and who always ornaments the supper-table so exquisitely, has deserted me, and gone over to Mrs. Parker's, who also gives a party to-night. She belongs to the very cream, you know; and I suppose Allen thought there was more to be gained in attending to her—though not in the way of money, I'm sure. We've got about two bushels of flowers down-stairs, and nobody to fix 'em."

Now I felt really sorry for this poor woman, who did not "belong to the cream," and I was passionately fond of working with flowers; so I said, presently,

"You may think it presuming in me, Mrs. Slater, but I have had some experience in arranging flowers, and if you will accept my services, you are very welcome to them."

"I'm sure you're very good," replied poor Mrs. Slater, "and I shall be ever so much obliged to you."

"Then you'll come to the party, won't you?" said Annie.

"And I guess there'll be enough white grapes," whispered Belle.

I was busy during all the rest of the day. I seemed to be needed everywhere. Great baskets of bloom, deserted by the faithless Allen, were emptied out upon the dining-room table, and I reveled among tea-rosebuds, violets, ferns, and all sorts of floral beauties, to my heart's concontent.

It was a fancy of Mrs. Slater's that every lady and gentleman should have a small bouquet, marked with her, or his, name.

"It always seemed to me a kind of comfort to take something home from a party," remarked the good woman, "and they can have their *bokays*, you know, to keep."

She gave me the list of names, and I was not long in finding that of Mr. Middleton. It was Mr. Frank Middleton, too. He ought to have whatever expressed fickleness, I thought; but, involuntarily, I found myself twisting some violets, and ferns, and one pink rosebud together; the rosebud in the center, a double row of violets around it, and the ferns forming a lovely fringe-like border. I would not make a duplicate; and as I fastened on the name, a few hot tears dropped upon the dewy blossoms. I was living over again a summer pastoral that, with its fleeting beauty, had brought me an exceeding happiness.

It was a commonplace story enough; a quaint, little, New England town, where I spent the summer, quaffing large draughts of health from the strong, breezy atmosphere; a chance acquaintance, a warm friend, a devoted lover, all developed in the space of three months; a favorite walk past a saw-mill, a bed of forget-me-nots growing by the road-side, and the tall figure bent humbly to gather them, turning back at me laughing eyes, as I demanded more and more, and would not be satisfied: wild-roses and delicate ferns growing farther on; the invariable bouquet I twisted together of forget-me-nots, stripped of their superabundant green leaves, a bordering of fern, and a deeply-tinted wild-rosebud in the center; how vivid it all seemed!

"I never saw a bouquet like this before," my companion once said, "and I do not suppose I ever shall again, unless it comes from your hands."

"Then," I replied, gayly, "if we should be separated, and get lost, each to the other, if you see a bouquet like this, you will know that I am near."

"You will not forget?" he asked, quite earnestly, "for such a thing might be; and in that case flowers would have a language more beautiful to me than they ever had before."

I laughingly promised; and here I was, with a bouquet as nearly like the old ones as possible; and yet assuring myself, all the while, that the man did not deserve it.

I had not, until then, the slightest idea as to the quarter of the globe in which he might happen to be. He might now be a pirate on the high seas, for all I knew to the contrary—although he had given me the impression that he was a gentleman of means, traveling about for pleasure. I had been obliged, through the illness of a relative, to leave Maplewood very suddenly, while Frank was absent on a two days' hunting expedition; and never, from that time to this, had I heard a word from him, or received the least clue to his whereabouts.

I thought, as I tied my bouquet, of Blondel, who found his lion-hearted master by singing a stave of the ditty dear to both of them before the

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Austrian dungeon; but, unlike him, I could not be at all sure that my master was worthy finding.

Mrs. Slater had exhausted her exclamations over the "*bokays*," when "Mary Jane" bore down upon us more supercilious, if possible, than ever.

"I should say you had mistaken your calling," she remarked, after a critical inspection of my handiwork. "You might make your fortune in flowers."

"Perhaps I shall," I replied, buoyantly. My little bouquet was a fragile venture that might come back to me laden with happiness, though I dared scarcely to hope for it.

The party was not to be a crash, or a jam, only a choice gathering; and at Mrs. Slater's solicitation, I stayed, just to look on from a secure corner. I felt that I must see if Frank Middleton was *my* Frank, and if he cared for the bouquet.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Slater to me, a week afterward, "I really thought the man was crazy: the way he ranted round about that *bokay*, as soon as he could get me alone, was a caution! And when I told him who fixed it, and that you was in the house then, he just dashed after you—and there you was, a runnin' up-stairs, and acting as contrary as ever you could. And to think that he was your own sweetheart, after all! Mary Jane's as mad as hops, for she'd quite set her mind on Mr. Middleton. But she ain't my own daughter, you know; and I don't care much, only I've got to have her around all the longer. I hope she'll go off one of these days."

I hoped so, too, though I pitied the man she went off with.

When I asked Frank why he had not found me in all that time, nor even written, he innocently replied that, as I had not given him any address, and had mentioned at least three different cities in which I might spend the winter, he did not think this was to be wondered at.

I hung my stupid head in silent humiliation; and when I was informed that the slandered youth had been reduced to a state of despair, on his return from trouting, to find that I had departed without leaving a trace behind; that he had been on a hopeless chase after me ever since; and had followed several young ladies for a mile or two, from a fancied likeness to myself; I felt that only the most abject submission would atone for my delinquencies.

"Had it not been for this dear little bouquet," said he, tenderly caressing the object in question, "we might have continued wandering in space, like two lost planets, without ever coming into collision."

What wonder I call my story "WHAT CAME OF A BOUQUET."

CONSTANCY.

BY ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON.

O'er the far purple fields of night,
O'er the wide seas, that ride and swell,
My faithful spirit takes its flight
Tow'rd one it ever loved too well.
Heeds not the blackness of the dusk,
The thundering waters holds at bay;
Freed from this clay's enfolding husk,
It walks beside thy soul to-day.

Follows thee like a constant thought,
Which most enthralls when undefined;
More like a peace by vision wrought,
To cool thy restless, fevered mind.
Goes with thee, be it good or ill;
Smiles with thy joy, weeps for thy pain;
Withstands indifference's blight and chill—
Repulsed, it meek returns again.

THE TROPIC LAND.

BY T. C. IRWIN.

DEEP in the South, beyond the burning zone,
And breathless areas of unfooted sand,
Oh! sun and stars, ye look upon a land
Of Afric life, exuberant and lone;
Moulded by Nature's hot colossal hand—
A pagan hell and pagan paradise—
From whose wide upland wooded realms are blown

The winds we breathe, from central peaks of snow
Far in th' unsighted West, and o'er the glow
Of vegetation vast, where fountains rise—
Wells of a world of waters—whence there flow
Lake-rivers toward the Ethiopic skies,
And wastes unknown—innumerable and clear,
Like silver tracery on the full moon's sphere.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give here something quite new in the shape and design of the Polonaise. The material is

cashmere or merino. This costume is composed of two colors, or two shades of the same color. A darker or lighter shade of olive-green, or black and light gray; the latter combination is represented by our cut. The under-skirt is of gray, "kilted," after the fashion of the Highland kilt. It is cut perfectly straight, (no gores,) and very full. Five to six widths of merino will be required. There is a large box-plait laid down the front of the skirt, and then the side-plaitings are laid back from that on either side.

Most dress-makers fasten these plaits down upon a lining of crinoline. The plaits may be con-

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tinued entirely to the waist, or stop at about nine inches from it. A large figure would be improved by this arrangement, while a slight one should continue the fullness to the waist. The Polonaise is cut with a vest of black. The skirt and upper part of the sleeve is of black, while the over-jacket is gray, forming a basque at the back. The skirt and jacket are trimmed with a knotted silk fringe, as may be seen. The back part of the skirt of the Polonaise is cut square, and not looped up in any way, coming down to within twelve inches of the under-skirt, while the front is looped quite high at the sides. The sleeve has six small pieces down the arm, from the shoulder to the cuff, which is formed of a full plaiting of the gray merino. A small bow at the top of the shoulder, and at the cuff, completes the sleeve. Twelve yards of gray, and five yards of black material will be requisite. Colored merinos of all the new shades, can be bought in good qualities, "Lupin's" make, for $1.25 per yard.

Our next (see preceding page) is designed for a water-proof material, either navy-blue, or dark plum color. The under-skirt is ornamented by

a deep flounce, slightly full, and cut straight; this is put on under the points, which are bound with an alpaca braid. The upper row of points are not cut out; the braid is simply doubled and stitched on to simulate points, so arranged as to form diamonds. A row of buttons is arranged down the front of the skirt. The Polonaise is cut double-breasted, with a rolling coat collar. It is buttoned, two buttons below the waist, and then turned back, and fastened with a button. These fronts are to be faced with black silk, as are also the cuffs of the sleeves. For this Climerle a tight coat-sleeve would be more desirable than the open one in the design. However, this is only a matter of taste and comfort. This Polonaise is looped quite high at the sides, but only a very little at the back. Eight to ten yards of water-proof material will be required, which material can be bought at all prices, from one dollar and twenty-five cents to three dollars and fifty cents per yard.

The pretty garment, (just given) for a girl three years old, is made of French Nainsook, with embroidered ruffles. Two of them are placed at the bottom of the skirt, headed by a bunch of quarter-inch tucks. The waist is made up almost entirely of insertion, with tucks between. The sleeves are of the ruffles; belt of insertion, tied at the back with bow and ends of the Nainsook. Two yards of Nainsook, six to seven yards of ruffling, and two and a quarter yards of insertion, will be required. Ruffles of the Nainsook, with tiny tucks in them, may be substituted for the embroidered ones, if preferred.

Another little robe for a child of one to two years, made of Nainsook, with the embroidered

edging put on plain. Two rows on the bottom of the skirt, and two rows up the front, passing over the waist and reaching to the neck, where the edging is put on to form a yoke, which also forms the sleeves. Five yards of wide edging, and the same of narrow, for a heading; one and a half yards of Nainsook or cambric.

We give, next, a kilted skirt and jacket for a boy of four to five years. This suit it to be made either of merino, poplin, serge, or cloth. Navy-blue is the prettiest, or else a Scotch plaid. The

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skirt is sewed on to a petticoat-body, and is really made exactly like one; a wide box-plait in front, ornamented with a row of buttons, and the plaiting turned back from it, all round to the middle of the back, where the plaits meet. Four widths of merino is required, for the plaits have to be laid very deep, and then run down upon the under side, to keep them in place. The jacket comes just a trifle below the waist, and is cut in long slashes of three inches each, which are bound with a black silk braid, above which are three or four rows of narrow silk embroidery braid, (all black,) a button in each point. This is worn over a white skirt waist, with a dimity ruffle collar. Three buttons and loopes fasten it it in front, half way down. Half to three-quarters of a yard of merino will cut the jacket, two pieces of embroidery braid, three or four yards of galloon binding, and two dozen buttons. Of single width material, such as serges, double the quantity will be required; and if a plaid is used, the skirt is prettier if it is made on the bias instead of straight.

We close with a pattern for a new style boot, called the "Hungarian." Also a baby's boot.

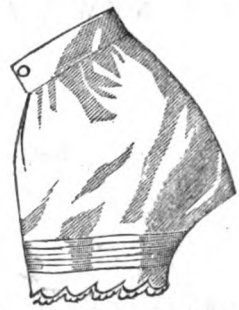
Also short dresses for children to sleep in. Also a pretty pattern for girls' drawers for day-wear.

In the front of the number, we give a lady's flannel under-bodice. This comfortable tight-fitting under-bodice, with short sleeves, is of flannel, bound with scarlet silk braid, and embroidered in point russe with scarlet silk; it buttons in front with scarlet buttons.

We also give, in the front of the number, a jacket without sleeves. This gray cashmere jacket is lined with gray silk, and bound with silk along

the scalloped edges. It is made to fit the figure, with buttons down the front, and a scalloped stand-up collar.

We give also a crepe de chine fichu. This pretty little fichu consists of a three-cornered piece of crepe de chine, forty inches long on the cross side, and twenty-six inches long on the straight sides. Cut a slit two inches long in the

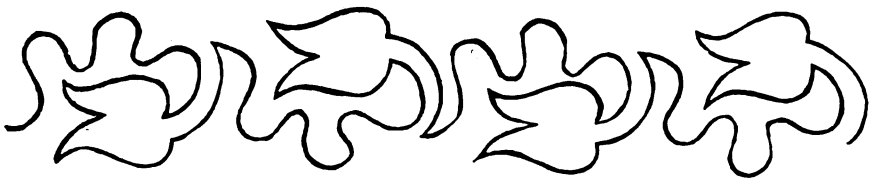


center of the cross side, hem the handkerchief all round, including the slit, and trim it with a five-inch wide blue silk fringe. Then turn over the upper edge to the depth of three inches, and gather up the center according to illustration.

Also a chignon collar. Also a new and stylish pattern for an in-door jacket, with a sash tied about the waist. It is made of pale gray flannel, and the edge is festooned with blue. The cuffs and collar are quilted blue satin, and the band likewise is blue, being finished off with tassels.

We give, also in the front of the number, some patterns for winter over-coats for boys.

BRAIDING PATTERN.



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KNITTED OVERSHOE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This overshoe, or foot-warmer, to be worn indoors, over thin boots or shoes, is without a heel, and consists of a knitted front, lined with fur sewn to a felt sole, also lined with fur. It is held on by a broad elastic, and has a fur trimming across the instep. The knitting is worked backward and forward so as to appear plain on the outside.

NEW STYLE BASQUE CAPE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

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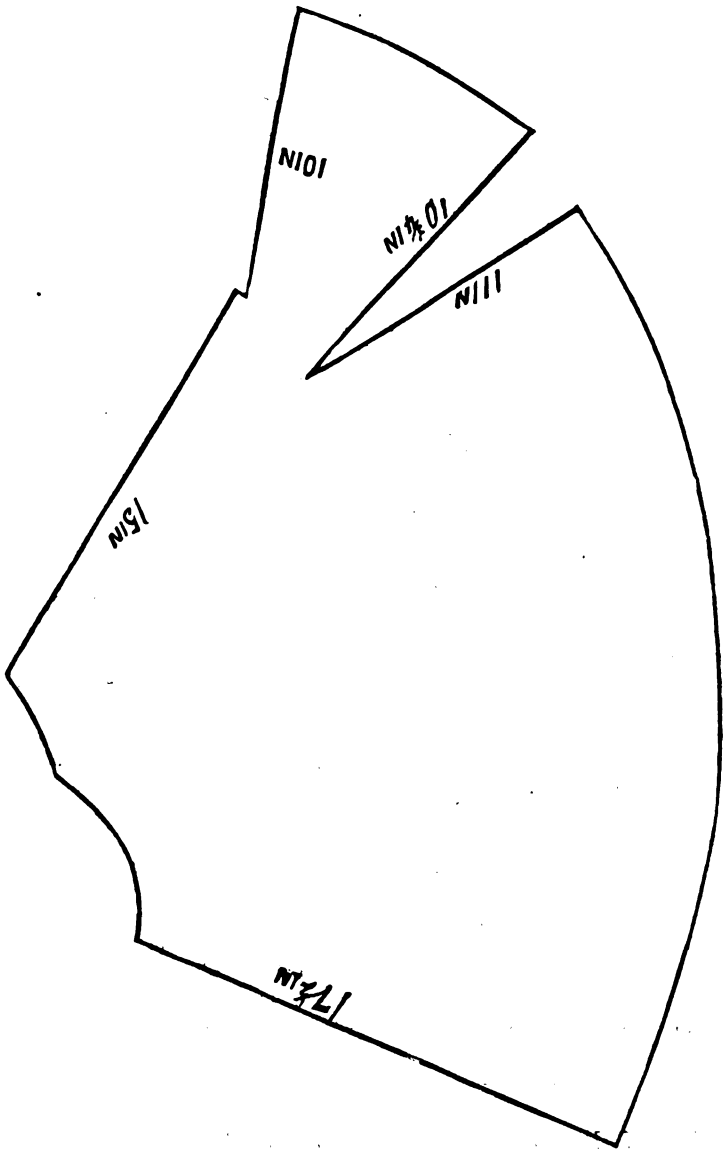
Small capes are fashionable this winter for wearing over Polonaises and blouses. The pattern we give this month is from Paris, and is a pretty deviation from the ordinary pelerine, as it forms a basque at the back, and falls into the figure by means of an inner string. The pattern represents one half of the cape, and can be made either of black cashmere or velvet, or of same material as the Polonaise.

The string, of which we have spoken, should be sewn to the center of the waist, and tacked above the openings of the basque. The trimming on the wrong side of the cape is lace, which is carried *en cascade* down the back, and loops of watered ribbon inserted among the folds. This cape would also be useful over a braided serge dress. We give a diagram, from which any lady may cut the basque cape out for herself.



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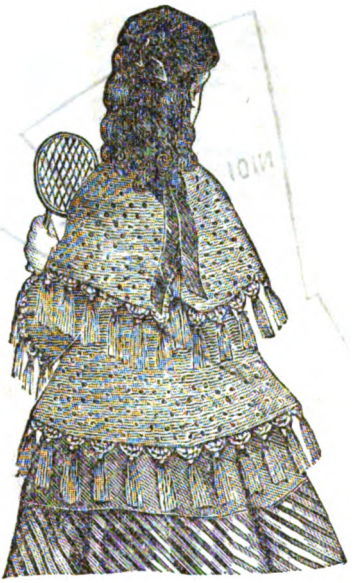
KNITTED MANTLE FOR A GIRL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This child's mantle is knitted with white wool, in an open stitch, and lined with blue llama. Round the bottom of the mantle and the cape is a scalloped edging, worked in crochet, with tufts of fringe knitted into scallops. Begin by cutting out the pattern of the mantle in lining muslin, arranging the plaits before commencing the knitting. Then make a chain the length required for the bottom of the mantle, with a fine wooden or crochet needle; take up the stitches with a steel knitting-needle, and work as follows:—1st row, purled; 2nd row, plain; 3rd row, purled; 4th row, alternately knit 3 together, knit 3, 1 plain, 1 purl, 1 plain, on the following stitch. Repeat these 4 rows, reversing the pattern as you proceed. At the armhole, work the fronts and back separately, decreasing at the sides according to the muslin pattern. Begin the cape at the two back corners, and the sleeves at the bottom, and work them as above. Work a row of double in crochet along the fronts and the bottom of the mantle, round the two halves of the cape and the bottom of the sleeves, observing that the wrong side of the knitting must be the right side of the mantle, and on the row of double work a row of treble scallops, as follows: * 1 double, 2 chain, miss 2, 6 treble on the following double, 2 chain, miss 2 underneath. Line the separate pieces, then stitch them together, and bind the neck with blue ribbon, leaving ends to tie in front. Tie in tufts of wool 6 inches long to each scallop, according to illustration, and sew on a blue bow with long ends at the back of the neck.

DESIGN FOR FIRE-SCREEN AND BORDER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER

In the front of the number we give a design for a fire-screen and border, in colors, so that it may be worked from the pattern, without description. We also give an engraving of the stand to be used for the fire-screen. Any carpenter, or cabinet-maker, can make one from this cut.

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CHILD'S KNITTED PETTICOAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Knit this petticoat with white fleecy wool and bone needles, and work the crochet scalloping with scarlet fleecy. Begin at the bottom on a chain of 300 stitches joined to a circle, and work 7 times alternately 6 rows purl, 6 rows plain, so as to form 14 horizontal ribs. In the 1st row of the 2nd plain rib decrease 1 stitch after each 50, and repeat this decrease in every 6th row. After the 14th rib, knit backward and forward 8 more ribs, continuing the decrease above. Now begin the body, knitting backward and forward, 1 stitch plain, I purl, reversing the stitches in the alternate rows. In the 1st row knit the first and last 30 stitches of the skirt in twos, so as to decrease 15 stitches on each side, and leave 156 stitches for the body. Knit 56 rows without change, and in the 37th row cast off 6 stitches on either side of the middle 72 stitches, and finish the front first, taking off gradually at each end to form the armhole. In like manner knit the backs separately. Work the shoulder-straps on the same pattern on 7 stitches, 52 rows, with a row of double crochet in scarlet wool round the the edge. Sew them to the body and trim round the skirt and the body with crochet scallops in red wool. First a row of the double on the knitting, then a row of scallops, as follows:—1 double, 2 chain, 4 double long treble with a 2 chain between on the 4th following stitch, 2 chain, missing 3 underneath. Fasten behind with buttons and crochet loops.

SPRIG IN EMBROIDERY.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

How to Wear the Hair.—It is a great mistake, slavishly to follow the prevailing fashion of wearing the hair, irrespective of its fitness to yourself. We have, all along, warned our fair readers against dressing, too rigidly, in any style that is unbecoming to them. Always follow the fashions so far as they suit your face and figure, but never further: the art of dressing well consists in adapting the style of the hour to your own requirements.

The first thing to be avoided in dressing the hair is not to pile on your head more than a human head is able to grow. An abundance of hair is a crown and glory to a woman, and where it is deficient, either naturally or from sickness, custom allows, and good taste recommends, that artificial hair should be substituted. But the thing should never be overdone, as it is by too many ladies. Anything that is obviously artificial becomes revolting. The sham stands out unmistakably revealed; ceases to be elegant; looks, in fact, vulgar. The same remark applies to the manner of plaiting, or otherwise arranging the hair. Always do this, whatever the style, as naturally as possible.

Let every woman study her face before she dresses her hair, as she studies her complexion, or gown, before she buys a bonnet. If she finds her forehead narrowing above the cheek-bone, let her never fail to insert pads in her hair at the side. If it be a broad forehead, while her face is narrow, let her avoid this style rigidly, *whatever be the fashion.* If her head is slightly flat, plaits across it, or the hair turned over a cushion, are the only alternatives; but if naturally too high, let her give the fullness of hair to other parts. If the head be perfect in shape, still let her disregard the fashion, and make a point of showing a charm that is exceedingly rare. It would be simply waste and ruin to pad it into all sorts of shapes. Those who have a Greek-shaped head, may copy antique coiffures; but no others.

A woman owes it to herself to look as pretty as it is possible. To dress badly, to wear the hair unbecomingly, is not only a mistake, it is almost a crime. Every woman can be, if she chooses, a picture, at least to a certain extent. Not only are lovers to be won, but husbands kept lovers, by neatness, appropriateness, and taste in dress.

Too Much Extravagance.—Do not, for a moment, suppose that a costume is elegant in proportion to its cost. Beyond a certain point, on the contray, expense becomes vulgarity. The luxury of a fine lady's toilet, in Paris, and among the more extravagant here, has now reached its utmost limit. Formerly, when Worth, Aurilley, or Roger asked, for an out-of-door dress, a hundred, or a hundred and twenty dollars in gold, people said that their prices amounted almost to a swindle. Such dresses, by the time they reached America, and the duties and other expenses were paid, cost from two hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars in greenbacks. But now, even in Paris, it is a common thing to pay a hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars in gold for a walking-dress. Worth gets four hundred dollars in gold for a velvet dress, and from two to three hundred for a cashmere one. These dresses, by the time they arrive in Philadelphia, or New York, cost the fair wearer from five hundred to eight hundred dollars in currency. Others are even more expensive. An evening-dress, with lace, frequently represents a thousand or two dollars, the price of a small farm. We used to hear loud outcries about the extravagance of the French Empire, but the French Republic has put its predecessor quite to shame. In our opinion, extravagance in dress has gone too far, and a reform, and a speedy one, is needed. We shall do what we can to bring about such a reform. Of course, it is only very rich ladies, who buy the dresses we speak of; but even the wives and daughters of millionaires spend too much, when they spend thousands on a dress.

To Clean Gilt Frames.—Half a pint of vinegar, a large painter's brush, small sponge; mix the vinegar with a quart of cold water, dip your sponge, (which should be one never used for any other purpose) into the water and vinegar, squeeze it as dry as possible, then dip your brush into the mixture, and apply it to a bit of the frame, as if painting it. Immediately follow the brush with the sponge, absorbing and drying the part washed. Continue until the whole frame is done, constantly washing your brush in cold water after using it. Well wash the sponge and brush in cold water, and put them away in a clean place until wanted again. We give this in answer to an inquiry.

A Five Dollar Engraving, as will be seen by our advertisement, will be given to any subscriber to "Peterson," *whether singly or in clubs*, who will send us fifty cents. This is a nominal price, and hence the offer is confined strictly to friends, that is to subscribers to "Peterson." Thus, for $2.50, any person can get either of our five dollar premiums —as well as a copy of "Peterson" for 1873; or, in a club, for even less. This is a dollar cheaper than any other periodical offers. Whatever others do, "Peterson" always does better.

"The Gems of Art."—We have often been asked to publish a selection of the best engravings that have appeared in "Peterson." We have done so accordingly this year, and will send it, *as a premium to persons getting up clubs*, if they prefer it, instead of the large-sized engraving, "Christ Weeping Over Jerusalem." The book has been called "The Gems of Art," and contains twenty-five of our very best steel plates. By getting up enough clubs, you can earn, not only an extra copy, but also the premium picture and the "Gems." For a dollar extra we will send the "Gems" to any subscriber.

High Collarettes.—The fashion of combing up the hair behind so as to leave the neck free, has led to changes not only in bonnets but also in the linen. We now see high collarets plaited and fluted, such as could not be worn with the back hair hanging down. Ladies of slender figures and with long necks are, this winter, adopting the Gabrielle collarette.

Sunshine in the House.—A lady writes:—"The coming year will make ten years in succession that my daughter or I have got up clubs for your magazine, and we think it has improved in beauty and interest every year. Indeed we could no more keep house without it, than we could without sunshine, for it truly does come like a sunshine."

Belts of very thick grosgrain silk are more fashionable than the leather belts, which are already getting common. These belts are fastened with agraffes of oxydized silver or of jeweled enamel, in the medieval style. The wide moire sash, looped at the side, is also fashionable for dressy toilets.

If Those Getting Up Clubs prefer any other of our engravings to "Christ Weeping Over Jerusalem," they have only to say so, when they remit, and we will send the one they wish. See the list in our advertisement.

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OUR NEW PREMIUM MEZZOTINT FOR 1873, proves, as we predicted, one of the most popular we have ever had. The subject is "Christ Weeping Over Jerusalem," after a very celebrated picture, by Sir Charles Eastlake, late President of the Royal Academy. We are rapidly introducing this beautiful engraving into tens of thousands of households. When framed and hung up, it is an ornament to any parlor. A little exertion in getting subscribers for "Peterson" will entitle any person to a copy of this valuable engraving gratis. See our unprecedented offers, in the Prospectus for 1873, on the third page of the cover.

BUTTONS of oxydized metal are very fashionable, and for simple costumes the plain black mother-of-peal button, which is not so black but that it lights up with a thousand tints of color in the sunshine. This button looks best for cloth and velveteen costumes.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Guy Earlscourt's Wife. By Mary Agnes Fleming. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.*—This novel illustrates the difference between a popular one that is good and a popular one that is bad. For no story is admired by the general public that is not full of stir and incident. "Ivanhoe," "Quentin Durward," "Kenilworth," and all the most popular of Scott's novels, are as crowded with romantic adventure as are "Lady Audley's Secret," or "East Lynn" itself. The difference is, that, in Scott, the characters act consistently, and the events evolve themselves naturally. But in the mere sensational novel this is not so. In the present fiction probability is constantly violated. Yet, because Mrs. Fleming keeps the action up, never allowing the interest to flag even for a single chapter, her novel will be popular. Persons of taste and refinement, indeed, will throw it down with more or less impatience; but the ordinary public, that reads only for excitement, and that is not critical, will devour its pages breathlessly. We really think that this author, however, could do better things; and we regret, for her own sake, that she does not try.

Garnered Sheaves: The Complete Poetical Works of J. G. Holland. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.*—We should like to have room for an extended notice of this volume. The qualities of Dr. Holland's genius are not as intelligently appreciated as they ought to be; for, though every one admits his popularity, few comprehend exactly how sound are the reasons for it. We may say, in few words that he is in sympathy with the great heart of humanity; that he appeals directly to his readers in pure language, and with forcible imagery; and that his subjects are not only, as a rule, artistically treated, but, what is too often neglected, are also artistically chosen. We are glad to see his poetical works in so elegant and convenient a volume. The book, if we mistake not, will become a household one, in tens of thousands of families. It has a portrait of the author.

Dr. Wainwright's Patient. By Edmund Yates. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is a new novel by the author of "Black Sheep," "Wrecked at Last," etc., etc. It is not a pleasant story. Mr. Yates says, in the preface, that all he writes is from actual observation, and that he paints life exactly as he sees it. If so, his experiences must have been among some of the most worthless men and women, to be in respectable, not to say moral, society, we ever heard of: certainly, it is no credit to English life, if such men as Col. Orpington and such girls as Daisy are so common in London as to be fair types of a class. Even in point of art the selection of such characters is, we think, a mistake. A cheap edition.

A Woman's Vengeance. By James Payn. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is by the author of "Carlyon's Year," "Cecil Tryst," etc., etc. It is a cheap edition.

Middlemarch: A Study of Provincial Life. By George Eliot. 2 *vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—We noticed this wonderful fiction, at some length, when the first volume appeared, and we have now space only to chronicle the completion of the work. Middlemarch combines the excellencies of "Pride and Prejudice" with those of "Adam Bede," though, even where it resembles Jane Austin, it far excels her. George Eliot is the first of living novelists.

The Strange Adventures of A Phaeton. By William Black. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—We have rarely read so charming a novel as this. The story is an exceedingly pleasant one, and ends happily, as all love-stories should. But it is in the descriptions of scenery that the book excels. They are full of poetry, yet vivid and real. No living prose-writer equals Mr. Black in this respect.

Erma's Engagement. By the author of "Blanche Seymour." 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A charming novel, by an English author. Of all our American publishers, the Lippincotts print the neatest books, in the market; and this volume is no exception to the rule.

Force. By Jacob Abbott. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is another of that capital series, "Science for the Young," with numerous engravings, which the Harpers are publishing. It is written in a popular style, and is profusely illustrated, which greatly helps the text.

What Kate Did. By Susan Coolidge. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—This is another of those delightful books for children of which the present season has been so fertile. It is illustrated with great spirit, from designs by Addie Ledyard.

Sunday Chats with Sensible Children. By Clara L. Mateaux. 1 *vol., small 4to. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is a book of much more than ordinary merit of its kind. It is beautifully printed, illustrated, and bound, and treats of a very great variety of subjects in a pleasant, agreeable style.

Dick Travers Abroad. By Miss A. T. Samuels. 4 *vols.*, 24 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—Each of these volumes for children is a separate story, their titles being "Palm Lands," "The Lost Tar," "On The Wave," and "Little Cricket." They are illustrated.

Margaret. By C. C. Fraser-Tytler. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Dodd & Mead.*—The moral of this story is excellent, and the story itself very interesting. Mr. Tytler is a writer of much more than the usual skill. We can cordially recommend the book. The volume is illustrated.

Helps Over Hard Places. Second Series. By Lynde Palmer. 1 *vol.*, 24 *mo. Troy, N. Y.: H. B. Nims & Co.*—Some short, practical stories for boys, very cleverly told, and spiritedly illustrated.

For The King. By Charles Gibbon. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A story of the '45, when Charles Edward made his romantic, but unavailing effort, to recover the throne of his ancestors. The tale is well told.

The Children of Amity Court. By Louise M. Thurston. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A well-written story for young people, suitable for a gift-book. It is by the author of that popular tale, "Home In The West."

Granville Valley. By Jacob Abbott. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: Dodd & Mead.*—One of that popular series of tales, "The August Stories," written for the young by Mr. Jacob Abbott.

Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag. By Louisa M. Alcott. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Roberts Brothers.*—A charming volume, consisting of sketches of travel in Europe, done in a way that only Miss Alcott could do them.

Mrs. Follen's Twilight Series. 12 *vols. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—Here are some charming books for children. "About Dogs and Cats," "When I Was a Girl," and "The Talkative Wig," are among the titles of the stories.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

HONOR TO THE VETERANS.—Honor also to the inventors whose genius have emancipated the race of women from the drudgery of the needle. Honor above all to a firm which, like the Wilson Sewing-Machine Company, distributes its machines broadcast throughout the land at prices that even the poor and humble can afford to pay. A first-class machine for fifty dollars! This is the proclamation of the Wilson Sewing-Machine Company to the people. Salesroom at 1309 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.,

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. I.—THE USE AND ABUSE OF CALOMEL.

I warn mothers against the general use calomel, given so freely by too many physicians. From the smallness of the dose, its almost tastelessness, the facility with which it may be given, it is resorted to in numberless cases, where it is not only unnecessary but positively injurious.

In the bowels of children nature has supplied an abundance of mucus to shield those parts, so tender in infant life, and to protect them from the effects of irritating substances. A dose or two of calomel, however, speedily removes this protection of the bowels in infancy, and, when repeated, a train of symptoms ensues which endanger the child's life, and excites alarm in the maternal bosom. Its strength is suddenly gone; "its legs and arms hang helplessly down; it is peevish and fretful; the face assumes a pinched expression;" one cheek is oftimes flushed, the other pale (and the mother thinks it has *worm fever;*) the abdomen is very hot to the hand; there is dryness of the lips, from the irritative fever induced by the action of the calomel; the nose is deprived of its natural moisture, becomes also dry, and itches, and the child thus picks both, and the mother is sure, from this symptom of irritation, that the child has worms, and the doctor too often coincides, and more purgative medicine is given to free the little suffering patient from imaginary parasites! If the child be of a very vigorous constitution, it may triumph over both the disease and the folly of the doctor; but if, on the contrary, it be feeble, it will lie with its little attenuated limbs stretched out, indifferent to all around it, until death closes the scene.

Children who have been over-dosed with calomel have always a tedious convalescense, and exhibit an old look, in consequence of the rapid absorption of fat.

Lest in my strictures in the use of calomel, some of my medical readers should mentally charge me with *eclecticism*, I will quote a few paragraphs from Dr. Beck, against whom no such charge can be made:—

"When salivation does take place in the child, its effects are most disasterous. Sloughing of the gums and cheeks, general prostration, and death, are by no means uncommon occurrences."

"In bowel complaints, under the idea of altering the secretions, it has frequently helped to keep up the very intestinal irritation which it was given to correct."

"It ought to be a rule laid down, and rigidly followed, that in very young children, mercury ought never to be used as a cathartic, unless there is a special reason for resorting to it."

"Let mothers, then, who prize the health and well-being of their children (and what mother does not?) beware of these little white or gray powders, too frequently prescribed by the family physician, who often does so out of regard to the taste of the child."

In its place, castor oil, or the rhubarb and lime-water mixture, is best adapted to bowel disorders of infants and children; and Husband's magnesia alone, or with half the quantity of rhubarb, or an infusion of senna leaves, with some one of the aromatics, as ginger, annise, fennel, will answer every good purpose when their little stomachs are clogged, livers torpid, as indicated by coated tongue, etc. No medicine, says Professor Gross, acts so well upon the whole secretary system as senna.

HORTICULTURE.

PARLOR VINES.—Next to the Irish ivy, spoken of in our January number, comes the *hedera helix*, the English ivy. The same soil suits this, but it is a thirsty creature—drought is death to it. Cover the surface of its soil with pebbles; these will have a tendency to keep it cool and moist; and enough water may be given it to keep the saucer full half of every day. Take cuttings from the newest shoots, and root them in bottles of water in the sunshine, or place a vessel, containing water, near the feelers, which it throws out for attaching itself to some firm object, and these will change to roots, and seek the water. Cut these rooted branchlets, and then treat the young plants for the first month as you would the *hedera canariensis*. This plant seldom flowers. It grows freely out of doors in England, but it will not survive our winters without protection; so many persons, very sensibly, transfer the plants before the frosts of autumn to their parlors. It grows slowly—two feet in one year is considered a good growth out of doors—but, as its foliage is not deciduous, it is constantly increasing in density and beauty of appearance. It may be kept entirely in the shade, if light, and good air, and plenty of water are given it, with the best results. Give it the stimulant, the same as to the German ivy.

The Madeira vine, *basella chenopodieæ*, is a very beautiful parlor plant, bearing fragrant white flowers. It must have a rich, moist, loose soil for its bulbs, which increase around the parent-like potatoes. Plant these bulbs in the garden in June, or take a strong branchlet, when only an inch or two long, and set it in the ground, and treat it like a garden plant till September; then accustom it slowly to the atmosphere of the house, and it will attain a vigorous growth. It needs the sunshine and liberal watering through the winter. In June, trim it slightly, and gave it new soil; but abate its water, and keep it in the shade for rest during the hot weather. A light trellis may support it, or cords arranged upon the walls or windows near its pot.

The *maurandia barclayana* is a pretty climber for in-doors. Plant the seed, or start a slip in rich, light soil in June. Water it freely, and give it plenty of sun, and it will blossom profusely—elegant white, or pink, or purple bells drooping over the frame, that it covers for two or three months; this vine will wind about slender strings around a window with fine effect. It needs a fertilizer, once a week, from the time the buds first appear till blooming is past.

The smilax is another graceful and delicate parlor vine. It is propagated from the increase of its tubers. It delights in a shady, but warm situation, and must have a moist, rich soil. Water it frequently, but sparingly. Set the pot upon a bracket, and let its long branches twine around pictures or statuary.

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The passion-flower vine is desirable for parlor culture. It thrives best in fine, light soil, where it can get a profusion of sunlight. It cannot bear great watering. Only be sure that the leaves will not drop from dryness, and it will flourish. Plant the seed, or start a cutting in moist sand. This, when in bloom, is a magnificent ornament to the walls of any apartment.

Beside these, may be mentioned the nasturtium, long branches of which cut from out-of-door plants in the autumn, and kept in glasses filled with soft water, will grow and blossom finely all winter. With these seven vines, we have sufficient variety for any room.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Giblet Pie.—Procure two sets of goose giblets, clean and scald them; then immerse them in cold water, and drain them on a cloth. Cut the giblets into pieces about two inches long, and put them in a stew-pan with a carrot, an onion stuck with four cloves, a small bunch of parsley, and season with salt and pepper; add a quart of broth, and a glass of sherry, and let them stew gently over a slow fire. When done, drain into a sieve, skim the fat off the broth, put it back into a small stew-pan, thicken it with a little flour, and boil for twenty minutes, stirring it all the time with a wooden spoon. Now cover the bottom of the dish with small pieces of beef, season with mushrooms, parsley, sweet basil, and two shalots, pepper, and salt. Pour half the sauce into the dish, then place the giblets, and add the remainder of the sauce. Cover the pie with puff paste, and bake for an hour and a quarter.

Chicken Salad.—Boil or roast a nice fowl. When cold, cut off all the meat, and chop it a little, but not very small; cut up a large bunch of celery, and mix with the chicken. Boil four eggs hard, mash and mix them with sweet oil, pepper, salt, mustard, and a gill of vinegar. Beat this mixture very thoroughly together, and just before dinner, pour it over the chicken.

Venison Steaks.—Cut them from the neck; season them with pepper and salt. When the gridiron has been well heated over a bed of bright coals, grease the bars, and lay the steaks upon it. Broil them well, turning them once, and taking care to save as much of the gravy as possible. Serve them up with some currant-jelly laid on each steak.

Stewed Rabbits in Milk.—Two very young rabbits, not nearly half grown; one pint and a half of milk, one blade of mace, one dessertspoonful of flour, a little salt and cayenne. Mix the flour very smoothly with four tablespoonfuls of the milk, and when this is well mixed, add the remainder. Cut up the rabbits into joints, put them into a stew-pan, with the milk and other ingredients, and simmer them very gently until quite tender. Stir the contents from time to time, to keep the milk smooth, and prevent it from burning. Half an hour will be sufficient for the cooking of this dish.

DESSERTS.

Creme Frite.—Make a smooth paste with three tablespoonfuls of potato-flour and part of a pint of milk, then gradually add the rest of the milk, two whole eggs, and the yolks of four eggs, with a pat of very fresh butter; put in sugar to taste, and a few drops of essence of almonds. Place the mixture in a sauce-pan on the fire, and never cease stirring until it is quite thick. Then spread it out on a buttered slab to the thickness of half an inch. When quite cold, cut it out in the shape of fritters, egg and bread-crumb them, or dip in batter, fry them a nice color in hot lard, and serve with powdered sugar over them.

Lemon Mince-Meat.—Eight lemons, one pound of loaf-sugar, one pound and a-half of raisins, one pound of suet, juice of three or four lemons, a teacupful of brandy. Peel the lemons, as thickly as possible, without cutting into the pulp; boil the peel in plenty of water till soft, then beat it well with the sugar till it becomes a sweetmeat, then mix the raisins and the suit, well minced, and chopped very fine, with the sweetmeat; add the juice of three or four lemons, or more, according to your taste, and a teacupful of brandy. Mix all well together, and tie it down quite close in pots or in a jar. It will keep a year.

Bread and Butter Pudding.—Cut slices of bread and butter, not too thick; place them in a pie-dish. Pour over a plain custard made as follows: Place a pint of fresh milk to warm with one teaspoonful of sugar in it, and the peel of a lemon; well beat up two eggs, yolks and whites; stir them into the milk, and just before it boils, pour it over the slices, leave it to soak for about an hour, then fill up with fresh milk, and bake twenty minutes in a steady oven. The slices must not more than fill up about half the dish, as the bread should have room enough to swell. Some like grated nutmeg on the top.

A Small Plum-Pudding.—Pour a cup of milk over a pound of fine bread-crumbs, and let them lie half an hour; then beat in four ounces of sugar, half a pound of suet, chopped fine, half a pound of raisins, chopped, and half a teaspoonful of grated lemon-peel. Beat all well up with four eggs, and boil five hours.

SANITARY.

A Cure for Jaundice.—Take two Seville oranges, and pare them very thin; then chop the peel as fine as suet, to which put two quarts of cold water, and simmer them till reduced to a pint and a half. Strain and bottle it. Of this mixture take, for three successive mornings, half a pint, which will perfectly cure the patient.

Excellent Eye-wash.—Three or five grains of alum dissolved in half a pint of water, and applied to the eyes whenever they are weak or inflamed.

Equal parts of laudanum, alcohol, and oil of wormwood make a good liniment for bruises, etc.

For Making Hands Soft.—Mix honey, olive oil, and almond meal. Use when washing, then wear gloves.

Scrofulous and consumptive children are benefited by allowing them all the white sugar they can eat.

Constipation of the bowels may be prevented by drinking a tumblerful of cold water on rising in the morning.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT OF GRAY KERSKYMERE.—The trousers are short, and banded tight at the knee; the blouse having a full-plaited skirt, and belted in; red-worsted stockings, and Tyrolese hat, with red cock's plume.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS.—The petticoat is of brown velveteen, with the flounce laid in deep plaits; the upper-dress is of gray camel's-hair cloth, made in the Gabrielle or princess style; it is quite long and plain in front, and slightly caught up in the back with gimp ornaments; a narrow row of embroidery, in brown and gray, finishes the skirt. Gray felt hat, with brown trimmings.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF OLIVE-GREEN CASHMERE.—The under-skirt has one deep, irregularly-plaited flounce; the upper-skirt is rather long, both back and front, and is trimmed with a worsted fringe. The waist has a coat-shaped basque, trimmed with large buttons; the sleeves are trimmed with fringe and large buttons. Felt hat, trimmed with poppy-colored feathers.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF VIOLET POPLIN.—The skirt is trimmed with four scant, narrow ruffles, put on two to-

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gether, and headed by bias bands of the poplin; deep basque, rounded, both back and front, trimmed with black velvet ribbon, and black and violet fringe; *jabot* of lace at the neck. Black velvet hat, with a long violet plume.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF BIRD'S-EGG BLUE.—The skirt, with two narrow full-plaited flounces; between these is a scant scalloped flounce, bound with a darker shade of the silk; a plain plissis, and standing up, also scalloped, and bound with a darker shade of the silk, heads the upper flounce, and has three pipings of the darker shade put on plain. The upper-skirt has a plain waist, and a short apron front, trimmed with a deep, rounded plaiting, and headed by three pipings of the darker silk; the back of the skirt has no trimming, but it is long and full. Hat of black velvet, trimmed with red and yellow roses.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS.—The petticoat of a peach-colored velvet; the upper-skirt is of poppy-colored silk, slightly looped up; the basque is of velvet, trimmed with black lace, and has a vest of the red silk. Black velvet hat, with poppy-colored and black feathers. Large undressed kid gloves.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF DOVE-COLORED SILK POPLIN.—The under-skirt is made with three ruffles in front, headed by a standing-up ruffle and bias band of poplin, and with seven deeper ruffles at the back, with the hem bound up on the right side, and finished with a piping. The over-skirt is made open in front, and trimmed with a narrow fringe. Close sleeves with a wide cuff. Over the body of this dress is worn a fichu, made of black velvet, or crepe, trimmed with fringe, which crosses in front, and is tied in a large bow, with long ends, which fall on the skirt at the back.

FIG. VIII.—BACK OF THE DRESS, NO. VII., which shows how the over-skirt is finished at the back

GENERAL REMARKS.—At this season of the year, but few changes are made in the style of dress; they only depend on the individual taste of the wearer. We notice, however, that lengthwise trimmings are creeping in; they have yet, by no means, taken the place of flounces and horizontal trimmings, but will probably be much more generally adopted by spring.

The second figure in our steel plate gives an indication of this in the Gabrielle dress, which we think exceedingly stylish; then, too, the old melon puffs are worn. These puffs run the whole length of the front of the dress, covering the front breadth, sometimes the side gores, and are about three inches wide. The back of the dress is sometimes trimmed with ruffles up to the waist, sometimes with a flounce at the bottom, and the ordinary tunic.

LOW DRESSES are seldom worn, except at very large parties. The bodice for more dressy occasions is made slightly open in front, with white tulle or lace trimmings.

SASHES are very much worn, tied at the side in all kinds of fanciful ways; they may be either of the color of the dress, or of some pretty contrasting color.

BUTTONS of oxydized silver, gilt, dark mother-of-pearl, etc., are all much worn in street costume; care should be taken, however, to use the more showy ones sparingly, or they will give a common appearance to the most elegant dress.

BONNETS have undergone no change, except that the strings are now worn a little wider. With the turned up and very much rounded bonnets now in vogue, the fashionable voilette is the long Spanish scarf of black lace. This scarf envelops the hat or bonnet, and is then fastened in front. There is a new style hat, which is daily gaining favor. It is very simple, for a cravat is its only ornamentation. Imagine, for example, round a black velvet hat, a long cravate of pale blue China crepe, twisted, and with one pointed end falling on the hair. A marron felt hat would be trimmed with a pearl-gray foulard cravate, a black felt hat with a red foulard cravate always twisted, with one end hemmed, and falling low.

SPANISH FANS are now used by the ultra-fashionables; but the style is by no means general, as they are rather in the way, and give no more air.

HIGH COMBS, also of the Spanish fashion, are very popular for evening-dress; they are used with bows, puffs, ringlets, etc. The old-fashioned thin braid is usually seen only in mourning wear. The hair is dressed high from the nape of the neck, and rather high and narrow on top.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF BLUE CASIMERE.—The under-skirt is plain, the upper-skirt is made in a Polonaise, trimmed with a narrow silk ruffle, and bows of blue ribbon.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS.—The under-skirt of which is made of gray poplin; over-dress and basque of chestnut-brown poplin, braided in a darker shade of brown. Brown felt hat, trimmed with gray.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SUIT OF BLACK VELVETEEN.—Cap of black velvet.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S DRESS OF PLUM-COLORED POPLIN.—The lower as well as the upper-skirt and basque are all braided in black. Plum-colored felt hat and trimming.

FIG. V.—BOY'S SUIT OF FAWN-COLORED CLOTH.—Over-coat of the same color. Black cloth cap.

OUR EXTENSION SHEET

STANDARD TRIMMINGS.—In the front of the number, we give a handsome extension sheet of the popular standard trimmings, of which we have often spoken. These trimmings can be bought at almost any store, and save a world of trouble to ladies, who, ordinarily, would have to make the trimmings for themselves.

Fig. 1.—Single width of Standard Puffing.

Fig. 2.—Standard Double Puffing, Embroidered.

Fig. 3.—Standard Toilet Ruffle, Embroidered Edge, combination of Puff and Ruffle in one piece.

Fig. 4.—Standard Bias Trimmings, made 1, 1½, 2½, and 3½ inches wide.

Fig. 5.—Standard Embroidered Bias Tuckings.

Figs 6 and 7.—Standard Embroidered Double Tuckings.

Fig. 8.—Standard Medallion Trimming.

Fig. 9.—Standard Cordings, with Excelsior Edgings.

Fig. 10.—Standard Alternate Insertions, Puffing and Bias Tucking combined.

Figs. 11, 12, 13, and 14.—Standard Plaitings, made 1, 1½, 2, 2½ inches wide, Banded and Embroidered.

Figs. 15, 16, and 17.—Standard Plaited Flouncings, from 1 to 10 inches wide.

Fig. 18.—Standard Fluted Flouncings.

Fig. 19.—The Standard Flutings.

Fig. 20.—Standard Plaited Trimmings, Valenciennes Lace edge.

Fig. 21.—Standard Combination Trimmings, in six patterns.

Fig. 22.—Standard Double-edge Plaited Trimmings.

Figs. 23, 24, and 25.—Standard Combination Embroideries.

Fig. 26.—Standard Scalloped Plaited Trimmings, with Lace and Quilling edges.

Fig. 27.—Standard Plissis de Paris, with Lace and Quilling edges.

Fig. 28.—Standard Bias Collarettes, with Lace and Quilling edges.

Figs. 29 and 30.—Standard Fluted Ruffilings.

Figs. 31 and 32.—Standard Box-Plaited Collarettes.

Fig. 33.—Standard Double Box Plaited Collarettes.

The Standard Trimmings are made of Victoria Lawn, Jones' Cambric, Swiss Muslin, and Linen, and are all the fashionable widths.

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Painted by J. Hayllar. Engraved & Printed by Dillman Brothers

"HOW DEN ALL TUM AND THE ME DUMP."

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"TOINETTE." [See the Story.]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

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HOUSE-DRESS. HAT AND BONNET.

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WALKING-DRESS. BONNET AND HAT.

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MOURNING-DRESS. NEW STYLES FOR DRESSING THE HAIR.

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HALF-MOURNING DRESS. NEW STYLES FOR DRESSING THE HAIR.

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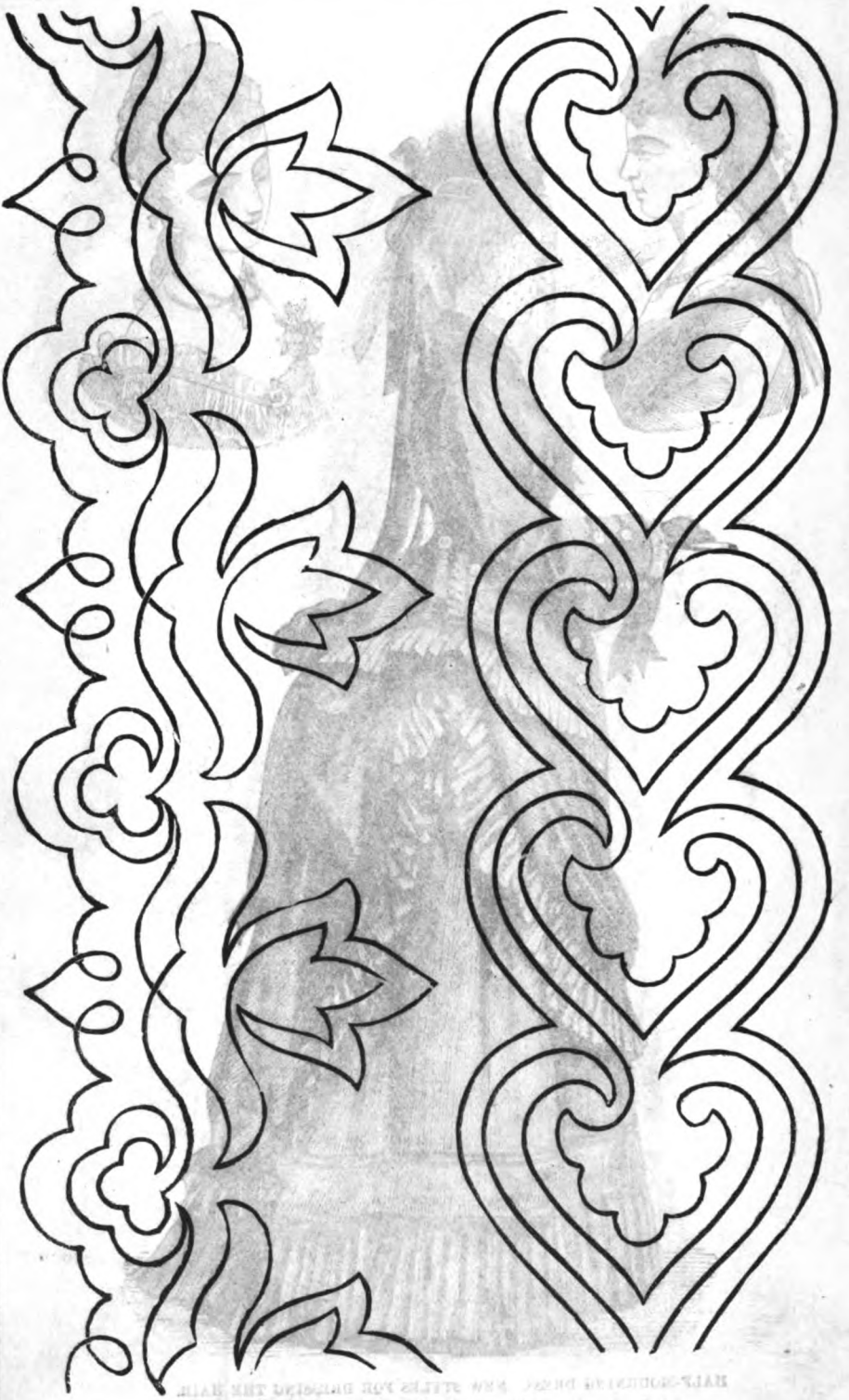

PATTERNS IN BRAIDING.

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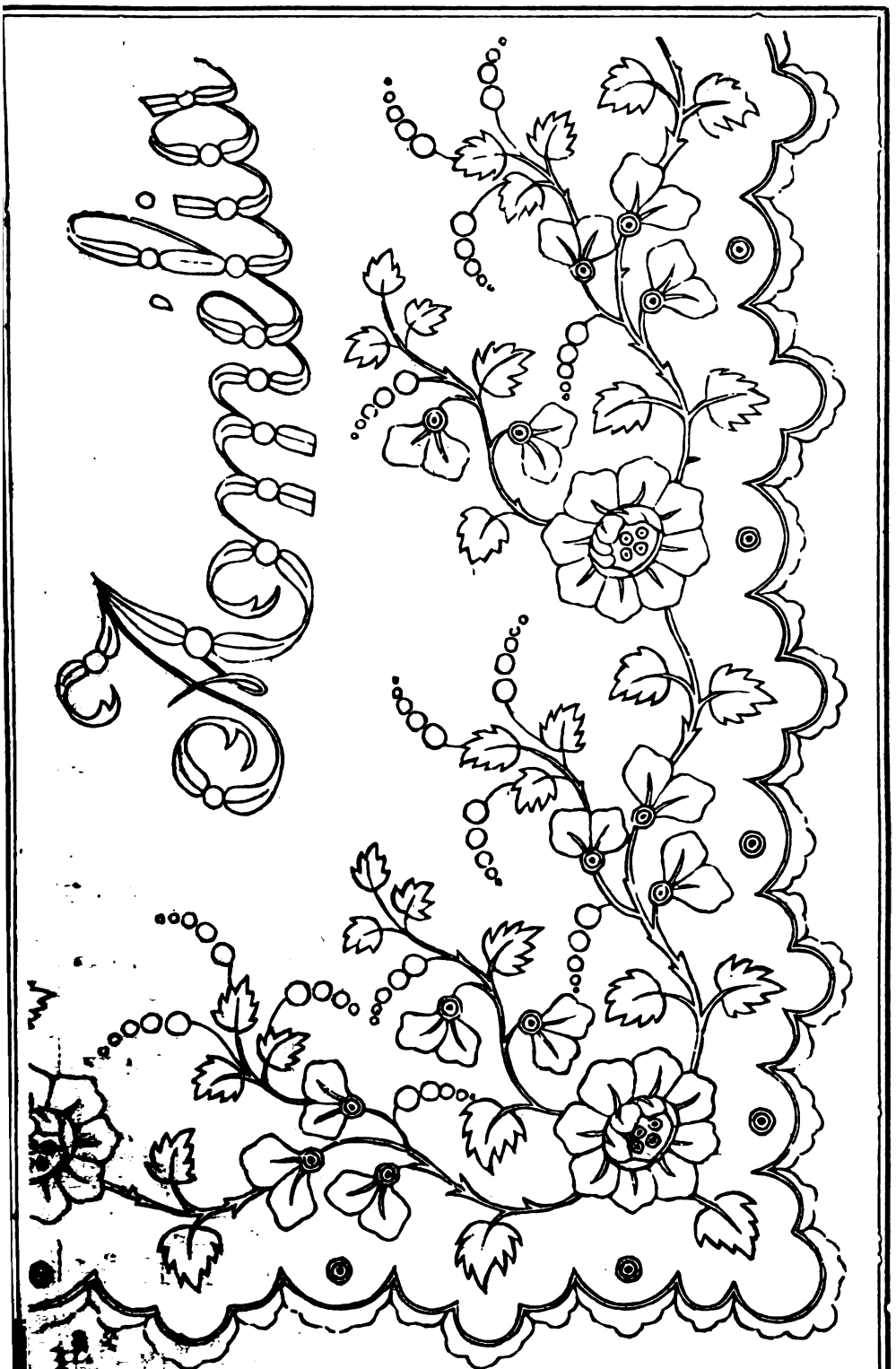

SILK EMBROIDERY FOR CAPE OF BABY'S CLOAK. NAME.

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BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE WALTZ.

Arranged by SEP. WINNER.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1003 *Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia.*

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PIANO.

Fine.

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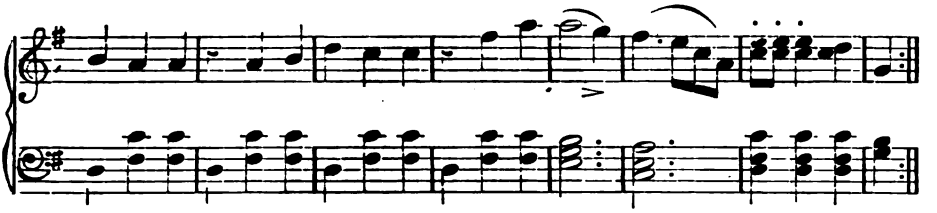

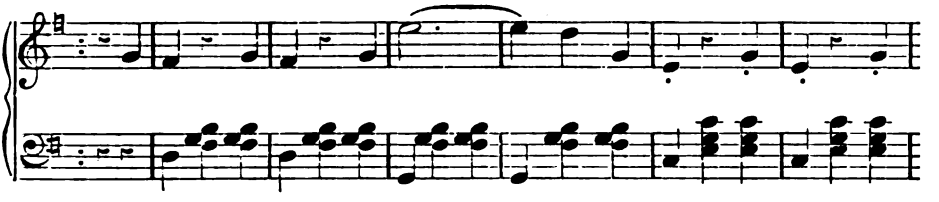

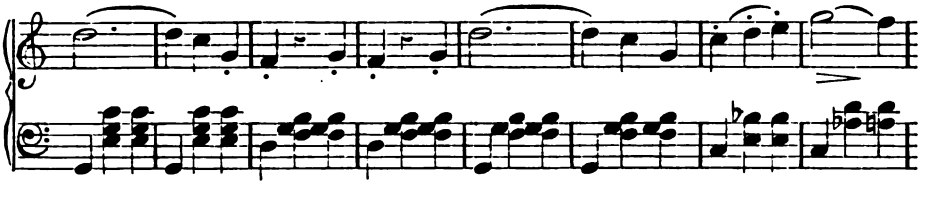

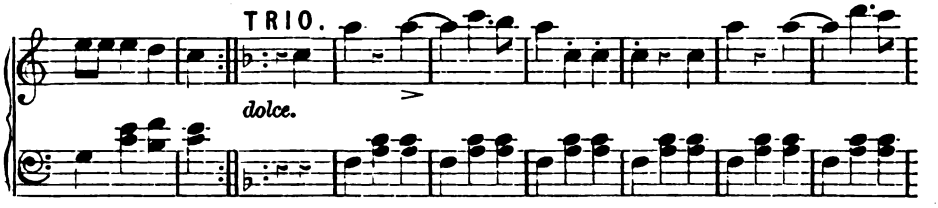

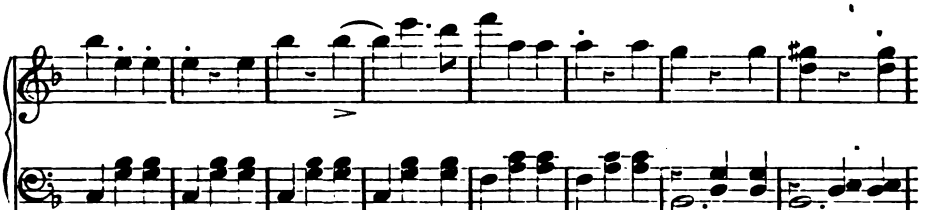

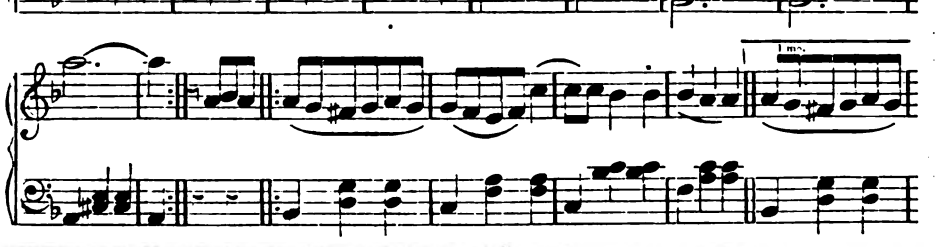

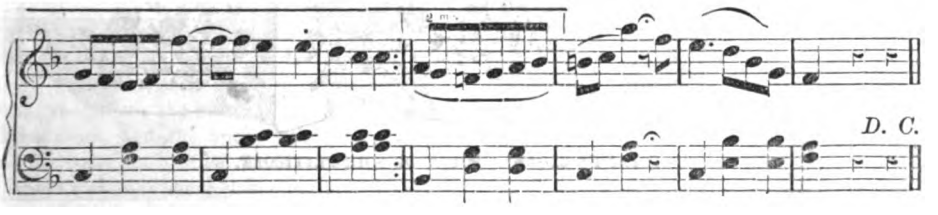

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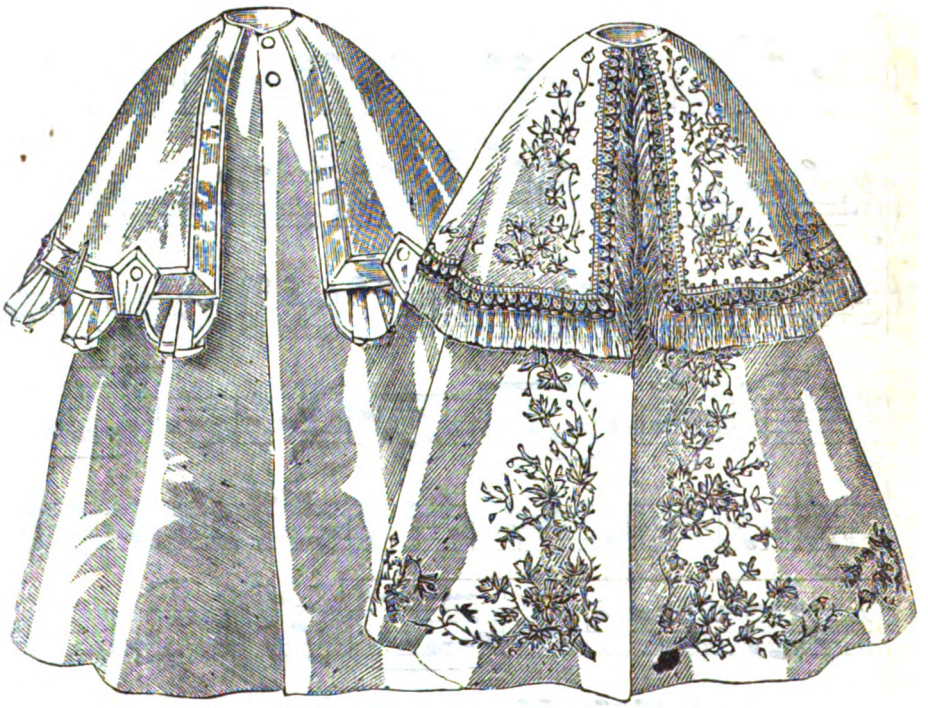

INFANT'S CLOAKS. POULT DE SOIE PETTICOAT.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXIII. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1873. No. 3.

GETTING A COUNTRY PRACTICE.

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

DR. MINTURN.—So read the sign which was hung just below one of the front windows; and as the young practitioner surveyed it, he modestly hoped that it would not draw a great many calls while he was away from home, and wondered if he had not better take it down and leave it until he returned with his bride. He had just graduated, had not yet tried practicing, and was rather sanguine in his ideas upon the subject. He finally decided to let it hang, as it would serve for an advertisement while he was away; and writing on a slip of paper that he would be at home on the eighteenth of the month, which important piece of information he placed beneath his name, he departed on his short journey.

The marriage came off, quietly and inexpensively, at the house of the bride's uncle. Annie had lived with this uncle ever since she was a little orphan child of three years. Now, having been fitted out respectably, in the way of clothing, which, with his large family and limited means was all her uncle could afford to do, she left, with Charlie, for his near home, with many kind wishes and prayers for her happiness.

Dr. Minturn's sole tangible possessions were a horse and buggy, a very few articles of furniture, a pretty good stock of medicines and surgical instruments, and a loving little wife, whom he well-nigh idolized. He had rented a tiny house, in the pretty village of Pineville, and had boldly hung up his sign, although it was directly opposite to that of Dr. Jagger, who supported his with many years of experience, a generous sprinkling of gray hairs, and great pomposity of manners. The unpretending little house, rented by the new doctor, consisted of three rooms, all of which were obliged to do double or treble duty. One was a combination of parlor, sitting-room, and office; the kitchen served also for a dining-room, and the one sleeping apartment was the spare room when company came.

Annie's skillful hands soon transformed their abode into a little Paradise. Roses and other flowering vines were trained over it, shedding their fragrance all around; bright flowers flashed from every available nook; hanging-baskets were fashioned of mosses and creepers; curtains of snowy muslin were suspended from the windows; glasses and shells, filled with buds and blossoms, were liberally distributed around the rooms; and innumerable little inexpensive things, which only a woman's hand can form, filled up the voids, giving an air of refinement, and purity, and comfort to the whole. But people cannot subsist upon pretty knick-knacks; even a plain way of living requires money for its support; and our friends became painfully conscious of this unpleasant fact as the romance of their lives was invaded by the appearance of the empty flour-barrel and butter-plate, and a perverse lack of patients.

Annie would sit in her front window, and watch the patients flock to the house of her opposite neighbor, and wonder why people would persist in rushing blindly on to their ruin, as she felt certain they were doing in thus passing by her husband. Of course, she reasoned, a talented young man, just fresh from the hospitals, must be better posted than one who had been rusticating for so many years in a country town. She had heard that a wife had much influence in establishing a practice, and she resolved that if her husband lacked business, it should not be owing to any dereliction of duty on her part. She gathered all the children of the neighborhood about her, and amused them by the hour with stories; she dressed dolls for the little girls, and played horse with the boys. She received all calls with the utmost affability, returned them promptly, and was sociable with the most stupid and tiresome, as well as with the most eligible inhabitants of the town. Pineville was a place of considerable gayety, and the new comers, on principle, responded to all

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their invitations to parties and tea-drinkings, molasses-candy frolics, quiltings, and sewing-societies. They threw open their own small house in return, and entertained pleasantly and freely, putting themselves on a diet of potatoes and salt for days afterward to make up for the extra outlay. People visited them, liked them, and made much of them, but, in a business way, ignored them. Her best friends seemed to forget, in times of sickness, that Annie had a husband, and persistently sent for their old physician.

When our friends came in contact with Dr. Jagger, the latter always shook hands in a pompous manner, smiled with an air of satisfaction, which seemed to say, "you are not in the least in my way, and are quite welcome to remain here if you wish," and blandly inquired how they liked "our little town." When others inquired his opinion of the new doctor, he would stroke his own gray beard affectionately, and reply, "Oh, a clever boy enough! A very clever boy, but needs experience." This style of eulogy was not exactly calculated to throw patients in the way of the new candidate, who, penniless and half discouraged, was awaiting calls.

It is true that, owing to the fact that Dr. Jagger was sometimes away, and was too tired to ride when wanted, our friend found some few opportunities for airing his medical knowledge; but the generality of his patients were either very poor pay, or no pay at all, as his opponent showed remarkable energy for being on hand for people of importance. Humanity, however, cannot always be ubiquitous, and the time came when Dr. Jagger was wanted for one of his wealthiest patients, and he was away from home. The occasion was urgent, and Dr. Minturn was called. It was a case of fever, which the older physician had been attending, and he had pronounced his patient fully convalescent. A relapse, however, accompanied with unexpected symptoms, had alarmed her friends, and they had speedily gathered around her from far and near.

When Dr. Minturn first entered the sick room he started, supposing, for a moment, that the lady must have died since the messenger left home, and that they were now holding her funeral. Arranged in a neat row around the walls seemed to be all the old men and women of the neighborhood, with their hands folded and their faces drawn up into solemn knots, ready to do duty, as mourners, at a moment's warning. Occasionally, one old woman at a time would tip-toe softly to the bedside of the invalid, clasp her hands, roll up her eyes, and return noiselessly to her seat, perhaps remarking, in an audible whisper, to her next neighbor, "Poor thing! she seems to be sinking!" or some other equally cheering bit of news. In one corner of the room were seated two little boys, trying to look demure and sad, with their feet dangling in the air. Finally, one of them slipped down, and proceeded to pet a cat, which seemed to be imbued with the general feeling of silence pervading the apartment. But he was immediately called to order by a rigid female, who had mounted guard over him. "George Washington!" was shrieked in a harsh whisper, "come right back here to your seat! Ar'n't you ashamed to be playing when your aunt Sallie is almost dying! See how much better Thomas Jefferson behaves."

Thus admonished, the young culprit returned to his seat beside his twin brother, feeling that in some way, which he did not exactly understand, he had been instrumental in killing his aunt.

"Do you think she will be likely to last long?" was whispered in the doctor's ears.

"Not at this rate," he replied aloud, advancing to the bedside of the patient. He felt the pulse, and remarked, "It is high, but it is owing more to unnecessary excitement than to fever. This room is too warm and close; she must be moved."

"Oh, doctor! it will kill her!" was whispered by one who seemed to be commander-in-chief.

"Did you send for me to prescribe for this patient?" demanded the doctor.

"Yes."

"Then I expect to have my orders obeyed. What have you here?" and he opened a door leading into an adjoining room. It proved to be a parlor: one of those dreary, unused parlors one so frequently finds in the country, which are seldom opened except for funerals; it is probable that this one would very soon have been required for this purpose had it not been for our friend's decision. "This will do," remarked the doctor, authoritatively. "Open the windows to air the room, and put up a bedstead as quickly as possible, we will move her at once. This close room, with so many to breathe the air, and all this whispering, is enough to kill a well person."

There was an air of command in Dr. Minturn's manner which enforced obedience, and mechanically the men and women, who had seemed almost like mummies, proceeded to execute his orders. The sick woman was soon moved, and quickly began to revive under the influence of the fresh, cool air. Her numerous attendants, having nothing further to do, proceeded to

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arrange themselves against the walls of this room.

"I cannot allow this," said the doctor. "You will undo all that I have done. But one person at a time must stay in the room with her. I wish her to have pure air to breathe; and there is to be no whispering here; if you have anything to say, say it in an ordinary tone."

And he held the door open in such a decided way, that all but the commander-in-chief passed through.

"Boys, you had better go out to play," he remarked, as George Washington and Thomas Jefferson were bunglingly trying to walk on tip-toe.

They needed no second admonition, but were soon rolling on the grass, and our friend was thenceforth enshrined in their hearts as "a bully doctor."

The recovery of this patient was rapid, and Dr. Minturn, in consequence, won some reputation as a skillful practitioner. His prompt, decided manner had gained for him the respect of those who had been made to yield to his power, and the result was some little practice. Finally, another patient fell into his hands, which proved to be of the utmost value to him.

Miss Dickford had been confined to her bed for many years, and her case had already baffled the skill of twelve physicians. It had been her custom to send for every new one who came into the neighborhood, and each one in turn had doctored her for pretty much every disease that human flesh is heir to, but in vain; she was still burdened with every imaginable pain and ache, and was unable to turn without assistance. Assistance, however, she always had in liberal quantities, as it was well known that she was possessed of a large fortune, and it seems to be human nature to sympathize most deeply with those who are thus situated. She had heard of Dr. Minturn's skill in the case just cited, and therefore sent for him. He had also heard of her, and had made up his mind that a diseased imagination was the sole cause of her illness.

A drive of a few miles brought Dr. Minturn to the residence of his new patient. After he had carefully felt of her pulse, examined her tongue, and made a few inquiries, she languidly opened her eyes, and asked, in a suppressed whisper, as though she were almost afraid of disturbing her own departing spirit,

"Do you think there is any hope for me, doctor?"

"Hope for you? Yes, to be sure I do. I will have you out in two weeks, if you will only follow my directions faithfully. I saw several such cases in the hospitals. All that is required is a physician who understands your disease, and, on your part, perfect obedience to his orders."

A faint smile flitted across the countenance of the invalid, and she found the strength to shake her head slightly. "Oh, no, doctor! you do not know how sick I am; if you have me out in two years, you will go beyond my most sanguine expectations."

"Very well, ma'am," said her visitor, rising.

"Why, doctor," she asked, in alarm, "are you not going to do anything for me?"

"No; there is no use in attempting the case unless I can have strict obedience; and I see that you are not disposed to give it."

"I will promise to do whatever you say; pray do not leave me, for I was really in hope that you might give me some relief."

"My relief will be a perfect cure; but, in order to effect this, you must not vary one iota from my instructions."

Faithful acquiescence in all his orders was solemnly promised. And the patient, thoroughly aroused and excited by so much earnestness, and such perfect certainty on the part of her companion, watched his movements with the utmost interest.

Taking from his package of medicines a small bundle of pulverized carbonate of magnesia, colored with tincture of cochineal, which he had prepared expressly for this occasion before leaving home, he proceeded to measure it very carefully on the point of his knife-blade, and make it up into tiny powders.

Miss Dickford's eyes dilated as she watched him, and she forgot to talk in a whisper.

"What a beautiful color!" she exclaimed. "I never saw any medicine like that before."

"No, of course you never did; it is something entirely new, and probably has never been heard of by the doctors of this neighborhood. You know I have just come from the city hospitals; there are constant improvements going on in our profession." And holding his knife-blade, which contained some of the powder, critically before his eyes, he carefully removed an atom or two before doing it up in bits of paper.

When he had finished, he counted his powders twice, and then seemed to be buried in a brown study, from which he had finally emerged with the remark,

"I don't know whether it will be quite safe to leave these with you."

"Why?"

"Because they will have a very powerful effect, and it is absolutely necessary that my instructions should be followed to the letter."

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"But I will promise faithfully to follow them. I will not vary one iota," said the excited woman.

The doctor laid down the powders, saying,

"Let me see your watch."

The time-piece was handed to him, and he compared it with his own.

"Yes, it is right; you may time yourself by this. Take a powder now, and in just three hours and a half, (three and a quarter will not answer,) you may take another. Continue to take them at intervals of three hours and a half through the day, until six in the evening; after that, if it is only a minute after, you must not touch them until six o'clock in the morning; then begin again, on the very minute, and continue them through the day, as before. The effect of these powders will be quick and wonderful, if the rules are strictly adhered to, but if not, I will not be responsible for their effects. By to-morrow you will feel like sitting up, but there again I must caution you; if you exert your newly acquired strength too soon, you will lose it. Lie still until the day after to-morrow; then you may allow yourself to be propped up with pillows, and sit up in bed as long as you like; but you must not leave the bed until I see you again. I will call day after to-morrow. I have given you powders enough to last until then."

"But, doctor," said the lady, hesitatingly, "if I do not feel even like sitting up in bed?"

"You will feel like it," was the reply, in a decided tone. "I know the power of my medicine. The trouble will be to keep you from going farther." And the doctor went home, having already effected half of the cure.

In two days he called again, and found his patient sitting up in bed, her eyes bent attentively upon her watch, which she held in her hand, waiting for a half minute to expire before she could take her medicine.

"This is just as it should be," said the doctor, in a cheerful voice. "I see, by your improvement, that you have kept your promise."

Miss Dickford swallowed her powder, and looked up at her visitor.

"Now you feel restless and tired of the bed, and would like to make another move," said the doctor, in a confident tone.

"Yes—may I?"

"Not to-day," was the decided reply. "I will call again to-morrow, and if you continue to improve so rapidly, which you certainly will if you follow my orders strictly, you may occupy a rocking-chair."

By the next day Miss Dickford was ready to move on.

"Your medicine is really wonderful, doctor," said she. "Just think how many years I have lain there, unable to raise my head, and now you are curing me so quickly?"

"I knew there would be no difficulty if I could have my orders obeyed," was the reply.

The next step in her recovery was walking. This had to be undertaken very cautiously, for she had been out of practice so long that she had entirely forgotten how, and the lesson of her babyhood had to be taught her over again. It was all accomplished, however, in good time; and at the end of two weeks she had thrown aside crutches, and all other assistance, and was walking with as steady a step as any one.

Miss Dickford could not say enough in praise of the new doctor. His wonderful cure was looked upon by the whole community very much in the light of a miracle. Patients poured in upon him constantly.

The little unpretending house of three rooms became a formidable opposition to the imposing mansion on the other side of the street. Dr. Jagger continued to shake hands with the same bland smile; and he congratulated the young man upon his success, while he unwillingly admitted to himself that this "clever boy" was a rival to be feared. Finally, he called upon his young brother in the profession, and proposed a partnership upon equal terms, to which our friend acceeded.

It was not many years before the house of three rooms, which Dr. Minturn had, in the meantime, purchased, became a wing to the larger edifice which arose beside it. Annie always laughingly declared that this was built upon a foundation of cochineal and magnesia.

MEMORY.

BY MRS. PIDSLEY.

It may be but a word—
Perchance, a faded flower;
And Memory returns
With all its thrilling power.

It may be but a dream
Of mingled joy and pain;
And in a fleeting hour
We live our lives again.

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TOINETTE.

BY FANNY HODGSON.

I LEANED a little out of the window, so that, looking down, I could see Toinette's black braids bent over the bed of hyacinths below, and so that I could breathe in the sunshine and the fragrance of the hyacinths both at once. All the world seemed full of sunshine, and, just at that minute, it seemed to me that all the world must be full of hyacinths too. Every tiny, spring zephyr brought me a great, soft puff of hyacinth breath, which I caught at, and inhaled with all my poor invalid strength. There was a cluster of creamy, yellow ones, resting against Toinette's thick, black braids; there was another cluster fastened on her black dress at the throat. How sweet they were! What a rare fragrance they exhaled! How delicious it was to be there in the sunshine, growing faintly warm, and curiously ecstatic over Toinette, and the hyacinths, and the humming bees.

"Toinette!" I said. "Toinette!"

(Toinette had been her little French mother's abbreviation of Antoinette.)

She lifted her face, with an attempt at a smile; but I saw, in a minute, that it was only an attempt at one, for that handsome tell-tale forehead of hers was far from straight; she must have been frowning over her hyacinths, for there were little, black, straight lines on it yet.

"Well?" she said.

"I was just thinking," said I, "that, perhaps, you had better go and change your dress, as Mr. Thorndyke is coming."

"Is he coming?" she said, examining her flowers more closely.

"Father says so. It is something about a picture, of course: something he wants father to copy. Don't you think you might change your dress, Toinette?"

"No, I don't think so," without looking up.

I hesitated a moment, and then ventured to speak again.

"That alpaca is rather rusty, Toinette," suggestively.

She got up, and began to brush it with her hand, her lips set a trifle, and the little, straight, black marks deepening on her forehead.

"I know it is rusty," she said. "It ought to be, considering all things. But it is nothing new to us to be rusty, and Mr. Thorndyke may as well get used to it, first as last. Besides, what is it to him, whether I am ill-dressed or not?"

I said nothing more, of course, but subsided on to my cushions again, watching her with a sort of wistful feeling at my heart, while she went on with her work. I really think it would be a difficult matter for me to explain exactly how it was, that I always felt inclined to pity Toinette. She was handsome, she was strong, she was self-reliant, almost extraordinarily so; and yet I, her invalid, old-maid step-sister felt instinctively that life was less bitter to me than it was to her. I could not help knowing that there were times when she half resented her beauty, as if it had been an extra humiliation. She stood far apart from other girls in so many things. If we had been rich and fortunate, she would have ruled her world with a high, ungirlish power, but as we were poor and unfortunate, even touched with a weary shadow of a commonplace disgrace, her very beauty and strength added a sting to her share of it. The open, common admiration of not too fastidious persons angered her fiercely; she scorned it, and set it aside, perhaps, too bitterly; she would not bear it. There were only we two women, besides one, poor old father. Let me speak gently of him! He loved us, in his way; but his long strife after the unattainable had filled his mind too completely with other thoughts and plans, to allow of his thinking much of his children. There are men sent into the world full of aims, full of vague, restless intents, full of dreams and hopes of a great ending to a narrow, weary life—hopes that are, nevertheless, certain never to be realized. Our father was such a man. There had never been a time when we, Toinette and I, did not know of some great, unfinished picture, standing in the studio, which was to bring fame and wealth, or of some wondrous, dreamy project, which was to work a magic change upon our fortune. In the meantime, it had been the old story—poverty, humiliation, and neglect. We grew from children to womanhood in the midst of it. And then there was the other shadow! The time when the studio was deserted, and all work laid aside to allow of indulgence in a weakness that was but a fresh torture to us: the nights when we sat in the little parlor together, Toinette with the straight, black lines on her fore-

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head, listening, listening for the unsteady step, whose very sound was humiliation and misery. We had felt this, too, from childhood to womanhood; so what wonder is there that the stronger and more impassioned nature of the two was warped a little, and rebelled, sometimes, against a fate that was, at best, a puzzle!

Perhaps the greatest pleasure we had in the world lay in the hyacinths and their companions. It was a queer, lonely life we led, upon the whole. The very house we lived in had been chosen by our father for no other merit than its position upon the summit of a slope, that overlooked miles of the surrounding country. It had no other attraction, certainly; it was not convenient; it was not sightly; but Toinette and I forgot that, when we saw the rambling, old-fashioned garden, run over with a very waste of summer's bounty, with fruit-trees, tangled vines, and heavy-blossomed roses. We could never make it trim and artistic, like other people's gardens; but, at least, we need never stint ourselves of perfume and beauty. There were flowers enough, and to spare; Toinette lived among them in the summer. From the time that the first white and purple violets awakened, among the bramble roses, and at the tree-roots, I used to fancy that she was happier and more forgetful of her impatience against the world. She used to work among them in a silent way; but her dark eyes were always at rest at such times, and her touch of them was so lingering and light, that it was fairly tender, in a subtle, sympathetic fashion. I always recognize true lovers of flowers, by their manner of touching them.

There was nothing of romance in our lonely lives. Each to-morrow was the prototype of to-day. We had no acquaintances, apart from such passing ones as we formed among our father's occasional patrons; and these, certainly, had no great interest in us. I think we were scarcely popular, upon the whole; pride and poverty held us aloof from the world, as it were. And for my part of such an existence, I was satisfied that it should be so; but I could not resist longing secretly for better things for Toinette. My youth was past; I was never well at my best. I had never been a beauty, even years ago; but Toinette, my handsome Toinette, with her almost regal manner, and her impassioned heart, so long held back within itself, how could I help lingering over my whimsical, old-maid dream, as I lay on my couch, on such mornings as this one was, when I watched her lithe, black-robed figure bending over the hyacinths. I wished I could have persuaded her to change her dress, just this once. I wanted her to look her best in Hermann Thorndyke's eyes, though, at the time, I scarcely confessed to myself why I was so desirous that she should. I liked him, and had my own quiet fancies concerning his perfections, physical and mental. He was one of my ideals, a self-contained, cultured, thorough-bred man; and I feel no shame in owning it now. In my heart of hearts, I wished that the time might come, some day, when he would care for Toinette, and Toinette should care for him. But my trouble was, that Toinette showed him even less favor than she showed to others. When he came to the house, on business, she was invariably silent, and held herself aloof, so that he could not have been attentive to her if he had felt so inclined.

"People of his class," she would say to me, "do not care for us; and why should we care for them? Have they not proved that they do not care for us, Janet? Do they ever come to the house, unless it is on business? It is not their fault, neither is it ours; it is simply that we have nothing in common. They may like us well enough, and we may like them; but their way is not our way. We are wise enough, and old enough, to know that."

She was still at work in the garden, and I was still lying, watching her through the window, when Hermann Thorndyke came in, with our father. They had been together in the studio, for some time, and having ended their talk, had come to get a breath of the flowers, as it seemed from father's first words.

"Mr. Thorndyke has been admiring your garden, Toinette," he said, speaking through the open window. "Couldn't you give him a little bouquet?"

He was in one of his queer, abstracted moods, this morning, I saw, and scarcely knew what he said; for he stood, gazing, in an unsteady, dreamy way, at Toinette, as he spoke.

Toinette stood upright at once, like some Eastern queen, despite her rusty, black alpaca.

"Certainly," she answered, and began to gather hyacinths, crocuses, and violets, without another word.

When she had arranged them, she came to the window again to hand them to me; and when she did so, her face being upturned, seemed to catch my father's eye, all at once, and rouse him from his reverie.

"Oh, yes, to be sure!" he said, abstractedly. "That would do. Toinette could sit to you, Thorndyke. Yes, Toinette's face is the very thing. Strange, I did not think of it before."

It was one of his peculiarities, this absent-minded—ignoring of our feelings and inclina-

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tions. He often humiliated us unconsciously by it; and Toinette, I knew, always found it harder to bear than I did; but she always bore it silently.

Just now the dark, red color showed itself, tremulously, on her cheek, and then died away. Hermann Thorndyke looked at once surprised and mortified. His eyes met hers with an actual apology in their expression.

"I would not think of preferring such a request," he said, hurriedly, yet coldly. "Thanks for the flowers, a thousand times. This is my ideal of spring-time bliss, Miss Janet—sunshine, hyacinths, idleness, and bees."

He seated himself by my sofa, and continued talking to me. He always talked more to me than he did to Toinette. It seemed to me that, while he admired her, he was under some constraint in his intercourse with her. But I knew that he admired her—his quiet, handsome face held so much of silent, unconsciously-revealed approval of her beauty. His eyes were wandering off to her, as she bent over her work, even while he conversed with me, and his idle pleasure in the picture she made was plain enough.

It was a charming picture, too! The luxuriant, rambling, old garden; the long, swaying grass, on which the sunlight streamed, with here and there the shadow of a gnarled fruit-tree or a bramble; the quaint parterres of flowers; and last, but not least, Toinette's tall, straight figure, in the long, black dress, the lemon-colored hyacinths nestling in the hollow of her graceful throat, and in her black braids.

Hermann Thorndyke watched her so long, that at last his thoughts framed themselves into words, and were uttered aloud, almost as if unconsciously to himself.

"I wonder," he said, reflectively, "how it is that I cannot make friends with her?"

"With whom?" I asked, though I knew he meant Toinette.

He laughed faintly, recognizing the fact that he had spoken aloud.

"I believe I referred to your step-sister," he answered.

"Toinette," I said. "You must not wonder at her reserve, if you wish to make friends with her. She is always reticent. It takes time to understand her. We have so few friends, you know, that we have not learned yet to wear our hearts upon our sleeves. And Toinette is not even like me. Her mother's father was a gloomy noble of the old *regime;* and, perhaps, we may thank her proud, French blood for making her a trifle more womanly than most girls of her age, just as we may thank it for her black hair and dense eyes."

"We may thank it for the hair and eyes," he commented, quietly. "They are worthy of thanks."

Ah! I knew I was not wrong when I thought that he admired her. But how could he have helped it if he had tried.

I was foolish enough to be quite happy over his words, when he was gone. Remember, I was a weak, old-maid invalid, whose life had never before been rendered fragrant, by even the most forlorn aroma of by-gone romance. All my dreams were Toinette's; all my hopes were for her; all my imaginings centered themselves upon the bright future which was to be hers.

Such a bright future opened itself up before me. Such tender fancies of what my darling's happiness might be, if fate dealt with her kindly at last.

And that very evening, an incident occurred, which made me more foolishly joyful than ever.

We were sitting together, at our work, when there came a summons at the door, and Toinette, going to reply to it herself, found a man standing upon the steps, with an armful of choice plants, which he said a gentleman had ordered him to bring to the house.

"They cannot be for us," said Toinette.

I called her back, and made her bring them into the room. I guessed, all at once, where they came from; and there, sure enough, was the name, written upon a narrow card, attached to a lovely cape jessamine, "With the sincere regards of Hermann Thorndyke."

It really tried my patience a little, to see how utterly unmoved Toinette appeared, when I showed it to her. Of course, she admired the flowers; but she was so self-contained and unenthusiastic about them, and altogether so inexplicable, that I could not help speaking to her.

"You don't look as if you were glad, Toinette," I said. "You look as if you cared nothing about the flowers."

"Do I?" she asked, quite gravely.

"Wasn't it very kind?" I persisted. "I don't know what to make of you, Toinette. Don't you think it was very kind in him to think of us?"

"Yes, it was very kind," she answered, and that was all I could make her say.

But silent as she was, her face wore its rested look, as she moved about, arranging the plants; and I knew that she was something happier, through the simple pleasure of touching and communing with them.

That night we waited in vain for our father's incoming at tea-time. The meal was prepared,

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and put upon the table, and Toinette sat down to her work, applying herself to it steadily for nearly an hour, at the end of which time she rose and laid it aside.

We were so used to such absences, and understood them so well, that we rarely made any comment upon them: so I said nothing, when she went to the table, and began to busy herself about it. But when we had ended our repast, and made all the necessary preparations for the night, and then had waited again without any result, I began to feel half anxious. He seldom remained out very late; but this night we listened for his footsteps in vain, until nearly midnight, and at last my uneasiness found vent in words.

"It is very late, Toinette," I said, hesitatingly.

She had been sitting upon the hearth-rug, resting her head against the cushion of my lounge, for some time, in silence, her black eyes watching the fire, and when I spoke she started.

"What did you say, Janet?" she asked.

"That it was very late," was my reply. "Look at the clock."

She looked, and just as she raised her eyes to the mantle, on which it stood, the clock began to strike, and struck twelve.

She got up at once, and taking up a shawl, threw it over her head and shoulders.

"Oh, no, Toinette," I said. "It won't do, darling. You might not find him; it is so late. I cannot bear to think of your being out alone, at such an hour."

She stooped down, suddenly, and kissed me, in a way that surprised me. She was not often demonstrative, and just at that moment, her manner was absolutely impassioned.

"You are always caring for me," she said. "Oh Janey, Janey!" and she rested her beautiful, dark cheek against mine for a minute.

Before she lifted it up again, the door-bell rang, and roused us both. The little servant, who helped us in our work, had gone to bed, so Toinette went out, leaving the sitting-room door wide open, that I might see her, and also that the light might stream across a narrow lobby.

I could see her quite plainly, as she stood, holding the handle of the door. In a minute more, I saw, too, that the figure, on the step before her, was a familiar one. It was Hermann Thorndyke, again. I think she must have shrunk, with a sharp sense of humiliation, from the sight that presented itself to her—the sight of the tottering, debased, gray-haired form he was supporting. Even from my sofa I was sure I saw her start.

I could not hear every word; but I knew he was explaining how it had come about. He had found his charge alone and incapable of guiding himself, he said, and so had thought it best to accompany him home. He spoke hurriedly, and in as few words as could possibly be used, in making his errand clear; but his delicate conciseness had its own kindly, regardful meaning. Toinette held the door a little wider open.

"Come in," she said, in a strange, dropped voice, that was quite new to me.

She did not talk at all, while he remained with us; but when he was gone, and I turned toward her, I saw that she stood, holding the mantle with one hand, and resting her burning cheek upon it. There was a curious, deep reflection in her eyes, which surely augured something.

From that night I date the growth of her love for Hermann Thorndyke, though it was long before anything of feeling revealed itself. I am sure that, from that night, she began to change; to veer round slowly to the great turning point, at which all women arrive at one time or another in their lives, however quiet and unromantic their existence may be. I cannot believe that any one woman's life ever ripens, and fades, and dies out of earth, without some touch of earth's greatest pain and rarest joy.

During that summer, Hermann Thorndyke gradually became so frequent a visitor, that he was almost a member of the household. We had never found such a friend before, and surely we have never found such an one since. His kindliness, his generosity, his delicate faithfulness to our interest, drew us nearer to him, day by day. He was never effusive, never prone to any demonstration of feeling; he was simply the best friend we had, and the most thoroughly cultivated man we knew. How tender and thoughtful he was, in a manly way, toward myself, I can never forget; how honest and gentle his manner toward Toinette was, I can never describe! And in the end, the change in my darling's life began to reveal itself in a hundred ways. She was brighter, and less silent, though even in the happiest days of that brief season of happiness, which was surely the fairest she had ever known, she was never talkative, as girls generally are. But the little lines were smoothed out from between her brows, her voice caught a novel tone, and the restful look was oftener in her eyes. The time came when she held herself aloof no longer, and the weary burden, she had found so heavy, seemed to grow lighter. It was lighter for both of us, for, in some way, our friend exercised a controlling influence even over our

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father, and held him more closely in the path of strength and honor.

It was at this time, also, that there came to Toinette the hopes of better fortune. Legal letters from Normandy brought her news of the death of a relative of her mother's, whose estate was to descend to her in default of male heirs. And here Herman Thorndyke helped us. He took the matter into his hands, and managed it with a skill and clear-headedness that were remarkable. He spared no trouble, in investigating the matter, working industriously for us through the half-dozen, petty law-suits that arose among the distant relations.

The evening that he brought us news of the decision in our favor, Toinette and I were sitting among the roses together, where my invalid chair had been drawn, and it was by the sudden darkening of the pomegranite red on my darling's cheek, that I first became conscious of his approach.

He came forward, down the walk, under the laburnums, with an elastic step and a cheerful face.

"I have good news for you," he said. "Miss Janet, I think I shall congratulate you first, because I knew you will enjoy it the most. Your sister has defeated the less lucky Aubignys, and has won her fortune at last."

For a minute, Toinette did not utter a word. She sat on her low seat near me, her hands clasped loosely about her knee, and her eyes resting dreamily on the grass at her feet; but the color was fluttering on her skin, and there had fallen upon her face such a sudden expression of intense happiness as was fairly electric.

Hermann Thorndyke saw it, and smiled, glancing at me.

"She forgets us," he said, lightly, "this fair Aubigny."

Then she gave a little start, and looked up, smiling at his jesting speech, but not having quite lost the glow in her eyes.

"Then I forget my best and truest friends," she said; and she rose and went to him, and gave him both beautiful hands.

Ah! that happy evening so wretchedly ended! We sat in the shade, among the perfume-breathing roses, until the sunset, and as we sat we talked of Toinette's future. It seemed necessary that she should take possession of her property at once, and our father had not objected to accompanying us, so we laid plans innumerable. I was, for my part, full of hope. My old dreams rose in renewed strength, tinged with a brighter glow of color. Toinette must be happy; life would lie smooth before her; there need be no more silent bearing of proud, bitter trouble. Am I to be blamed for clinging so to my fanciful longings? All that I might have been, Toinette was; all that nature might have endowed me with, she had lavished upon Toinette. It was the perfection of my own sad, distorted growth and womanhood, to which I clang, for which I hoped, of which I dreamed.

I scarcely recollect exactly how it was that the revelation of that night came to me. I remember that Toinette had never been so beautiful in my eyes, as she looked, sitting in the shade, the glow of red roses forming a back ground to her dark-robed figure; and I knew that our visitor was as full of admiration for her as I was myself. But, as I have before said, he was never demonstrative in the least; indeed, I had sometimes been weak enough to feel a trifle impatient at his calm fashion of praising Toinette to me, as gravely as if he were not a man like the rest of humanity. Still my impatience had never lasted long. I always ended by praising him for the fine-grained clearness of sight, that made him understand her so well. How I have blamed myself since, for my blindness of belief in what my own womanhood should have taught me to distrust! How much I might have shielded my dear one from, if I had only been more worldly-wise, and seen at once, as other women would have done, that men who love are not so governed by reason. If I had only been wiser, I might have spared her the blow that fell upon her, at the close of that sunny, summer's day. As it was, she was sitting, full in his sight, when he told us what neither of us had guessed at, even in the lapse of all the months that had gone before. But it was not he who was to blame.

"And now," he began, in a little pause that followed some words of mine. "And now I have a plan to reveal also—a pleasant sort of request to make, which I should have made before, but that I felt I had not quite claim enough on your interest in my personal affairs. Miss Janet, I want to bring a visitor to you. May I?"

He looked up with a frank, grave smile.

"A visitor?" I said. "A friend of yours? You know you may."

He was leaning, in a careless attitude, against the back of his seat, and, when I glanced at him, something in the expression of his eyes struck me as singular, something half absent, half tender, in a happy way. He was looking far out, beyond the roses, and seemed almost to forget himself, for a moment.

"A friend," he said, softly. "Aye, a friend, indeed. The dearest friend a man wins in his

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lifetime—the woman who loves him, and has given her fair life into his hand."

I turned toward him sharply. I knew the glance was a sharp one, for the words were so fierce a shock to me, that I could not control myself. For an instant, I had not a word under my command; I dared not speak.

"Who loves him?" I said at last, so bewildered that my voice was quite low.

"Who loves him, and whom he loves," he answered. "She will be my wife, before your roses die; and she has asked me to intercede with you for her. I have talked to her of my friends, until she wants to share them with me. I promised that she should, when all this business was brought to an end. Will you give her a welcome, Miss Janet?"

"You may be sure that she will," spoke in Toinette's voice, clear, steadfast, and even-toned. "You may be sure that we both will. Bring her to us, Mr. Thorndyke, to-morrow."

Then the spell upon me was broken. I found words, at last, and uttered them, conscious all the time of a strange, dull pain at my heart, which was only rendered heavier by a glance at my darling's face. Something had slipped away from that face, all at once, and left it like the face of a woman who has outlived all but life itself. Or this was my fancy, when I met her quiet eyes. No one else would have noted any change; but I did. She was neither sad, nor silent; she listened, without losing a tinge of color, while he told us the story of his love for the young creature who was so near and dear to him. He had known and loved her, all her life, from her very childhood, when chance had thrown her into his path, an innocent, untried child, who had twined herself about his very soul, as she grew to womanhood. He spoke of her so gently, and with so serene a faith in the fairness of their future. Her name was Lucie—Lucie Dubois, for she was, like Toinette, of French parentage.

"I think it is of you whom she speaks the oftenest," he said, to my sister. "She clings to everything French with true French impulsiveness. She has longed to see you so," his eyes filling with tenderness, "and has drawn such a charming picture of what you are to look like."

And Toinette listened, and smiled, her dark eyes subdued into a strange, sweet, womanly softness.

It was agreed upon, when he went away, that he was to bring her to us the next day, and his last words, as he stood holding Toinette's hand, in bidding her farewell, were of her.

"It will make her so happy," he said; "and she is always happy. She has been a summer-child, all her young life."

As he left us, Toinette stood beneath the tree watching him; but when he was gone, she turned round, and coming to me, knelt down in the grass at my side, with her dark, young face turned up to mine.

"Janey," she said, in a soft, slow way, "what is a summer-child?"

She did not speak bitterly. I had never seen such clinging love in her face before; and she was always loving to me, though she was not prone to words; but I knew what she meant well enough, and felt the contrast the words suggested, fiercely, so fiercely, that I could not speak.

She looked down at my thin, withered hands, and began to stroke them.

"We do not know, do we?" she said. "We do not know. We were not summer children, were we, Janey?"

Before I knew how weak I was, the tears were running down my cheeks, and I had dropped my face against her hair. I could not be as quiet as she was.

"Oh, my love, my love!" I whispered; and her only answer was to lay her head against my shoulder, murmuring my name over and over again, like a tired child.

"Janey! Janey! Janey!"

She had never said a word to me upon the subject before, and we did not speak of it openly even then; but I knew every thought passing through her mind, as well as if she had told me all about it. She had held her heart in check at first, because she had not hoped that he would overlook the wide difference between his life and ours; but when he came again and again, and the news of her good fortune reached her, she forgot to be strong, and drifted into believing, that, quiet as he was, his coming meant that he loved her!

It was the middle of the next afternoon before Hermann Thorndyke brought our visitor to us, and I had fallen into a light sleep, upon my lounge, as was my everyday custom. So, when I awakened, the first sound I heard, was the sound of their voices in the garden, and, on raising myself to look through the open window, I saw them all there—Hermann, Toinette, and Lucie Dubois.

She was a pretty young creature, this Lucie of his; a girl with an innocent face, and a smooth, round, white brow, and light waves of fair hair, blown about, just then, by a summery breeze. I leaned back upon my cushion with a sigh. She was a summer-child indeed.

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It was no wonder that he had found her so lovable; we found her so ourselves. The pretty, loving, childlike ways, and a pretty, loving, childlike voice! she clung to Toinette with an affectionate warmth of manner, that was indescribably charming. I could not help fancying that she made the sunny old garden sunnier.

It was so plain, too, that she loved her betrothed, and that her love was no new thing; it was so plain that they had loved each other long enough to show, unconsciously, that they felt the world must understand them, as they understood each other.

Once, during the afternoon, as Toinette was standing near the girl, in the garden, fixing a flower in her corsage, I suddenly became conscious that Hermann was looking at the two, fixedly, yet with an almost absent gaze.

"A charming contrast, is it not?" I said. "The white rose and the red."

He started all at once, and turned his face toward me.

"I was just thinking that your sister is not—does not look very well to-day," he said. "I wonder if it is only a fancy of mine."

"She has not complained," I answered, as calmly as possible. "Toinette rarely does."

But I knew then, that the change I had seen in her, the day before, had made its subtle presence plain even to him, though its meaning was not clear. He did not speak again, but stood silently regarding the two. Toinette's dark face and form, and the summer-child of his, who stood among the roses, and whose path had been strewn with them, all her happy life; and as he looked I wondered if any magnetic influence was slowly working in his mind, with some vague hint of a possibility, in which the beautiful, dark face might have wound itself into his brighter life, and so have shared its sunshine. And in my sorrowful weakness, I could not help pondering wearily over the old, old puzzle, "Unto him who hath, shall be given, and from him who hath not, shall be taken away."

When I went to bed that night, Toinette did not go with me. When I fell asleep, she was sitting upon the floor, in the moonlight; and, when I awoke at midnight, she was sitting there still, by the open window.

"Toinette!" I said. "Toinette!"

"I am here," she answered; and when I heard her voice, I could not speak again, and so she kept her silent vigil, all through the night alone.

We went to take possession of the legacy, before the summer ended, and, since then, we have lived in the queer, old, country-house, in Normandy, that was a part of it.

We have lived a quiet life, and, among her poorest tenants, Toinette has been useful and faithful in doing good. More than once, Hermann Thorndyke and his fair young wife have visited us, and at such times my darling has always made them happy. Good men have loved her, and many have tried to win her heart, but whether it died with the dream of long ago, or whether the flower of love will bloom for her again, I cannot say. I can only hope and—wait.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

'Twas but last Autumn that I heard
  Your voice, in whispered measures sweet,
  The "story old" again repeat,
  While every pulse with rapture beat,
Responsive to each honeyed word.
  How could I dream your love would last?
  Since then a fleeting year has passed,
    And now 'tis dead,
Its glory, like a vision, fled.

Once more, with sunset's richest dyes,
  The forest-trees are all aglow;
  But, ah! I sit in silent woe;
  The hours go by me, sad and slow,
And phantoms strange before me rise.
  Alas! I placed implicit trust
  In one created from the dust;
    My hopes are slain,
My heart is torn with throbs of pain.

Unmoved I meet your glances cold;
  How can you know my life forlorn,
  Or guess what tortures I have borne?
  Your weakness merits naught but scorn.
The wife you wed has lands and gold,
  Far more than love untimely crossed,
  I weep my faith in mortals lost;
    Doubt's bitter sting
Will, henceforth, poison everything.

Oh! can it be I shall forget,
  The present, with its blighting woe,
  When many Autumns come and go;
  Nor shudder at their pomp and glow,
But only sigh with vain regret?
  Perchance the love that trampled lies,
  To nobler heights at length shall rise,
    And future joy
The memory of the past destroy.

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"THAT CHIT OF A BERTIE."

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

"HAVE a care! You should never place mignonnette against those scarlet pomegranates. Violets or pansies, if you choose. But what else," she added to herself, "can one expect from that chit of a Bertie."

"I vote for the mignonnette," said Aleck Dalrymple, in his most teasing voice, with a glance at Bertie, which Miriam Adair, the last speaker, could make nothing of beyond its mischief.

"Well," said Miriam, in a meaning tone, that one of her listners, at least, understood. "Flowers very often represent people to me, and mignonnette never was one of my favorites. It always seems like a commonplace little thing; no culture or elegance about it."

"So you never get tired of the elegancies, Miss Miriam," said Aleck. "They say people do, in time."

"Nonsense!" said the beauty, pettishly, with a little angry sparkle in her smile. "Are you speaking from experience, Mr. Dalrymple? Do you mean to tell me that you would be contented to leave your beautiful city home and live here in the country, for a year or two?"

"And why not? You are too artificial; a country regimen would benefit you."

"Will you take such a desperate case in hand?" she said, with such bewitching eyes and smile, that he could but look indulgently at the nearly perfect face and graceful pose of the speaker.

Bertie Nairne saw the look, and a strange, odd pang thrilled her pure, girl's heart; a pang she did not dare to think about. So she lifted her grave little face from the mignonnette and roses, and said, "There was hoar-frost last night; what do you think of it to-day for our chestnut-gathering party?"

Miriam clapped her white hands.

"Oh, Bertie, won't that be charming! Only," her enthusiasm moderating suddenly, "will we have to walk very far?"

"Part way," said Bertie, smiling; "but there is the loveliest view from the hill, and there are no rocks, Miriam; only grass and a few stones. You won't mind the fences?"

"No," said Miriam, thinking of her matchless ankles.

"Are the party from the other house to be of us?" asked Aleck.

Miriam opened her coral lips for a remonstrance, but Bertie answered, "Yes; we owe them an invitation; and, besides, don't you think it would be a wee bit selfish not to give the girls a chance of a frolic? And then, too, I must have Harry Alcott. He's splendid at whipping trees; and that's a branch of the business which I don't think you understand."

"How do you know?" said he, merrily. "I have done such things, fair skeptic, and not a century ago, either. Shall I play Mercury for you; and if so, what's the invitation to be?"

"The girls, and everybody, including their light wagons. I'll see to the lunch; and, oh!" struck with a new idea, "they must come back with us to tea. To-night is 'All Hallowe'en', and we always keep it royally up among the mountains."

"And, pray, what is that?" asked Miriam, a trifle superciliously. "Any more dreadful games, such as the Alcotts indulged in last night?"

"Nothing worse than blind-man's-buff," said Bertie, with a gravity that the droll twist of her mouth belied. "Yes, Miriam, we do all sorts of foolish things. Keeping Hallowe'en is a Scotch custom. They believe that some elvic charm hangs about this particular evening, and that from six to twelve brownies and fairies, good and bad, are allowed to appear to mortal eyes if called upon. You should get grandma to tell you one of her pretty stories about the Hallowe'en in Scotland. I have never played any of the tricks, or charms, since I was a wee child, but Kate Alcott and Rosie Ray were begging me to do so yesterday; and I don't know——" here the sparkling eyes grew cool, and she checked herself, "Cousin Aleck will laugh at me, no doubt."

"Not I," said he, with the same indulgent smile he had bestowed upon her across the flowers. "Cousin Aleck is just as anxious to be bewitched, and see the elves and fairies, as any of you. What time shall we all assemble—for the chestnuts, I mean?"

"An hour is enough for me," said Bertie, springing up. "Tell the girls that Miriam and I will join them here. And, Cousin Aleck," as he stood, hat in hand, "if you'll allow me to suggest an amendment in that very superfine toilet."

"I know," he interrupted, gayly. "I'll come back and put on an old coat for the chestnut burrs."

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"Really, Bertie," said Miriam, as the door closed behind him, "what difference did it make to rich Aleck Dalrymple whether he spoiled a coat or not? I shouldn't think you'd like him to suppose you so very economical—for other people!"

Bertie's gentle face flushed.

"I am like the old woman who never could bear to see anything wasted," said she; and her voice was calm and soft as ever. Miriam's spiteful fling might have been unspoken, for all the notice it received; and, presently, having finished her flowers, Bertie went to consult grandma about lunch.

Bertie Nairne was lovely, and fresh as the violets that lifted their blue heads among her native hills, sweet as the mignonnette, and nearly as unpretending. Judge Nairne, her father, had been a man of rare talent and intellectual gifts; but, having lost his wife, and two fair children at almost the same blow, he had lived out the short remainder of his life in the old homestead with his wife's mother, Mrs. Maitland. "A broken-hearted man," people said; but the baby daughter had only sweet and bright memories of the father who died when she was eight years old. And Bertie lived on with grandma, quite unconscious that she had few of this world's goods, and never feeling the want of them. Miriam Adair was the grandchild of one of grandma's friends, and this was her first visit to Bertie. In fact, Miriam was quite as much of a problem to Bertie as Bertie was to her. City-born, city-bred as she was, her charms were surface ones. She was very beautiful, and she looked upon her beauty as her capital with which to obtain a rich husband. Aleck could have told some droll stories of Miriam's angling; but he understood the game so well, that it was an amusement to him; and Miriam was so royally lovely, that, man-like, he liked to watch the exquisite blushes come and go for him. But, somehow, his pleasure therein had palled sadly, of late; and, as he went over to execute his errand at the Alcott's, his thoughts ran, curiously enough, on the charms of mignonnette *versus* pomegranates.

Bertie was tying a blue snood in her brown hair when she heard the wagons drive up, and the merry voices, as they called out "good morning" to grandma. Miriam met her on the stairs, and Bertie thought she had never seen her look so handsome, though violet-hued silk and velvet were slightly inappropriate for going nutting.

They found the party assembled on the piazza—the three Alcott girls, their brother, Harry, and the New York guests. These last consisted of Rose Hathaway; her two cousins of the same name, tall, stylish fellows; the Hazeltine girls; Ray Thurston, and Cliff Harcourt.

There was an undue proportion of ladies; but I must confess that Miriam was the only one of the party to whom that occurred as an objection.

"Two, seven; how many are we?" asked Bertie, as she counted them.

"Fourteen," said Harry Alcott, possessing himself of her basket. Good-natured Harry was desperately in love with Bertie; a fact that was patent to everybody, except to the unconscious object of it.

"Then we shall have to use our wagon, dear grandma;" and Bertie put her hand caressingly on the old lady's shoulder, as she stood on the grass-plot admiring Harry's new horses. "I think we shall be back in time for Jerry to go down to Overton on your errand."

"Won't that be after banking hours, dear?" said grandma.

"What's that?" asked Aleck, coming up behind them.

"Only that grandma's rents came in this morning, and she does not like to keep such a large amount of money in the house. Jerry was to go over and deposit it in the bank. I am sorry we must take him at all." Bertie had turned away, to make her explanation, and was standing close by the horses, to be out of earshot.

"How would I do as substitute for Jerry?" said Aleck.

The perplexed look on the gentle face changed into a smile.

"No, I won't have you miss our frolic. But, Cousin Aleck, if you don't mind a horseback ride after tea, you might take that bothersome money to Mr. Jenkins, who is the cashier, and lives over the bank. I have no doubt he would receive it, even after banking hours. I don't want to trouble you; but grandma is so nervous about it. She had a dreadful fright once, in her youth, about burglars, and ever since——"

"Say no more," he said, with a look that sent Bertie's eyes down to the grass again. "I'll do it, of course." And then, as Bertie went to tell her grandmother, Aleck walked over to Miriam.

Now Miriam secretly thought the expedition a great bore, though she was too wary to let the fact appear; but, having skillfully contrived to get the best place in the wagon, she was a good deal vexed to find that Aleck bestowed himself in the other vehicle, where Bertie was stowed away in very small compass. But nothing came amiss to Miss Adair, provided there were gentlemen on hand; and she posed so gracefully, and

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looked so helpless and so lovely, that, before they reached the chestnut trees, Ray Thurston and Floyd Hathaway were hopelessly bewildered with the siren.

It was a most merry party that climbed Chestnut Hill that day, and the gentlemen proved themselves adepts in the art of whipping the trees. The girls, even the New Yorkers, enjoyed it hugely; and when the burrs would persist in falling on their hair, they pulled out the prickly things with the utmost good-nature.

All except Miriam, and she, thinking that she was not sufficiently queen of the occasion, got up a pretty little scene over an unlucky burr, which, she declared, had run into her foot. So the dainty little boot was unlaced, and the pretty foot laid on Bertie's lap, while, with many a moan, and series of sobs, Miriam permitted Aleck to examine it. This episode took place after lunch, and Miriam made the most of it. She was tired, and bored, and Aleck had been quite too attentive to Bertie all the morning; so she declared that her foot felt as if a piece of something, a thorn, perhaps, was broken in it, and, having made that assertion, the proper thing for her to do was to faint; and she accomplished a semblance of it that was eminently successful.

There happened to be no water on hand nearer than the foot of the hill, so Harry Alcott emptied half a tumbler of champagne over her face, which between the shock of the remedy, and rage at having her lovely costume spoiled, nearly choked the fair lady. And then she looked up in Aleck's face, with eyes full of tears, and plaintively besought him to "take me home;" and, although he half believed it to be nothing but a bit of good acting, he could not refuse, especially when Bertie fell into the trap, too, and ordered up the Alcott's small wagon for them. But he managed to convey his annoyance in a whisper, for Bertie alone,

"Don't wait to strip all the trees!" he said. "I wish you were going instead of Mary Alcott and Ray."

But, although Bertie shook her head at him in grave rebuke, it must be confessed that she watched the quartette out of sight with an unspoken wish that the thorn had gotten into her foot instead of Miriam's.

Grandma was waiting on the steps for the party, as they drove up, and she hastened them off to arrange the tumbled heads before supper: for the sun was already sinking behind the hills, and Miriam lay picturesquely on the sofa, looking at the sunset, and listening, with rapt attention, to Aleck, as he described one that he saw last year on Lago Maggiore.

"I got home pretty comfortably, dear," said she, sweetly, in answer to Bertie's inquiry. "And Mr. Dalrymple carried me up the steps so comfortably, and grandma examined my poor foot, and bathed it in arnica and ice-water, and now it feels so much better. I wonder if I could hobble into the supper-room?"

But, after supper, when they were all back again in the parlors, Miriam's little game was spoiled, by the warm discussion which immediately arose about Hallowe'en. Grandma became the center of the admiring crowd, as she related the charms and tricks which were the old-time fashion in Scotland.

"Which of you girls," she said, "would be courageous enough to go alone into the old, best bed-room (which has never been used since my father's time,) with a candle, and, setting it down in front of the mirror, deliberately eat an apple, and make a wish, not taking your eyes off the glass all the time?"

"Oh, Mrs. Maitland!" cried the chorus of girls. "What would we see?"

"The face that belongs to your future husband," said the old lady, merrily. "I did it once, my dears."

"And did you really see Mr. Maitland?" asked Mary Alcott, eagerly.

"You must try it for yourselves," said grandma, mysteriously. "After that, I'll tell you what I saw."

"She never goes any further," said Bertie, laughing at the baffled faces. "For my part, I'm not afraid to try it; it must be all imagination. Who'll go, too?"

But there did not seem to be any very ardent desire on the other girls' part to penetrate futurity, until Mary Alcott finally plucked up heart of grace to say she would try it if Bertie would go first. So, by-and-by, when all the party were busily engaged in burning chestnuts, and melting lead, and were growing very merry over their pastime, Aleck brought Bertie her candle, and an apple.

He lit the candle for her, and looked at her with portentous gravity.

"You look cool enough for anything; let me see, except your eyes! They have the due allowance of mystery and awe——"

"Nonsense!" she said, taking the candle from him. "Adieu, good folk! If I am not back in fifteen minutes, you may conclude that the fairies have carried me off."

Every nook and corner of the old house was familiar to Bertie; but still, as she turned down the entry that led to the disused rooms, her heart gave an unwonted little flutter. The homestead

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was much too large for their usually small family, and the difficulty of heating the house in winter, had caused grandma to have a swing-door in the entry, shutting off those rooms. Bertie gave a half-fearful gaze over her shoulder, as she entered the corner room of the three, and then, with a smile at her own timidity, she closed the door behind her, and walked over to the mirror. The room was full of old-fashioned furniture; a curious table, with claw legs, a set of hanging shelves, the great four-posted bedstead with red hangings, and an unwieldy shower-bath, covered with chintz, which stood between the bed and the door. The very portraits on the wall seemed to stare at her, and her poor little candle looked absolutely ghostly as she set it down.

Half the apple was eaten, and Bertie's heart was beginning to beat evenly again, when, setting her pearly little teeth in the core of the apple, she looked over her shoulder in the glass, and saw the curtains of the shower-bath move slightly; then they were pulled cautiously apart, and, peering through, she beheld a man's face.

She was so terrified, that, for half a second, she believed it was some diabolical apparition. Then, suddenly, with new courage, she forced herself to look again, without turning round; and, swift as an arrow, the supernatural darted out of her head, and she said to herself, "Only a common burglar, after all."

Then a thought of her own position occurred to her. What should she do? There was no key to the door; she was separated by the whole length of the passage from the inmates of the house. But here her meditations came to a hasty end, for the man walked deliberately out of his hiding-place.

"There's no use playing that yer didn't see me," said he, coming close to her, and speaking in a gruff whisper. "I see the fright in your face, young lady, when I stuck my head out. Where's that money ye tould the young man was in the house?"

"You are Harry Alcott's new coachman," said she, suddenly.

He started.

"It's no matter who I be," said he, giving her an uglier scowl than ever. "I've a purty little barker here, forninst ye, that ye'd better not provoke me to use. Tell me where's the money, an' I won't hurt ye? You needn't pertend its gone till the bank, fur I seed the young man talking in the room beyont, afore I climbed up the shed, and got in here. And there's another beside me in this; and if, be chance, me fine jaintleman rides out wid the money, he'll be met between this and Overton. Now, will ye spake?"

Bertie looked at him, and at the double-barreled revolver in his hand. She did not think he would dare to harm her, so she said.

"I will not!"

The brute gave an ugly oath, and seized her delicate wrist. At that moment, the door swung to at the end of the entry. The burglar heard the sound, and, quick as lightning, he dragged Bertie across the room, and set her back against the door.

"If they want to come in, say yees can't let 'em," said he, in a whisper, that made her shiver, accompanied, as it was, by a threatening glance at his revolver.

The approaching footsteps came nearer, and in a moment Aleck's merry voice called out,

"Bertie! Have the hobgoblins seized you? I suppose I mustn't come in—it might break the charm! I ran up to tell you that the money business went clean out of my head until this very moment, and so, without saying a word to anybody, I'll get it, and take it to Overton. I'll be back in an hour."

"Stop him if ye dare!" hissed the hateful whisper in her ear.

Bertie felt the man's hot breath on her cheek, and turned white and faint. Oh! how could she save him? If he was harmed, it would kill her. And with the thought a plan darted into her head. She drew a long breath, and answered, pretty steadily,

"Don't try to ride the mare without papa's spurs. Indeed she's not safe, Aleck. They are hanging in my closet."

"Thanks! I'll look for them. Hurry, Bertie: they are impatient to hear if you've seen your fate," and his footsteps died away down the hall.

Then Bertie spoke again, very quietly and resolutely.

"Let go my arm! the money is in grandma's room, on the ground floor. If you will promise me to take it, and go quietly out, I'll take you there before he finds the spurs I sent him for."

She nerved herself to say this without faltering. She did not deem it necessary to add that the spurs were safely in the bottom of a trunk, or that Aleck's hunt in her closet would be a long one.

"Oh, ho!" said the burglar, with a tipsy leer, "perhaps that's the swateheart I heard yees wishing for beyont, forninst the mirror—"

"If you say another word, I'll not show you where the money is," said Bertie, stamping her foot, and setting her white lips firmly.

"Go on, thin! and remember, I'm behind ye, wid this purty pistol; and if I see you taking me

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into a trap, by the holy poker! I'll shoot you, sure!"

They went through the swing-door, softly, and down the dark back-stairs, Bertie straining her ears, and praying that she might not run against a servant. A wide hall ran the length of the house, with the parlors and dining-room on one side, and on the other, the back stairs, and a room which had been her papa's library, (now kept locked,) and, in front of that, opening on the piazza, was grandmother's room. They passed the dining-room, and then Bertie turned back, and said, in a clear whisper, "I promised to show you where the money is; it's in a bureau-drawer, in the front-room, by the door. The parlor has several gentlemen in it, and the door is open; the servants are in the kitchen behind us! You may take your choice which way to get out; I proved too much for you after all!"

The ugly brute glared at her with a baffled devil in his face, that made Bertie thank heaven that she was within reach of help. There was a merry whistle, a light foot on the stairs at their left; then a shout, a scuffle, a loud report of a revolver, and the banging of the hall-door.

"Aleck, oh, my darling!" Bertie hardly knew that the agonized shriek had left her lips as she caught blindly at the bannisters to save herself from falling. Then the smoke cleared away, and she was conscious that the hall was full of people, and that Aleck's anxious voice was saying,

"I'm afraid she is hurt; stand out of the way there!" But as he laid her gently down on the sofa, the deadly, suffocating feeling left her, and she tried to spring up.

"I am not hurt; there are two of them," she cried, incoherently. "Aleck, you must not—you shall not go!"

"I won't stir one inch from your side," said he, catching the cold, trembling fingers. Looking up, Bertie saw Miriam's sneering smile, and her face grew burning red.

"Am I making an exhibition of myself?" said she, trying to smile. "Dear grandma, it really was a burglar, hidden away in the best room." And then she became her steady self again, and the whole story came out, gradually.

How the girls exclaimed, and laughed, and finally cried over Bertie's adventure! The gentlemen hardly knew which to admire most—Bertie's ready wit, or her coolness; and they formed themselves into a vigilance committee, and, while part explored the entire house, the others rode off to notify the police. I may as well add that the search was futile; the burglars escaped.

Miriam, devoured with secret jealously at "that chit of a Bertie," having been transformed into a heroine, was the envious witness of a little scene that transpired at the foot of the stair-case, late that night. Miss Adair thought that she would overlook Bertie's progress up stairs, so she peered cautiously over the bannisters, from a post conveniently near her own door. What she saw was, that Aleck, after lighting the candle (for the second time that night) close to imprison the pretty hand held out for it; and, although the eavesdropper could not hear the words that he spoke so rapidly, she saw Bertie's other hand steal up timidly on the black coat-sleeve, while the two, pure, childlike eyes were lifted to her lover's, with the prettiest, shy look imaginable, and his long mustache brushed her soft cheek.

"Bah! What a fool he is to be contented with that piece of insipidity?" thought beautiful Miss Adair, as she banged her door, violently.

But Miriam came, notwithstanding, with all the rest of the fashionable world, to the wedding of that "chit of a Bertie."

OUR DARLING.

BY ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON.

We wreathed her head with fairest flowers,
  But most the Eglantine;
And others, that in Summer hours
  Her hands had loved to twine.
They blushed amid her sunny hair,
  And waxen lilies gleamed
Against the bosom no less fair—
  So snowy fair she seemed.

We plucked the best of wood and dell,
  But most the red, red rose;
And one we brought, that it might dwell,
  Above her last repose.

For in the happy days of June,
  When Earth was queenly drest,
She wore the rose, and sang a tune
  Of sweetest, saddest quest.

And when the birchen trees were brown,
  She lowly drooped her head;
And wished that for her latest crown
  The rose-tree's blooms were shed.
The gentian, too, her heart had won,
  In a sheltered nook it grew;
And lo! we brought them, one by one,
  And a withered branch of rue.

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THE WRECK OF THE KRAKEN.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

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CHAPTER X.

"THE saints be praised, Senora Donna! she lives and opens her eyes!" exclaimed old Josefa, the nurse, housekeeper, and factotum of Os Mysterios, as, after hours of unwearied exertion, she turned from the bed where Margaret Gray lay, white and still as a corpse, and looked eagerly into the face of her mistress, about as white and still as Margaret's.

"Our Lady of Anguish has heard my prayers," replied the lady, devoutly raising to her lips a small, golden image, suspended from her neck. "But Manoel tells me that the sailor is still in a very doubtful state. His head is hurt, they say."

"If we save the pretty senora for Senor Sebastiano, the *diabo* may have the sailor-man for all that Josefa cares," replied the nurse, carelessly; and although her mistress hastened to reprove the expression, it was evident that the old woman remained of opinion that it was only the sufferer of rank, and for whom her young master cared, that need interest her, or call forth her exertions; and the little dispute ended, as a great many similar ones have done, by Josefa claiming the last word, and Senora Jeronyma muttering a pious ejaculation. Upon the present occasion, however, both were soon occupied in attending to their patient, who hardly recovered consciousness before she lost it again in a fainting-fit, and continued in a very critical condition all night. Toward morning, however, she fell into a sound sleep, and Josepha crept away to rouse the other servants, and then to take some rest before beginning the labors of the day. Thus it happened, that the patient was left alone, except for the occasional visits of Anina, the little, half-wild daughter of Katrina, the cook, whom Josefa had bidden to watch, and give notice when the senora should awake.

But Anina soon became absorbed in watching the progress of the fritters her mother was making for breakfast, and Josefa still slept the sleep of the just, when Margaret, suddenly opening her eyes, looked straight up into one of the most charming faces she had ever beheld. In that first glance, her quick, artistic eye took in all the points of this new picture, and she could almost have painted from memory the fine, oval shape of the face, the thick, short hair, waving back from the low, broad forehead, the fine eyebrows and lashes, the wonderfully soft and lustrous dark eyes, the pale olive complexion, unrelieved by red, except in the proud, though full lips, the upper lip just shaded by a silky little mustache; the elegant and yet well-knit figure, the slender hands and feet, the proud, manner she could not perceive until later; and yet so perfectly did all these details harmonize with the Murillo-like head, that they could hardly have failed to accompany it.

Too weak for either surprise or curiosity, Margaret faintly smiled in pure pleasure at beholding so beautiful a face, and then closed her eyes again.

"Senora! You are not fainting again?" exclaimed a voice, at sound of which Margaret smiled again, and whispered,

"No, I am not faint. But how came you here?"

"Ah, senora, pardon! The door was open, and I could not deny myself the pleasure of looking at you asleep. You will forgive me?"

"But who are you, and where am I?"

"I am Sebastiano de Tascheira, at your service, senora," replied the young man, "and you are at my father's *casa da campo* of Os Mysterios. You were found upon the beach——"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Margaret, a sudden color rising to her pale cheeks, "I remember something—— Yes! the boat, and Ned! Oh! where is Ned?"

"The man whom we found with you is here, and doing well, I believe," said Sebastiano, courteously. "But I cannot tell whether his name be Ned or not."

"And did you save me?" asked Margaret, fixing her eyes full upon him, until a light color showed for a moment through the olive of his cheek.

"I had that great happiness, senora; I and my servant. We were shooting pigeons about the cliffs, and he discovered you first."

"I owe my life to you," said Margaret, and then, suddenly, she closed her eyes, and grew so very white, that Sebastiano was frightened, and rushed to the door, calling, "Josefa! Katrina! Anina! Where are you all?"

A general rush of the household ensued, and

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with it such a flood of voluble, feminine voices, that the young man discreetly withdrew, and, for the rest of the day, was fain to content himself with reports of the invalid's convalescence.

The next day, Margaret was well enough to lie, for some hours, upon a couch in the veranda, and Sebastiano joyfully gave up all other occupation to sit beside her, listening to her low-voiced account of the shipwreck, and her gratitude to himself for rescuing her from the death that seemed likely to terminate it. Then she asked anxiously after Swedish Ned, and Sebastiano went himself to visit and report upon him; but, in spite of his sincere wish to please his listener, could find nothing cheering to communicate; the brave fellow had received more than one bruise before that terrible crash at the last, and besides a deep cut upon the head, seemed to have sustained some internal injuries, which kept him in severe pain, alternating with periods of stupor and delirium. No one had thought it worth while to send fifteen miles over the rocky mountain roads for a doctor to attend him, and old Josefa's skill, although considerable, was hardly equal to a case of this magnitude, so that, in fact, the battle was to be fought out between nature and disease, with but little interference from outside. All this was not, of course, fully explained to Margaret Gray, and she found herself still too languid and exhausted to ask many questions, or take much care upon herself. Stretched upon the wide and deep-cushioned sofa, with its covering of such thick and sumptuous damask, as no money can now procure, except at second-hand, she lay, enveloped in shawls, glowing from Indian looms, reckless little Anina seated at her head, and waving a great fan of peacock's feathers; before her lay the expanse of ocean, tinted with the soft and brilliant blue peculiar to the waters of the Gulf Stream, and dotted, here and there, with the white sails of island boats, or the more stately canvas of some passing vessel. Beside the couch sat Sebastiano, his dark eyes full of eager admiration and interest.

"'A goodly place, a goodly time,'" murmured Margaret Gray, as her slow and satisfied gaze took in, point by point, all the beauties of her *entourage*.

"Senora?"

"Only a line from one of our English poets, Senor Sebastiano. Have you read much English?"

"I have read nothing, senora, but the books out of which Padre Joachim taught me."

"And what did he teach you?" she said, smiling faintly.

"Latin, the history of the church, and a little arithmetic. I studied French and English with a teacher in town until this year."

"You have learned English perfectly, almost even without accent, and I doubt not you know French as well."

"My teacher was a Parisian, brought here as tutor by Senor Carlos, and I learned English of an American lady; but, senora, if you feel able to talk, will you tell me something of your own country, or of those other parts of the world which you no doubt have visited?"

Margaret, accordingly, began by speaking of the view before them, asking the names of the two islands looming blue and dim upon the horizon, and then for other information concerning the group.

Sebastiano answered her questions, and offered all sorts of excursions to every point of interest his charming guest expressed a wish to visit. Thus, naturally pleased with each other, the hours sped pleasantly, until a little after midday, when a sash-door, connecting the balcony with one of the chambers, slowly opened, and the tall, stooping figure of an old gentleman, scrupulously clothed in fine cloth of an antique cut, and wearing laced ruffles at his breast and wrists, while his long, white locks flowed from beneath a small three-cornered hat to his shoulders, appeared in the opening, and bowed profoundly.

"Oh! There is my father, senora," exclaimed Sebastiano, rising. "Will you receive him?"

"Of course. Beg him to approach."

"Oh, senor! The senora makes you her compliments," said the young man, approaching his father, and kissing his hand as a morning salutation. Then leading him forward, he introduced "Senor Clarimundo de Taschiera" to the "Senora Donna Margaretta Gray," and the old Portuguese grandee, bowing nearly to the ground, took the pretty hand offered him into his own, white, and well-shaped still, but dry and scaly as the claw of a bird, and raised it to his lips with a curious old-world mixture of gallantry and reverence in his manner. Then he bowed again, and made an elegant compliment in Portuguese, to which Mrs. Gray replied with a smile, a bow, and a slight blush of embarrassment.

"My father speaks nothing except Portuguese and Spanish," explained Sebastiano in English. "But he says he is only consoled for your misfortune, by the honor it has procured for our house, which he begs you will consider as your home for as long as possible."

Mrs. Gray replied suitably, Sebastiano still acting as interpreter, and then, with several more

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profound bows, Senor Clarimundo took his leave, and was presently seen pacing slowly along the shaded walks of the garden.

"My father is very much changed within a few years," said Sebastiano, watching him affectionately. "He has had great troubles, and lost nearly all his property. We used to live in the town, and had a very good house there, and several others which we let; but poor papa suffered himself to go to law, and then there was trouble with a man to whom he had lent money, and who will not pay it: and so the end of all was that we came here to this *casa da campo*, and live like mice in a cheese, eating up the very walls of our house day by day. You see, senora, how frank I am with you," he said, with almost boyish simplicity, for men of Southern blood seem boyish longer than those of our colder, sterner race, "although I am not generally a babbler; but, for some reason, I feel as if I should like to lay open my whole heart to you, and, since I can offer you nothing else, to at least give you all which I keep most secret from the world." He bowed, as he said this, gravely, like a Cid.

"But not the secrets of your family, should you, senor?" asked Margaret, mildly.

"Are they not mine, when I am my father's only child, senora, and have more concern, as he often says, in forcing this rascally Diaz to repay the sums he has borrowed, and now denies, than even he has? But here is my mother."

And Senora Jeronyma, pale, worn, and abstracted, slowly stepped out upon the veranda, inquired, in such French as she could muster, concerning her guest's health, and then announced that dinner was ready; but that, if the senora still felt too feeble to walk to the dining-room, she should be served where she was. Margaret confessing that she should prefer this arrangement, a little table was presently placed beside the couch, covered with rich old damask, and antique china, containing the somewhat novel but most savory compounds peculiar to Portuguese cookery.

CHAPTER XI.

And now for many weeks Margaret Gray enjoyed one of those respites which life from time to time affords us, and but for which, some of us must soon sink beneath the wear and the burden. The long summer days succeeded each other in smiling, sweet procession; the same soft sunlight and soothing shade, the same languid air and drowsy perfume characterizing all; always that glorious landscape before her eyes—that dreamy, mysterious house for shelter, those silent, shadowy people for companions. She had no books, except some quaint, old volumes of Spanish and Portuguese, Cervantes, Camoens, and the like, which, with Sebastiano's help, she sometimes amused herself by spelling over, and some other volumes of old French, relics of Senora Jeronyma's youth; but just now Margaret did not care for books, or indeed for occupation of any sort; it sufficed her to lie for hours upon the great couch in the veranda, or in the wide, cool sala, with its inlaid floor, and scanty, old-fashioned furniture, its chief ornament the senora's little piano, old now, and never much worth; but still with a ghostly, melancholy sweetness in its feeble tones, suiting well with the place and time. Sebastiano, inheriting the musical talent which his mother no longer exercised, often touched this piano in a dreamy, lawless fashion all his own, seldom performing written music, but shadowing out, in improvisation, the wonderful half formed dreams, desires, and fancies of a young man's wakening heart, or the fierce impatience of a strong, young, heroic life, feeling all its capabilities, and finding them cramped and prisoned in an aimless existence. Margaret, whose musical knowledge and capacity have not yet been mentioned, listened attentively to these improvisations, and, through them, read more of Sebastiano's inmost life than he could himself have put into words; for if not older in years, she was older in suffering and experience; and although she never talked of the knowledge thus gained, it had the effect upon her manner, her voice, her look toward him.

Then, in the soft moonlight nights, these two, leaving the silent senor and senora, the one to his segarette and his meditations, and the other to the devotions which consumed nearly all her life, would wander down through the dim, perfume-laden garden, to the low wall overlooking the sea, and sit there for hours, talking of everything beneath the heavens, or dreaming away the enchanted moments in a silence more eloquent than speech, until, with a sigh, Sebastiano would draw his fingers across the viola, which, with the Portuguese, replaces the guitar of the Spaniards, and sing some of those wild, impassioned verses, in which the Tropical races embody their fervid feelings. Once, to the infinite astonishment of the young man, Margaret, folding her hands, and fixing her eyes upon the moon, just lifting her silver shield above the sea, began to sing *Costa Diva*, in a voice of such wonderful power and beauty, that Sebastiano sat staring at her in silent wonder and delight, until the rich tones died away far over the shining sea. Then he reverently raised her hand to his lips, and whispered,

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"Ah, minha senora! I ought to have known that angels always sing."

But she, seeming to wake with a start to the consciousness of his presence, hurriedly replied,

"I do not sing—that is, you will never ask me to, or even remind me that you have heard me. Promise me this, Sebastiano—promise it!"

"I promise that, or anything you will order me to, senora," he sadly replied, as he again pressed his lips on her white hand, and then released it with a sigh.

Suddenly, at this moment, from behind a great thicket of oleanders, all rosy and odorous with their summer bloom, stepped a gaunt spectre, white, wild, and terrible.

"I never did as much as that, after I knew she was going to live," said the apparition; "and I had more right than you, young sir, for I saved her life, over and over."

So speaking, and clinging to the flower-laden branches for support, the spectre fixed its gloomy and reproachful eyes upon the two, and stood, a visible reminder of death and the world in that scene of Paradise.

Margaret Gray stared at him with open eyes.

"Swedish Ned!" exclaimed she, in a low voice. "Why, they told me you had gone away."

"We thought, that is, the others thought, minha senora," began Sebastiano, much embarrassed, "that it would affect you too much to hear that the poor fellow had lost his senses; and, for a long time, we feared his life also, and you might have insisted upon seeing him, and so——"

"And so they told me falsehoods," interposed Margaret, rather scornfully. "It was not well judged, Sebastiano, whoever did it."

"It was not I, senora," replied the young man, proudly.

"Perhaps not; nay, pardon me, I am sure not; but I am very sorry that it was done. Ned," and she turned again to the intruder, "if I had known that you were here, I should have seen you long ago, believe me. Won't you shake hands with me?"

"What, the hand you just gave him to kiss and fondle? Oh, no, my lady; I'm not like that; I can't take a crumb, when I have a right to the whole. You were all mine, my lady, while we floated there, day and night in the sea, and while we drifted for years, wasn't it? in that boat; and yet I never dared to put your hand to my lips, no, not once after I knew that you were alive; but this—gentleman, I suppose, he is—who has soft hands like yours, and can make music, and has great, black eyes, and stares at you as if you were a star——"

"See here, fellow——" began Sebastiano.

But Margaret put her hand on his arm, and whispered, "Hush, or you will offend me!"

Poor, half-crazed Ned caught the act, but not the words, and turned fiercely upon her.

"Yes, whisper, and fondle, and work your charms upon him! What am I, to hinder, or to dare to speak? But don't think I'll stay here and see it. Don't think I'll eat, or drink, or sleep again under his roof! Didn't I buy you with my own life, and my own blood? And now you never remember that there is such a creature in the world. Yes, give him your hand; let him kiss it; sing to him; you never sang to me, remember. But I'll not stop to see it, mind you! And mind this too, my lady," he went on, angrily. "I won't leave you to yourself; I won't trust him there with your safety; who knows how soon we may run afoul of that ice-bank again, and what good would he be then; tell me that, will you? No, my lady, I won't stop here; but I won't let you out of my sight for long at a time, remember that; and, when you're least thinking of me, maybe I'll be nighest. So good-by, and remember!"

With the last word, he drew back, and through the still air they heard his bare feet rapidly pass up the gravel walk, toward the side of the house.

"He has stolen out of his room, after they thought him asleep for the night," said Sebastiano, listening. "But he is going back to that part of the house, and, I dare say, will go quietly to bed again, for all his fine resolutions. I will have him better watched in future, so do not feel afraid of or for him, minha senora."

But Margaret was weeping bitterly.

"He risked his life, and lost his wits for me," sobbed she. "And I have made him miserable—I make everybody miserable, who comes near me. Capt. Singleton would not have been killed, if he had not come back to look for me—and Ned—and——"

"And who next, minha senora?" asked Sebastiano, in a low and trembling voice.

"Not you, not you; for I will not stay here to repay all the kindness I have received, with misery, as I should be sure to do. I will leave Os Mysterios to-morrow."

"And where will you go, senora?" he asked, in a low voice, although the light of his dark eyes was growing fierce and strong.

"I will go to Villa, and ask the American consul to find me a passage home—or no, I have no home. I can never return to America—but I will go away from here, and to-morrow."

"Then, senora, I go too."

"You! Why, Sebastiano?"

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"Because I will not be separated from you, except by some fate which cannot be resisted. I will never allow you to wander out into the world alone, while I have power to follow you."

He spoke with all the concentrated passion of his race.

"But it cannot be—it must not! You—you would only injure me in the censorious eyes of the world."

"Then, senora, is it not better to remain where you are? I am quite in earnest, I assure you, and I shall not try to hide from the world, that it is because I love you that I follow you."

"But, Sebastiano, this is persecution. It is unmanly."

"I do not know about that, minha senora. The men of my blood, when they love, love in earnest. It can never be unmanly to show our love, even before all the world. I love you, and I wish you to remain here; but, if you do not, I will follow you wherever you go."

Up to this hour, in spite of his being a year or two her senior, Margaret had looked on Sebastiano almost as a boy.

But there was a manliness, a strength of will developed in him, in this interview, that changed her opinion. She felt, already, partly mastered by his stronger masculine element.

"You will not let me leave alone?" she said, hesitatingly.

"No, senora," he replied, decisively.

"But what right have you to control me, or to force your presence upon me?" she answered, half angrily, making a last effort to assert herself.

"I do not seek to control you in anything but this," he answered, with dignity, "minha senora; and in this my great love gives me a right, which I do not think you will deny."

Margaret Gray made no reply for many moments; but her sad, sweet eyes rested, with a great pity, a divine compassion, upon the pale and passionate face of the young man; then her dreamy gaze wandered away over the dim, lonely vastness of the moonlit sea, and she shuddered at the thought of going forth alone to meet new dangers, perhaps to cast the ominous spell that seemed to surround her, over other lives yet unknown to her. Sebastiano's voice broke upon her reverie.

"Speak to me, minha senora. You will remain?"

"It were better for you that I did not, caro."

"I will judge of that. Promise."

"I promise for the present, then. But you must not talk to me of love, other than that you might offer to a friend. I have no love to give," she said, sadly.

"The night grows chilly, and the moon is clouded. Shall we go into the house?"

Margaret did not reply, but rising, with a slight smile, she walked beside her silent lover, through the thickets of roses and oleanders, the glistening orange grove, and the magnolias, which scented the whole night with their luxurious perfume, and so up the mossy and broken stone steps to the veranda, and in at the open window of the sala, where sat the old father, still thoughtfully smoking his segarette, and Senora Jeronyma reading her Book of Hours, by the light of a great, yellow candle. As the lady entered, Senor Clarimundo rose, and, bowing profoundly, stood until she should be seated, and his wife looked up with a wan smile of welcome. These old people liked her, and liked that she should remain among them, and were proud that she should make a friend and companion of their son, and, in some subtle manner, Margaret felt this cordiality whenever she approached them, and found herself soothed and comforted by it more than she could have expressed. To-night, more than ever, and, as she gracefully returned the salutations of her hosts, and sank into the chair Sebastiano placed for her, she thought,

"No, I will not go, just yet."

At this moment, Josefa presented herself, with a startled and somewhat indignant face.

"Senora! The sailor man has gone, run away; taken himself off, and is not here any more."

Senor Clarimundo took the segarette from his lips, his wife closed her prayer-book, Sebastiano looked at Mrs. Gray, and she quietly related so much of her last interview with poor Ned as sufficed to explain his abrupt departure, leaving quite out, we may be sure, the motive urging him to take such a step; and as she seemed neither surprised or alarmed upon the subject, the others soon imitated her example, the rather that another and somewhat important matter was under discussion.

CHAPTER XII.

The important topic, under discussion in the sala of Os Mysterios, as mentioned at the end of the last chapter, was nothing less than a meditated journey to Villa, the capital of the island, on the part of Senor Clarimundo da Taschiera, with the object of making one last and desperate effort to induce his debtor, Francisco Diaz, to acknowledge the large sums placed in his hands, for purposes of investment, by Da Taschiera, who had neglected to take proper receipts for them at the time, and had never since been able to induce the rascally Diaz to render any account

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of them. This knavery, combining with other losses and misfortunes, had resulted, as Sebastiano had told Margaret, in the almost total ruin of his family, and the breaking of his father's heart. A business man, no doubt, might, in the beginning, have untangled the snarl into which the unfortunate Da Taschiera's affairs had wound themselves; but Senor Clarimundo was only a high-minded, unsuspicious, imprudent gentleman, without the habits or the head to counteract the plottings of a rogue; and as matters grew daily darker and more threatening, he gave up all effort to right them; and selling everything not already beyond his reach, he retired to Os Mysterios, two years before the wreck of the Kraken, and had hardly since visited the city.

It was, therefore, quite an event in the little household, when, early in the morning after Swedish Ned's disappearance, Espagnol, the venerable gray donkey, was brought into the sagao, equipped with the clumsy frame strapped tightly over an enormous pad, and surmounted with a gay cushion and shawl, which, in this region, answers the purpose of a saddle; and Senor Clarimundo, his antique suit covered with a wide, Spanish cloak, descended the stairs, and posted himself upon a wide block of stone at the foot. Jose, who was to drive the donkey, then urged him forward with many and fierce outcries, some blows, and several hearty pushes, until he stood in such a position that the senor could gravely and decorously seat himself upon the top of the cushions with both feet hanging down on one side, and his left hand clinging to the *andilhas*, or crutch-handles, fastened to the front and back of the frame. In the other hand the old gentleman carried a large silk umbrella, designed equally to ward off rain, sun, and wind; and thus equipped, he nodded the word of command to Jose, who communicated it to Espagnol, whereupon that sober animal shook his long ears, switched his absurd tail, and ambled forth from the sagos, and down the nespra-shaded avenue to the gate, while the senor gravely took off his hat and waved adieu to his wife, Margaret, and Sebastiano, who stood in the window to watch his departure.

"Oh, senor! when will you return?" called Senora Jeronyma, as he jogged away; and the reply came ringing back, in the sonorous Portuguese accents,

"When God wills, oh, beloved wife!"

The senora had occasion to remember that reply, as we shall presently see.

The day wore on, with its mild monotony of occupation, much as other days had done before, and yet a cloud seemed to rest upon the dim house, and to sadden all its members. Margaret, finding that Swedish Ned had really disappeared, tormented herself with a feeling of responsibility as to his fate, and was silent and sad all day; Sebastiano watched her, and looked gloomy and suspicious; while Senora Jeronyma, wrapped in her devotions, hardly rose from her knees, except to look out of the window toward the road.

Sunset came at last, but not the master of the house. The evening closed in, and deep dusk covered all but the anxious faces of the family assembled in the balcony, and watching with undisguised impatience for his arrival. Dusk deepened into night, and they gloomily retired to rest. The next morning came, and the day dragged slowly on to afternoon, and then the smothered terror broke out in words.

"Something has happened; he never was so late—I have felt it all day. Oh, *filho mio!* some misfortune has seized upon your father! I am sure of it!"

So exclaimed the pale mother, wringing her hands, and looking into her son's face with wild, frightened eyes; and he, kissing her tenderly, led her to Margaret, saying,

"Stay here with the senora, mother, and I will go and look for my father."

"Go, my son. But arm yourself, and take the men with you; there is evil abroad, terrible evil; and I cannot lose both husband and son in one day."

"Never fear, dear mother, all will be well in a few hours. My father will return——"

"'When God wills,' he said," moaned the wife. "And perhaps God does not will it at all. Was it not a foreboding of something terrible, that made him use those words?"

"Good-by, dear mother! Good-by, minha senora!"

And not trusting himself to say more, Sebastiano rushed from the house, and was presently seen hastening down the road, followed by Manoel and Francisco, each armed with an immense cudgel. An hour passed, an hour of suspense and agitation to the two women, who could only pray, and weep, and wait, while others worked, and then the sound of many feet and eager voices, all speaking together, came drifting up the hilly road, and brought the ladies down to the gate, with little thought of ceremony, or the reserve which custom imposes, like a law, upon Spanish and Portuguese women.

A little crowd of men, with the donkey in their midst, were climbing the hill. From among them Sebastiano advanced toward his mother.

"My son," gasped she. "Your father?"

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"Dear mother, have patience. He has not yet come."

"But he is coming?" and the gentle senora laid hold of her son's arm, and glared into his face with the fierce impatience of a tigress.

"He will come—if God wills it, mother," replied Sebastiano, solemnly.

"If God—— Why do you use that phrase, his own words? Sebastiano—speak! Tell me all, oh, quickly?"

"Come in, dear mother. Senora Margaretta, take her hand in yours, the touch will calm her. Dearest mother, patience! patience! We know nothing as yet."

"There is Jose, who went with him! Here, Jose——"

"Come in first, mother. Seat yourself, and be calm, and you shall hear all that is known." And Sebastiano grown, in one brief day, to the dignity and decision of full manhood, led his mother up stairs, and to her own room, whither Margaret and Josefa followed them. Then, seating himself beside her, he carefully and gently told her, that, not a mile from home, he had met Jose driving the donkey before him, and on questioning him, had heard that Senor Clarimundo, reaching Villa at an early hour, had gone at once to the office of Senor Francisco Diaz, and had entered, leaving him and the donkey outside. Supposing that his master would remain for some time, Jose had fastened the donkey, and went to make a visit to a friend of his in the next street. The friend invited him to step into a neighboring wine-shop, and nearly two hours slipped by before Jose remembered that his master might be awaiting him, and setting down his tumbler, started on a run for the office of Senor Diaz. Much to his relief, the donkey still stood tied to the ring beside the door, as he had left him, and throwing himself upon the ground, with the cushion of the saddle beneath his head, Jose soon fell asleep so soundly, that he knew nothing more, until he was aroused by a kick in the ribs, and starting up, found Macaco, the ugly, black servant of Diaz, standing over him with the key of the offices in his hand.

"Drunkard! What are you doing here?" exclaimed Macaco; and Jose, hardly yet awake, stammered out,

"What have you done with my master, black devil?"

But at this question Jose averred that the face of the negro became demoniac with rage and terror, and lifting the great key, he struck so furious a blow upon the other's head, that he fell, stunned and powerless, to the ground.

When he recovered, it was quite dark, and he was quite alone. Staggering to his feet, he thundered with his donkey-stick upon the door of the office; but only the echoes responded. Then, still leaving the donkey, in case his master should return, he ran as fast as possible to Diaz' private residence, and demanded to see him immediately. He was shown into the dining-room, where the usurer sat at supper, waited upon by the grinning Macaco.

"Well, *rapaz!*" exclaimed Diaz, as he appeared. "Have you slept off the fumes of your wine yet? Your master is angry enough with you, and you may count on a good beating when you get home."

"Where is my master, senor?" demanded Jose, not deigning to reply to the accusation or the threat.

"How should I know, fellow?" replid Diaz, insolently. "Have I the care of him?"

"If all they say is true, it would have been better if you never had had the care of him, or his money either, senor," retorted Jose, with more heat than discretion; and as he spoke, both master and man looked at him in a manner that made him clutch the donkey-stick, which he still held, tighter than ever, and back a few steps toward the door.

"Turn him out, Macaco!" said Diaz, coldly; and the black, seizing an iron bar, standing in the corner of the room, advanced upon him.

"My master! Where is my master? blood-sucker! skinflint! Jew! Robber!" shouted Jose, fighting all the time with all his might.

But what is an ash stick against an iron bar? In about five minutes from the first attack, Jose stood outside the door, bruised, breathless, and foiled.

Going back to his donkey, he took him to a stable, and then hastened to the houses of one and another of his master's old friends, not stopping to tell his story, but inquiring if the senor had been seen by them through the day; but at every house the answer was the same—no one had seen Senor Clarimundo, no one knew that he was in the town. Before his rounds were completed, it had grown too late to make further inquiries, and Jose, quite sure that his master would not have left town without the donkey, or without leaving a message for him, betook himself to the stable, and lying down beside Espagnol, uneasily dozed away the remainder of the night.

As soon as possible in the morning, he resumed his fruitless errand, and at last requested one of his master's most influential friends to call with him at Diaz' offices, and insist upon

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some reply to the question, which Diaz had refused to answer upon the previous night.

Senor Joachim found the notary busily engaged upon some papers, from which he looked up with suspended pen, and half-concealed impatience, as the slow and formal old gentleman stated his business, and made his inquiries. Hardly allowing him to finish, Diaz broke sharply in.

"Senor Clarimundo da Taschiera! Is there another disturbance to be made about him? I heard enough of that yesterday."

"But to-day it is his friends who wish to hear of it, or rather of him, senor," replied the old aristocrat, with contemptuous coldness. "When did he leave your office?"

"Really, Senor Joachim, I did not note the minute, or even the hour, but it was something after midday."

"And whither did he speak of going?"

The notary opened his palms, shrugged his shoulders, put his head on one side, and smiled grimly.

"Now really, excellenza, would you have me ask a gentleman whither he was going, when he left my office?"

"He might have mentioned, nevertheless."

"He might, but did not."

"Really! And have you no idea at all, Senor Diaz, as to what has become of my friend?"

"Not the faintest, not the slightest, Senor Joachim. Your friend, as you distinctly style my respected client, came here, stayed an hour, it might be more—I paid no heed to the time; and then he went away. My servant, who let him out, says that he waited for a moment upon the steps, looking up and down the street, probably for his man, who was not in sight. Then he walked away, leaving his donkey tied at the door. Some time later, the servant returned, laid down in the sun, and fell into a drunken sleep. When he waked, he came to my house, and was so insolent and quarrelsome, that I bid my own servants to put him out. That is all, Senor Joachim; and now, with ten thousand apologies, I must resume my work, as these papers are required in court to-morrow."

And with this, Senor Joachim, puzzled, disheartened, and vaguely suspicious, was obliged to content himself, and, taking cold leave of the notary, was ushered out of the office by Macaco, the negro, who grinned impishly as he closed the door behind him.

CHAPTER XIII.

Such, in other words, and with the addition of some details which he could not know, was the story that Jose brought home to Os Mysterios, and that Sebastiano carefully and gently repeated to his mother, she the while rocking herself backward and forward upon her chair, wringing her hands in mute distress, and sometimes raising the little golden image of our Lady of Anguish to her lips. But when all was told, and Sebastiano, restless and uneasy, had left the room to ask Jose for particulars, which the honest fellow had already told again and again, the forced calm of the poor wife broke up in hysterical sobs and lamentations, which soon became so violent that Margaret feared for the reason, or even the life of the sufferer. Sebastiano was recalled, but his presence only seemed to aggravate his mother's distress, and Josefa at last begged him to leave the room, while she soothed her mistress for a moment with the notion that he had gone again to search for his father.

Hours passed, the night, days passed, and still no tidings of the missing man. Sebastiano made a journey to the city, and exhausted his own strength, and the patience of all his friends, in fruitless inquiries. More than once he and they had visited the notary, questioning not only him but Macaco, who glibly repeated the same story with his master, and was not to be moved from it. And then, when all had been done that could be done, and when not one of his father's friends could find another suggestion to make, or aid to offer, and when the Mayor of the city refused to listen to any charge against Senor Diaz, who, by the way, had lent the Mayor a good deal of money, first and last, when everything, in fact had utterly failed to offer any hope, Sebastiano came home, sad and weary, to find his mother sunk into a condition of all but melancholy madness, and Margaret, pale and thin with watching and anxiety, but still filling, with a quiet strength and sweetness, all her own, the place of guardian to the sick woman, and head of the disorganized family.

"You are the one steady and reliable point in all this terrible storm of misfortune," said Sebastiano to her, as they stood together, for a few moments, before separating for the night.

"I have seen so much suffering and trial," replied Margaret, wearily, and her eyes traveled far out over the moonlit sea, as if those past troubles lay waiting there, and might descend upon her at any moment.

"But never trouble like this, I hope, minha senora," said Sebastiano, softly. "One parent lost—perhaps, dead, and the other—— Oh, mamai! mamai!"

And leaning his forehead upon his arm, he broke into sobs and tears, that seemed to choke

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him with repressed violence. Margaret looked at him for a moment, then laid her arm gently on his shoulders.

"Sebastiano," she murmured. "Can it comfort you to know that I have suffered far worse sorrows than this can possibly be to you? That I have lost father, mother, husband—all, all; and, worst of all to a woman, my own fair fame. Is that worse than these losses of yours, Sebastiano?"

He was no longer weeping, but standing upright, and looking straight in her face.

"You are the best, and the purest, and the dearest to me of all created women," said he, hoarsely. "And if you have been slandered, by those who could not know you as I have done, it is only reason the more for my loving you, and giving my life to heal the wounds in yours. This is no time to speak of such things, and yet I cannot let you leave me, after those bitter words, without telling you, once for all, that whatever may lie behind you, your future is mine. You shall remain here, and be my wife, and I will make you happy; for I know that I can do it, because I love you, I adore you so entirely. Say that you consent; or no, you need not tell me yet. It will be so, and I do not want to hear what you are going to say."

"Then I will only say, good-night," said Margaret, giving him her hand, with a melancholy smile; and so they parted, and she went to her own room, musing upon the rash, generous faith, the dauntless confidence, and the fresh, sweet strength of this great love, so freely poured out at her feet; and half she wished that she might make it her very own, and rest forever in this quiet haven, far, far from all that had driven her forth a wanderer over the face of the earth; and then she sighed and shook her head, and, in that gesture, reproved herself for the half-formed wish; and so, slowly disrobing herself, she lay down, and fell into a strange, dreamy, unrestful sleep. Once she woke with a start, fancying some one had spoken close at her ear, and, suddenly rising, she thought to hear the sound of stealthy, retreating footsteps; but, listening intently, after her eyes were fully opened, she heard nothing.

But the sounds which had disturbed Margaret's sleep, were not imaginary; and bitterly did she regret, for many a day afterward, that she had not roused herself, and investigated their cause.

In the sick chamber, all was quiet and settled for the night. Josefa, who should have kept awake, slept soundly; so soundly, in fact, that a light noise upon the veranda, just outside the chamber, failed to rouse her, although it startled the sensitive ear of the invalid, who opened her eyes, fixed them upon the window, but remained, in all else, perfectly motionless. The sound, a soft footfall, was repeated, and now, just outside the window, where it stopped. Still Senora Jeronyma did not move; but now she began to mutter to herself, in the monotonous, stealthy tone of insanity,

"Clarimundo! Yes, he's come at last—come for me! We mustn't let Josefa know, she's so cross, and, perhaps, the senora and Sebastiano wouldn't like it. Sh! Is it you, my darling—my Clarimundo?"

"Clarimundo? Yes, that's what I came about; that's it!" replied a low voice, in imperfect Portuguese; and the senora started nervously, for this was not her husband's voice, and yet it spoke his name. So, without giving the alarm to Josefa, she repeated vaguely,

"Clarimundo?"

"Yes, it's about him," replied the voice, and then the glass doors, standing in place of windows, were pushed open a little way, very cautiously, and the wild, ghastly face and head of Swedish Ned appeared between them. The sick lady sat up in bed, and looked at him with some surprise, but no terror, for her mind was no longer capable of strong emotion, on any save one subject.

"It's you—that's his wife, ma'am, isn't it?" whispered Ned, glaring around the room, with the hunted and furtive look, so painfully marking an unsettled mind.

"Yes, Clarimundo is my husband. Where is he?"

"I know. I came to tell you; but I won't tell him, nor her. Let them sing, and fool, and whisper in the moonlight, if they have a mind to; but they shan't know what I know, and it's only you that shall know."

"'Sh! You will wake Josefa, and she will call them all!" whispered the sick woman, cautiously creeping out of bed, as she spoke. "Wait! I'll come out there, and hear you."

Carefully wrapping herself in a blanket, lying upon the foot of the bed, Senora Jeronyma tottered to the window, quietly slipped out, and drew it close behind her.

The tall, gaunt figure of the sailor confronted her.

"Where is Clarimundo, senor?" whispered she, going close up to him, and laying a hand upon his arm.

"Over there—among the rocks; I most forget," replied Ned, passing his hand across his forehead, and glancing uneasily about him. At last, and as if forgetting his companion, he began to walk slowly away, muttering to himself in

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English; but the wife, constant to her one idea, followed him, still grasping at his arm, and repeating,

"But Clarimundo—where is Clarimundo?"

"The old man? Yes, I heard them talking about it, down there in the town, and I laughed. I knew—I knew! and I know now; but *he* shan't know. She never looked at me that way, and I c l more for her than ever he can. No! He r she shan't know!"

"But I shall; you said that I should. Oh, tell me, kind, good man, what they have done with my Clarimundo! Tell me, and Our Lady of Anguish, my patron saint, shall reward you. Oh, Clarimundo! Clarimundo!"

And, sinking at his feet, the poor woman began to weep and moan convulsively.

Ned raised her hurriedly.

"There! there! don't do that. That reminds me of her—of her. She was all mine then, and I never laid a finger on her, or so much as kissed her hand; and he—he—— Hush! hush! poor creature! Why do you moan so? Who has left you, and forgotten all your love? Who has broken your heart, and crazed your poor wits?"

"Clarimundo! Oh, where is Clarimundo?" moaned the wife, unheeding the questions, and clinging close to his arm; and, indeed, nothing was more curious in the encounter of these two wavering and unbalanced minds, than to see how each pursued its own absorbing thought, heedless of all that passed around, and only noticing the speech or actions of the other as they harmonized with its own movement. So the sailor, staring down at the sobbing woman, said,

"Yes, I came to tell you, because you'll keep it to yourself; he shan't know, nor she shan't know, only you, and you and me."

"Yes, yes, we shall know; you will tell me where he is—my husband, my Clarimundo."

"Come, then, I will take you to him."

"Where, good sailor?"

"How can I tell, and why should I?" broke out Ned, in the unreasoning passion of a madman. "You want to know, so that you can go and tell him—that is what you mean."

"No, no, I will tell no one; no one at all."

"Come with me, then! I'll take you to him."

"Yes, let us go; let us go quickly."

And, with feverish haste, the poor, witless wife began to pull her companion down the steps, leading from the veranda to the garden, never heeding that her feet were naked, and that the blanket, hastily thrown about her shoulders was, except a thin night-dress, her only protection against the chilly air.

Ned, equally heedless of her condition, strode along, muttering and gesticulating to himself, and yet, with the manly instincts that outlived reason in his generous organization, pausing, now and again, to help his feebler companion over the obstacles in her path, or waiting while she sunk on her knees to pray, as she passed the road-side shrine of saint or Madonna.

So they went down between the rows of nespra and incense-trees, which loaded the night air with their perfume, and out at the great gates, and along the steep road, black in the shadow of the high wall that bounded it.

About half a mile from the gates, the walls abruptly ceased, and the road wound through a region, desolate and ghastly as the veritable mouth of the pit; a region where there was neither grass, or shrub, or habitation, or any living thing; nothing but heaps of scoriæ, ashes, lava, and coarse conglomerate of all these, melted together, and hurled from the mouth of the now extinct volcano in its last eruption.

This melancholy and desolate region had received from the superstitious peasantry the title of Os Mysterios, or The Mysteries, and from it the villa of the Tascheiras was named.

Near the center of this tract Ned paused, looked suspiciously about him, and muttering, "They will be after us, and catch us, if we keep the road," he struck off into the wild region, closely followed by his companion.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE SNOW.

BY EMILY B. WRIGHT.

What fairy fingers have been at work
While mortal eyes were sleeping?
What fairy forms been flitting round,
Their midnight vigils keeping?

Last night the earth was brown and bare,
And dark with brooding shadow;
All unrelieved the gloomy scene,
On upland, road, and meadow.

This morning, lo! how changed the scene!
All Nature clothed in whiteness;
And still the pure white snow-flakes come
Of feathery form and lightness.

How spotless is the new-fallen snow,
So free from earthly staining
So should we ever strive to grow
To purity attaining.

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OLD-MAID PEMBERTON.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

SHE lived in the outskirts of a quiet village, with no railway nearer than eight miles, so that each day in the summer, and thrice a week in the winter, a lumbering stage-coach plied between the station and the hamlet, bringing stray passengers, or in default of such cargo, tidings from the outer world, in the shape of letters and newspapers.

Miss Pemberton's house stood on a hill; a commodious farm-house, picturesque from age, with a perfect forest of maple-trees about it, orchards and corn-fields at the back, and within and without, an air of comfort, with which no fault could be found, unless it might be that the excessive neatness was a little appalling to any idle, ill-regulated mind, such as is possessed by too many of us of the younger generation.

It was toward sunset of a bright June afternoon. Miss Pemberton sat sewing in the honeysuckle-covered porch; a grave, silent-looking woman, who made herself appear older than she need, by the more than Quaker plainness of her dress. She heard the stage-coach thundering up the hill. Three times each week the driver had instructions to bring a newspaper for her from the station, and drop it at her gate as he passed—and this was one of her newspaper days; so when the sound of the heavy wheels roused her from her occupation, she folded up her needle-work as carefully as if she never expected to touch it again, brushed a few stray threads from her dress, and walked slowly down the shaded path to the gate.

The coach paused there, at the same instant, and the driver called out,

"Evenin', Miss Pemberton! I've brought you something besides a newspaper this time. There she is inside; had it all to herself, too, only just while widow Green got in for a lift to the cross-roads. The city chap was in a hurry, and he said as you'd be expectin' her, and he was in a great to do to git on, why if I'd agree to take care on her to your house, he'd pay the fare in advance—and so he did; and I've her things right there in the boot."

All this was shot out of long Jim's post-office slit of a mouth with such rapidity that Miss Pemberton had not time to interrupt him, if she wished; so she just stood and regarded him in a sort of cold wonder, as to whether drink, or insanity, had hopelessly disordered his faculties.

Down from his lofty seat sprang Jim, with much agility, and began undoing the leather straps at the back of the vehicle, in order to reach the baggage of which he had spoken, talking all the while at a rate that would have put an ordinary person out of breath in a few seconds.

"So here she is, safe and sound, for nobody can say Jim Fox ain't as good as his word. I've forgot that ere basket for Miss Parknall; but no matter! and just turn the door-handle, and out she'll come, as right as a trivet, Miss Pemberton. Gosh darn the strap! I'll break it, and be done!"

While he gabbled and toiled, Miss Pemberton became aware of a child watching her from the coach-window with a mingling of curiosity and anxiety, though she sat wonderfully still and composed for such a mite of a thing.

As soon as she saw Miss Pemberton's astonished eyes settle upon her, she smiled, and said, easily,

"Please to open the door and let me out?"

"Let you out?" repeated the old maid.

"Mr. Fay said as you'd be looking for me; it wasn't worth while for him to come over if I wasn't afraid. And I wasn't, of course," pursued the chit, with a pretty assurance.

Miss Pemberton was staring with all her might, and her face had grown gray and pale. She made no effort to turn the door-knob, but leaned against it, and looked up at the child, as she stretched herself over the side of the coach.

"Who on earth are you?" asked Miss Pemberton, in a low voice, while long Jim toiled at the straps, too busy to hear.

"Why, I'm Mally, of course. I was to get here to-night—and here I am; and I'm awfully hungry," answered the child.

By this time long Jim had the box down, dragged inside the gate, and as the horses began to grow impatient, he hurriedly opened the door, deposited the little girl on the ground, thrust a newspaper into Miss Pemberton's hand, mounted to his perch, and drove off, leaving the old maid and the child, side by side, staring at each other with all their might.

"I'm afraid you aren't glad to see me," said the small maid, with a suspicious working of her features. "It's ever so long since mamma died;

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and I've wanted so to get to you. And Mr. Fay brought me all that dreadful voyage, and now he's gone, and if you're not glad to see me, I don't know what I shall do, I'm sure."

Miss Pemberton got inside the gate, sat flat down on the trunk, and said, gaspingly,

"I must be out of my senses, without knowing it."

"Dear me!" said the child, pityingly. "But if you're not well, I can help take care of you. I did mamma, you know. Poor mamma!"

She began to cry, not timorously, but in a quiet, womanly sort of way, pulling out a tiny morsel of handkerchief from the pocket of her dress, and wiping her eyes with it. Some hasty movement disengaged a chain that hung about her neck, and it fell, with the little locket attached to it, right in Miss Pemberton's lap. She picked it up and opened it, and the child said,

"It's mamma, you know."

Jane Pemberton gazed at the pretty, girlish face of the miniature, and many changes passed over her countenance.

"So she's dead, and sent you to me," she said. "Don't cry. Come into the house. Have you letters for me?"

"Oh! Mr. Fay sent them from New York. We had to stay there awhile, 'cause he was busy; and one day I fell down stairs and hurt my knee, but I didn't tell him."

She took the gold necklace from Miss Pemberton's hand, and fastened it about her own neck again, hiding the locket in the bosom of her dress.

"Mamma said I was not to show it to anybody but you," she said.

Miss Pemberton rose, and motioned the child to follow her. They walked up the path in silence, crossed the veranda, and entered the hall.

"Hester!" called Miss Pemberton.

A door at the end of the passage opened: a neat mulatto woman appeared, and at sight of the child, exclaimed,

"Lord's sake, Miss Pemberton! who on arth is that?"

"I want you to run down to the post-office as fast as you can go," said her mistress. "There are letters there for me. We've not been to the village for a week."

"Nebber seed that chile afore," muttered Hester.

"Go this minute!" ordered Miss Pemberton, raising her voice; and Hester went.

Miss Pemberton bade the child follow her into the kitchen; brought a bowl of milk, some bread, and a great piece of cake, and watched her in silence while she ate.

"It's very good," said the small maid, when she had nearly reached the bottom of the dish. "I suppose I'm at home now, ain't I?"

"I don't know," returned Miss Pemberton, and began walking up and down the room.

The little girl looked frightened and disturbed, but said nothing more; and when Miss Pemberton glanced toward her again, fatigue had completely overcome her; she was fast asleep on the old settee, that nearly filled one end of the kitchen.

Miss Pemberton went softly up to her, and looked at the sweet, tired face.

"Abby's child," she said, half aloud. "And Abby's dead! More trouble! more heart-break!"

She lifted the little thing in her arms, carried her into a small apartment next her own room, and laid her on the bed, doing it so gently that the child did not awake.

For more than half an hour she sat in the gathering twilight, growing graver and sadder each moment; then she heard Hester's step in the passage, and went out to meet her. She took the letters from the woman's hand, paid no attention to her questions, but retreated into her chamber, and closed the door; and Hester dared not intrude.

There was Mr. Fay's epistle; there was the long fragmentary letter the dying woman had written; there was a paper besides, which, when she looked at it, caused Miss Pemberton to weep aloud, and utter such prayers of thankfulness as had not escaped her lips in years.

So it was that Mally became an inmate of Miss Pemberton's home. When the neighborhood hurried up to inquire about her, as it felt its duty to do, Miss Pemberton only said,

"It's a little girl I have adopted—her name is Mally Pemberton. She's the daughter of a distant relative of mine, who is dead; and that's all there is about it."

Few people were bold enough to question further, but the few who did were speedily covered with confusion.

"If I'd thought it anybody's business," quoth Miss Pemberton, "I'd have called a meeting, and asked permission of the village in advance."

Naturally, for a few weeks, there was talk enough, among the gossips, though they were careful to avoid troubling Miss Pemberton with further questions. As she had not been, many years, a resident of the neighborhood, they knew nothing whatever about her family, so could not weave any mystery or romance about the affair.

Ten years went by, and Mally was no longer a child. Though their only perceptible effect on Miss Pemberton was to make her somewhat older

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and grayer, these ten years changed Mally into the prettiest girl of seventeen that the whole country could boast. Her wild, free, out-of-door life, as a child, had given her splendid health, as the doctor had prophesied, and had helped to develop her into the beauty she was now. But other things had assisted. Long before this, some adventurous female had opened a school in the village; and as besides the ordinary branches of education, she was skilled in music, and wise in the intricacies of Latin and French. Mally, her favorite pupil, was quite as well instructed as if she had been consigned to the forcing process of a modern boarding-school, where, in general, so many things are attempted that, in reality, nothing is accomplished.

The railway was completed to the village, several handsome country seats sprang up in the neighborhood, which, during the summer, were tenanted by city people, and, altogether, there was an appearance of life and bustle very different from the quiet of the old days.

For almost the first time in her life, Miss Pemberton must needs fall ill that summer, and, having once taken to her bed, though she fought sternly against it for days, she was obliged to lie there a long time, while the sort of slow, nervous fever had its course.

Mally proved herself a capital nurse; but Miss Pemberton, more thoughtful than many persons would have been under similar circumstances, forbade her confining herself to the sick-room. Mally was allowed to take care of her during the morning, and to sit with her in the evening; but the afternoon must be devoted to out-door exercise, she said, and Mally must go to bed, and sleep soundly at night.

The two were very fond of each other, in a quiet way, though, as Mally grew older, she comprehended, that, for a good while there had been a struggle in Miss Pemberton's mind, as if, in spite of her efforts, some bitter memory stood between her and the possibility of affection. But that had passed, and life in the old house had gone on calmly enough, and, during this illness, Miss Pemberton said, more than once, to her charge, "I don't know how I should have got on all these years without you, Mally." And Mally knew that this confession from the reticent woman meant more than a whole volume of tender words would from some demonstrative person to whom expressions of affection came easily.

So, during these weeks, in spite of her doing everything for aunt Jane that she was permitted, Mally had a great deal of leisure time on her hands, as her studies had been discontinued. She used to take long rambles among the hills, and one day that she penetrated to a beautiful wood, a couple of miles beyond the village, she came upon young Reginald West, seated at the foot of a tree, sketch-book in hand.

Of course Mally did not know who he was; but she saw the handsome young fellow before he perceived her, and was about to retreat, and might have done so, and thus that first meeting been avoided, had not Reginald's big dog perceived her, and felt it his duty to bound toward her with deafening barks, as if he supposed her some new species of game, brought within his reach for the express purpose of being hunted.

"Punch! Punch!" called Reginald; but Punch did not heed, and by the time he could rise to discover what had occasioned this disturbance on the dog's part, Mally had turned to run, hit her foot in a trailing vine, and fell heavily to the ground.

She was a little stunned, and when she recovered from the dizziness, she had been raised and seated at the foot of a great oak, and young West was bending over her, and entreating her not to be alarmed, and calling rather wildly to know if she was hurt.

Presently she could find voice to reassure him, and then he rushed into spasms of regret and explanation.

"Punch wouldn't have hurt you," he said. "See how penitent he looks! Oh, you bad, clumsy old Punch. You always make a terrible racket, and you haven't courage to touch a mouse."

Punch looked so dreadfully ashamed and conscience stricken, sitting up on the end of his tail, in a very uncomfortable fashion, that Mally could not help laughing. The color came back to her cheeks in a ruddier rush; and, between her liveliness, and the bell-like sound of her laughter, Reginald, like the fanciful youth he was, felt almost ready to believe, that some beautiful wood-nymph had appeared to him, as the race used occasionally to do to lucky swains, in the wonderful old days, when this dusty world was centuries younger than now.

"You are sure that you did not hurt yourself?" he asked, anxiously; and Mally replied that she was quite certain that she had not.

But he insisted on giving her some water from a spring, close by the roots of the tree; and, as he had no cup, was obliged to devise one out of a great leaf, and the attempt was so difficult, that they both laughed till they almost forgot they were strangers.

Very soon, Mally felt quite recovered; and suddenly remembered that she ought to go home, but, by this time, Reginald was showing her his

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sketch-book, and quoting some lines of Tennyson's, that applied very well to the beautiful spot; and Mally was growing prettier each instant, as she listened to the soft, melodious voice, and glanced shyly at the frank, handsome face bent toward her.

"You mustn't try to walk yet," he said, as she attempted to get up. "Just rest comfortably for a few minutes longer. I'll introduce myself to you, and then it'll be all right. I'm Reginald West, and I live in that old house, beyond the wood. You can see the roof from here, or you could, if it wasn't for the trees; so it's just the same."

Mally could not help laughing again, and he joined her, breaking off to say,

"But you've not told me yet to whom I have been presented."

"Oh, I am Mally Pemberton, and I live with Miss Jane——'

"Bless me, yes, in that pretty old house, on the hill by the village," broke in Reginald. "I went by there, the other day, and wondered who lived in that picturesque nest. I heard you singing, too; I know it was you."

"Perhaps it was old, black Hester; she sings a great deal," said Mally, demurely.

Reginald shook his head in fierce denial of the possibility.

"They said it was Miss Pemberton's house; so you see, in a way, what with having heard you sing, and asked your relative's name, I had made your acquaintance already."

Then they fell to talking about Tennyson, and certain novels which Mally had read; and Master Reginald had plunged into an account of his favorite authors. I suppose nothing on earth could have induced Mally to believe that she had sat there full three-quarters of an hour, when, at the end of what she believed something less than ten minutes, she again came down to reality enough to remember that she ought to turn her steps homeward.

"I don't believe you are half rested," Reginald declared. But she rose from her seat, and pronounced herself quite able to walk.

"Will you let me go part of the way with you?" he asked, so respectfully, and yet in such a boyish, confident manner, that even a young lady, more alive to the rigidities of life than Mally, could have found no reason for offence in the request. "I shall be awfully anxious, imagining that you have fainted, or something, and I shall follow you any way, to be sure you are safe."

"But it is out of your road," Mally urged.

"Oh, I go in all directions. I fairly live in the woods; it's a jolly old place. My uncle bought his house two years ago, but we have never been here till this summer. I like it so much that I never want to go away."

He was as unconscious that this desire had not bloomed into his mind, until the last hour, as Mally was unaware of the pleasure she found in his speech. But she must go home, so he put up his sketch-book, and prepared to accompany her; only first, Punch must come and beg pardon. Punch looked so very absurd, trying to do the penitent, that they both had to laugh again, and then Reginald was inspired to put him through a variety of tricks, and they wasted full twenty minutes more, rather from the fact of Punch's obstinacy than because his feats were either varied, or wonderful.

Then the two young people walked slowly along the path, through the beautiful wood, with Punch following, at least when he didn't stop to worry imaginary squirrels among the fallen logs. And the thrushes sang, and the late afternoon sun played among the interlacing branches, and rested like an omen of hope on the faces of the youthful pair, as they sauntered on, talking as easily and naturally, as if they had made acquaintance in accordance with the most stilted rules of decorum.

Before they came in sight of the house, Mally had told him about Miss Pemberton's illness; about her childish life in New Orleans, and her long journey; and he had given her a great deal of information concerning his own important past. He was two-and-twenty, and just out of college, and there was talk of his going to Europe next spring, and his uncle Reginald denominated it, "really a trick, you know," though he confessed that most people thought the gentleman very haughty and stern. There was an aunt, too; but Mally gathered that she was a peevish invalid, not much good to herself or anybody else.

It was almost sunset when they came out on the brow of the hill, and could see the old, gray farm-house, just beyond. Neither remembered that the agreement had been that Reginald was to walk only part of the way. Now, he said, with a pleasant assurance, that would have made an older person smile,

"I'm so sorry Miss Pemberton is ill; if she were not, I'd go and be introduced to her."

Such a proceeding would have seemed the most natural in the world to Mally; but it could not be thought of; and, presently, Reginald had to leave her, and start homeward; but as he knew that she walked every afternoon, he felt pretty certain in his own mind of being able to encounter her.

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Mally would have told Miss Pemberton what had happened, without the slightest hesitation; but the latter was suffering a good deal this evening, and could not be talked to much, and when the nervous pain left her, she went soundly asleep.

During the next two weeks, there was not a day that Reginald West did not, in some manner, manage to encounter or see Mally. I have no doubt you are thinking it was hugely improper; but the impropriety is in your own minds; it was not in their thoughts.

It is true that Mally had given up the idea of telling Miss Pemberton until she was quite recovered, because Reginald had asked her not.

"People are always fanciful at such times," he said. "When she gets really well, I'll come to see her. I would ask Mrs. West to come, too, only she's one of those women that never do what you want them to by any chance."

The uncle was absent during this fortnight, and Reginald's time was entirely at his own disposal, so it will seem neither surprising or unnatural to you when I say that, at the end of the time the young couple had made good use of it; that they were deep in the pretty romance suited to their age. Not that either quite realized it as yet. There had been no making love on Reginald's part, and he was so much younger than many of his age, that he had not even studied his own feelings, or could see them clearly. But the days were enchanted ones; the woods and fields where they wandered were fairy land, and the season a perfect poem, with no break in its rhythm.

Two whole weeks, and still Miss Pemberton had not been told. She was able to sit up now; to walk a little about the porch; and Mally and Reginald were beginning to talk (when they had leisure to think of it) of the young man's presenting himself to the old maid's favorable consideration.

This afternoon Mally was prevented setting out for her walk at her usual hour, and Reginald had wandered on and on in the hope of meeting her, until he found himself in the orchard, just back of the house, and saw Mally coming through the little garden-gate. So they sat down under the shadow of the trees, and Mally had her lesson in drawing; and while they were both busily engaged, and chattering like a pair of young thrushes, the little gate swung noiselessly to again, and in another moment, leaning on a stout cane, looking pale and more worn than even her illness would account for, Jane Pemberton stood confronting the pair. Old Widow Parknall had chosen this very last hour to intrude herself upon the invalid, and, among other gossip, must needs tell that Miss this had encountered Mally and her young admirer, and somebody else knew that they walked together every day. She was gone; inquiries from Hester received for answer that Mally was out. Hester returned to her kitchen, and, after a few moments, Miss Pemberton gathered up her strength and left the house.

She heard the two voices, and guided her feeble steps toward the spot, and came upon them before they were aware.

They were, neither of them, frightened or confused. Mally exclaimed—

"O, Aunt Jane! to walk so far!"

Reginald had darted up and placed her on a bench, and all she could do, in her weakness and agitation, was to push him almost fiercely off, and glare at them both out of her angry, astonished eyes.

"It is Reginald West, aunt Jane," explained Mally. "He lives not very far off. His big dog threw me down one day, and so we made acquaintance. He was coming to see you as soon as you were well enough."

"I am glad you are able to get out, Miss Pemberton," added Reginald;" but you have walked too far. Can't I run to the house and bring you some water, or something?"

"You can do one thing for me, young man," said the old maid, in a voice that sounded hard and cold, in spite of its tremulousness, "you can walk through that gate and never pass it again."

Reginald's handsome face flushed angrily; He glanced at Mally, grown suddenly as pale almost as Miss Pemberton herself, and the sight enabled him to restrain his hasty temper.

"I am sorry to have offended you," he said, gently.

"I didn't say you had offended me," returned Miss Pemberton;" I asked you to go through that gate, and not to pass it any more."

"Oh, aunt Jane!" exclaimed Mally.

"I want you to go into the house," said she; not speaking harshly, in spite of the sternness of her words.

Mally hesitated for an instant.

"I want you to go into the house," repeated Miss Pemberton, in the same monotonous tone.

Riginald had moved quickly toward the girl. She held out her hand.

"Good-by!" came simultaneously from their quivering lips. Mally walked back toward the house. Reginald watched her as long as she was in view. Then he turned quickly to Miss Pemberton, "Please, don't be angry," he said. "You think it was not right for us to make ac-

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quaintance, without permission; but it was my fault; indeed, I didn't think of you being angry."

"Did it occur to you," said the old maid, "that you might be the means of making my girl gossiped about; that you might cause her great unhappiness?"

"No, no; I never thought of it; how could I?" cried he. "See here, Miss Pemberton, I'll go straight after my uncle's wife, and bring her to call on you. That'll set matters straight."

"Bring your uncle's wife to call on *me*," repeated the old maid. "Your name is West. This is no place for anybody of that name to come."

Reginald stared at her, somewhat inclined to think that her illness had turned her brain, a little.

"She—she's a very good sort of woman—in her way," said he, hesitatingly. A change passed over Miss Pemberton's features.

"Where is your uncle?" she asked.

"Down in New York; but he'll be back to-night. I'll tell him. I'm sure——"

"Do tell him," interrupted she. "Tell him Jane Pemberton wants him to give you the reason why you are not to cross again the path of any one belonging to her."

"Do you know my uncle?" he demanded.

"Go ask him that question," returned she, and rose and moved slowly toward the gate.

He called after her. She did not turn. He ran toward her. She looked at him over her shoulder without pausing in her painful march, and interrupted the hasty plea he tried to utter. "Go tell him what I have said," she cried, "and add that, if there's justice in heaven or earth, I'll have protection for me and mine from the sight of any with his blood in their veins."

She passed through the gate and disappeared among the trees, leaving him utterly confounded by her silence.

Mally was in the old-maid's bed-room when Miss Pemberton entered, weeping softly. But Miss Pemberton was too much exhausted to speak. She let Mally get her on the bed, then she fainted completely away, and it was a long time before the united attentions of Mally and old Hester could bring her to.

Not one word did she say that night or the next morning. It was Sunday, and Mally prepared to go to church, longing just for the old maid to speak of yesterday's scene, but afraid to agitate her by bringing the subject up.

"Go to church," said Miss Pemberton; "but come straight home afterward."

Among the congregation was Reginald West, and by his side was a haughty-looking, middle-aged man, whose eyes, Mally saw, were more than once fastened upon herself. There had been a scene, too, between the uncle and nephew, the evening before, for Mrs. West had been informed of Reginald's proceedings.

As Mally came out of church, Reginald met her, held out his hand, and said a few whispered words, which brought the color brightly into the cheeks that had been so pale.

"Who was that young lady?" asked Mr. West, as their carriage whirled off.

"Miss Pemberton's niece," replied Reginald.

Neither added a word.

A week went by. There had been a slight explanation between the old maid and Mally. But Miss Pemberton had given an absolute cammand for the first time.

"I forbid," she said, "your speaking to that young man again; remember that."

She went on to explain to the girl the risk she had run of injuring her reputation by those stolen interviews, but stopped; for Mally's childish fright was too painful to witness. Reginald haunted the place, but never once set eyes upon Mally. At last a letter came; a letter in which he put his great love into words, and promised to overcome all the mysterious difficulties which surrounded them.

Mally laid the passionate pages close to her sore heart; but even they could not bring her much comfort in this dark season. Miss Pemberton had opened her eyes too rudely, and she was crushed by a vague sense of humiliation and shame, which made her long to shrink from every familiar face; to die, and be rid of this horrible sense of reproach.

It had been a week of perplexity and strange communion with his own soul to Mr. West. The face he had seen in the village church haunted him like a ghost, and brought up memories of a terrible sin, which, for years, he had thrust back into the depths of his soul, and refused to regard.

The seventh day came, and with it news to Reginald, who had managed to enlist Hester's sympathies, that Mally had been taken suddenly very ill.

He forced his way into the house, and Miss Pemberton was obliged to see him, for fear that he would penetrate to the very sick-room. She could only tell him that the doctor feared the girl had been attacked with brain fever, and then he went nearly mad. He got home and into his uncle's presence.

"You have killed her, between you," he said, abruptly. "That stupid old woman had told her that people gossiped; you refused to set matters right, by going to the house and making aunt go with you; and now she's past hope. Look here! The day she dies is the last day you

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ever see my face. You have helped to make a great wrong where there was none. You have helped murder her! and I hate you, as I do the rest.'

When he was gone; a whiter man never sat staring phantoms in the face, than the man he left behind.

In the gray twilight Grayson West appeared at Miss Pemberton's door. She was standing there, at the moment, and the two looked, for an instant, full in each other's eyes.

"I was going to find you," she said. "Your daughter is dying in that room yonder, and I want to know what name you mean to have engraved on her tombstone."

"God help me!" he groaned. "I never knew there was a child. Oh, Miss Pemberton, believe me! When it was too late, I discovered how I had wronged Abby; but I did not know she left a child."

Grayson West had eloped with pretty Abby Mayne, after there had been a fierce quarrel between him and Miss Pemberton, who did not even credit his honorable intentions toward the girl who was so much below himself in a social position. He married her secretly, through fear of his father's anger, and took her South. In a few months a series of unfortunate circumstances, and the false tongue of one who hated her, roused his insane jealousy, and he left her. A divorce was obtained as privately as the marriage had taken place, and at last Grayson West added the crowning wrong to his great sin; he married again.

Long afterward, in his European home, the truth was made clear to him; but it was too late for any atonement beyond remorse. The patient heart had broken under its burthen; Abby was dead. Never once, during those years, had she made any sign. Even Miss Pemberton only learned her fate, when, at the time of Mally's arrival, she received the journal Abby had kept, and the marriage certificate, which might one day be useful to her child. She had supported herself and the little one by her own exertions. When illness came, God raised up kind friends, who did all for her that could be done, and took charge of Mally. It was not anger toward her relative which caused Abby's silence, only that she feared, if Miss Pemberton learned the truth, in her wrath, she would find some means to trouble Grayson in his new life; and that idea kept her strong to live and die in her seclusion.

As he and Miss Pemberton sat together that night, for, with death perhaps so near the spot where they held communion, she could not hold to her resentment in the presence of his anguish and remorse, he read the journal the dead wife had left; read it, and moaned aloud that God could never forgive him.

But he learned later that the Infinite Mercy never fails. He believed it when, days afterward, Mally was lying on her pillows, weak and spent, but with the light of returning life in her eyes.

The time came that she was able to sit up—to talk. Then Miss Pemberton took Grayson West into the room he had so often haunted during the girl's delirium, and left the two together.

"If you could pardon me, maybe God might," he said, when he had ended his tale.

He had slight answer in words; but Mally's arms about his neck, and Mally's tears upon his cheek, brought a sense of peace, which he had thought eternity itself could never offer.

After awhile, there was an impatient tap at the door, and Reginald looked in, crying,

"I'll not be kept out any longer! Oh, Mally! Oh, my darling!"

There was a quiet wedding in the old house that autumn; but, though the gossips had a great deal to say about it, no part of the real story was revealed to them.

Abby was dead. It could serve no good purpose for Grayson West to claim his child and make known the sad history. It was part of his atonement never to be able to do this, and he accepted it.

MY AMULET.

BY MARY W. MICKLES.

No wrong can lurk 'neath love like this,
  Which fills my weary heart for thee;
Which like Lethean draught has power
  To still life's long, long misery.

To still awhile the searing pain
  Of all the bitter, blighted years;
To gild again life's heavy chain,
  Rusted so deep with bitter tears

It cannot be that aught so sweet
  Hides dregs of bitterness below;
To sting and burn the fevered lips,
  And leave the deep, dark scars of woe.

Though fate may frown, if love be true,
  'Twill hold no pangs of sad regret;
And this, within my heart shall lie,
  Sacred as holiest Amulet.

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THE LOST INHERITANCE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 147.

CHAPTER VII.

A carriage stood before the hotel, and a foreign looking servant, in livery, stood by it, giving some orders in the quiet way, which bespeaks such thorough breeding in the servants from abroad.

At the window above, a little, old woman was fidgeting, now darting in between the lace curtains and the sash, now drawing back while she made a critical survey of the equipage which stood ready to convey her into the Park.

"Why, Beatrice, come here. It really is wonderful how these people have improved since we went away from them Here, look at this Clarence; it is almost perfect; plate-glass, gold mountings, cushions of dark-brown satin. Why, it might have come out of our own establishment. Really, I am delighted!"

The old lady really was both surprised and delighted. While she was speaking, the curtains were thrown into a flutter as she took a second survey of the carriage, and she did not observe that all this time she had been giving forth her voluntary opinions to an empty room.

"Not come down yet! Dear me! how tantalizing people can be!" she exclaimed, at last, looking around the room. "Here, I have been ready ten minutes, at least; but what does she care; since we came back to this country I am nothing!"

During another ten minutes the little lady fluttered up and down the room, beating her flounces with the lace parasol grasped so impotently in her hand, or rearranging her butterfly bonnet and lace shawl before the large mirror, coquetting with the faded image there like a girl of fifteen. Two or three times she had given spasmodic jerks to the bell. At last the door opened, and a quiet French maid looked in.

"Is your lady never coming down, Fanny?"

"My lady has changed her mind. She has a little pain of the head, and desires that madame shall drive alone to the music of the Park. The *maladie*—that is the awful sea-sickness, will not go off in a minute, though——"

"Don't mention it!" cried the old lady, holding up both hands, "the very sound makes this house reel over me. Still, I must say, it is very selfish in my daughter to give way so. Will she never take an example from her mother?"

"Ah, but madame is so superior; so fresh. It must be a very young person, indeed, who can have so much vivacity."

Mrs. Rochester smiled on the waiting woman, and then cast an approving glance on the little, flighty figure reflected in the glass, to which she gave a capricious improvement by dropping a long, golden curl, which fell upon her shoulder, more to the front.

"Then you are sure my daughter will not come down?"

"Quite sure, madame."

"I declare it is too bad. This, our first drive, too; and the people waiting to see us go out, I dare say."

"But they will have the pleasure of seeing madame; and her toilet is so perfect."

Here the old lady took another survey of herself in the glass, and flung the curl back. She had changed her mind about it.

"Look out, Fanny; is there a crowd gathering?"

The French woman went to the window.

"Not yet, madame; I only see the footman on the side-walk, and a poor little girl who stands by the steps."

"Ah, these people have no interest—no curiosity. Well, Fanny, say to your lady that I think it very selfish to send me into this strange country alone. When did she ever see me giving way to a headache? But, then, as you very properly observed, few people of any age have my spirit. Open the door!"

Fanny opened the door, and held it while Mrs. Rochester passed through, and, lifting her flounces daintily between the thumb and finger of her tightly-gloved hand, stepped down the broad stair-case. As she was passing to the street an audacious little hand pulled at her skirt, leaving its mark on the delicate lavender silk.

"Please, marm, will you tell me how to get in? They just shut the door against me when I

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ask, and I must do it, because I promised him."

Mrs. Rochester glanced haughtily at the sweet little face uplifted to hers, and then, with an impatient frown at her dress,

"Take your hand away!" she said, sharply.

The child was so frightened that she gave a fresh clutch on the silk; at which the vicious old butterfly struck the little, dirty hand with her parasol, and from it dropped a paper, folded squarely, without envelope, and sealed with a wafer.

The singularity of this mission forced her attention. In a moment her eyes were riveted on the address, which was written nervously with a pencil.

"Where did you get this? What is it? Who on earth are you? Let go my dress!"

Little Maggie's hand fell away from the dress, and she stooped to pick up the letter, very much frightened, but still intent on her errand.

"I got it from the sick man at our house," she said, half crying with fright. "It's a letter for the lady that lives here, and has just come off from the sea. I—I am Maggie; little Maggie Thorp; and I don't mean the leastest harm in the world——"

"I should think not," said the startled lady, who was still regarding that address with a wild, shrinking look, "people who do the most mischief seldom intend it. But what do you want?"

"Nothing, ma'am, only to find the lady whose name he wrote down here. A grand, beautiful lady, dressed like a queen. That is what he said; and I was to find her, and give this into her own hands."

"Well, what then?"

"If I couldn't find her, and if she wouldn't take the letter, then I was to wait and watch for a little, old lady——"

"Ha!"

"With hair that must be white, he says, and a wrinkled face; and maybe, says he, she will stoop about the shoulders, and have a shaky voice, and——"

"There, there; I don't want to hear about that!"

The child looked into that angry old face with earnest wonder.

"At first I thought it might be you," she said, with grave simplicity, "only your hair is soft and yellow, like mine——"

"Of course, of course! Why shouldn't it be?"

"And you don't stoop so very much."

"Much! I do not stoop at all!"

"Then, I don't know; and if you would only tell me how I am to get this to the tall, beautiful lady, I wouldn't trouble you no more; and I'm sorry about the dress as can be."

"Give me that letter!" said the woman, sharply; and, reaching forth her hand, she crushed the folded paper in it.

"Are you the old, old lady, then?" questioned the girl, startled by this abrupt movement.

"Yes, I am the lady. Go home and say that you have given it to me."

Maggie did not move.

"Go, child; you are in my way."

"But must I tell him nothing but that?" questioned the child, eyeing the crushed paper wistfully.

"That is enough. Stop; you can say that I will read all that is written, and let him know."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Now, go; and do not, on any account, come here again. Say that I forbade you."

"Yes!" gasped the child, who did not move; but keenly watched that slender hand as if she longed to snatch the paper from it.

The lady pushed her aside and fluttered toward the carriage.

"Drive to the place where they have music," she said to the footman, who waited orders with his hand on the door, "and drive slowly."

The man bowed, closed the door and mounted to his seat.

Mrs. Rochester leaned back against the cushions, and closed her eyes, as if she would gladly have taken refuge in a fainting fit; but she felt that this was no time for weakness, and, drawing a scent-bottle from her pocket, inhaled its contents greedily.

She evidently required all this to give her strength to open and read the letter in her hand.

It contained but few words, roughly penned, and written with a hand that had grown stiff from want of practice in penmanship, that had once been perfect.

A gleam of pity did cross that withered face, and something like regret broke into those cold eyes as they fell upon the writing.

"Yes, it is his," she murmured; "but oh! how changed!"

She dropped the letter in her lap, and some feeling must have been at work in her heart, for she was deathly pale, and more than once her old lip quivered; but directly a hard, unnatural look came to her features, like frost upon a withered flower, and settled there. She tore the paper into fragments, and cast them from the window, one by one. By this time she was in the Park, hovering on the outskirts of a crowd, drawn together by the music she never heard, and by the loveliest bits of scenery that ever a

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preoccupied eye overlooked. While the concert was at its highest, she leaned forward, and gave an order to the coachman, who wheeled his vehicle from the crowd, and drove away into the city.

From the sweet, pure air of the Park, and flowery nooks that formed lovely pictures at every turn, this woman drove into a low, gloomy neighborhood, running along the East river. There she passed a tall factory, overrun with work-people, then a low-browed wooden house, and again a board shanty, perched upon a ridge of rocks, and darkened by the shadow of a six-story tenement-house, where the poor hived themselves like bees from all but their own desolate world.

In sight of one of these houses the woman stopped her carriage and got out.

"I have some poor people to visit," she said; "keep in sight till I return."

It was a strange sight, that elegant old woman fluttering in delicate silk, and more delicate lace, along the dirty side-walks, and surcharged gutters of that squalid neighborhood. At another time she would have gathered her flounces around her, and sought for a way out at the first moment; but now she scarcely thought of her garments, or cared that the delicate kid of her boots were soiled at every step. She did not even heed the crowds of children and bare-armed women that gathered on the door-steps and in the mouth of each alley, to gaze upon her as she passed along like some gorgeous tropical bird through the fog and gloom of a morass.

"Here it is—this way, ma'am.

It was little Maggie, who had been watching by the door of that bald, lean-looking tenement-house for the approach of the lady, for the poor man up stairs had been sadly anxious after receiving her message, and the child had partaken of the excitement which burned in him like a fever.

The lady looked up at the front of that tall, bleak house with a shudder, as criminals cast their eyes on the gallows for the first time. Then, without a word, she followed the child, who went flitting up, and up the steep flights of steps until she disappeared under the roof, leaving the old lady, with all her pretence at youth, panting for breath on the third flight.

Maggie opened the rickety door, and found her patient sitting up in bed. His wild eyes were turned upon her; his lips were apart, and white with suppressed feeling.

"She has come!"

"Ah!"

Maggie did not heed this dry sob, but went on to give her news.

"She is coming up stairs. I left her half-way down, and came to tell you. Oh! please don't look so scared and white. She is such a little lady."

The man did not answer. Above the sweet voice of the child he heard the patter of high-heeled boots, and knew the step so well that his breath stopped.

"Is this the room?" said a low, even voice. "Is this the room?"

Maggie stood aside, and lifted her innocent eyes to the lady as she crossed the threshold, wondering at the glory and light her presence brought into that shabby room.

The man reached forth his arms, held them a moment, then dropped them on the bed with a dull moan. The woman, who was his mother, stood upon the threshold, gazing at him with a searching, unmoved countenance.

Still his great, pleading eyes were turned to hers, searching for some look of affection; some faint recognition of all that he had been to her. At last, finding none, the anguish of his disappointment broke forth in a single word,

"Mother!"

The woman stood immovable; a slight quiver of the wrinkles about her mouth, a swift quailing of the eye, were all the signs she gave that the one holy word, uttered by that man, had passed like an arrow through her heart.

The little girl, seeing the look of agony that passed over the man's face, when his cry was unanswered by one glance or word of tenderness, stood a moment looking from one to the other, and then stole from the room. The child, in this, obeyed one of those impulses of delicacy which are like the breath of life to a sensitive nature.

Seating herself on the stairs, she folded her hands, and waited quietly, with a look of trouble on her pretty face that might have belonged to an over-sympathetic woman.

Meantime, those two persons, the old woman, in her sumptuous adornments, and the middle-aged man, in his poverty, were left together.

For a time there was no word spoken between them. The man's face, which had been overspread for one moment with affectionate joy, grew hard and bitter; his teeth were set; his eyes shone, as they dwelt upon the false old face turned half away from his gaze.

"I called you mother," he said at last, in a bitter, hoarse voice, "and you say nothing."

"What can I say?" answered the woman, drawing toward the bed with evident reluctance. "It is so strange and so unexpected. I—I——"

"You thought me dead!"

"How could I tell?"

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"True; how were you to learn? That sumptuous foreign home was well guarded, no doubt, from all disagreeable messages."

"No messages came," muttered the woman, casting a furtive glance at the sick man, as if making cowardly efforts to recognize him. "I—I didn't expect any. My son was too noble, too self-sacrificing, to do things by half. When he made up his mind to give up so much, it is not likely that he would spoil everything by reminding us of his troubles."

The man, thus craftily repudiated, turned upon his pillow and closed the lids over his hot eyes. The lashes quivered, but no tears came through. Dry pain was there, nothing else.

"Oh, mother, was it for this I buried myself alive?" he said at last, with a sharp outburst of anger.

"Mother! Don't use that word again. I—I don't believe you have any right to use it at all."

"What! What!"

"I believe it. There is some imposition here. My son! I do not deny that I had one, who was unfortunate, very unfortunate, poor fellow! but he was a tall, handsome young man.'

"I was that when we parted," muttered the sick man, drearily.

Mrs. Rochester did not heed the interruption.

"A tall, handsome, distinguished-looking person, with wavy black hair and splendid eyes, while you are——"

"Broken down with hard work; weighed down with shame; given up to unutterable desolation; a wretch dishonored by his mother; abandoned by every one——"

"My son would never have given up so, if it were possible that he could have been in your place," answered Mrs. Rochester. "He was brave enough to have suffered, without dragging two helpless women down with him."

"He was! He was! He did suffer in silence," groaned the invalid. "Year after year; year after year, while these two women left him in torment. You disown me, madam. Be it so; but there is another who profited greatly when I was buried alive. Where is she, my only sister? Why does she not stand by your side and repudiate me as you have? I think she would do it more bravely if she could find the heart."

'Your sister—not that she is your sister, but the person you speak of, is not likely to come here!" answered the lady, sharply.

"She refuses, then?"

"Of course she refuses, knowing well that her poor brother is dead. I have come with all the deep, sensitive love which a mother can alone feel, to hear about my poor, lost son. If you were with him at his death if; you can tell me about him, I entreat that you will drop this attempt at deception and tell me everything."

The woman clasped her hands with a pretty, theatrical effect, and absolutely turned her pleading eyes fully upon that grim face, stirred by a slow smile, which had a gleam of bitter amusement in it.

"You speak of my son, who was the soul of honor; capable of the most magnanimous actions; how could he, so gentle, so refined, have known you? Tell me, tell me; where did you meet him?"

A wild, ringing laugh came up from the bed, which was shaken by the violence with which the sick man rose to a sitting posture, and laid one shoulder and his bosom bare.

"Woman, if this is acting, have done with it! If you have, indeed, forgotten, look here?"

Mrs. Rochester turned her eyes on the emaciated chest thus roughly exposed, and dropped them again.

"Well," she said, "I see nothing!"

"Not this mark—this scarlet flame, shooting, like an arrow, upward to the shoulder?"

"Yes, I see that; such things are common enough."

The man gathered the cotten garment over his chest again, and lay down, shuddering all over.

Mrs. Rochester seemed to gain courage, now; she went close to the bed, and took the rough hand of the prisoner in hers. He drew it fiercely away.

"Do not be so unchristian; have some regard for the feelings of a mother who, years ago, lost her only son," she said; "perhaps you may have known him. It was in this hope that I came to you. It is possible that you may have partaken of his kindness, or, perhaps, have been kind to him. In that case, there is nothing that we will not do in return for the slightest service rendered to him. He was a brave, generous young man."

"Was he?" broke in the invalid, "I have almost forgotten."

"Chevalric, even. I think he would have died rather than have brought sorrow, or—or any evil thing on his sister or myself."

"He proved it. Oh, my God, how bitterly he proved it!" exclaimed the sick man, beginning to tremble again.

"No brother ever worshiped a sister as he worshiped my Beatrice!"

Still the man trembled, and now hot tears came rushing to his eyes.

"He was so happy, so proud, when she be-

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came Lady Oakley. Indeed his ambition was all for her."

"It was, it was!"

"If you knew him; if you have, in reality, ever seen him ——"

"Stop, stop! Say what you wish plainly. The man you speak of as dead was at least above petty subterfuge ——"

"He *is* dead. He disappeared forever about the time Sir Charles Oakley married his sister."

"Disappeared forever?"

"We mourned for him. We wore the deepest black for years. Even royalty sympathized with our loss. I thought Beatrice never would get over it. Her sorrow was pitiful to see."

All at once the man seized the little, gloved hand, which had settled on his own, and grasped it close.

"Did *she* believe it? Did she think that her brother was dead?"

For once the woman answered truthful, from impulse, for the grasp of that hand shot a cold thrill through every nerve of her body.

"At first she doubted and hoped; then, as years went by, bringing no tidings, she gave him up."

"Unmourned?"

"No, Beatrice loved her brother."

"Ah, then she is still human? She mourned him dead, poor girl. How would it be now?"

The man was talking to himself, but Mrs. Rochester took up his words.

"Now, if her brother were alive, the most cruel thing he could do would be to let her know it."

"Indeed!"

"The Atlantic we have just crossed is not deeper than the gulf that lies between her present life and her youth. For years she has been at the head of one of the oldest families of Great Britain; a family that received her haughtily, considering her marriage with Sir Charles from this republican country, as a misalliance."

A grim smile came over the sick man's face.

"Even her son so regarded it."

"Then Beatrice has a son?"

"Who is now the baronet."

"Is her husband dead?"

"Yes, two years ago; and she is now, to a great degree, dependent on the young baronet, with whom pride of birth has grown into a passion. Think what a blow it would be if ——"

The invalid broke in upon this speech with a bitter laugh.

"You seem to enjoy the thought," said the old woman, startled.

"Oh, yes; this whole interview has been full of enjoyment. I have been looking forward to it so long—so long!"

"To what end? What could you expect?"

"I do not know. God help me if I thought that some gratitude, some little affection might be saved in return for a hard, broken life!" answered the man, while a quiver of unutterable grief passed over his face, "Ah, me! I did think a mother could never forget her child!"

The old woman took out her handkerchief and passed its filmy lace across her eyes.

"If my son were alive, he would never have the heart to reproach me so!" she said, plaintively. "It was not in his nature."

The sick man turned his head away impatiently.

This flimsy attempt at unbelief seemed to irritate him; but craft was so imbued in the old woman's character that she could not speak or act with promptness, even when that was for her own interest. She went on.

"My son was manly, generous; ready to do anything that was likely to make his mother and sister happy."

Here the woman paused and drew a deep breath, for a groan had checked her speech.

"He would not have broken in upon his sister, as it were, from the tomb."

"Hush, madam! Cease this shallow pretense. Your son is no longer a credulous, warm-hearted youth, ready to be trampled under foot, that others may rise upon his ruin; but a man, hardened by suffering, embittered by the most cruel neglect that ever fell upon a loving heart, full of errors, capable of crime, but capable also of great self-sacrifice. This he proved when life was all before him. If all his generous impulses are worn out, do not be astonished. The few hopes left to him are hardly worth sacrificing to your greed and your pride. Life itself is with him scarcely worth keeping."

The old lady arose from her seat on the bed with a look of relief. Eloquent of wrong and bitter sorrow, as his words had been, they contained a sort of promise, that her selfishness seized upon greedily.

"I am sure," she said, still veiling herself in native craft, "no mother ever felt more for a son than I felt for mine. To his dying day, he must have known that; but for the love I bore him, I could not have endured to talk as I have done of the most sacred family affairs to a stranger. But, for his sake, I am ready to help you in any way that will not bring us together again, provided you will promise never to seek my daughter, or the young baronet."

Again the man laughed bitterly.

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"I will promise nothing; having been in tramels half a lifetime, henceforth I will be free!"

"We must not part bad friends," answered the woman, with an uneasy smile. "I want to be kind to you and help you!"

The man turned his head away with a gesture of angry impatience.

"Leave me; I can bear this no longer," he said.

"Not without help—not without proving how much I am interested in your welfare," was her silky reply, and taking a glittering portmonaie from her pocket, she dropped it on the bed, and rustled out of the room.

On the stairs she found little Maggie, holding a stout baby in her arms.

"Ah! you are the little girl who brought me a note from that poor man. How long has he been here?"

"Don't know exact; but it's more than a week, ma'am."

"Well, if he wants anything, come to me again; and if he goes away, be sure to come and tell me."

"Yes, ma'am. Shall I wait at the door till you come out?—'cause the man wouldn't let me in, I reckon."

"I will leave orders. Ask for Mrs. Rochester—no one else, remember. You will get some candy, and perhaps a new dress."

"Oh, my! Yes, I'll be sure to come if he wants me to."

Mrs. Rochester went down a step or two, then turned back, and laid her hand on the child's head.

"You are a kind little soul, but too small for a nurse. Is there no one else in the house?"

"Oh! yes. There is our Maud; and mar comes up every once in a while, with tea for him, and things."

The sound of this conversation had penetrated the ill-closed door of that garret-room where the sick man was lying, with one arm thrown over his face, as if to hide the shame of his tears from the very walls. As his hand fell heavily down on the bed, it struck the portmonaie, and in an instant he understood that this woman had been bestowing charity upon him. Made fierce and strong with wrath, he sprang from the bed, opened the door, dashed the portmonaie on the stairs at Mrs. Rochester's feet, shut himself in again, and reeling toward the bed, fell upon it, sobbing like a child.

Mrs. Rochester uttered a little cry, and picked up the portmonaie in dismay. Selfish as she was, a yearning wish to make the poor man up stairs more comfortable, had possessed her, and his rejection of her aid was ominous. She stood awhile, thoughtful and disappointed, then spoke to the child.

"Where can I find your mother?"

"I'll show you," answered Maggie, bundling the baby up in her arms; "down these stairs. This is the door."

Mrs. Rochester knocked daintily against the door, but no one came. The sound of a wash-board inside overwhelmed the noise she made.

Maggie pushed the door open, and revealed Mrs. Thorp, planted squarely before a wash-tub, up to her elbows in suds, and red in the face with hard rubbing. When the good woman saw the resplendent vision of millinery that brightened her room, she left a half-washed baby's apron in a wad on the wash-board, stripped the foamy suds from her arms, and wheeling round, regarded her visitor with embarrassed amazement.

"I say, mar, it is a lady that has been up stairs to see our sick man. He sent me after her," said little Maggie, crowding past Mrs. Rochester, with the baby in her arms. "She wants to see you."

"Wants to see me," said Mrs. Thorp, wiping a chair with the damp apron she wore. "Of course, every stranger that comes into this house wants to see its oldest inhabitant. One would think I was the sign-post on some cross-road, by the way people question me. Not that I care—of course not. Talking costs nothing, and it is not often that a real lady comes up these stairs. Not that we haven't ladies in the house—beautiful ladies; at any rate, one of them—wanting nothing but money to make them shine with the best. Sit down, marm. I'm sure you don't intrude."

"But I prevent you going on with your work," said Mrs. Rochester, hesitating to step into the hazy atmosphere of the room, which was already settling on her rich attire, like fog on a flower-bed.

"Never mind that. I was just a-going to call for the baby. Give him here, Maggie. She can nurse while I'm talking. Spread up the cradle, that's a good girl, and have it ready. Now, marm, we can talk comfortably, and no time lost."

Mrs. Rochester had gathered her delicate draperies around her, and, with visible reluctance, seated herself on the edge of the chair Mrs. Thorp had wiped for her especial accommodation. A guest that seemed to come from some far-off radiant land was not to be received in that room without ceremony. So Mrs. Thorp had surrep-

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titiously untied the wet apron, and hid it back of the wash-tub before seating herself, and reaching out her arms for the youngling.

"I come to speak—that is, to ask your assistance. It is about the poor sick man up stairs that I wish to consult you," faltered the little lady, at a loss for words proper to the occasion.

Mrs. Thorp nodded her head.

"He seems friendless, and in need."

"He was friendless till my little girl found him out. Never saw anything like the way he was in."

Mrs. Rochester shivered visibly.

"Room too damp for you, perhaps?" observed Mrs. Thorp.

"Then he was very destitute," continued the lady, scarcely heeding the hospitable question.

"Destitute! I should think so. When I first went into the room there wasn't a thing in it but a packing-box and a lot of cobwebs. Why, the poor fellow was just starving!"

"What is his name?"

Even Mrs. Thorp noticed the shrinking look with which this question was asked, while the child, with a quicker intellect, observed it, and wondered.

"His name is Cooper, he says."

Mrs. Rochester drew a deep breath.

"Is that all you know about him?" she asked at length, in a clearer voice.

"Yes. We have too many families in the house to know much about new comers; and he don't seem to be one who likes to talk about himself; but this I must say of him, no man has hired a room in this tenement for years that has had as good company, outside and in."

"Indeed!"

"First, there was the young gentleman, handsome as a picture, and genteel from top to toe, wanting to take the whole expense on himself, which he did; only the man Cooper wouldn't stand any of his luxuries; that was his very word: 'A hard bed is what I am used to,' says he; 'and salt beef, with bread, and sometimes a bowl of bean-soup. You mustn't give me more than that; a fellow who is starving can't be too lordly; but this is a debt that I mean to pay back, and it shall be as little as possible. The kindness I can't return, and don't feel it heavy to bear; but, as for the rest, every mouthful gives me strength—and I know how to work. Thank God I have got a trade!' Them were just his words. Oh, he's a mighty independent fellow, and never asked for anything but water, though he was just starving to death when that child found him."

When the word trade was mentioned, Mrs. Rochester winced visibly, and a hot scarlet came burning out through her wrinkles. The disgrace of that word stung her worse than the deeper injury which she had so heartlessly escaped.

"Who is the young gentleman you speak of?"

"Don't know his name; but he's been coming here, off and on, ever since. Besides, our Miss Maud has been in the sick man's room ever so much, and Mr. Ingersoll himself goes up and reads to him now and then. You ought to see *him*; such a grand, quiet gentleman; poor as a church-mouse, but there is something about him that makes the tenants stand on one side and lift their hats when they pass him on the stairs! Then, as for Miss Maud, I haven't words to speak about her in. Rose-buds ain't handsomer, and flying angels ain't better. She's just the salt of this house, is Miss Maud——"

"That's the truth!" broke in the sweet voice of little Maggie, who sat in the foot of the wooden cradle, rocking herself to and fro with a gentle motion.

Mrs. Rochester listened to all this ripple of information, while a double current of thought was running through her mind.

"If I asked you to render me a service, would you care to oblige me?" she said, at last.

"That depends on what it is," answered Mrs. Thorp. "So far as washing out a few things, or sending Maggie on errands, of course I'd be accommodating."

"It isn't that at all. I wish to help this poor man very much, but do not know how. If you would only take charge of the money, and see that he gets it, without knowing where it comes from; remember, that it is most important; and take care of him."

"That I shall do anyway."

"But I want you to keep track of him and be his friend; give him the help he will not accept from me."

"Thought you big-buggish, and set up, with all those fine things; and I should have felt just so," answered Mrs. Thorp. "It takes the poor to understand the poor; not that I put on airs or complain; but, as the oldest inhabitant of this house, my word is worth something, and people trust me a little."

"I wish to trust you a great deal; I want you to be a mother to this poor man."

"A mother!" cried Mrs. Thorp, turning red and breaking into a laugh. "Why, he's older than I am this minute."

Mrs. Rochester understood this little outburst of feminine vanity, and gave it full sympathy, when she said,

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"I ought to have desired you to act as a sister to him; that was my meaning."

"Yes, I dare say. As for the other, I can't help laughing yet. Can you, baby?"

Here Mrs. Thorp shook up her half-sleeping baby, kissed him awake, and straightened the long skirts over his little, pink feet, that had kicked themselves out of bounds.

"As a sister, then, will you take this and use it for him? Give it to him, if he will take it. At any rate, see that he needs nothing."

Here Mrs. Rochester opened the portmonaie, still held in her hand, from which she took a bank note.

Mrs. Thorp received the note, glanced at it, and smiled.

"Five dollars! Oh, that will go a good way in this house! I'll see that he gets the full of it. Five! No, no! fifty! No; two noughts! Dear me! Why, marm, what does this mean? Not hundreds?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Rochester, "it is five hundred dollars."

Mrs. Thorp folded up the note in vehement haste, and offered it back, speaking breathlessly,

"Take it back; couldn't think of it! Never saw so much money at once in my born days! Why, marm, I should be scared to death with that in my room. Five—even ten dollars I might stand. It's of no use talking, I won't undertake it!"

Mrs. Rochester reluctantly took the note and reclasped it in her portmonaie.

"Is there no one who would help me in this?" she said. "I must do something to help this man from—from working at a trade."

Here Mrs. Thorp flamed up,

"Working at a trade! Why, better men than he is work at a trade, and glad to get the work to do; my husband among the rest!"

"I beg your pardon!" pleaded the lady, startled by the storm she had raised. "I meant in his present feeble state!"

"Oh!"

"Is there no person who would take charge of this money for me?"

"Couldn't Mr. Ingersoll do it?" whispered Maggie, to her mother.

"Well, I don't know," was the thoughtful answer; "at any rate, there is no harm in asking. If you have got your heart set on it, marm, Mr. Ingersoll might. I can't pretend to say, but he might."

"That is the gentleman you spoke of?"

"Yes; and a thorough gentleman he is; speaks languages that you couldn't understand for the life of you, and teaches everything, when he can get any one to learn."

"Where can I find him?" inquired the lady, rising.

"Maggie will show you while I hush the baby into his cradle," answered the kind matron, lifting the child from her lap.

Maggie lifted herself out of the cradle and ran forward to show the way. The next moment she was knocking at Mr. Ingersoll's door. It was opened by the gentleman himself. Mrs. Rochester looked into his face, stood mute and still for an instant, then a faint cry broke from her, and she turned as if to flee down the passage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ANGEL'S FLIGHT.

BY A. E. ANTHONY.

THERE flew an angel through the murk mid air,
A bright sword by his side,
Wher'er he lit, the flowers that grew so fair,
Drooped their pale heads and died.

And in the homes of men spread doubt and fear
Where that dark angel came,
And one by one they fell—the loved, the dear,
Beneath the sword of flame.

They called him Death—the strong—the terrible,
All dread and fearful things
Haunted the darkness of the shade that fell
From his far-spreading wings.

And as the years moved on their ceaseless round
More bitter grew the wail,
"Stronger than Death is none," (and none was found
Against him to prevail.

But Death grew weary once, and sleeping lay,
His bright sword in his hand,
When One, whom all men scorned, passed by that way,
A stranger in the land.

A crown of thorns upon His brow did rest,
Meanly He was arrayed;
He took the sword, and in His own true breast
Deep laid the shining blade.

Death cannot find it now, though night and day
He walks the earth's green sward,
And fades the flowers and calls the loved away—
Gone is his shining sword.

And there are visions of a glorious time
That shall the lost restore,
And voices heard in prophet tones sublime,
"Then Death shall be no more."

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THE WITHERED DAISY.

BY LUCY LEA.

"PLEASE, pick that daisy for me; I want to try my fortune."

"Will you let me name it?"

"Yes, provided you tell me the name before I tell the result."

So Alan Pendleton climbed up the rocks, and picked the solitary daisy that grew in a crevice, as if it had blown up there from the fields far down the stream.

Ethel Vane and Mr. Pendleton had wandered from the camping ground of a picnic party, and having discovered this cascade, had stepped from stone to stone, climbing higher and higher, until Ethel discovered a moss-covered rock, shaded by bushes on the bank above, and surrounded by tall ferns; near enough to the water for her to dip her fingers in it, as it danced down over the stones. Far below her she could see the camp, with the lazy ones of the party lying about on the grass, under the trees—watching the clouds, or quietly dozing, too indolent even to flirt.

Ethel seated herself on this rock, and seeing the little daisy, made the above request.

"Ah! you pretty little thing! It is a pity to pull you to pieces," she said, as, after slipping and scrambling over the rocks to get it, Alan handed it to her.

"Oh! you are afraid to try your fortune on *my* naming; hence this poetic pity for the flower. But you must—for you promised."

A keen observer would have noticed a little nervousness in Alan's manner as he said this. Ethel was not a keen observer, and consequently was completely taken by surprise at his increasing earnestness as she asked,

"Well, then, what is the name?"

"I'll tell you the name when all the petals are gone except five."

"*Un peur—beaucoup—passionement—pas du tout. Un peur—beaucoup—passionement—pas du tout.*"

To see their intense interest as Ethel pulled off a petal, and dropped it into her lap with each word, one would have thought that the fate of nations depended on that result.

"*Beaucoup.* Now there are only five left, tell me the name."

"The name is Alan Pendleton!"

Ethel blushed crimson, and in her embarrassment, dropped the flower.

"*Passionement!* Ethel, the flower is right. I do love you passionately; devotedly; and I have longed for an opportunity of telling you so, but the cool indifference with which you always meet my advances has kept me from doing it before. Tell me that you are not indifferent to me, and that you will try to love me a little!"

"How did you two get there, and how are you going to get back, I should like to know?" called a voice from the opposite bank; and, much to Ethel's relief, and Alan's disgust, they saw a party of three or four young ladies and gentlemen approaching. Although Alan's words had given her a thrill of delight, Ethel was not sorry to be kept from answering him just then; it was all so unexpected.

"You look as if you were enacting the part of 'a nymph, a naiad, or a grace;' it is hard to decide which. Nature has arranged that background of ferns more artistical than a college of artists could have done it. Would you, for the sake of divine art, keep still for ten minutes, while I sketch you?" said one of the party of invaders, drawing from his pocket a little sketch-book, and seating himself on a rock just across the narrow stream.

Alan, seeing that any further conversation of a confidential nature was impossible, muttered, under his breath, "Confound his impudence!" and seating himself at Ethel's feet, said,

"If you sketch her, you shall put me in the picture, too."

"Well, the picture needs some shade," was the reply; "so, keep still."

Before the sketch was finished, the call to collect and start for home was sounded from the camp, and poor Alan could not get even a shadow of a *tete-a-tete* with Ethel. He felt confident that Ethel would arrange matters, so that she could ride home in his buggy, instead of with her cousin, Dick Kendall, with whom she had come to the picnic; so he whispered to her his conviction that, under the circumstances, it was her duty to go with him. But, no! just as he was bringing up his buggy, he saw her drive off behind Dick Kendall's black ponies, seemingly as gay as a lark.

"The heartless flirt!" said he to himself. "These cousins are dangerous fellows, and everybody knows Dick has been in love with Ethel for

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years. I don't believe she cares a cent for me. If she sets the example for flirting in this way, I have a good mind to go back on myself, and swear that I was only joking just now."

So poor Alan rode home in the depths of woe, for he was very much in love with Ethel.

If he had only known the cause of Ethel's gaiety, he would hardly have been so miserable. The fact was, she was strangely timid in "*affaires du coeur*," and it was quite enough for her to know that Alan loved her; *that* made her entirely happy.

The morning after the picnic, Ethel arrayed herself in her most becoming morning toilet, and tried to practice, then to read or work, but found it impossible to settle down to anything. Every time the bell rang she thought, "this must surely be Alan!" and, with truly feminine contrariness, rather dreading the stiffness of the first interview, she wished that she had gone out. At length, when dinner-time came, and no Alan had made his appearance, she first thought it extremely queer, and then commenced to feel injured. Still she argued with herself, "perhaps he has been detained all day by business; he will surely come this evening.". At night she went to bed, hurt, indignant and angry to an alarming extent. Her mood was not improved next day, by hearing her brother say at breakfast that "he met Alan Pendleton at the Denhams last evening. He and Susie seem quite thick, all of a sudden."

Her jealousy was aroused now, and she told herself continually that "she could never forgive him for having trifled with her so," and congratulated herself on not having answered his proposal. It never occurred to her that she herself had commenced the breach by innocently keeping her engagement with Dick Kendall. She determined that if Alan came to-day she would not see him; "but, then," she thought, "if I refuse, point blank, to see him, he'll take that for an answer to what he said at the picnic. I—I—Oh, there's no use trying to disguise the fact; *that* would break my heart. He ought to have come yesterday, instead of going to see that Susie Denham. I'll go out, then it will seem accidental. He will come in the evening, and by that time my anger will have subsided."

"Where are you going, Ethel?" her mother asked, as she was leaving the house.

"Almost anywhere, mamma; I am open to any orders."

"Well, my dear," replied her mother, "it has been a long time since you spent the day with Alice Kendall, and I want to send this letter to your aunt; suppose you go there!"

Alan, by careful nursing, had kept his jealousy alive for a day; but his anxiety to hear Ethel's answer at length got the better of it. He started off early, intending to invite her to drive in the Park with him, and when they were in some quiet, secluded road, eloquently to insist on an answer to his proposal. When he learned that Ethel was out, his heart sank; but when, in answer to his inquiry as to when she would return, the servant said that she had gone to spend the day with Miss Kendall, all his anger came back in full force, and, in his heart, he accused Ethel of visiting Alice Kendall for Dick's sake.

When Ethel found that Alan had been to see her, she rather regretted that she had allowed a silly feeling of pique to take her out. She remained at home all that evening and the next day, expecting him; and, when he did not come, she declared to herself that he was not worth thinking about. This should be the end of it. But, unfortunately, this was not the "end of it;" for once, when she saw him pass the house, although she dodged quickly behind the curtain, so as not to be seen, she watched him until he was out of sight, and the painful flutter that she felt in the region of the heart convinced her that the end was not yet. Matters went on thus from day to day. Alan was as miserable as possible, and Ethel was by no means happy.

It was a week, or perhaps ten days, after the picnic, that Ethel received a note from Susie Denham, inviting her to come in the evening to meet some friends who had just arrived from the springs, *en route* for their homes at the North. Ethel well knew the delights of the Denham's impromptu dances, and as it happened to be one of those October evenings so suggestive of dancing, she anticipated a great deal of pleasure, as she made her toilet. If she could have been made to confess the truth, her first thought was that Alan would be there, and she could see for herself how "thick he was with Susie Denham." The severest judge could hardly blame our heroine for the care that she took to make that same toilet more than usually bewitching. Her delicate snow white muslin, with ribbons that matched exactly the purple asters in her hair; bouquets of purple and white asters looping the upper-skirt, and a *bouquet de corsage*, of autumn wild-flowers, completed a toilet of most elegant simplicity, entirely suiting her delicate girlish figure.

When Ethel entered the Denham's ball-room, the dancing had already commenced. The rooms, though large, were well filled; all of Ethel's "sett" were there, so that before she

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had quite finished her first greeting to the ladies of the family, her tablet was full of names, for she was an exquisite dancer, and a great favorite; and, more than one good dancer had been "saving himself" until her arrival. She was in the habit of reserving all of her waltzes for Alan, as their step suited exactly, but this evening, after the first waltz was over, and Alan still stood talking to some gentlemen, just where she had seen him when she first came into the room, she filled up all the other waltzes, declaring that nothing should induce her to dance with him again.

Poor Alan had been struggling with himself all the evening. His impulse was to go to Ethel as if nothing had happened, but then he thought, "If I do, what a spoon she will think me, not to understand from her behavior that she prefers Dick Kendall to me."

At length he could resist no longer; so, just as a delicious waltz commenced, he went up to her and said, in a voice that he tried in vain to make natural and indifferent,

"Miss Ethel, this is our waltz."

"Is that your name?" she asked, showing him her tablet.

He took it, and seeing every dance engaged, angrily rubbed the whole thing off, and put the tablet in his pocket, as Ethel floated away to a swimming *deux-temps*, leaving him speechless with rage, and vowing for at least the tenth time that he'd think no more about her.

Tired out with dancing, Ethel was on her way to the supper-room, when she came upon a party of her intimates, comfortably fixed in a corner, just outside the folding-doors.

"Come, sit on this sofa, Ethel," cried one of them. "You are just in time to lend us your influence. Mr. Pendleton here has excited our curiosity to the highest pitch. Instead of opening that locket of his, and showing us what is in it at once, as every one else does, he has been making a mystery of it, and positively looks embarrassed when we insist on seeing it."

"We have guessed everything," put in a second, "that could possibly get into it, and still he says 'No!'"

"He says," cried a third, "among other things, that poems have been written and songs sung about it, without number. The history of this very one would make a nice little romance."

"It is something," said another of the young ladies, "that will be the means of making him infinitely happy or miserable for life. Now guess, what can it be?"

"From that last speech, I should guess that it was a piece of money," said Ethel, with an air of contemptuous in lifference.

Without waiting for another word, Alan opened the locket and handed it to the nearest young lady, who exclaimed,

"Oh! 'tis but a little faded flower. It can't be possible that Mr. Pendleton has grown sentimental, and has said all that humbug about a little faded flower—all broken to pieces, too? A withered daisy at that."

Ethel, looking up suddenly, caught Alan's eye. She blushed scarlet, for she alone knew the full significance of the daisy in Alan's locket. The remembrance of that day upon the rocks flashed across her, and she could not help wondering if he was *never* going to ask for an answer to his question.

When the dancing commenced again, Alan came up, and saying, "Ethel, you *shall* waltz with me, I don't care who you are engaged to," whisked her off before she had time to make any excuse to her partner, who stood near. She was so completely taken by storm, that she had not the courage to refuse, when, as the music stopped, Alan, without relinquishing her hand, put it on his arm, and asked her to walk on the veranda with him.

The evening was not so cool, but that all the windows were open leading out on the veranda, from which a few steps brought you to one of those old-fashioned gardens, with summer-houses here and there, and quiet, secluded alleys running between hedges of overgrown shrubs. The whole scene was bathed in moonlight, and tempting enough to the heated dancers. As soon as Alan and Ethel had wandered out of hearing of the many couples promenading up and down the veranda, Alan said,

"Ethel, why won't you love me? I cannot live without you. If you could only know how utterly wretched I have been ever since I suspected that you liked Dick Kendall better than you did me, you would promise to try and learn to love me."

Ethel answered,

"I need not promise to learn, Alan, for I have always loved you. (Don't, you goose!) My greatest effort for the last few weeks has been to unlearn. But I can't understand what Cousin Dick has to do with it."

"What a fool I have been! My darling, tell me again that you love me."

As he prevented her using her lips at that moment, we may well suppose that he found it possible to live without "being told again" what he might have known a week before, but for his silly jealousy.

Alan Pendleton's daisy turned out an everyday edition of the "old, old story," and ended, of course, in a wedding.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, a walking-suit, with an over-basquine of a different color and material

from the dress proper. These outside garments—either mantelets, sacques, deep basques, or short Polonaise—will be almost universally worn, and no doubt prove a pleasing variety to the monotony of the complete suit for the street so long in vogue. This costume consists of the dress proper, made of summer poplin, mohair, or any of the numerous silk and wool, or wool and linen fabrics peculiar to the early spring season, and the color is ecrue—a light shade of buff. It has two skirts, the lower one ornamented with a deep side-plaiting of the material, almost half a yard in depth. The upper-skirt is rather short, and only looped at the sides, and trimmed with a side-plaiting like the lower one, six inches deep, including the heading, where it is defined by a row of narrow braid on a small piping of the same. The waist is cut in a short, pointed basque, with very small coat-sleeves, trimmed to match the skirt. The over-basque is made of pearl-colored cashmere, or a light-gray cassimere. It is double-breasted in front, buttoning all the way down, and trimmed with narrow, black velvet ribbon, and two rows of velvet buttons. These fronts are cut like a sacque as far as the side-seams, and the back like a Polonaise, fitting close to the figure. The skirt slightly full, and twelve to fourteen inches longer than the fronts. It is looped at the sides, as may be seen, and finished with large velvet buttons; the same at

the back. Coat-sleeve, with deep-pointed cuff, trimmed with velvet ribbons, same as the fronts.

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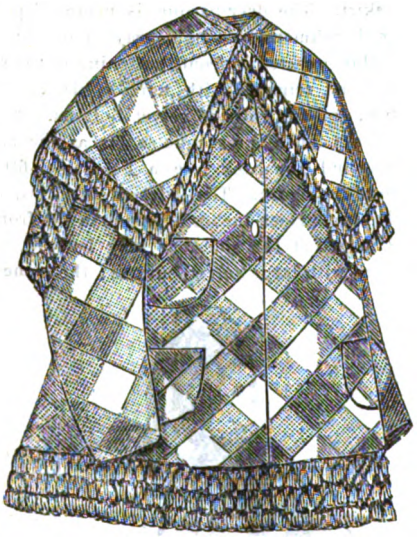
There is no collar, the trimming being simply raised around the throat to simulate one. A lace ruffle and cravat-bow is worn at the throat; also lace at the wrists. Five yards of cashmere, or three yards of cassimere, will be required for this garment. Twenty to twenty-four yards of mohair for the dress.

On the preceding page is a walking-costume for a young lady, made of light-pearl gray cashmere, or alpaca, trimmed with black silk. It has simply one skirt, trimmed in front as far



as the side gores, with a flounce, half a yard deep, put on in two large double box-plaits; top and bottom of this flounce is bound with black silk. The center of each of these plaits is ornamented with a bow, consisting of one loop and end made of black silk. Then there are two flounces half the width of these box-plaits, each bound and slightly full; these meet the plaiting at the gores, and extend around the back of the skirt; over these is a third flounce coming from within ten inches of the waist, also bound. The basque has a rest in front of black silk, trimmed with a flat fold of the same, and flaps to simulate the pockets, as may be seen. The fronts of the basque are turned back, and trimmed with loops of black, fastened down with gray buttons. Small coat-sleeve, with pointed cuff, trimmed to match. The left side, the skirt of the basque is looped with a large sash, bow and ends of black grosgrain ribbon, or this may be made of the black silk, if more convenient Sometimes the best parts of a partly worn black silk dress will cut up into very nice trimmings for a suit of this kind. Eighteen yards of mohair, or twelve of cashmere will be required; four or five yards of black silk, including sash; two dozen buttons.

Opposite we give an outside wrap for a little girl from eight to ten years old. This style of sacque with over-cape, seems to be the most popular thing of the season for little misses from four up to ten years. For early spring wear we would suggest black and white plaid flannels, such as are printed in the solid block of black and white, as being the most stylish. Our design here is the simple loose sacque, nearly touching the hem of the dress. Over it a circular cape, coming just below the waist at the back, and shorter in front. The bottom of the sacque, and the cape, are trimmed with narrow worsted fringe. In this design the fringe is tasseled, but we would suggest worsted bullion fringe in blacks, as being both prettier and more durable. Closely-fitting coat-sleeves and double pockets complete the garment. Button-moulds covered with the flannel are all that is required. Two and a half yards of yard and a half flannel will be required—such as can be bought for $1.50 per yard; bullion fringe at from forty to fifty cents per yard.

Here is a suit for a boy from six to eight years old. It should be made of navy-blue flan-

nel. Knickerbocker pants, with one row of white worsted braid down the outside seams. Jacket cut four to five inches below the waist, and the fullness disposed in box-plaits, open at the sides and turned back; all trimmed with one row of the white braid. Large pearl buttons in front, and smaller ones at the back plaits. Coat-sleeves with turned-back cuffs. Rolling collar, quite low in the neck, to display the shirt and collar, which is worn underneath.

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Black ribbon for cravat-ties. Three to four yards of flannel, and six yards of braid. One dozen buttons will be required.

We give, in the front of the number, something entirely new in the way of trimming for an infant's cloak. The pellisse part is cut after the old pattern of a long sacque, with or without sleeves, and a circular cape, which is to be lined with silk; the cloak itself to be lined and wadded with wool or cotton, and quilted. The trimming consist, first of a ruffle four inches wide, cut on the bias, and bound with the same. This is plaited in blocks of three plaits, such as seen in the design, at equal distances. The ruffle is headed by a bias band one inch and a half wide, bound on both sides. The loops are turned up over this band with a button, and fastened underneath, and thus form the shell scallop. As may be seen, they come between each block of plaiting in the ruffle. The shape is easily cut from the design. They are five inches long, one inch at the end where they are sewed on, and widen out to two inches. The trimming is all of white corded silk or satin. Two yards will be required. If preferred as a matter of economy, the ruffle, band, and points may all be made of the merino, bound either with silk or satin, in which case only three-quarters of a yard of either would be necessary, and the effect would be very pretty. Many persons might prefer it, irrespective of cost. For a baby's wrap, two to two and a half yards of merino, according to the desired length.

We give, also, in the front of the number, another illustration of an infant's cloak, cut after the same pattern as that just described. It is to be made of merino, and the ornamentation is either done in braiding or embroidery, in white silk. A simpler design can be selected, if preferred; and after it is stamped it is very easily done, either in braid or embroidery stitch. The cape is here finished with a tied silk fringe. For so elaborate a design as this, it would require two dozen pieces of braid, or two to three ounces of embroidering silk.

We also give a Poult de Soie petticoat.

WATER-PROOF CAPE AND HOOD.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give here, with an accompanying diagram, a seasonable pattern (back and front) for a lady's water-proof cloak, with cape and hood. It consists, as will be seen, of four pieces,

A. Half of Front.
B. Half of Back.
C. Fourth of Cape.
D. Half of Hood.

We would add, that from E. to F. is the front of the cape, and from G. to H. is the shoulder of the cape.

The skirt of this cloak is long, and entirely

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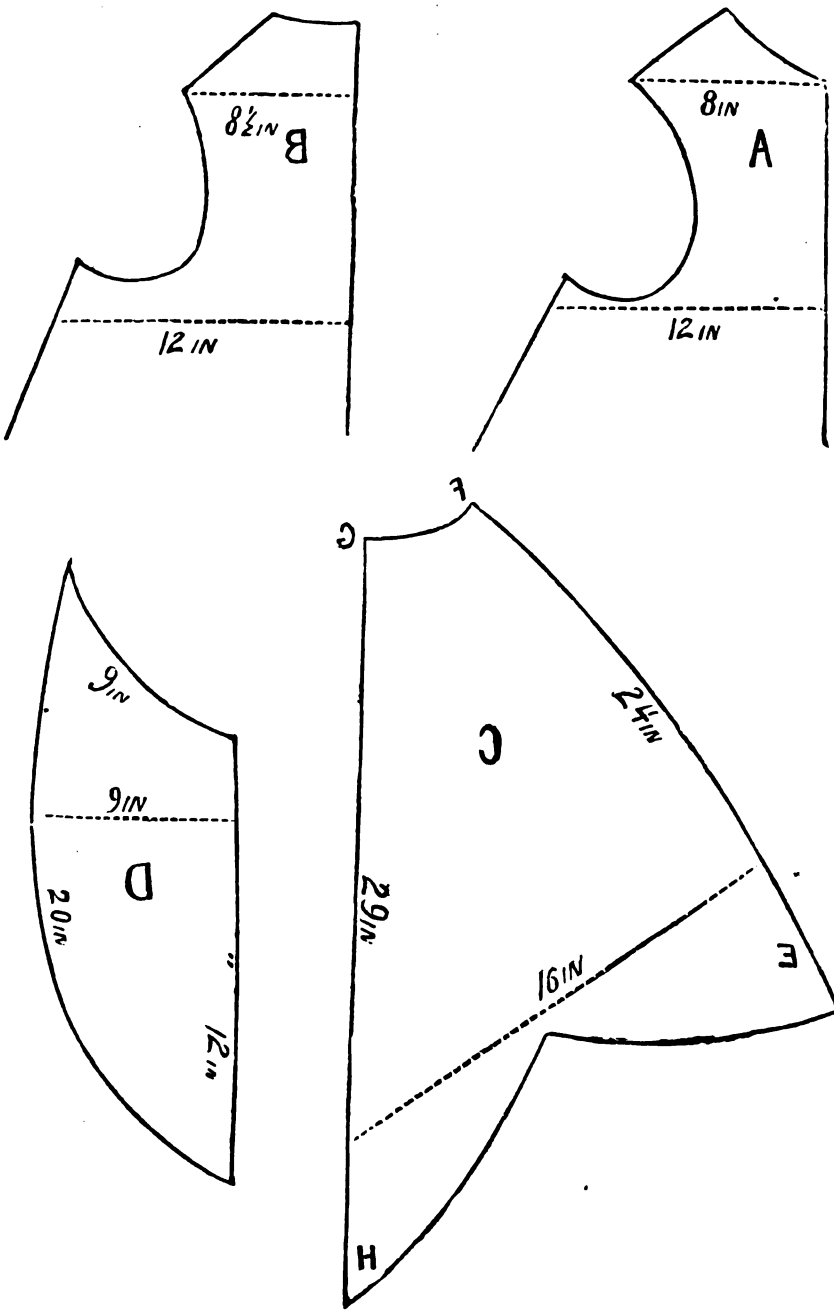
without trimming, the whole length of the front being closed by a row of buttons. On each side of the front is a rather deep, round pocket, fastening with a small button at top. There are no sleeves, but the arm-holes and the upper part of the garment are covered by a pelerine cape, forming slight points at the back, which is cut up as far as the hood. The front is also slightly pointed, while the sides are deeper, and are rounded at the bottom, to imitate large sleeves. The cape is trimmed by an embroidery in black braid. There is a round hood similarly embroidered, and finished by two tassels, and a narrow stand-up collar.



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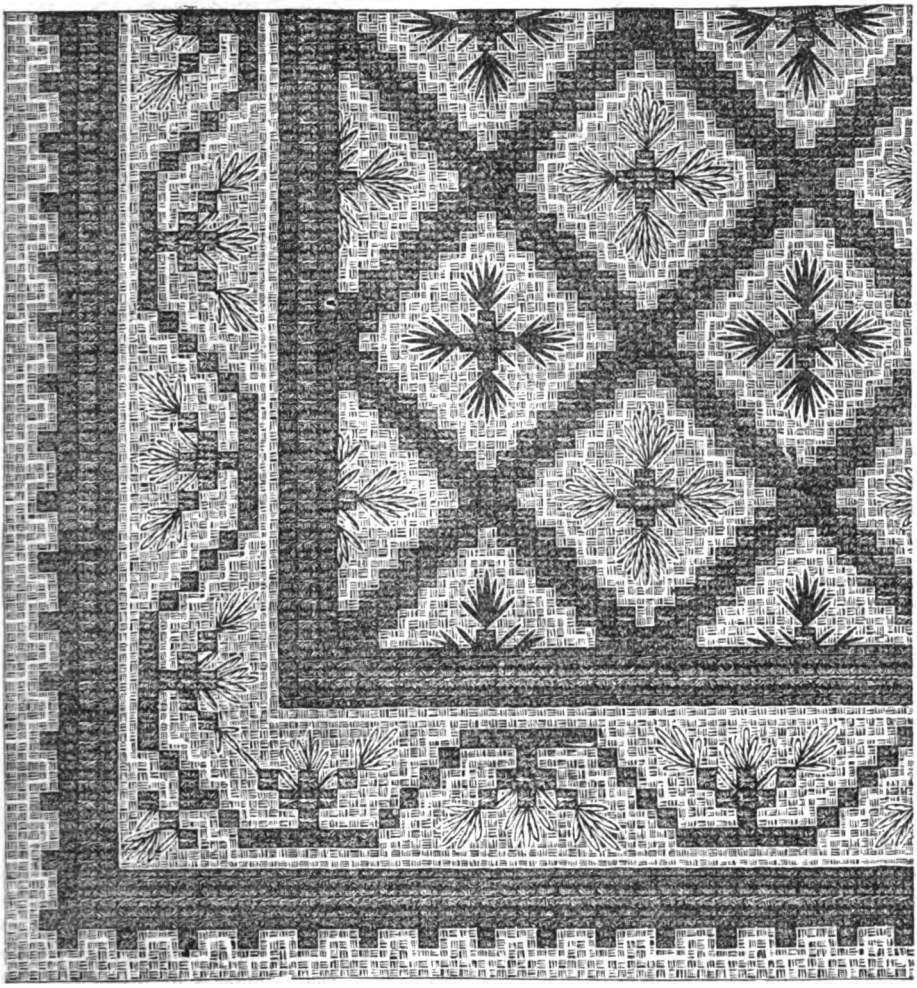
SOFA CUSHION ON JAVA CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Our engraving represents, in a reduced size, about a quarter of the pattern. The full quarter is given, up and down; but a slight portion is cut off, on the left, to get the engraving into the page.

The canvas is buff-colored. The diamonds are worked in brown wool of two shades, and filled in with stars of red and green silk, alternately. The border must be worked in corresponding colors.

INSERTION.

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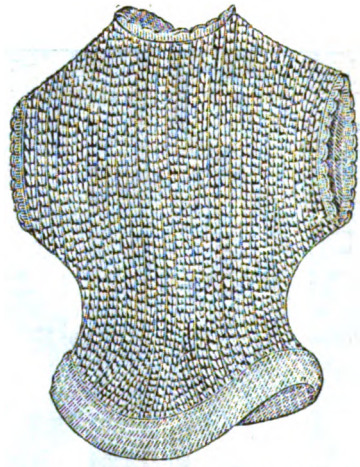
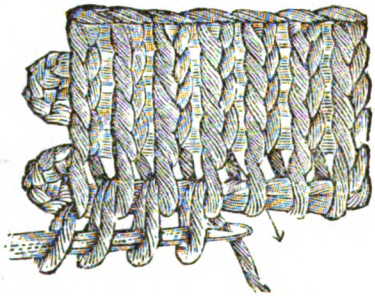
SLEEVELESS JACKET IN KNITTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Ladies so often catch cold, in this climate, by not being warmly enough clothed about the chest, that we have had prepared a pattern in knitting for a sleeveless jacket, just the thing for winter-wear. We give front and back views of it, and also a detail of the knitting itself.



The materials required are gray, single Berlin wool, fine bone knitting-needles, No. 12, a fine bone crochet-hook, and six buttons for the front. The two fronts and backs of this bodice, as represented in our engraving, are knitted separately, and sewn together. You commence with the back, and for it cast on 84 stitches, knit back. Then for the first row begin the brioche stitch. This is commenced by * bringing the thread forward, slip the next stitch as if you were going to purl it, and knit the following; repeat from *. In the 2nd row you bring the thread forward, slip 1, knit 2 together, mark the three middle ribs in this row, and work 7 more rows; then in the 9th row on each side of these stitches decrease a stitch for the back, continue the whole of the jacket in the brioche stitch, and in the 13th, 17th, 21st, 24th rows, decrease 1 stitch on each side the three middle ribs in the row. Then knit 6 more plain rows; then increase at the commencement and end of each row 1 stitch in every alternate row; work in this manner for 30 more rows. Then follow 75 plain rows for the armholes. The shoulder is decreased after the 3rd rib on each side the work 1 stitch in every alternate row; 17 ribs should be left for the neck, which must be cast off loosely. The armholes are worked without any decreasing. Then decrease on the shoulder in the same way as you did the back, and when half an inch is worked of the shoulder begin to decrease for the neck, casting off 8 in the first row of decreasings; then decrease one stitch in every alternate row until you have only one stitch on the needle, and fasten off. Sew the shoulders and sides together. The other front should be worked in the same

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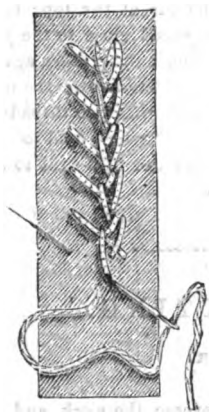
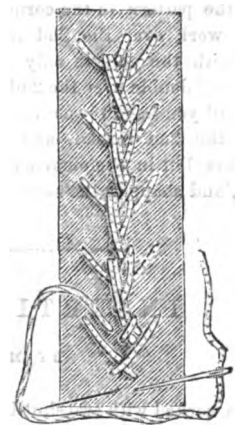
manner as this. When these are all complete, you crochet round the neck and armholes the following border.—1st row. I treble on the first stitch, * Ch. 1 treble on the next stitch; repeat from *—2nd row. Crochet over the next 2 Ch., 5 Ch.; repeat from *, and fasten off. A crochet border is next required down the two fronts, and round the bottom of the work. This is crocheted separately, and is sewn or crocheted on to the edge of the jacket. Our illustration, gives the border in a large and clear type. It is worked with 7 Ch. Take 3 chain stitches up as if for crochet tricotee, and work off. In the 2d row take the long loop, and put the needle through the work instead of the long loop only. The arrow in the engraving will guide you. Work off this row as before, and in every alternate row make 6 Ch. in commencing. which will form an edge to the border. This border would be greatly improved by lining it with some bright silk, forming a good contrast to the wool used. Buttons should be sewn down each front, and a cord to match the silk used to fasten the jacket. The fronts of the jacket are embroidered with a little pattern worked diagonally.

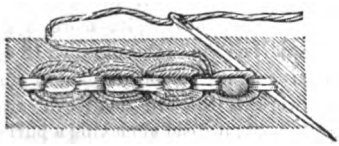
DESIGNS FOR POINT RUSSE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





These stitches are most useful in finishing children's washing frocks, morning dresses, etc.,



and worked in silk for ticking work. In No. 1 you work the long stitch first across the pattern. The needle in the engraving is in the right position for this stitch. You then make the loop by putting the needle in close by the top of the last long stitch worked, bringing it out at the end of the half loop lying at the top of the pattern. In No. 3, the small double stitches in the middle of the loops are all worked first at equal distances, then the thread wound through as represented in the engraving. No. 2, is a double feather stitch, and is so clearly designed that it will be unnecessary to describe it in detail.

TIDY IN CROCHET

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, printed in blue, double-size, we give a pattern for a tidy in crochet, representing a boy and girl see-sawing. We are continually being asked for patterns for these tidies.

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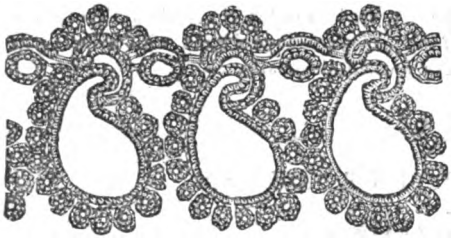
BORDER IN TATTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

You require two shuttles for this pattern, working with one upon the thread in the 2nd shuttle.



You commence the pattern in the corner of the first cone, and work over the 2nd thread 10 double, *, then with the shuttle only work an oval of 10 double, 3 double over the 2nd thread; repeat from * until you have 15 small ovals, then 5 double over the 2nd thread, and knot the thread to the piece left in commencing, making them fit closely, and shape at the same time the first piece according to your design. Over the 2nd thread work 13 double, join to the 7th of the first 10 double worked on the 2nd thread, 4 double on the 2nd thread, an oval with the shuttle of 10 double, * 3 double over the 2nd thread, an oval like the last; repeat from the last * until you have four small ovals, then join to the 7th of the last 13 double worked over the 2nd thread, then leave a small piece of cotton, and work an oval of 10 double, 1 purl, 10 double, this oval lies across the top of the pattern; twist the thread, join to the same double again as the last join, and work over the 2nd thread 10 double, this is for the bar at the top; the double must not be commenced close to the join, cut off the thread, commence the pattern again, working the first 7 of the 10 double over the new thread, and the ends of the other two threads, then proceed as before, join the first oval to the purl on the large oval, and the fifth oval to the 13th on the last pattern.

INSERTION IN TATTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This pattern is worked with two shuttles. You begin with 3 double over the 2nd thread, an oval

with the shuttle only of 10 double; repeat until you have 6 ovals, then 3 double on the 2nd thread, an oval of 6 double, 1 purl, 6 double, draw up, reverse the work, and work 1 double over the 2nd thread, then an oval, 3 double, as before, until you have 2 ovals, the 3rd oval work with a purl between the 5th and 6th double, then repeat to the end of 6 more ovals, reverse, and work 3 double, an oval twice more, 3 double, join to the purl on the oval made with 12 double, then repeat from the commencement of the pattern. In working the 3rd small oval after reversing the work, instead of making a purl stitch, join it to the 2nd thread just before the two small ovals in the middle of the pattern.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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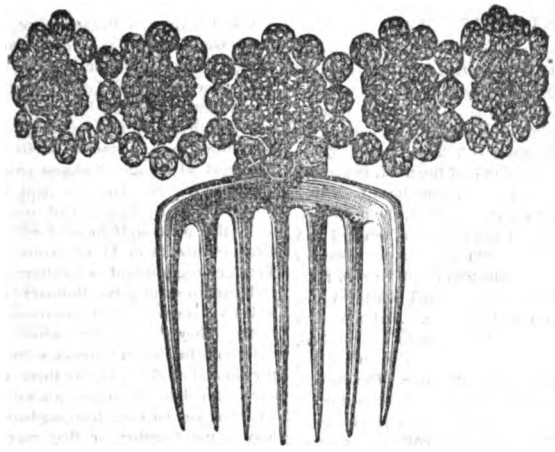
THE NEW SPANISH COMB.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



There is no doubt that a decided revolution is gradually working itself out in the style of dressing ladies' hair. The huge chignons falling long below the nape of the neck, and protruding several inches from the back of the head, are giving place to a thick coil of hair, pinned midway up the back of the head, and resting against a high, handsome comb. Not content with the coil, which is always a graceful arrangement of the back hair, leaders of fashion now add the tall, or Spanish, comb to give height to the coiffure. Some of these combs are of tortoise-shell, and others of imitation shell; but the latter are so skillfully manufactured that it is almost impossible to detect that they are not real shell. The imitation combs are perforated with fancy patterns; that is, above the comb proper there is an open-work shield, which measures an inch wider at the top than at the bottom. We give, here, as an illustration, one of these combs.

NAMES FOR MARKING.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

DIPTHERIA.—This formidable epidemic throat disease, now so prevalent in many parts of the United States, is ushered in with a cold shiver, with pains in the limbs, and general lassitude. The soreness of the throat may be considerable, rendering the act of swallowing difficult and painful, or there may be felt but little pain, with loss of voice. There is more or less swelling of the glands of the neck, the lining membrane of the nose, ear, and mouth sometimes becoming affected. The fever attending it is very great, the pulse running as high as from a hundred and forty to a hundred and eighty pulsations to the minute. On viewing the throat, if the examination be made early, the tonsils will be seen to be enlarged, and over the surface will be found scattered numerous specks of a light ash or buff color. And now, if a later inspection be made, these will be seen to have united, presenting the appearance of a skin or piece of wash-leather, from which the term diptheria takes its name. The disease, first attacking the tonsils and neighboring parts of the throat, may extend to the windpipe, giving rise to symptoms simulating croup. It is sometimes attended with an eruption not unlike scarlatina, which has caused it to be confounded with that disease, and which has led some authors to believe it is due to suppressed scarlatina poison; but that it is an affection of a perfectly distinct type there can be no question. Diptheria is a highly contagious disease, and if there be a family of children in the house, it will be difficult to prevent its spreading from one to the other. Nevertheless, every precaution should be taken to guard against such dire results, as the lives of one-third the number of those attacked would probably be sacrificed. The patient should be transferred to the uppermost part of the house, to a room so situated as to admit of being shut off from the rest, and the same means of keeping the atmosphere of the apartment moist, and at one temperature, should be employed as is employed in croup. A free current of air should be kept passing through the house by opening all doors and windows; or if the weather be too severe to allow of this, a fire should be kept burning in every room. Disinfectants should also be unsparingly used.

In no case of illness does the chance of recovery depend so much upon the patient's powers to resist the exhaustive effects of disease as in this, the tendency to death from exhaustion being most marked and rapid. The necessity, therefore, of commencing early with stimulating and nourishing foods will at once be understood. Port wine, brandy, beef-tea, milk and eggs, must be given the patient. The egg may be either lightly boiled, or beaten up with a small quantity of brandy or sherry, and given a teaspoonful at a time, at short intervals. Port wine and brandy, when administered, must be diluted with an equal quantity of water. And here we would observe, as to the use of stimulants in this disease, when once satisfied that your child is suffering from diptheria, do not hesitate to give them, for while you are demurring, your child may be lost; and it is surprising the quantity a child will bear. Everything nourishing, everything supporting, is indicated in the treatment of diptheria, and the medicine therefore should be of a tonic and strengthening nature also. A competent physician should immediately be sent for, as the disease is too dangerous a one to be trifled with. But, in the hands of a good doctor, there is, generally, not much to fear; for the disease is much better understood than it was, when it first became known, and now yields, as a rule, to proper treatment.

THE IVY-LEAVED PELARGONIUM.—Among the numerous plants now in use for the ornamentation of hanging-baskets, for draping vases, or for training loosely up conservatory pillars, few surpass the Ivy-Leaved Pelargonium. The green and bronze-leaved varieties are also suitable for use in this way, but the variegated varieties are the most attractive. In addition to their graceful habits of growth, they possess the great advantage of almost entire immunity from the attacks of insects. This is a great desideratum, more especially in the care of plants that are suspended over others; as in this position, if infested with insects, they quickly communicate them to all plants that grow below them. They are also plants of easy culture, and strike freely in sand and loam in small pots. Ordinary loam, to which has been added a little well-rotted manure and sand, suits them perfectly. They require little attention beyond stopping, in order to induce them to break sufficiently to afford the proper amount of shoots to give them a well-furnished appearance. An eight or ten-inch pot will be found large enough for them, and for large hanging-baskets, two or three plants may be put together, or they may be mixed in this way with other plants, suitable for this description of decoration. The old plants may be cut back, and induced to break afresh, or young ones may be struck, and the old ones thrown away, when the baskets or vases are refilled.

"THE GEMS OF ART."—We have often been asked to publish a selection of the best engravings that have appeared in "Peterson." We have done so accordingly this year, and will send it, *as a premium to persons getting up clubs*, if they prefer it, instead of the large-sized engraving, "Christ Weeping Over Jerusalem." The book has been called "The Gems of Art," and contains twenty-five of our very best steel plates. By getting up enough clubs, you can earn, not only an extra copy, but also the premium picture and the "Gems." For a dollar extra we will send the "Gems" to any subscriber.

A FIVE DOLLAR Engraving is given to any subscriber, *whether singly or in clubs*, who will send us fifty cents. This is a nominal price, and hence the offer is confined strictly to friends, that is to subscribers to "Peterson." Thus, for $2.50, any person can get either of our five dollar premiums —as well as a copy of "Peterson" for 1873; or, in a club, for even less. This is a dollar cheaper than any other periodical offers. Whatever others do, "Peterson" always does better.

DRESSING TERRAPIN AND SNAPPER.—We have been asked for a good receipt for dressing terrapin and snapping turtle. Have them first boiled and cleaned, several hours before using. To either, of average size, take a quarter of a pound of butter, and mix, with a desert-spoonful of flour, to a paste. Put the meat in the skillet, with one gill of cream, and heat thoroughly; then add the butter and flour, with sufficient salt and pepper to season to taste. Lastly, two gills of sherry wine.

A LARGELY INCREASED EDITION FOR 1873 is our reward for having expended so much on "Peterson," last year, and this. "The way to win success," says the old proverb, "is to deserve it."

A LADY WRITES:—"I have taken your magazine for seven years, and I do think *the steel engravings alone* are worth the price of the book."

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. When enough additional subscribers have thus been sent to make a second club, the person sending them, is entitled to a second premium or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. These additions may be made at any time during the year. Only all such additional subscribers must begin, like the rest of the club, with the January number.

THE IMMENSE INCREASE in our list, early in the year, delayed for a week, or ten days, the filling orders for the magazine; but by employing extra clerks, and working late, we have now caught up, and all letters are answered promptly.

"HOME IS LONELY."—A lady sends us two dollars for her subscription for 1873, and writes:- "I thought I would not take your magazine this year, but home seems dull and lonely without it, so I send for it again."

WE CALL ATTENTION, again, to the superiority of the steel-fashion-plates in this magazine. "In style, correctness, and color, they have no equals anywhere," writes a lady to us.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Revision of the English Version of the New Testament. By J. B. Lightfoot, D. D., Canon of St. Paul's, and Hulsean Professor of Divinity, Cambridge; Richard Chenevix French, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin; C. J. Ellicott, D. D., Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. With an Introduction by Philip Schaff, D. D., Professor of Divinity in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. 1 vol., 8 vo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—There has been, for many years, considerable agitation on the subject of a revision of the English Bible. Two centuries and a half have passed since the present version appeared, and in the interval scholarship has made such strides, that there is a growing conviction that the translation might, in some respects, be improved. The reverence for a version that our fathers and grandfathers, and great-grandfathers used, and that is interwoven with our own memories of the texts we learned at our mother's knees, has hitherto been effectual, practically, to stop any alteration in the accepted translation even of the New Testament, but the conviction that some emendations are desirable, in fact necessary, grows with every generation, and will ultimately, we think, bear down all opposition. Already, in fact, the Convocation of Canterbury, in England, has begun the work of a revision. The task, however, is an exceedingly delicate one. Several treatises on the subject have been written, accordingly, by various learned divines. Of these treatises, those by Archbishop Trent, Bishop Ellicott, and Professor Lightfoot, discussing the principles and mode of revision, are the best; and they are reprinted, in the book before us, for the benefit of the American public, with an introduction by Professor Schaff.

Journalism in the United States, from 1690 to 1872. By Frederick Hudson. 1 vol., 8 vo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is a really excellent account of the rise and spread of newspapers on this side of the Atlantic, from their first faint beginnings up to the present time. It has been compiled with great care, and is full of curious information. The account of the party papers, at the beginning of this century, when editors were more violent, perhaps, than ever before or since, is especially interesting. The book makes a large volume of nearly eight hundred pages.

Livingstone and his African Explorations. 1 vol., 12mo. *New York: Adams, Victor & Co.*—A good map of the water-shed of the Nile, accompanies this popular account of Livingstone's explorations, and of Stanley's expedition, adding greatly to the value of the book.

Treason at Home. By Mrs. Greenough. 1 vol., 8 vo. *Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This novel has no political significance, as its name would seem to imply. On the contrary, the scene is not even laid in America; the incidents transpire wholly in England; the story is one of domestic and family treachery. The baseness of Lady Tremyss, the fidelity of Walter, and the love of Edith Arden, are all well told. The characters have life; and the incidents are absorbing. On the whole, as novels go, it is an engrossing one The volume is handsomely printed and bound.

Songs for our Darlings. By Uncl Willis. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.*—This is an exceedingly charming little volume. It contains some of the very best rhymes for children that have ever been written; is profusely illustrated, and is bound with unusual good taste. The illustrations are very fair: indeed, much above the average in such books.

Madame De Chambley. By Alexander Dumas. 1 vol., 8 vo. *Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—For stir and life, in his novels, Dumas, as we have often said, has never been surpassed. In this story, the author draws largely from his own experiences in early life, so that, in some respects, it is one of his very best.

An Only Sister. By Madame Guizot De Witt. 1 vol., 16mo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This little story, by the daughter of Guizot, paints real French life, and the real French woman, in her best and noblest type, and not the false and meretricious creature which certain writers would fain hold up as her representative.

The Wandering Heir. By Charles Reade. 1 vol., 8 vo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This new novel, by the most sensational writer of the day, is founded on a true incident, the kidnapping of the heir to a title and fortune, about a century ago, and the selling him into slavery in America.

Only Girls. By Virginia F. Townsend. 1 vol., 16 mo. *Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—Miss Townsend always writes well, and this is one of her best books. The story is charmingly illustrated.

Expiation. By Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is by an American writer, the author of "Sybil Huntingdon," etc.; and is, we think, an improvement even on that story.

Sally Williams, The Mountain Girl. By Mrs. E. D. Cheney. 1 vol., 16mo. *Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A delightful little story for young people, spiritedly illustrated by Miss L. B. Humphreys.

Kentucky's Love. By Edmund King. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A story of Paris, during the Franco-Prussian war, spiritedly told. It gives a very animated picture of the greatest siege the world has ever seen.

The Children's Treasure. The Infant's Delight. 2 vols. *Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—Two small volumes for little children, illustrated with colored engravings. The illustrations are quite above the ordinary.

Dombey & Son. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 8 vo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Another of that handsome, large octavo, illustrated edition of Dickens, the popular "Household" one of the Harpers.

Sermons by T. De Witt Talmage. Second Series. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—We noticed the first series of these sermons, when they appeared, some months ago. This second series is of a similar character.

The Seven Hills. By Professor James De Mille. 1 vol., 24 mo. *Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is a capital description of Rome, written in the guise of a narrative, and for young people. It is one of the popular "Young Dodge Club."

Little Canary Series. 4 vols., 24 mo. *Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A charming series of stories for young children. They are illustrated, and very prettily bound

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE TEST OF EXCELLENCE.—Notwithstanding the unprecedented success and popularity of the Wilson Sewing Machine, there are still a few incredulous people, easily influenced by the representations of parties in maintaining the high prices of sewing machines, to believe that a sewing machine must necessarily be sold at a higher price to be a good one, and thereby submit willingly to be imposed upon. To all such we have one brief piece of advice. Go to the salesrooms of the Wilson Sewing Machine Company, examine the work of the Wilson carefully and critically, see it operate on all classes of goods, inspect its workings in detail, and finally set down to the machine and operate it yourself. Ask any lady who has used one for a year or more, and hear her verdict.

If this does not convince you that a really first-class machine can be sold at a popular price, then you are past conviction of anything. Salesroom at 1309 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.

IT GIVES US PLEASURE to commend to the highest confidence of the sick, the Remedial Institute of the Drs. Strong, of Saratoga, N. Y., an advertisement of which is found on our cover. The doctors are thoroughly educated men, of wide reputation for skill and reliability. The Institute is furnished with the most extensive and perfect appliances for the treatment of the various chronic diseases of ladies and gentlemen. We would earnestly advise any of our readers who are seeking treatment away from home, to visit the Institute of the Drs. Strong. They issue a very attractive pamphlet, descriptive of their mode of treatment.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.,

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THE BUFFALO BRAND, and other articles advertised by Peake, Opdyke & Co., are of very great merit, as, we believe, we have informed our readers more than once. So many inferior fabrics are in she market that it is well to know where good ones can be found.

THE SALES OF THE ASBESTOS ROOFING, advertized on our outside cover for February, have doubled during the last three years, which goes to confirm the old proverb, that a *good* article, well advertised, is sure to meet with success.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. II.—THE USE AND ABUSE OF BLISTERS.

Opium, tartar emetic and mercury, like the fabled weird sisters, Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos, work in harmony together to abbreviate the span of infantile existence; and when they fail to cure (!) or remedy "remediable ills," another lethiferous agent is brought into play to finish the work, so badly carried on from its inception. This is the *fly-blister*—cerat, canthar.—as it usually appears on the prescription paper, of the action of which, and its effect upon young children, every mother should be informed.

As the skin, in infancy, is more delicate in structure, possesses greater vascularity, and a much higher degree of sensibility, it is at once apparent that blisters must not only produce their specific effects in a shorter time than they do in the adult, but the inflammation resulting from their action is also much greater in the young subject, and are much more apt to be followed by injurious consequences from the resulting inflammation, such as deep, rodent ulceration, gangrene, and even death. Melancholy instances of this character, quite too numerous, can be found on medical record.

Dr. Ryan says: "I have seen a blister on the chest followed by sloughing, and an aperture form over the epigastrium, which exposed the viscera beneath."

The late Professor Chapman, of this city, wrote, that in children a blister "sometimes induces gangrene, as I have witnessed in two or three instances."

Fortunate, indeed, is the physician who, in a practice of twenty-five years, has not seen many such cases in his own practice, or that of his professional brethren. Recently I was called to a babe of a few months old, abandoned by the family physician as hopeless, upon whose little breast I found a partially ulcerated and inflamed surface four inches square, the result of a fly blister ordered to be left on six hours by an "aged and experienced" physician, a day or two previous. The infant died, of course, not from the catarrh, but from gangrene, which utterly destroyed the intercostal muscles between the first and second, and second and third ribs, on either side of the sternum.

When blisters are ordered by the family physician, the mother should entrust its action to none, but have a personal, watchful care over it, raising the plaster at no distant intervals, and observing the condition of the skin, and remove it as soon as the surface appears uniformly reddened, and then apply a soft, moist poultice of bread and milk. Thus will be effected vesication in a few hours, and all the good that can possibly be derived from the blister, and the possible injurious consequences generally avoided.

☞ Do not allow a blister to remain on a child six, four, or even two hours, though so ordered by "age and experience," without the above precautionary measures.

In two or three hours after the application of the poultice, the serum will be ready, generally, to discharge, and then a thick layer of finely corded cotton should be applied, to absorb the continued discharge. In two days, under ordinary circumstances, a new cuticle will be formed, the old come off with the cotton, and the blistered surface cured. Space will permit for only one more caution in reference to the application of this powerful agent; and that, is, when the skin is in a morbid or preternaturally injected and excited state, as in the case of measles and scarlatine, ulceration and gangrene are by no means unusual sequences of blisters.

Professor Dunglison leaves behind him the recorded fact that he has seen "several cases of death manifestly caused by the use of blisters in scarlatine and measles." This should be received as precautionary advice by the young practitioner, and even if the experienced or aged one is so unmindful of the dangers of their improper or injudicious use, mothers should exercise a respectful but firm stand, as the natural protector of their children, against the "use and abuse of blisters."

HORTICULTURAL.

A WORD ABOUT PRUNING.—The love of flowers is increasing, with every returning season, not only in country districts, but in our cities also. Window gardening, for winter, hanging-baskets, even the solitary flower-pot, are seen, where, twenty years ago, nothing of the kind was to be found. This growing taste is a proof of advancing culture. Whatever helps to beautify life refines the character also. A home, in which flowers are cherished, is, so far forth, a brighter and happier household for all who belong to it.

With the advent of Spring comes the thought of out-of-

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door gardens. But it does not do to be too much in a hurry. There is wisdom in the old adage, "one swallow does not make a summer." This axiom is particularly worth remembrance by a large tribe of ardent votaries of the horticultural art. The first advent of a few encouraging days of precocious spring too often sets such enthusiasts to work, at operations far better delayed till settled weather affords reasonable prospect of successful results, when arrangements will not be nullified by those adverse climatic changes which usually characterise our fickle American springs. The return of wintry weather, last year, in March and April, furnished an apt illustration of the impolicy of prematurely commencing garden work. There is always plenty of useful occupation to be found during doubtful periods, in studying arrangements and perfecting designs; and to these points the attention of experienced practitioners will be directed, rather than to operations out of doors.

For instance, we will take the case of pruning rose-trees. Some of the older writers have laid down the principle of pruning these in February. We, on the contrary, believe it best to delay the operation till April; and the *rationale* of the argument is this. The new shoots begin to grow first at the top of the old branches. If these are removed in cutting back the plant into shape, the growth is thrown into the lower shoots—the very shoots which are to constitute the future plant—which in their tender state are necessarily destroyed by inclement weather. Hence the advantage of late over early pruning. And here, perhaps, it may not be without advantage to throw out a few hints as to the most scientific method of carrying out the work. Be it remembered, that a skillful operator prunes with his wits as well as hands. His eyes are open, his judgment is on the alert, while wielding his weapon, which should have a razor edge, for no hacking or splintering must be allowed. With prophetic eye he must foresee the future growth, and prepare for symmetrical development. These are immutable canons to be borne in mind. Vigorous growers must not be shortened in too much. Old and unhealthy wood must be entirely removed. The inside of the tree must be kept open, to facilitate the action of light and air, two of the safety-valves against the invasions of insect pests. Plump, healthy eyes, pointing outwards, must be selected to cut above, and the knife should pass through the branch removed at an angle of forty-five degrees. Moderate-growing varieties should be shortened back much more than the robust and vigorous kinds. Old and unhealthy plants, especially standards, may be rejuvenated by paring the wood entirely down to the work. Abundant new eyes will then push forth, forming the bases for a new tree. Fruit trees must be pruned upon similar general rules. So much for this important operation.

Next month we shall have something to say about decorating your gardens by what is called the "bedding system."

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Mutton Cutlets, Plain.—Take a neck of mutton that has been killed three or four days. Saw off the rib bones and the scrag-end, so as to leave the cutlet bones three-and-a half inches long. The spine bones must also be removed without injuring the fillet. Then divide the neck of mutton into as many cutlets as there are bones. From the upper part of each bone the meat must be detatched three-quarters of an inch. Dip them in water, and flatten them. Trim away the superfluous fat and sinewy parts. Season them with pepper and salt. Dip a paste-brush into clarified butter, pass it over the cutlets, boil them before a clear fire, and serve with brown gravy under them.

Coquilles, or Scalloped Meat, etc.—In the English way of scalloping, the cold meat is chopped up, seasoned, and mixed with bread-crumbs; rightly the bread-crumbs should only be placed upon the top. Take any kind of cold roast meat, cut it into exceedingly thin slices of about an inch across; season it well; pour over it enough wine, gravy, and melted butter to moisten; place it in buttered scallop-shells; sprinkle bread-crumbs pretty thickly on the top, and place them in a hot oven till well browned. Some sliced mushrooms are a great improvement. Cold rabbit, hare, sweetbreads, poultry, ox-palates, calves'-brains, veal, and different kinds of fish, are specially adapted for coquilles. Serve in the shells.

Mince Meat.—One pound of beef suet, chopped very fine, one pound of raisins, stoned and chopped, one pound of currants, well washed and dried in a cloth, one pound of apples, chopped, one pound of white sugar, powdered, one ounce of citron, candied, one ounce lemon-peel, candied, the rinds of two lemons, grated, the juice of one, a very little salt, mace, cinnamon, allspice, and cloves, ground, about half an ounce, in equal parts, one glass and a half port wine, one glass and a half of brandy. Mix well in a jar a few days before wanted.

Croquettes, of Meat, etc.—Mince any kind of cold meat, game, fish, or poultry; season it well; mix it with some gravy, thickened almost to a paste with yolks of eggs. Make it either into balls or rolls, dip them twice successively into eggs and bread-crumbs, and fry them brown. The lean should predominate one-third over the fat, or the croquettes will not be sufficiently firm. This is a relishing way of employing cold meat.

Oyster Pies.—To seventy-five oysters take two boiled eggs, (the yolks chopped,) and some bread-crumbs mixed in with them. Add some butter to the oysters, as much pepper as you like, twelve cloves, some mace, and one onion. Fill your pies, put the top crust on, and bake them in the oven half an hour.

Cold Meat, En Persillade.—Slice the meat, arrange it in a dish, pepper it, place some bits of butter on it, strain on it some shred parsley and shalot, moisten it with gravy, thickly sprinkle it with rasped toast, and put it into an oven for a quarter of an hour. A little Parmesan cheese may be added if the flavor is approved of.

DESSERTS.

Calves'-Feet Jelly.—It is best to make the plain jelly the day before. Clean and slit four calves' feet, and boil them in four quarts of water (slowly) till reduced to half; the whites of seven eggs, well beaten with the shells, the juice of five lemons, half the peels, half an ounce of isinglass, three-quarters of a pound of lump sugar, half a pint of white wine, two glasses of brandy. During the boiling process the liquor should be carefully skimmed, then strained and freed from fat. The whites of eggs, etc., should be added to it when nearly cold, but not set, and the whole should be stirred on the fire till it boils. The lemon-peel should be put at the bottom of the jelly-bag, and the wine and brandy should be added after the jelly is clarified.

Apple Fritters.—Peel three large apples, cut them in slices, half an inch thick; remove the core with a cutter; put them into a flat dish with some pounded sugar and half a glass of brandy. This should be done at least one hour before dinner-time. Put three tablespoonfuls of flour into a basin, with a pinch of salt, and a few drops of salad-oil. Moisten with tepid water; stir it very lightly together, as the paste must not become stringy, but should drop off the spoon. When ready, whisk the whites of two eggs into a stiff froth, stir in gently, dry the apples in a cloth, pass each one separately into the batter, drop them into hot fat, and fry a golden color. Shake a little sugar over them, and serve on a napkin.

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Transparent Pudding.—Twelve ounces of powdered loaf-sugar, twelve ounces of butter, twelve yolks of eggs. Melt the butter over a slow fire, stir in the sugar, beat the eggs, and mix all well together. Butter a mould, and bake it well in a slow oven an hour; or line a flat dish with puff-paste, and put the mixture in it. Orange marmalade, pounded and added just before putting in the paste, makes a nice variety of this sort of pudding. Sauce for the above: Four ounces of powdered loaf-sugar, a glass of white wine, and the juice of a lemon, and the rind grated. Simmer this over the fire a few minutes.

CAKES.

Soda-Biscuits.—Put two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar into one quart of flour; sift both together, and rub in thoroughly two large spoonfuls of butter. Put one teaspoonful of soda into a tablespoonful of cold water, and stir till all is dissolved; then put it into a pint of cold water and pour it on the flour. Stir together quickly. If it cannot be rolled out, add a little more flour, but just as little as it is possible to roll out the biscuits with. Cut in shape and bake immediately. The great secret of making good soda-biscuits is, to sift the soda with the flour, to have the soda thoroughly dissolved; the dough made as thin and as quickly as possible, and baked immediately.

Rich Plum-Cake.—One pound each, of sugar, butter and flour; ten eggs, one pound of raisins, two pounds of currants, half a pound of citron, one teaspoonful of cloves, half a spoonful of mace, one nutmeg, juice and grated peel of one lemon, and half a teacupful of molasses. Previous to mixing, scatter one teaspoonful of cream of tartar in the flour. Before adding the fruit, dissolve half a teaspoonful of soda in a tablespoonful of warm milk; add it to the mixture and beat thoroughly. Bake in two tins for an hour and a half.

Frosting for Cakes.—Beat the whites of two small eggs to a high froth, then add to them a quarter of a pound of white ground or powdered sugar; beat it well until it will lie in a heap, and flavor with lemon or rose. This will frost the top of a common-sized cake. Put on the center sufficient to cover the cake, then dip a broad-bladed knife in cold water, and spread the frosting over the whole surface. Dry in an oven not too hot.

Fruit Jumbles.—One pound of sugar, one pound of butter, one pound and a quarter of flour, six eggs, half a pound of currants, a little soda, and nutmeg. Mix the butter, sugar, spices, and eggs, then the currants, next the soda, lastly the flour.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Glossy Starch.—Take two ounces of white gum-arabic powder, put into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint of boiling water, according to the degree of strength you desire, and then, having covered it, let it stand all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle; keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum-water stirred into a pint of starch that has been made in the usual manner, will give lawns, either black or printed, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them after washing. It is also good, much diluted, for thin white muslin and bobinet.

To Keep a Stove Bright by Two Applications a Year.—The time and labor which are ordinarily required to keep a stove bright and clean, prove serious hindrances to the housewife. Here is a receipt which will remedy this grievance. Make a weak solution of alum-water, and mix "British Lustre" with it. Apply it to the stove when cold; brush and rub it until dry. It will keep bright for six months.

Borax.—Borax is used in many large washing establishments as a washing-powder, instead of soda. It does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen. Its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore is a pleasant and useful addition to the water for bathing. It is also recommended as excellent for cleansing the hair and teeth.

SANITARY.

Simple Remedy for Eruption in the Face.—Take two or three handfuls of elder flower blossoms and one pennyworth of camomile flowers; pour on it, in a large jug, a quart of boiling water. Let it stand three or four hours, strain it, put it in a bottle, and drink a wineglassful in the morning, fasting, and once or twice in the day The face also should be washed once or thrice in the day with some of it.

Blistered Hands and Feet.—The speediest remedy is to light a tallow-candle and let the melted tallow drop in cold water, then mix the tallow with strong spirits, and rub it thoroughly into the palms and soles. This is both a preventive and a cure.

Sore Mouth.—For some mouths, either in human beings or in animals, no application is equal to tannin, which should always be kept in the house for that purpose. A little of the powder, sprinkled on the inflamed or sore spots, will cure almost immediately.

Beef Tea.—One pound of gravy-beef, cut in small pieces' put into a jar, with one pint of cold water; cover the jar with a lid, and put it into a sauce-pan nearly full of water; let it boil for an hour; let it get cold, when all the fat can be taken off; warm it again just before required for use.

Wash for Freckles.—Take one drachm of muriatic acid, half a pint of rain-water, and half a teaspoonful of spirit of lavender. Mix, and apply it two or three times a day to the freckles. A piece of linen, or a camil's-hair pencil, is the best mode of applying it.

Another.—Two pounds of lean beef, to be cut into an earthen pipkin, with two and a half pints of water. This should simmer, never boil, to one pint and a half; then then strain it. It should be as clear as brown sherry.

WARDROBE.

Chloride of Lime.—In scattering chloride of lime on a plank in a stable, all kinds of flies, but more especially biting flies, are quickly got rid of. Sprinkling beds of vegetables with even a weak solution of this salt, effectually preserves them from caterpillars, slugs, etc. It has the same effect when sprinkled on the foliage of fruit trees. A paste of one part chloride of lime, and one-half part of some fatty matter placed in a narrow band round the trunk of the tree, prevents insects from creeping up it. It has even been noticed that rats and mice quit places in which a certain quantity of chloride of lime has been spread. This salt, dried and finely powdered, can no doubt be employed for the same purpose as flour of sulphur.

To Clean Black Ribbon.—Take an old kid glove, no matter how old, and boil it in a pint of water for a short time; then let it cool until the leather can be taken in the hand without burning; use the glove wet with the water to sponge off the ribbon. If the ribbon is very dirty, dip it into water and draw it through the fingers a few times before sponging. After cleaning, lay a piece of paper over the ribbon and iron; paper is better than cloth. The ribbon will look like new.

Starching Collars and Cuffs.—Always making up our own fine linen, we can highly recommend the following plan: Let the collars be washed, blued, and dried; then take two large tablespoonfuls of ordinary starch, and blend in cold water till there is about a breakfastcupful on it. Dip your collars through it without going to the sediment; wring dry, and lay them in a clean towel for two or three hours; then draw them, and iron them, and they will be stiff and glazed.

To destroy Snails.—Place pieces of broken earthenware over little heaps of bran, to keep it from the rain. Snails are very fond of the bran, and may thus be easily destroyed.

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Moths in Carpets—A correspondent, who was annoyed with the ravages of moths, writes as follows:—"I put an end to the moths in this way. I took a coarse crash towel and wrung it out in clean water, and spread it smoothly on the carpet. then ironed it dry, repeating the operation in all suspected places, and those least used. Then, by placing a few crumbs of sulphur under the edges of the carpet, the result is accomplished.

To Renovate Black Silk.—Rub the silk all over on the right side with a solution of ammonia and water, (two teaspoonfuls of powdered ammonia to a quarter of a pint of warm water,) and smooth it on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron, and the silk will present a bright black appearance.

Wall Paper may be readily cleaned by rubbing it with dry Indian meal on a cloth. Pieces of bread are commonly used for this purpose, but the Indian meal is obviously cheaper and easier.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF SILK AND CASHMERE.—The under-skirt is of a greenish fawn-colored cashmere. with a full plaited ruffle of currant-colored silk at the bottom. The edge of the cashmere dress is cut far up in points, and bound with currant-colored silk. A narrow band of the silk is placed a little distance above the points. The upper-skirt and cape are trimmed like the lower-skirt. A bow of currant-colored ribbon at the back of the cape.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS OF BLUE SILK, with a deep plaited ruffle at the bottom. White muslin over-dress, rather short, and finished with a white ruffle. Low, infant waist, with a basque, and blue ribbon trimmings.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS OF PEACH-COLORED SILK.—The lower-skirt is trimmed with two lace ruffles, and two straight silk ruffles. The top ruffle is headed with a band of silk embroidery. A white muslin Polonaise over-dress, trimmed with lace, which falls low on the silk skirt. Lace berthe.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF NILE-GREEN SILK.—The under-skirt is trimmed with stripes of velvet, some shades darker than the silk. The upper-skirt is trimmed with velvet and a deep fringe. The basque and open sleeves correspond with the skirts in trimming. Small, green bonnet, trimmed with a gauze veil, and a rosette of velvet.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS WITH A VIOLET SILK UNDER-SKIRT, STRIPED WITH BLACK.—The upper-skirt is of olive brown camel's-hair, trimmed with a ball-fringe, and three rows of narrow velvet of a darker shade. The basque is of a coat shape, with long, square falls at the back; has a rolling collar of velvet, and a bow and ends at the back of the waist. Violet velvet hat, with black feathers.

FIG. VI.—HOME-DRESS OF DARK SAGE-GREEN CASHMERE.—The under-skirt is laid in with plaits both back and front. The upper-skirt is of a lighter shade of cashmere, and has a deep apron-front, edged with fringe; at the back it forms a full, short puff, looped up by a sash of the darker shade of the cashmere. The body is made with a small basque, which opens at the back, and is made of the darker shade of the material.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS.—The under-skirt is of black velveteen, with a deep, scant flounce, with a full plaiting above it. Polonaise of chestnut-colored poplin, trimmed with imitation fur, and cords and tassels. Light, chestnut-colored felt hat.

FIG. VIII.—DRESS FOR FULL MOURNING, OF BLACK CASHMERE—The lower-skirt is trimmed with two deep bias folds, with a piping of cashmere at the head of each, and has one ruffle of English crepe at the bottom. The over-skirt is draped high up at the side, and is pointed both back and front, and finished with a bias band of the cashmere, and ball-fringe. Close-fitting basque, trimmed with bias bands, and full plaitings of cashmere. Black crepe bonnet, with crepe veil. Bombazine can be substituted for the cashmere.

FIG. IX.—DRESS FOR HALF-MOURNING, OF BLACK SILK.—The lower-skirt has one deep, full-plaited flounce of black grenadine, headed by a narrow bias fold of silk. The upper-skirt is deep, and pointed at the back, draped high on the hips, rather round in front, and trimmed with a plaited grenadine ruffle. Deep basque of the silk, trimmed with grenadine. Black straw hat, and small spotted veil.

GENERAL REMARKS—We have nothing really new in this bleak month to chronicle with regard to the fashions. We only see an endless variety of styles, all tending in some degree to the same effect. Many flounces, ruffles, puffings, and quillings, are still worn as a rule, though a simpler style is adopted by many who are tired of excessive trimming. Bodices are worn longer. and more trimmed, than they were; but, to a stout person, this is not a becoming mode. It is now the fashion to wear skirts clinging about the ankles as much as possible. There is still a puff at the back, but not an exaggerated one. Evening dresses, however, require more support underneath them than costumes. Long train muslin under-skirts are worn bordered with a deep flounce, which are edged with either embroidery or lace. These minor details are important, for, however skillfully a dress may be made, unless its wearer is well petticoated, the effect is frequently ridiculous.

THE TRIMMINGS on evening dresses, such as puffs, ruches, laces, etc., are arranged mostly in perpendicular lines. The over-skirts are extremely long at the back, and much ornamented, but in front they are short and untrimmed. Light organdy muslin flounces and frills, notched out at the edge, are again coming into favor for trimming demi-toilets for evening wear. They are arranged in a variety of styles.

It is very much the fashion for trimmings, and also for cravats or bows for the hair, to use black or dark-colored velvet, lined with some light shade of grosgrain silk or moire For instance, brown bronze velvet will be lined with pale-blue, and green bronze with flesh color; maroon with maze, and garnet-color with pale-rose; while all shades of red, pink, orange, mauve, and yellow, look well with black velvet. Crepe de chine and satin are also combined in the same manner, and make up very prettily into bows for the hair and throat, which give a nice finish to the most simple dress.

THE HAIR is dressed very high, all of it being combed up to the top of the head, leaving the back quite bare; a few curls fall over the bare space, or the hair is arranged in finger puffs. The high combs are very much worn; we give an engraving of one. This is not a becoming style to all faces, but it has a much more natural look, as so much less hair is required to arrange it in this way.

HIGH COLLARETTES are now very much worn to correspond with the high coiffeures now in vogue.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—FROCK OF WHITE PIQUE FOR A SMALL CHILD.—The jacket and skirt are braided in white, and a full-plaited ruffle of white percale finishes the skirt at the bottom.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS OF DELAINE.—The under-skirt has deep-plaited flounce of blue delain, and there is also a blue vest; the pocket and upper-skirt are of maize-colored delaine.

FIG. III.—BOY'S COSTUME OF OLIVE-BROWN KERSEYMERE.—The trousers are rather tight and short. The jacket and vest are trimmed with a row of black silk braid.

FIG. IV.—COSTUME OF STRIPED KERSEYMERE OF TWO SHADES OF GRAY.—The trousers are short and tight below the knee. The jacket is loose, double-breasted, and belted in at the waist,

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FEEDING THE DUCKS.

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine.

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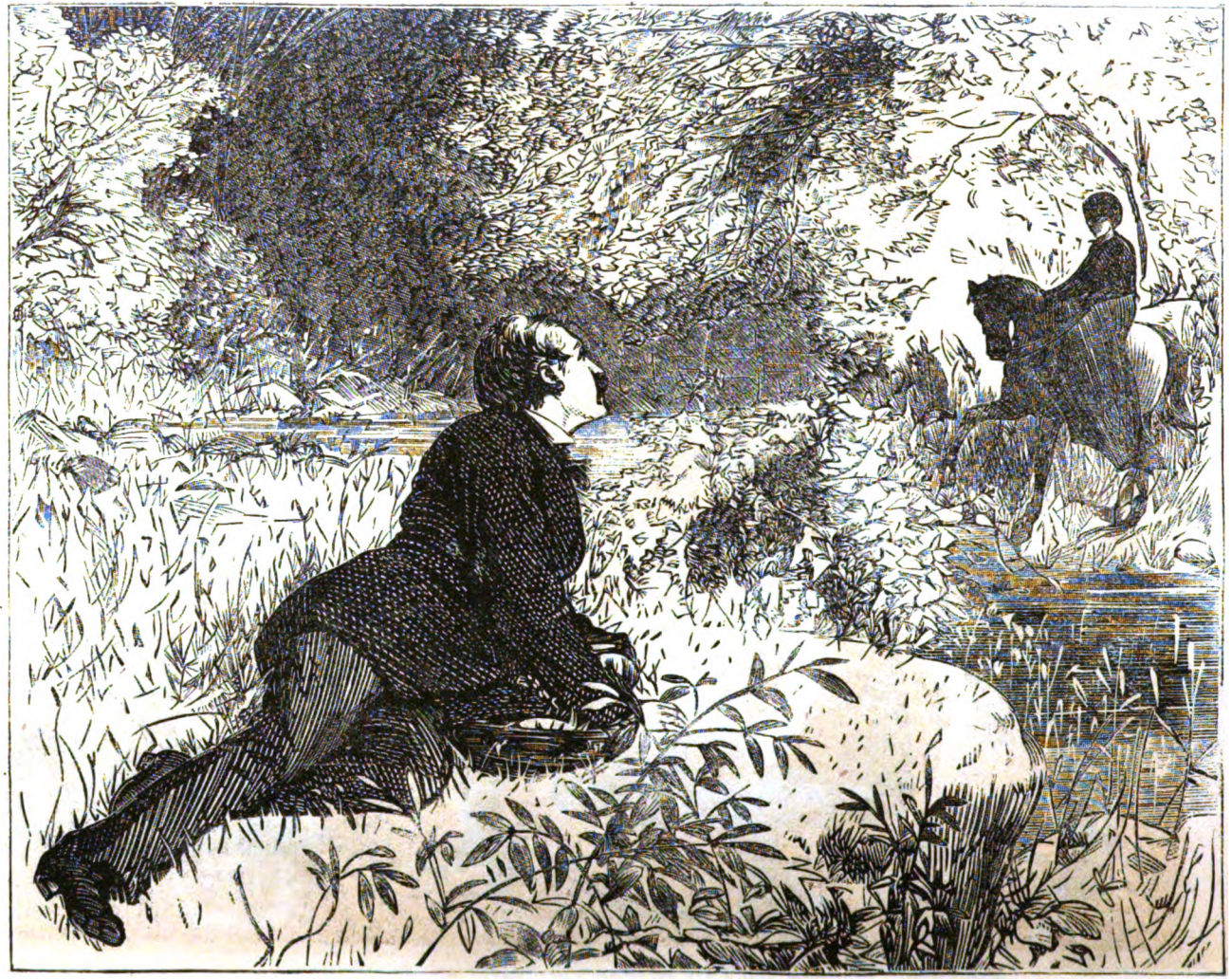

PAPA'S AMANUENSIS. (See the Story.)

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

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RIDING HABIT. COLLARETTS.

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HOUSE-DRESS. COLLARETT AND SLEEVE.

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NEW STYLES FOR DRESSING THE HAIR.

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BASQUE—BACK AND FRONT. HATS.

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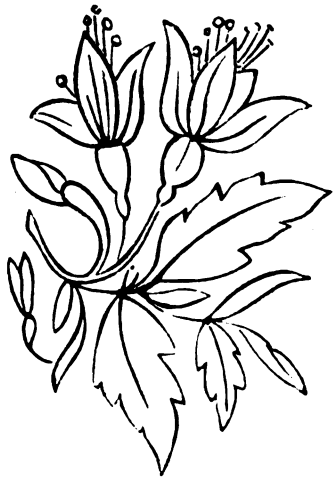

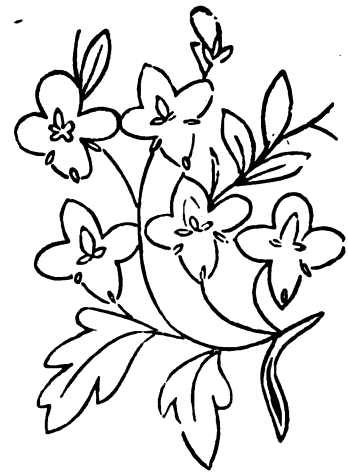

SPRIGS IN EMBROIDERY. NAME. SILK EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.

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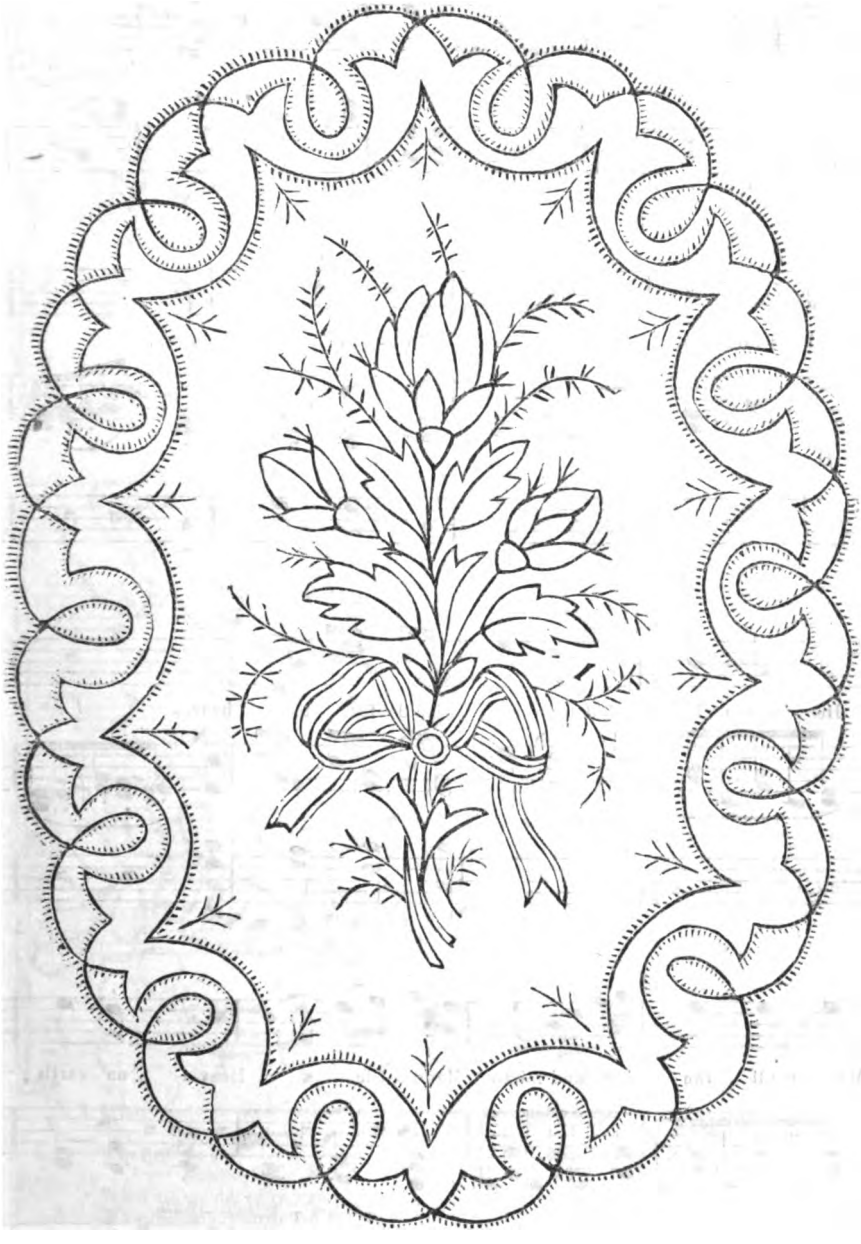
Gabrielle



EMBROIDERY AND BRAIDING FOR PIN-CUSHIONS. NAME FOR MARKING.

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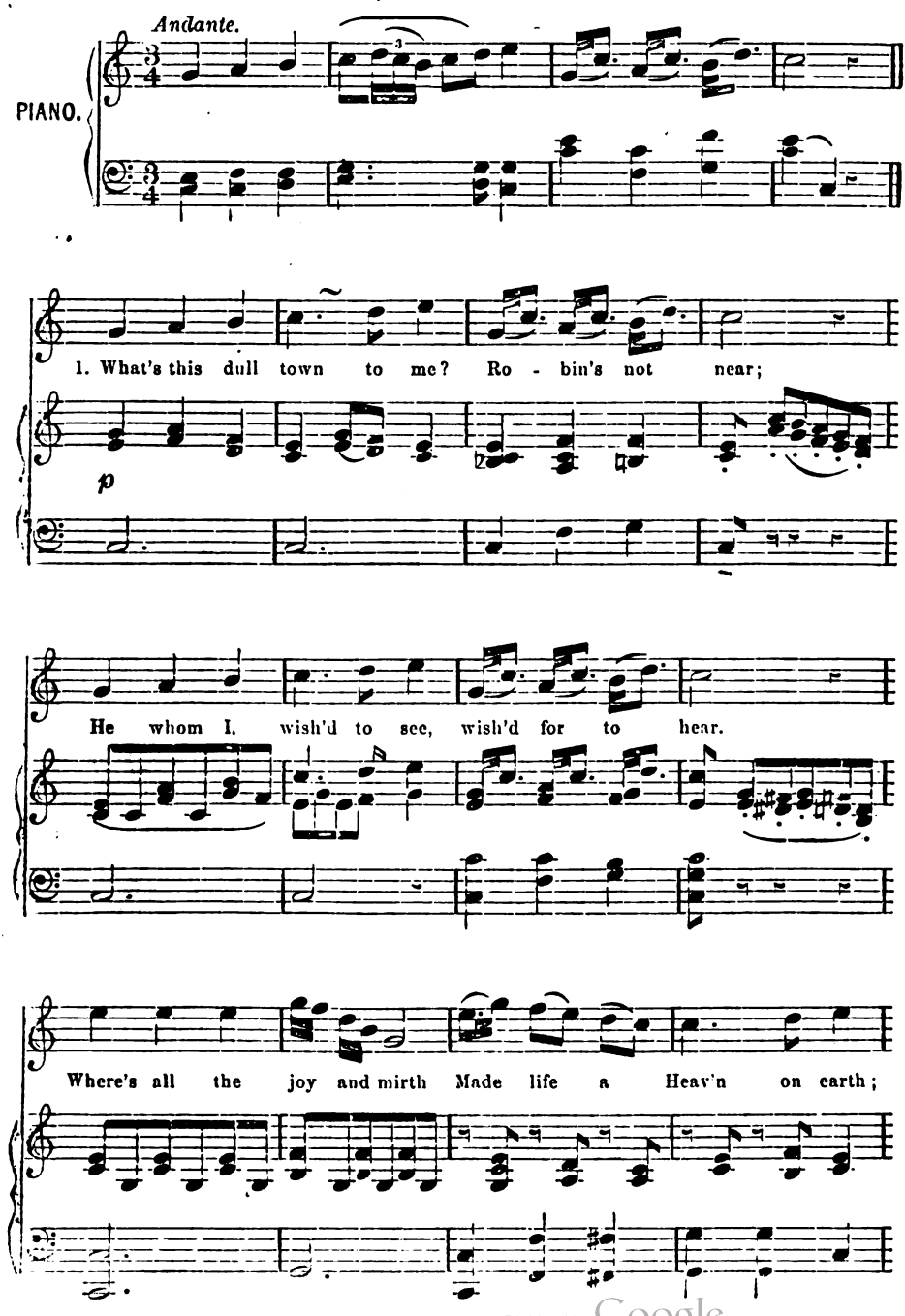
ROBIN ADAIR.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1003 *Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia.*



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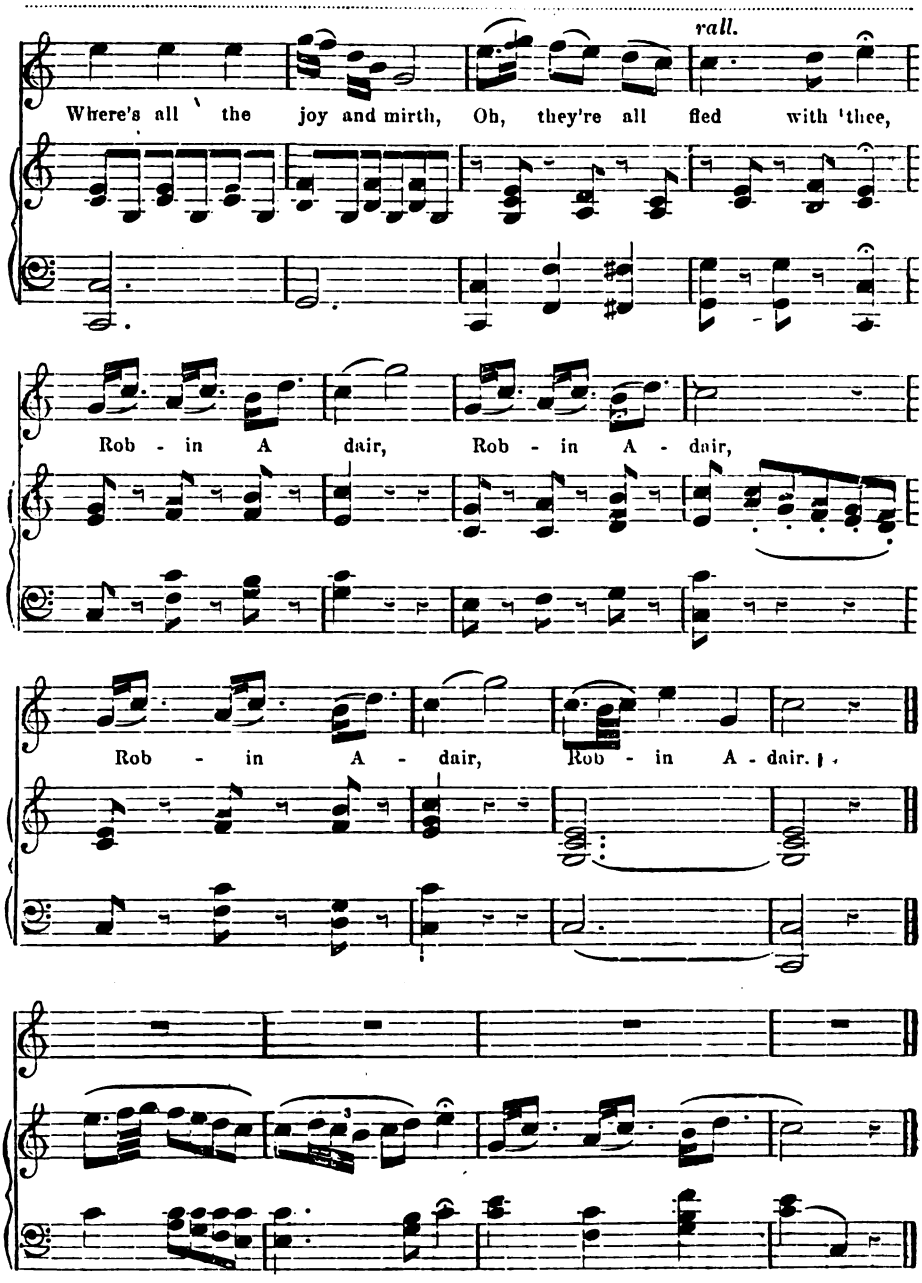

2 What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair.
What made the ball so fine?
Robin Adair.
What when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore,
What when the play was o'er?
Oh, it was parting with
Robin Adair.

3 But now thou'rt far from me,
Robin Adair.
But now I never see
Robin Adair.
Yet him I loved so well,
Still in my heart shall dwell,
Yet him I loved so well,
Oh, I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

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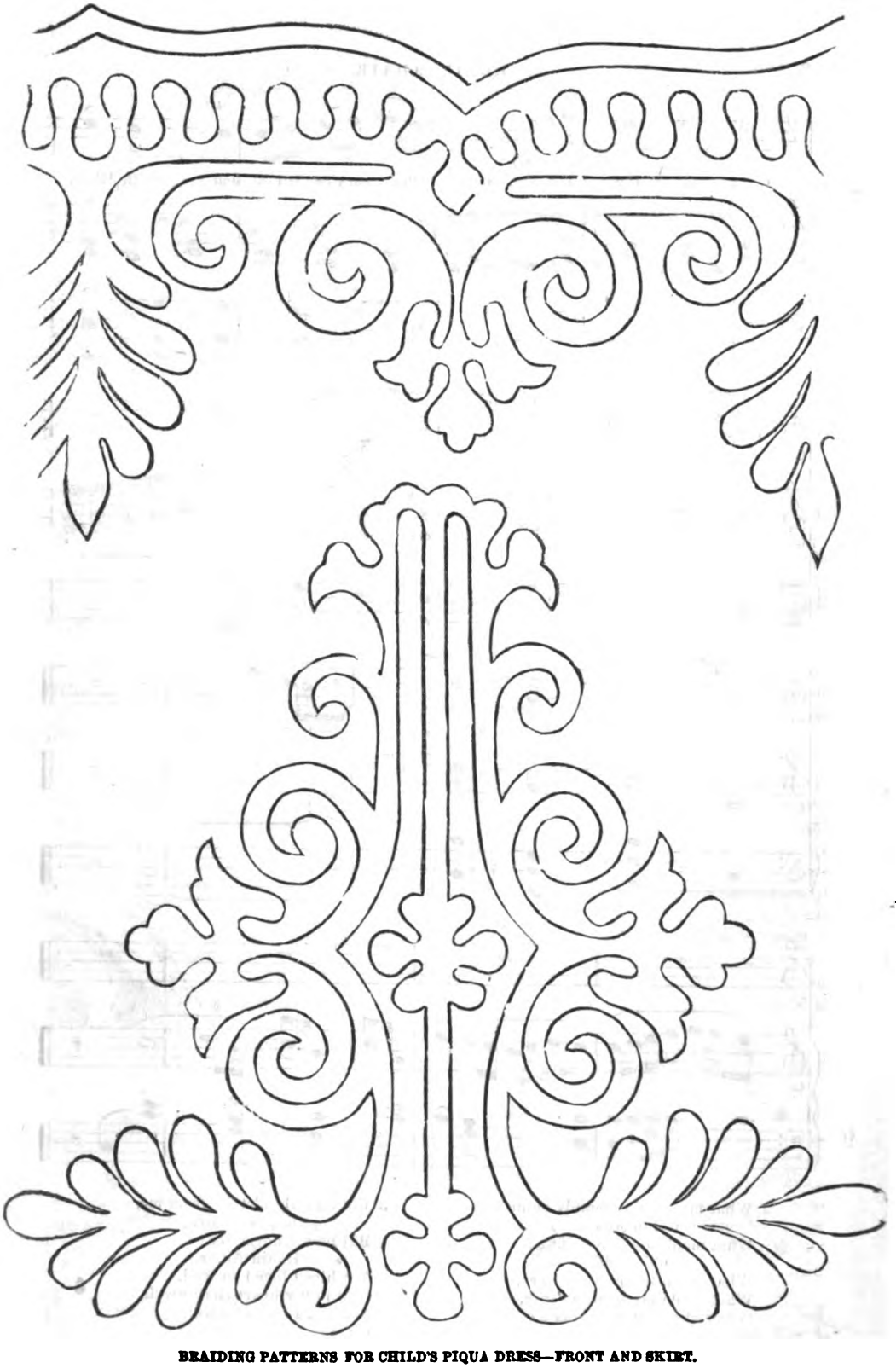

BRAIDING PATTERNS FOR CHILD'S PIQUA DRESS—FRONT AND SKIRT.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXIII. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1873. No. 4.

WHAT SUE DID WITH THE DOCTOR.

BY EMMA F. U. WHITCOMB.

It was nothing new. Sue Wilberforce had always been getting into trouble, from the day she tumbled out of the cradle—there's a little record of that day behind one of her ears now—trying to catch a sunbeam that had disturbed her nap, up to her seventeenth birthday, when she thought the grand culmination came.

Mrs. Wilberforce was finishing one of the boys' coats, Kate sat curled up on the sofa, lost to the world in her enjoyment of Bleak House, occasionally wiping her eyes as poor Joe "moved on." Aunt Hester, who was making one of her periodical visits, during which she regulated the household machinery, and wound it up for a twelve months' run, was putting a jacket in one of Sue's dresses, declaring as she did so, that the girl was just as good for nothing as ever; in fact, she believed it grew upon her. Use rather than beauty, was Aunt Hester's creed; she had never found out that not every flower that blossoms has a little medicine-satchel at its root; or that even the scallops round the cup of a lily of the valley are not in a true sense useless; and perhaps Sue, who seemed like a flower, or a bird, living for the delight of living, might be, after all, created for some good purpose, and those who could appreciate her, valued her.

It was very quiet in the room, the ladies being thus engaged; they knew there was some one in the parlor with Sue, but Kate thought it was one of the Bleeker girls, who had run in to talk of cousin John's perfection, of whom, by the way, she was heartily tired; so no one asked who came, when Sue ran to the door, with a volume of Hans Anderson in her hand, to answer the ring. An hour had slipped away when she came rushing into the sitting-room, crying, and with a flushed face.

"Mother! mother!" she said, "you must go in; I can't tell you, and never can!"

Mrs. Wilberforce lived in momentary expectation of something happening to the boys, and as they had gone out hunting early in the morning, it seemed quite probable that one had shot the other. Then, too, Mr. Wilberforce was in New York, and she always bade him good-by with the expectation that he would return a corpse; so, as she sprang up, dropping the coat, and turning over her work-basket, she nerved herself for the worst, and said, with terrible calmness,

"Tell me at once, Sue, is it your father, or the boys?"

Kate was a little alarmed at this, but had presence of mind enough to put her handkerchief between the leaves of her book.

"Oh!" cried Sue, "it isn't either of them; it's Dr. Nugent!"

"What has happened to him?" said Kate.

"Nothing has happened to him," Sue replied. "It's me it has happened to. Oh, mother! he has been making love to me!" and Sue flung herself down on the sofa, and cried so that the green color of Bleak House washed out into Kate's handkerchief. After a few minutes she raised her head to say, "He's in there yet; and, mother, you must go and tell him I never thought of marrying anybody—and I hate him," she added, a little remorsefully.

Little Mrs. Wilberforce has the courage of a canary; her husband calls her "little girl" now, when she has a daughter as old as she was when he wooed her. Her own boys pet her, and carry her around on their shoulders; but they come to her with their troubles, and "Mother says so," settles many a difficult question.

"You go, Kate," she said, pleadingly.

"Yes," replied Kate. "I think I see myself refusing my sister's lovers;" and she cast a scornful glance at Sue.

Sue wiped her eyes penitently at this; she felt it to be a little thrust at her, for the doctor had been very attentive to Kate before she came home from school; not that Kate cared for him,

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but it isn't pleasant to have one's sister appropriate one's "belongings."

Aunt Hester sat looking over her glasses like one distraught, while Mrs. Wilberforce smoothed her hair, and gave her dress two or three gentle shakes, preparatory to her painful duty. She trembled at the door a minute, then opened it slowly, and went in. There sat the unfortunate doctor, looking as if he were guilty of at least five of the seven deadly sins. It was trying for both of them; but a woman generally rises superior to a situation like this; and Mrs. Wilberforce was a true woman, and had all the wise forethought of her sex when she begged the doctor to overlook Sue's childishness, and to let the matter drop for the present, "And perhaps," she said, "perhaps she may learn, in time, to look upon it more favorably."

The doctor behaved remarkably well, and sensibly, too, considering the ridiculous thing he had done, in making love to Sue.

Meanwhile, aunt Hester had felt it her duty to storm a little; and when she storms, it isn't like a scudding cloud, dropping a little rain here, or there, the entire sky becomes overcast, there is not even a little, distant gleam of a bright horizon, bright and cheery, if, oh, so far away! And poor Sue felt that she had committed an unpardonable sin, in being proposed to. And Kate was told, that if she had set a proper example, her sister "would not have behaved so a man would dare do such a thing." It was evident that aunt Hester considered the offer of a man's heart and hand the greatest affront a woman could receive. Aunt Hester had never been thus affronted.

Dr. Nugent promised Mrs. Wilberforce that he would endeavor to appear as though nothing had happened, and to come to the house as usual.

The doctor was certainly in love, very much in love, or he never would have borne the daily vexations he now had to endure. It wasn't bliss-producing for a man with even the moderate proportion of self-esteem the doctor had, on approaching the house, and hearing Sue's light laughter, which still had depth enough to thrill his heart, ringing out, and then, as he reached the door, to see her muslin dress disappearing at the head of the stairs; or, as he came up the street, to see her retreat into a store, and stand gossiping with the clerk till he passed by.

Sue counted it among her troubles, that she was obliged to retreat, "For I never can look him in the face again," she said. "And I have spent all my allowance for shawl-pins, and shoe-strings, though I never wear a shawl, and all my shoes button. And I do believe that Harry Sartwell thinks I am in love with him, running into the store so much."

To crown all, Kate told cousin John, and he threatened every morning to bring the doctor up to dinner or tea with him, till poor Sue grew so nervous at meal-time that her appetite left her, and she began to look pale and thin. But this only made her more interesting to the doctor; he was cultivating the saintly grace of patience; and often, instead of writing a prescription, he found himself scribbling, "all things come round to him who will but wait." And many a little sermon did he preach his own heart, from the text, "Let patience have her perfect work;" and, by-and-by, that gentle angel, so longed for, so needed by the children of men, came into his heart, and folded her wings, and did not leave him: and he was content to wait for the child he loved to become a woman. He felt that he had too rudely knocked at the door of the young heart that had opened only to the call of the loved ones of her home.

Not many weeks could go on without the doctor and Sue meeting; and it happened for all the world like a story. Sue and cousin John were calling on the Bleeker girls, and were about to have a game of croquet. Sue was standing near a swing, where the children were at play, and little Bessie Bleeker, in trying to show how Tom had performed some great feat standing in the swing, slipped, and Sue ran impulsively forward to catch her. The child fell with her whole weight on Sue's outstretched arm, and Sue and little Bessie fell together to the ground. It was a full half minute before the others came up, and found that Sue had fainted. Dr. Nugent was passing, and John called him; so, when Sue opened her eyes, the doctor was bending over her, and telling John that her arm was broken. Then she fainted again; but the doctor's firm hand soon put the poor, little arm into the right form, and promised to see her in the morning.

If Sue feared that the doctor would trouble her with love-making now, she was mistaken. His manner was delightfully frank and friendly. All he said was, "I am sorry for you, Miss Sue." And anybody might say that to anybody, thought she, as she lay very quiet and pale, thinking over every one's words. In her heart of hearts, though, Sue would have denied it if any one had hinted at such a thing. She rejoiced that the dreaded meeting was over; and, though she couldn't have told why, she gave a little sob as she fancied that but for her accident, he might never have spoken to her again.

Day followed day swiftly, seeking the long-

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ago; and Kate and cousin John, who was a cousin by adoption, began to find a new delight in each other's society; and a year from the day Sue marked with a broken arm, there was a wedding in the Wilberforce house. And a great change came over Sue. She tried to relieve her mother of cares, to fill Kate's place, to be a sympathizing sister to the boys. And she began to read the books Dr. Nugent brought her, for he was "still pursuing," though apparently not "a striving" much.

Mrs. Wilberforce smiled, one day, as she found Sue pouring over a volume of Taine. Sue blushed a little, startled blush, and said, "I am trying to cultivate my one talent, mother; you know we are told to do that. I want to be all I can; 'one star differs from another.' But one must shine, even if one isn't a pleid, or a star in Orion's belt."

And her mother said, affectionately, "You are the light of our home, Sue," as she went away, to ask her husband how it would end.

Sue's indifference to other admirers—for pretty Sue Wilberforce had many—and her evident warm friendship for the doctor induced her father to say,

"It will all come out right, little mother," "Our Sue is a true-hearted girl, and we may trust her."

Sue's twenty-first birthday dawned, and not one word of love had the doctor spoken since the afternoon, four years before. But he had not forgotten that afternoon, and he smiled to himself as he walked up to the door, and Sue met him with a bright welcome on her sweet face, which every day grew more thoughtful and beautiful.

He had not been there an hour when Sue ran into her mother's room, where the dear little woman sat, embroidering some dainty garment for Kate's baby, Sue.

"Oh mother!" she cried, "what do you think I am going to do with the doctor? You know how he will keep coming here. He has worn out no one knows how many door-mats, cleaning his boots every rainy evening; and I'm going to stop it all. Guess how." She tried to laugh, but her voice trembled when she replied to her mother's wondering look. "I am going to marry him. You must go and tell him, for I can't."

Mrs. Wilberforce opened the parlor-door, and Sue followed slowly behind.

"Doctor," said the mother, "I told you perhaps she would look upon it differently in time. Not another word will I say, Sue."

"And I got along quite as well, mother," said Sue, the next day; "for, after you left us, it sort of said itself."

LET ME SLEEP.

BY ANNIE E. DOTY.

Yes, let me sleep, low on this grave! ah, thus!
  See how with moss the name is overgrown;
  It clingeth softly to the cold, hard stone,
Like God's great pity clinging unto us.

Yes, let me sleep! and wherefore should you weep?
  I fought my battles—some I lost, some won,
  And I am wounded; now they all are done,
Let me lie on this grave, and dreamless sleep.

You said you loved me Well, I shed no tear;
  If I was loved, perhaps I had my day;
  So now pass on, out yonder lies your way
Amidst the flowers. I think mine endeth here.

The great world cannot give me love or hate!
  Once I reached out my hands to grasp its joys,
  And it but mocked me with its glare and noise;
It leaves me lying here most desolate.

Then let me sleep, low on this grave! ah, thus!
  See how with moss the name is overgrown;
  It clingeth softly to the cold, hard stone,
Like God's great pity clinging unto us.

GOD KEEP MY CHILD!

BY ROSE GERALDINE.

God keep my child to-night!
  And through life's later gloom,
Oh, let no sorrow's blight
  O'ercast her bloom.

God keep my child to-night!
  The long to-night of life;
Oh, keep her pure and fair,
  Through every strife.

God keep my child to-night!
  Keep her a vision fair;
And lead her in Thy light—
  Father! hear my prayer!

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PAPA'S AMANUENSIS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

She had driven down to the landing to meet her father, for, though the house was full of guests, and she a great deal occupied, she could not allow anything to hinder her having this pleasure, as he had been gone a full week.

She was rather late, fortunately for her, because it prevented her having to go through that little torture called waiting. The steamboat was just in, as the carriage got down. There was her father; but, as she waved her handkerchief, in joyful recognition, she perceived it was not on the arm of the faithful Henry that he leaned. By no means; that admirable functionary was hastening on in advance, very much overburdened with bags and bundles. Christine gazed in astonishment at the stranger; then was seized with such a spasm of longing to reach her father, that she forgot the gentleman, and the crowd, and her decorous intention of remaining languid and lady-like in the carriage until her parent reached it.

She was on the ground, and running toward him, before she knew it; and the two embraced each other, as if they had been parted for ages, being a foolish father and daughter who adored one another.

Christine positively did not recollect the stranger, though he was a young man, until they were ready to move on. Her father interrupted a flood of questions she was commencing, to say,

"My daughter, Mr. Archer——"

Then the gentleman raised his hat, and Christine bowed, coloring a little to remember how childishly she had behaved, and growing wondrously stately to make up for it, while her father added,

"Mr. Archer, having a few idle months, has promised to give them to me, my dear. With the aid of his services, I hope to finish that tiresome book this summer."

When she found what his coming was for, and his occupation to be, Christine immediately deserted the grand style, because she was a lady, and would not, for the world, have made the young secretary, or whatever he was to be called, feel uncomfortable. She had leisure, too, for a sentiment of surprise; he was such a handsome, distinguished-looking man, that she would have thought it more in keeping with his appearance if he had been introduced as some high and mighty personage.

"I consider myself very fortunate to have been able to persuade Mr. Archer to come with me," said the old ex-senator.

"I am sure I owe him my best thanks, in advance," said Christine; "that constant writing did tire you so, papa."

Then she had to ask her torrent of questions, and before they were finished, the three were seated in the carriage, and driving off toward Cro'nest.

Mr. Saymore was growing an old man now; for many years he had held prominent political positions, abroad and at home; he had been ambassador, and governor, and senator; indeed, it was a renomination to the latter post he had been obliged to decline eighteen months before, when that slight attack of paralysis struck him. He had recovered rapidly; there seemed no remains, beyond the stiffness and lameness which rendered a cane and a friendly arm necessary, if he walked much; but the physician's verdict had been that he must have complete rest. Politics must take care of themselves, and he must accept a year's quiet; after that—oh, after that, Christine expected to see him fully restored, and, perhaps, President yet. Mr. Saymore smiled at her prophecies, without any mention of what his private thoughts as to the future might be, though he knew, and was content to know, that it must lie beyond the great portals which shut in the hidden land.

He had been a famous lawyer in his time, and occupied his leisure now with a work on Jurisprudence, which he hoped would render his last days of service: besides that, there were to be some volumes on the events of his period. He was neither a disappointed or a melancholy man. He had done a great deal with his life, and did not repine at this enforced inactivity. He had married rather late, and a large family of beautiful children had died one after another, and the pretty wife, much younger than himself, followed them while Christine was a babe.

She was twenty now, mistress of the house, a little arrogant and spoiled; but a noble-hearted creature, inheriting more of her father's genius than would have been considered necessary by people who think that young women ought to be only a superior sort of pretty doll, with a parrot-like faculty of reproducing the exact opinions of their elders in authority.

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But they are at Cro'nest by the time you have finished this tedious description—it takes so long to say a little. On the veranda were Mrs. Landon, a distant relation, who usually lived with them, and a group of the guests, and more guests straying back from the shrubberies; because the dressing-bell had rung, and dinner would be the next important event of the day.

While people were greeting their host, Christine did not forget the new comer. She introduced him to Mrs. Landon, then to a little knot of young ladies, and named him to a gentleman standing close by, Mr. Herbert Knowles. Just as Mr. Knowles was exciting the other's indignation by looking (as he usually felt it his duty to do with masculine strangers) exceedingly supercilious and offish, old Mrs. Landon, who was deaf, was seized with a desire to whisper to Christine, and, of course, unconsciously to herself, the whisper was as audible as a high wind.

"Your papa did not write he was going to bring another guest; he ought to have waited till the end of the week, when the house had emptied a little."

It was better to laugh; so Christine set the example, and the new arrival laughed too.

"Mr. Archer is going to stay with us I hope a long while," Christine explained to the old lady. "He is good enough to act as papa's secretary."

"You give me a higher title, Miss Saymore, than I claim," Archer said, composedly, looking —who could tell why?—straight at Mr. Knowles. "I am here to act as your father's amanuensis, simply."

Christine felt provoked; the word she had used was a much nicer one; he was pugnacious, or over modest, and she did not approve of either quality. The young ladies betrayed a certain surprise; they had had visions of his being some newly-landed English lord; and Mr. Knowles looked as if the amanuensis were a speck in the far distance, which he could just discern from the serene height whereon he stood.

"We shall all be late for dinner," said Christine; "then the cook will die in despair. Did you find the old music-book you promised me, Mr. Knowles?"

So Mr. Knowles had an opportunity to walk with her into the hall. She did not forget to tell Henry to show Mr. Archer his room, though she was vexed at his voluntarily rejecting the fine title she had offered; and, after a little talk with Knowles, she went on up stairs to change her dress.

That done, she ran into her father's apartment, for a few moment's chat, and he reminded her of Mr. Archer, by asking what room he had.

"Who is he, papa?" demanded Christine.

"The son of an old friend of mine; he's been in Europe nearly all his life. He's a fine fellow; be sure you are kind to him, and make him feel at home."

"Old friend's son; I don't remember the name. Archer—Archer!"

"Oh, years and years ago," replied her father, impatient over his neck-tye, and so added a brief and vague account. Christine kissed him, and waited to give him her arm down stairs; but she had so much to talk about, that she forgot Mr. Archer.

The guests were all assembled when they reached the drawing-room—a larger party than usual—for some neighbors had been invited to dine. During the few moments before the announcement of dinner, Christine was busy making excuses for her late appearance; but her care for her father was fully understood among her friends, and scarcely needed excuse.

So she did not recollect Mr. Archer till everybody was seated at table; then she perceived that Mrs. Vane had taken possession of him: and Mrs. Vane was the greatest flirt within six states, whose elderly husband had a face like a rabbit, and millions enough to buy one of the beauties of the day.

Old Mr. Gore had led Christine in; but Knowles was seated on her other hand. People had begun to consider that his rightful place; but, in truth, nobody knew how far matters had gone. Herbert Knowles' name would have answered for the hero of a novel, though there was nothing heroic about his mental qualities. He was still a young man—not more than thirty; immensely fond of his money; of the grand, foreign matches his sisters had made; but you are not to suppose that these foibles showed on the surface. He was rather grave and quiet in conversation; indeed, he was not much good, so far as general talk went, though he could do his part nicely enough in a *tete-a-tete*. The man had no imagination, and no sense of humor; and, among other hidden vices, he possessed a sullen, revengeful disposition.

But he was considered remarkably sensible, and most people said that a marriage between him and Christine Saymore would be a very proper thing; for everybody knew that her father had not managed to accumulate a large fortune. Mr. Knowles' mother owned a fine country-seat within easy distance of Cro'nest, so that he had the advantage of propinquity at least.

The dinner got on smoothly, and the evening afterward was a very pleasant one. Mrs. Vane did not release Mr. Archer from her clutches:

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and Christine, still a little vexed by the precise fashion in which he had defined his position, decided, within herself, that he must be a weak creature, indeed, if he could fall at once so helplessly under the spells of such very feeble fascinations as Lina Vane's. She and Lina were great friends, and saw each other's faults plainly. Christine considered that Mrs. Vane had nothing but her beauty, and Mrs. Vane never could comprehend anybody's thinking Christine handsome.

During the next two or three days Christine and Mr. Archer did not advance rapidly toward acquaintance. She treated him with the same politeness and consideration that she would have any guest of her father's; but she had the amusement of the whole party on her hands, and Knowles managed to engross any leisure time she might find. All the morning, the young amanuensis was busy with the Senator in his room; and, looking in now and then, Christine perceived that the work was going on rapidly. In the afternoon he always joined the others; but Mrs. Vane claimed his special attention. The young ladies were interested in him, on account of his handsome face, and, among them, had woven quite a romance, in which they believed, though it had not a shred of foundation in fact, concerning the circumstances which had placed him in this position. Christine had a private idea that he must be rather indolent, and certainly not possessed of any strong mental qualities, else he would be busy battling fate, conquering future and fortune—how she could not have told. But it was weak in a man of his age to be satisfied, for an indefinite time, with a position like the present.

Most of the men liked him. Knowles treated him with a magnificent disdain, of which he appeared quite unconscious, and always spoke of him as the amanuensis; contriving to make the word sound as if it were the symbol of something very far down in the scale of human occupation.

Only the third evening after Archer's arrival, Christine managed to get vexed with him again. He came into the room, while a group were having a discussion, and Mrs. Vane, calling for his opinion, he gave it clearly, and it chanced to be directly opposed to the sentiments Christine had expressed; indeed, a rather severe diatribe against such sentiments. He had been standing out on the veranda, while she was talking, and Christine fancied that he had heard what she said, and was reading this lecture for her benefit. Mrs. Vane thought so too, and was hugely delighted. Knowles thought so, and attempted an impertinence, which was met with such a quiet, polished, stinging retort, that he was glad to leave the contest.

"You were very hard on poor Christine," whispered Mrs. Vane, soon afterward, in Archer's ear.

Then he found out what she fancied; but did not take the trouble to set her right. Christine was freezing and pettish with him all the evening, though annoyed with herself for such weakness; and, when alone in her room, decided that she disliked him heartily; and so, altogether, thought a good deal about him for the first time.

The next morning she went into her father's study, to speak for a moment to the old gentleman. He was not there; only Archer sat at the table, busy with his papers. She was about to withdraw, when he looked up and saw her.

"Don't let me disturb you," she said, as he rose, and came forward. "I was looking for papa."

"He has gone out to speak with somebody," Archer replied.

"I can see him later."

But, as she was retiring, with much dignity, he stopped her by saying,

"I was very sorry for what happened last night, Miss Saymore; only I feel sure that you did not suppose me capable of the meanness which Mrs. Vane was good enough to attribute to me—that of having listened to what you said, and then taking the liberty to condemn it."

She believed him; it would not have been easy to look in the frank, handsome face, and doubt.

"Anyway," he continued, "I said a good deal more than I meant."

"And I was vexed because you were in the right," she answered, laughing.

Then they got into conversation, and, when the clock struck, Christine was astounded to find that she had been there over half an hour. As she passed out into the corridor, she met Knowles going on to his own room.

"How wicked of you to detain the amanuensis from his work," said he, trying to speak pleasantly: but not succeeding very well. "The Senator ought to look more carefully after his interests; the book will never be done at this rate."

"Do you know where my father is?" she asked, softly.

"Down on the veranda; captured by Mrs. Vane," said he, and looked cross.

"Then I will go and release him," returned she, and walked on.

But he kept by her side, and, as they descended the stairs, he said,

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"This is my last morning, for some time; it was cruel of you to run away and hide."

"I don't think I did; I went to the study in search of papa."

She laughed; but she began to feel nervous, for his tone was not cross any longer; in fact, it was unmistakably tender; and Christine knew that this time she could not put him off. She had managed very artfully since he came up into the country, to avoid the declaration which her woman's intuition told her he meant to make. But the respite was over; she must listen now. They reached the veranda; there was no one present—even Mr. Saymore and Mrs. Vane had disappeared.

"Will you walk down to the great oak with me?" Knowles asked. "It will be my last chance to see you for weeks."

She could not refuse; indeed, she was not certain that she wished to. She had expected the man to propose to her, and had meant to accept him. She wondered somewhat at her own unwillingness to listen, now that the moment had come.

They passed round the side of the house, down through the shrubberies. Grantley Archer was standing at the study-window, and saw them go by. He knew, as well as if he walked beside them, what was about to happen; looked for an instant, then marched back to his seat. Very impatient and dissatisfied his face appeared, and there was an odd tumult in his mind, which he informed himself to be ridiculous.

"I hardly know her," he was thinking. "It's nothing to me; let her sell herself if she likes—that's what she is doing. She doesn't love the man."

After all, the two did not get so far as the oak. Herbert Knowles began to tell his story before they had crossed the shrubberies, and Christine sat down on a rustic bench, feeling suddenly tired and breathless.

Knowles asked her to be his wife. He did it in neat enough language; but it was evident, she thought, that he rather considered it an overpowering honor to put within any woman's reach. He was immensely rich; she liked him sufficiently; she did not believe in love, except as a pretty foundation for a novel. She adored luxury, and wealth, and station; they were all placed at her disposal now, and yet she hesitated. She could not have told how or why; but, for the first time, she fully comprehended this man's selfishness—his vapid, arid nature. She had a sudden gleam of what the future would be, passed by his side; it looked strangely dull, in spite of its grandeur. Then she told herself that she was an idiot. What would she have?

All these reflections in a breath. He had done; he was waiting for her to speak. They talked a good while; but Christine did not go back to the house absolutely pledged to marry him. She was to have three months' grace; at the end of that time he should hear her decision. He was somewhat vexed, and very much astonished; but the fact that he had met a woman at last not exactly ready to fall into his arms the instant he opened them, made him more eager, and he consented to her terms, though once or twice they got dangerously near a quarrel.

An hour after that, Herbert Knowles had gone. He was obliged to accompany his mother to Saratoga; from there they were going to pay several visits, so that weeks must elapse before his return.

The next day the other guests departed, even to Mrs. Vane, who would not have been sorry to stay a week longer, for the pleasure of fascinating young Archer; a task which, so far, had not succeeded as well as her egregious vanity could have wished.

Christine rather enjoyed the quiet, though she expected to find the house frightfully dull; but that would be so much the better. By the time Herbert Knowles came within reach again, she should have gained a more sensible state of mind. This period of exclusion would show her how ill she was fitted for it, and the pomps and glories of life would once more assume their proper value in her eyes.

She was not to write to him. She had refused to do that, reminding him how often he had expressed his disapproval of the American-girl weakness for correspondence. But she was to have letters from him, and it struck her that they would prove rather heavy affairs.

The Senator's book was going on admirably; the old gentleman was in fine spirits, and better health than usual. At first there was a certain coolness and distance between Christine and Archer. Somehow they could find few subjects upon which they agreed; that is, in her heart, Christine knew that he was right in his opinions, and that rendered her belligerent.

But this wore gradually off, and a slight accident, which happened to Mr. Saymore while out driving, was the means of the two young people becoming good friends. Although not much hurt, the Senator had been in great danger, and might have lost his life but for Archer's courage and presence of mind.

Christine could say little when she first learned what had happened; but, as she was leaving the drawing-room that night, Archer thought he had never seen her so womanly and sweet, as she was while trying tearfully to thank him.

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So the ice was broken, and the rest came easily and naturally enough.

Christine never had secrets from her father, so very soon after Knowles' departure, she told the Senator of the terms upon which she stood with the man.

"My dear," he said, "this is a matter upon which I have always told you I should never interfere; you must decide wholly for yourself. Only, my child, weigh well your feelings. Marriage would prove a tedious thing, if it has not a right foundation."

That, Christian said, in her thoughts, must be respect and esteem. Love was a youthful, ephemeral sensation, which could not be trusted; indeed, she was not likely ever to know about it—she did not belong to that order of women. She was proud of thinking this; but, in the midst of her exultation, came a lonely, desolate feeling. Once more, a panorama of her grand future flitted before her, and cold and dreary it looked, in spite of the dazzling heights along which it led.

The work in the Senator's study went briskly on of a morning; but, in the afternoon, there were walks and drives, or Archer helped Christine with the Spanish she had taken a fancy to study; and, in the evening, there was music, or quiet talks on the veranda, in the moonlight; and the days glided so rapidly away, that Christine could not believe it possible four whole weeks had gone. But they had, and, at the end of them, Mr. Knowles and his mother returned. There was to be a week of gayety at the grand mansion, and Christine and her father were invited. Mrs. Landon's deafness made her refuse all invitations, and no invitation was offered Archer.

"It would only have been kind and polite on Knowles' part," was all Mr. Saymore said to Christine in regard to the slight.

Mr. Knowles, on his first visit after his return, flattered himself that he had placed the young amanuensis in his rightful position; that is, he had ignored him completely—a circumstance of which Archer was oblivious, though Christine noticed it, and was annoyed.

But she defended Knowles to her father, in the matter of not giving the invitation, and tried to feel angry with Archer, by way of making her suitor's ungracious conduct less ungracious in her eyes.

"What have I done?" he asked, when she had been capricious and contradictory. "You are going away to-morrow, for a whole week, to enjoy yourself. I think you might get on without scolding me this last night."

"You might have gone and enjoyed yourself, too," she replied. "Only you would never get acquainted with Mr. Knowles, so that he could invite you."

"But I did not want to be invited, you see," he said, laughing.

"Oh, if you hold us all in such contempt, it is just as well as it is," retorted she.

"Perhaps I don't like to excite my malice and envy by the sight of another man's wealth and grandeur."

"There's a confession! When you always talk like a second Diogenes!"

"But you have argued so skillfully on the other side, that I may begin to perceive my mistake," he replied.

She had treated him to a great deal of worldly talk, and tried to convince him, as she did herself, that she believed money to be the chief good in life.

"I shall have a week's leisure in which to argue out the matter," he continued, laughingly, but she was too much annoyed to reply. "Perhaps by the time you get back, I shall be in a state of mind to ask your help to win some great heiress—your friend, Miss Carson, for example. She squints, it's true; but one might beg her to wear glasses."

Then they both laughed, and were good friends for the rest of the evening. Indeed, while Christine was brushing her hair that night, it struck her, for the first time, that she had drifted into very easy, confidential terms with the handsome amanuensis, and she doubted the prudence of it.

But her solitary musings did not leave her any more inclined to receive a stately lecture, in regard to him, from Herbert Knowles, before the first day of her visit at his house had ended. They came rather near sharp words, and, somehow, the whole stay was dismal to Christine. She could not shut her eyes to the fact that the man was purse-proud, pretentious, and sulky; and the mother——! Really, there would be no possibility of dwelling, as daughter-in-law, in the tent with that appalling old woman, who looked and acted as if she had been cut out of a block of gray granite!

It was absolutely pleasant to return home; pleasant to watch her father's delight at their escape from those heavy festivities. And, as they drove up to the house, there was Grantley Archer on the veranda, waiting to receive them; and he looked so handsome and elegant; said so many, bright, cordial things; was so witty, and sparkling, and so outspoken in his joy, that Christine could not help thinking how his presence would have enlivened the society she had just left.

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Herbert Knowles became a daily visitor, of course. Mrs. Vane invited herself back for awhile; several other people strayed up, and the confidential companionship which Christine had told herself was not exactly fitting, met with serious interruptions. Somehow she found her vagrant fancy regretting it, and took her fancy severely to task, and was quite high and mighty with Archer for awhile. Perhaps she might have persevered in this line of conduct, only Herbert Knowles could not keep the peace where the amanuensis was concerned. Occasionally he tried to be magnificently impertinent, and was beautifully nipped in return; and Christine felt vexed with both men, all the more because several times the encounters took place before her father, and she saw that he was highly diverted by his favorite's getting the better of his grand antagonist.

Then, one morning, Christine woke up in a fright to the fact, that very little of the season of probation remained. Where had the time gone? It did not seem possible that more than two months had elapsed since she first met Grantley Archer at the steamboat landing. Though the instant she thought that, she asked herself what on earth this had to do with the matter in question? Only, of course, it was natural to think about him—he had been so kind and attentive to her father.

But one thing she meant to do, she did not want to—but the impulse was stronger than her will. Grantley Archer must learn something of the terms on which she stood with Knowles. Thus these polite battles between the two would then cease, and somehow they disturbed her greatly.

There was one took place that very day. Mr. Knowles had called, just after breakfast, and the rencontre happened then. Knowles had gone off sulky, and the old mother, who chanced to be present, glanced at Christine, in cold wrath, as if the whole business were her fault.

To shake off her annoyance, Christine ordered her horse, and started off, in a hard gallop, through the woods that lay back of Cro'nest, through which her father had ordered roads to be cut, in order that she might ride without a groom when she wished. Suddenly, in one of the loveliest nooks, where a little stream crept through the wood, she came upon Mr. Archer, who was lying, at full length, on the grass, apparently lost in reverie. At the sound of her horse's feet, he raised himself on one elbow, and looked up. The first expression of his face was desolate and forlorn enough; but he brightened at once, got up, and joined her, and spoke as cheerfully as if she had not been somewhat sharp with him, after breakfast.

He walked awhile by the side of the horse. Archer, himself, led the conversation to the occurrence of the morning.

"You were angry with me," he said; "yet I do not see how I was to blame."

She wanted to be angry now, and tried to work herself into a passion.

"I confess," said she, "that I don't like seeing you try your wit so freely at the expense of my friends."

"If I have done so, it is Mr. Knowles' fault," he replied, without heat. "I am sorry to have annoyed you. Anything that you ask me as a favor, I shall certainly do."

He was a very bold young man, this handsome amanuensis. If he had been born a duke, he could not have taken his claims to perfect equality more for granted.

"Then," she said, rather haughtily, "if you insist upon my putting the matter in that way, I must do so."

"Mr. Knowles is a fortunate and highly honored man," he replied, calmly. "You spoke generally of my sins against your friends; but you must have meant him, since I have been on good terms with every one else I have encountered here."

She did not find it easy to be either vexed or haughty.

"You are a great favorite with most people," she said; "papa in particular."

He only bowed quietly. It was plain that he waited for her to put into words her wishes. She must demand it as a personal favor, if she desired peace to reign between him and Knowles.

"Will you oblige me?" she asked.

"Pardon me; but you have not explained what you wish me to do," he said, rather obstinately.

"Since you insist on my making you my confidant——"

She was trying now to be angry, in order to hide a sudden confusion. She waited that her insolent beginning might have an effect; but he was not disturbed.

"I mean, since circumstances seem to make it necessary," she said, already ashamed of her own pettiness.

He looked up now.

"To tell me," he went on, as if finishing her sentence, "that Mr. Knowles has asked you to marry him."

"How could papa have told you?" she cried, avowing the secret in her trouble.

"He did not; no one has told me. But Mr

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Knowles did ask you, the morning he started for Saratoga. I saw you pass the window with him. I was certain then, and have been ever since, what he wanted to say. You did not mean to betray his secret, I know; but it makes matters easier to show that I understand. May I ask you one question?"

"Yes," she said, stooping to stroke her horse's head, so as to conceal her face.

"Is everything definitely settled——"

"Mr. Archer, you go beyond the bounds even of friendship!" she answered, turning full on him.

"I know: yet I must do it," he cried, eagerly, unconsciously taking hold of her bridle-reins. "For my own sake—for my peace, I beg you to answer! Are you engaged to Mr. Knowles?"

She was frightened and dazed. She would have given the world to be able to reply in the affirmative, but she could not lie.

"Your silence answers," he said, still holding the rein. "Then I may speak! I love you! I ask you to decide between us two! I may be mad and presumptuous; but I have sometimes dared to hope that you cared for me—that your heart was not at all in this grand match you wanted to force yourself into."

She was speechless, and almost crying. As he looked up into her face, eager, impassioned, breathless, the whole truth flashed on her in an instant. Her heart had gone out toward this man.

Very eloquently he told his story, and she could not help listening; but all the creeds of her life came up to remind her that her conduct was not far short of insanity.

"Please don't say any more," she said, at last. I—I think you have not been quite kind to take me so by surprise! I must go home now. I cannot ever again hear such language."

He dropped her bridle at once.

"Do you want me to leave the house?" he asked. "I promise not to annoy you! Till the time expires that you are to give Mr. Knowles his answer, I pledge my word never to speak like this again."

"I hope we shall be good friends," she said, struggling hard to regain her composure. I—I should be sorry to have you go away, on my father's account; but I think it would be wisest."

"Do you mean that you are kind enough to fear I shall suffer?"

She meant partly that she was afraid for herself; but she could not own that. Many men had made love to her; but no voice had ever sunk into her soul as did his tones: no words had ever sounded so sweet as that passionate declaration, to which she had listened, knowing that it was madness so to do.

"I should be sorry to think that," she said.

"There is no help for it," he replied. "I must stay at least for a month; my leaving before would inconvenience your father sadly—his comfort is the chief consideration.

She faltered something about his kindness.

"Don't think it will be annoying to have me about," he said, with a grave smile. "I shall keep my word."

As he spoke, he took her right hand—he had been standing on that side of her horse—and kissed it, kissed it as reverently as a knight of old might have kissed that of his mistress.

"That is the last time you shall be troubled," he whispered; "but, oh! remember, Christine, life is long, and love is worth having, try to doubt it as we will."

He turned, and was gone. She gave the reins to her horse, crying heartily for awhile. She could make nothing of her state of mind—a strange, delicious confusion was the uppermost sensation.

Then began an odd series of days for Christine. Sometimes she would have found it difficult to believe them other than a bad dream, had not a pain at her heart so often proved their reality.

Archer kept his word; he was kind and cheerful; he no longer teazed Knowles, or heeded the other's covert impertinences.

And Knowles grew more imperious and exacting; and certainly he had never seemed so heavy to entertain. Then, when he was gone, that vexatious amanuensis would be so bright and pleasant, that Christine could not resist his efforts; and, however stately she tried to be in the beginning, inevitably ended by yielding to the charm of his conversation.

She was sorry often—that was, when she was trying her best to hold to her old beliefs—that she had not insisted upon his going away. She would take proud fits, and lofty fits, and spur herself into anger, by thinking that his declaration had been an impertinence. But, whatever she did, he preserved his equable demeanor, and behaved as if he had been some kind, tender brother, who pitied her struggle.

It could have but one ending—she told herself that over and over. She would not admit that she loved this man! She was a fool, like other girls, despite all her faith in her own wisdom.

She had been taken by his handsome face, his melodious voice; dazzled by his fascinating manners. It would pass—it should. She would not

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beg him to go; she would cure herself in his very presence. The idea of her thinking of a poor man! How would he propose to support her? She began by laughing at the notion, and ended by dreaming of a future, in which she stood by his side through every trial, till station and fortune were reached. Then she fairly pulled her own hair for such consummate folly, and almost made up her mind to send for Herbert Knowles, and accept him on the spot.

Almost; but she did not do it. The days wore on; she had reached the last week of her suspense Knowles had begun to behave as if he considered the matter settled, and she tried to believe that it was, and shuddered in the very effort.

Then, as ill-luck would have it, the mother of Knowles told her son of some gossip; that Christine walked with the young amanuensis; that he had absolutely kissed her hands one day in the woods, when she was on horseback, and been seen by a loquacious domestic.

Knowles went to the house in a bad mood, and, when he tried to expostulate, used language which roused Christine's temper. One word led to another; finally, she said,

"I was to give you my answer at the end of three months. I needn't wait for that—I am ready now. I cannot marry you! I don't love you! I cannot, since I understand your character, even respect and esteem you. Everything is at an end."

He could not believe his ears; but he was obliged to finally, and off he rushed in a towering passion. Christine sat and cried over her own weakness—her inability to carry out her grand plans for the future. Into the midst of her distress came the amanuensis, and, before she knew it, she had let him take her two hands, and he was saying,

"Give it up, Christine! Don't try so hard to wreck your life! See, I am not talking for myself. If you were my sister, I could not feel more sincere sympathy."

After awhile, she told him that it was all over. Then he did go a little mad, and she heard once more the story of his love, and this time she hid her face on his shoulder, whispering,

"I will do as you bid me! I'm not worth loving; but, if you choose, here I am."

Presently they came enough down to the real world to speak of the prosaic details of life, and Christine said,

"I am not afraid for myself; but it seems a shame to saddle you with such a useless creature. But I'll try; indeed I will; and, after all, I'd rather be poor, and—and——"

She was too timid to finish; but he knew what she meant, and thanked her—not in words

"But about this poverty," he said.

"Don't think I dread it."

"That's my brave girl! But why should you expect to endure it? And you talk about fettering me, and being a drag. Who told you I was poor?"

"I supposed—— Well—taking this place——"

"I never told you so. Your father said I was a friend of his, with idle time on my hands. So I was. You conceived the idea I had come to be secretary, and it amused me so, that I wouldn't let him undeceive you."

In fact, Christine found her project of sacrifice wasted. Mr. Archer's fortune rather went beyond that of Knowles; but I think Christine was always glad to remember that she had discovered her heart was stronger than all the worldly prudence wherewith she had striven to arm herself. I know they are very happy, those two; and he laughs at her to this day about having married "PAPA'S AMANUENSIS."

DRIFTING.

BY SELGGUR C. NIWDE.

Drifting apart! drifting apart!
Snapping the cords that are wound round the heart,
Sundering ties that were always to be,
Strong ties of friendship between you and me;
Yet, still as I see you, day after day,
I feel, and I know, you are drifting away.

Drifting away! drifting away!
Drifting so slowly, but surely, each day,
Still farther and farther out of my sight,
Leaving me lonely—alone with the night.
Yes, alone with the night, for even the day
Is turned into night, while your drifting away.

Drifting apart! drifting apart!
How sadly the feeling sinks into the heart;
For I felt that I had upon earth one friend,
Faithful as truth, and true to the end;
But why should I hope for such friendship and truth,
so unfinished, uncourtly, uncouth.

Drifting apart! drifting away!
Drifting in silence, whence no one can say;
But a prayer will be offered that one drifting barque,
May never drift into the unknown dark;
But may drift with its soul, so worthy of love,
Into the waters that sparkle above.

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THE WRECK OF THE KRAKEN.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 202.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE gloomy region of the Os Mysterios extends over a large tract of broken country, diversified with hills, whose flattened, or even sunken, crests prove their volcanic origin, each one of them the solidified bubble, heaved up by the seething mass once underlying the whole region. Between these hills wind deep ravines, or more level intervals, covered with the dismal and blackened scoriæ, which makes the distinguishing feature of the scene; and it was through these vallies that Swedish Ned swiftly threaded his way, guided by some general idea of the direction in which he wished to travel, or, perhaps only by the wild promptings of his unsettled brain.

His companion, supported by the unnatural strength of insanity, kept even pace with him, never asking help, or seeming to notice when it was given; or, in fact, addressing her guide in any manner, although she whispered to herself incessantly, as, in fact, did he to her. Nor is it easy to conceive of anything more appalling, had observation been possible, than these two spectral figures journeying through this desolate region, moving, side by side, indeed, yet unheeding of each other's presence as if they had been miles asunder, each muttering, gesticulating, weeping, or madly laughing at his or her own conceit, and each shrouded in that terrible isolation which is, perhaps, the greatest curse of madness.

A pale and frightened moon peeped at them now and again, from between the masses of cloud gathering toward the mountain-peak, in the center of the island, and the sea behind them gleamed with a livid phosphorescence more terrible than the blackest storm. The lady's tender feet were cut and bleeding, but she did not know it; the sad night-wind chilled her to the bone, but, although she shivered audibly, she never ceased the low, monotonous babble of which "Clarimundo" was the one incessant burden. And still she staggered on beside the tireless sailor, sometimes falling, often tottering, but never complaining, never asking aid or delay.

Several hours had passed, and leaving the sterile tract of Os Mysterios, the fugitives were now climbing the long, gradual slopes of the mountain-side, the extinct volcano, from which the whole island had, in the old, forgotten times, sprung, and whose vast crater, silent and harmless now, still bore evidence to the terrible convulsions which had formed it. This crater, and from it the mountain itself, was called the Caldeira, or Caldron, a name vividly suggesting the horrible hell-broth once cooked therein, and overflowing from its edge to desolate and destroy smiling fields, busy towns and villages, men, women, and children; whose frightful death is still matter of tradition among the shuddering peasantry. Up the outer side of the Caldeira, then, the maniac sailor led his maniac companion, each pursuing his and her own melancholy gibbering, neither heedful of the way they went, until a sudden flood of moonlight showed them a monstrous black cavern opening at their very feet, its depths fathomless to the eye, its extent hidden by the clouds closing down around the mountain-top.

"Down there! Was it down there I saw him?" muttered Ned, instinctively holding back his companion with one hand, while he peered vaguely down into the crater.

"Is he there? Is my darling there?" demanded the wife, and raising her voice, she shrilly called, "Clarimundo! Clarimundo!"

The wild, shrill sound rang out piercingly upon the night, and back from the black depths at their feet came the wailing echo,

"Clarimu–n–undo!"

"Hark!" cried the poor maniac, clutching at her companion's arm. "He answers me! Did not you hear him answer me? He is there—down there, waiting for me! calling to me! Clarimundo!"

"Yes! Down there! Down there!" repeated Ned, dreamily. "I saw him down there, and I said I would tell the wife; but *he* should never know! Neither he nor my lady should ever know, for they had each other—and is not that enough? Oh, my lady! my lady! was it nothing that I would have given my whole life for you?"

"Yes, he is down there, and I am going to him!" muttered the senora; and breaking from the sailor's almost unconscious grasp, she began to descend the inner side of the crater, which, just at this spot, was less precipitous than at most points.

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Leaving these two unfortunates here, we must return to the house, where the fact of their evasion was not discovered until daybreak, when Josepha, awakening, with a guilty start, from her night-long nap, jumped up, and ran to look at her mistress. The bed, of course, was empty, and the frightened woman lost no time in rousing the house. Sebastiano and Margaret, hardly pausing to listen to her confused and contradictory report of the night, during which she called all the saints to witness that she had never closed her eyes, began at once to search the house and garden, and even to cast shuddering looks over the low wall dividing the grounds from the precipitous cliffs bordering the beach.

"She cannot have gone far, she was too weak!" exclaimed Margaret, trying to comfort her companion, as they met again, and each read ill-success in the other's eyes.

"It is not far from here to the sea," replied Sebastiano, gloomily.

"I looked over the wall; she was not there," whispered Margaret, with a shudder.

"She may have wandered some distance along the cliff, and then——" replied Sebastiano, in the same tone.

But at this moment appeared Manoel, holding a fragment of something in his hand.

"Oh, senor! I shut the gate myself last night, and no one of us has unlocked it this morning; yet there it stands open, and this shred of a blanket was upon a broken nail near the bottom. Josepha said she carried away a blanket."

"It is true. Manoel, you have done well, and I shall not forget it," said Sebastiano, hurriedly. "She has gone out at the gate, and cannot have gone far: so you and Jose had better go up the road, while I will take Francisco and go down. Look into every gate and inclosure thta you come across, and inquire of every person, and at every house. If you hear nothing before reaching Capelle, come back, for she could not have gone so far as that even."

With these brief directions, the two parties separated, and were soon out of sight, leaving the rest of the household to search again and again through the house, the grounds, the adjoining inclosures, and the beach.

Margaret, returning weary and discouraged from this latter locality, was seized with a new idea, suggested by the dismal baying of the watch-dog, who was chained in the open space beneath the veranda.

"Marinero! He will find her!" exclaimed she; and then running down to the gate, she looked eagerly along the road, impatient for Sebastiano's return.

At length he appeared with Francisco, and soon after them came Manoel and Jose; but the faces of all four showed disappointment, and that of the son almost despair. Hardly waiting for him to tell his story of fruitless effort and inquiry, Margaret suggested her new plan.

"Take Marinero into your mother's chamber; let him smell some garment of hers, then bring him to the gate, and tell him to follow her, and I am sure he will. He always liked to lie beside her when she sat on the veranda, and I have often seen her unchain him, and take him for a walk. He will be sure to look for her."

"Do you think so, minha senora?" replied Sebastiano, sadly. "We will try it, but," he shook his head sadly, "she must have fallen from the cliffs, and been washed away by the morning flood-tide, before we began to search for her."

"Oh, I hope not! I hope not! But try Marinero, at all events,"

"Certainly, we will try him. Manoel, unchain the dog and bring him to the chamber of my mother. Come, senora, and see what he will do."

Margaret silently followed, as the young man ran up the steps of the veranda, and in at the open door, through which his mother had made her silent escape, and a moment later came the pattering of the dog's feet, as Manoel, clinging to his collar, with difficulty restrained him. Arrived at the door, the man let him go, and Sebastiano held one of the poor lady's slippers toward him, exclaiming,

"*Buscar! buscar!* Marinero!"

But Marinero had ideas of his own, and, fond as he was of his mistress, his faithful dog-heart clung yet closer to the master who had loved, and fed, and fondled him from his clumsy puppyhood to the day when the hapless gentleman rode away from the gates of Os Mysterios, with Marinero curveting gallantly behind him. True, he had been sent back, and not allowed to follow to the town, as he so much wished, but had indemnified himself with a ramble upon the hills, from which he only returned after nightfall, jaded, foot-sore, and restless. The servants at home had chained him up as a punishment for his truancy; and since then he had done nothing but howl, moan, and tug at the chain, his whole heart evidently set upon obtaining freedom, although no one knew, or, indeed, took time to wonder why he should be so especially averse to confinement just at that period.

But so soon as he was at liberty, all doubt as to his desires was at an end, for, springing across the room, he dragged from its peg the well-worn dressing-gown in which Senor da Tas-

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chiera had almost lived, and eagerly buried his nose among its folds. Then throwing back his head, he uttered one of those prolonged and ominous howls, to which few persons can listen without a thrill of superstitious dread. Then with an impetuous rush, impossible to restrain, Marinero bounded from the room, along the veranda, and down the steps.

"Follow him, boys! Manoel! Jose! Francisco! Run, every one of you! He will lead to —something!"

What that something might be, the son dared not shape, even to himself. Father and mother, both lost; both, as it might be, still living and suffering, needing the aid their son would so gladly have staked his life to offer, could he but find the opportunity; how could he tell whether to hope for, or to dread, the discoveries to which the faithful dog seemed leading.

The three servants, meantime, had hardly waited for their young master's orders before following in Marinero's flying footsteps; but first, Francisco, who was somewhat short of breath, and clumsy of form, and then Jose, who hated to hurry about anything, gave up the chase; and only Manoel, light, powerful, and earnest to accomplish his purpose, kept steadily on. Greatly to his surprise, the dog, leaving the road at almost the first spring, struck across the fields, in a direction leading toward the coast, at a point a little nearer to Os Mysterios than the city of Villa, and remote from any village.

"He is heading for the Smugglers' Caves," said the lad, to himself; and although it seemed very unlikely that either his master should be in hiding there, or that his mistress could have wandered so far, Manoel kept bravely on, running lightly and easily, and sometimes contriving to delay Marinero for a moment by whistling or calling to him; but the dog never allowed himself to be overtaken, never obeyed the call to return, and only paused long enough to look round, wag his tail, and utter a short, yelping bark, that said as plainly as any words, "Come on! I know what I'm about!"

Thus journeying on, in mutual confidence and sympathy, man and dog traversed a distance of nearly ten miles, over fields and along roads, over hills and through vallies, heeding no obstacles, natural or artificial, until they reached the point where a long, rocky promontory joined the main-land, and projected from it far into the sea, which dashed unceasingly against its precipitous sides. This action of the waves, aided by natural conformation, had hollowed numerous caverns in the coarse conglomerate of the cliffs, and several of these were known to have been the resort of a desperate band of smugglers, exterminated many years before. From this circumstance the whole promontory was called the "Smugglers' Caves," and down the narrow and precarious ridge, forming its summit, Marinero now led the way at unabated speed, more cautiously followed by Manoel.

CHAPTER XV.

Arrived nearly at the end of the promontory, Marinero stopped and uttered a dismal howl, then cautiously approaching the edge of the cliff, he sniffed uneasily, trying first with one foot, and then the other, to begin the descent, and, finally, looking round at Manoal with such an intelligible appeal for help and advice, that the almost exhausted boy panted out,

"Yes, yes, old fellow, I'm coming! What is it, now?"

Reaching the spot, Manoel looked carefully down the precipice, but saw nothing except blue water, ragged rocks, and the foam produced between the two, and, with a sigh of deep relief, the boy drew back his head and said, to his dumb companion,

"There ain't nothing there, old fellow. What brought you here, in such a hurry?"

But Marinero, nothing daunted, held to his own opinion bravely, and declared it by impatient yelps, whines, and growls, alternating with short runs up and down the causeway, and occasional attempts to descend the cliff. At last, as if driven to extremity by the difficulties in his path, he uttered an impatient cry, and springing clear over the ragged face of the cliff, landed safely in the water, twenty feet below.

"*Viva*, Marinero!" cried Manoel, half in surprise, half in admiration; and hastening to look over the cliff, he saw the dog swimming strongly, but already disappearing from his range of sight.

"He is going into a cave," thought the boy. "Can it be that the senora——"

A long and terribly mournful howl from Marinero cut short the sentence, and coming, as it seemed, from the solid earth under Manoel's feet, struck a chill of superstitious terror through his blood. The next moment he rallied, and stripping off his clothes, he looked for a tolerably safe point of descent, clambered as far as possible down the cliff, and then sprang boldly off into the water, at a spot where its depth of color proved that no sunken rocks lay beneath.

The force of the fall carried him far below the surface, but rising instantly, he wiped the water from his eyes, and looked about him. Straight before him lay the low, wide entrance of a cave,

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so situated as to be quite invisible from the land, and only to be seen from the water, by rounding a sharp spur of the rock, which almost inclosed the cavern. A slight disturbance in the water, beneath this low-browed arch, showed where Marinero had passed, and certain strange sounds from within proved his presence, although Manoel could not guess at his occupation.

"Nossa Senora be my safety," muttered the lad, conquering a superstitious terror of this gloomy and ominous hiding-place, and then, striking bravely out, he swam cautiously into the cavern.

Once inside, he perceived that the rocks at the farther end afforded a sort of landing-place, and that beyond it, the cavern extended for several feet into the heart of the promontory, affording a dry and safe repository for the contraband goods which had been stored here. Cautiously approaching the spot, Manoel suddenly started with a convulsive movement that carried him for the moment under water, and nearly drove him in panic from the cavern; two gleaming, greenish, fiery eyes had stared into his own, and a low growl sounded in his ears like a demoniac signal of attack; but, as the water rushed over his head, and he made one desperate back-stroke in retreat, the sober second thought came to his relief.

"It is the dog, only the dog, you fool!" sputtered he, lifting his head out of the water, and speaking aloud, in the instinctive desire to hear at least one human voice in that dismal place. Then he threw out his hands, seized the rough rocks above him, and drew himself out of the water, calling cheerily,

"Marinero!"

The dog responded with a low whine, but did not stir; and, as Manoel, growing accustomed to the darkness, moved toward him, he saw that he stood guard over a something wedged into a crevice of the rock, at the edge of the water.

A sudden feeling of horror, at he knew not what, seized upon Manoel, and, for the moment, he would have given all that he possessed, which, indeed, was not much, to find himself once more on *terra firma;* but, bravely conquering the weakness, he crept forward to Marinero's side, leaned over the crevice, and by the dim, greenish light, saw the face of his dead master staring up into his, with a look of distorted agony, that death and decay had not yet obliterated.

How he escaped from that place of horror, Manoel could never remember, for, when his terrified senses returned to him, he was clambering up the rocks at the bottom of the bay formed by the promontory of the Smugglers' Caves, and could not, for the moment, remember where he had been, or what had caused the sickening sense of horror still weighing upon him.

But as he reached the level ground, and threw himself down, panting and exhausted, memory returned upon him, and, with a loud cry of terror, the poor, simple-hearted fellow burst into a passion of tears and sobs. This emotion calmed a little, he rose, and, retracing his steps for a short distance down the promontory, he called and whistled for Marinero. A few short yelps told that the dog understood the call; but, also, that he would not leave the body of the master, to whose last resting-place his wonderful instinct had led him so unerringly; and Manoel, abandoning the attempt to call him away, turned sadly from the spot, and retraced the road to Os Mysterios, at a very different pace, and with a still heavier heart than he had brought from there in the morning.

A short distance from the house, he met Sebastiano, and, as carefully as he could word it, told him what she had seen.

"My father!" exclaimed the young man, in a tone of bewildered horror. "It is impossible! You are dreaming, man!"

"No, senor, it was Senor Clarimundo, himself," replied the boy, sadly; and Sebastiano, without another word, turned from him, and, rushing into the house, found Margaret, as she wandered aimlessly through the vacant rooms, and, seizing her arm in a grasp that left its print for days upon the tender flesh, he poured out the awful tidings in a voice choked with horror and agitation.

"It is terrible! terrible!" she cried, wringing her hands. "But—but, there may yet be a mistake. Manoel may have seen some one; but not him—try to hope——"

But the broken and tremulous attempt at comfort, when both parties felt that no real comfort was possible, was cut short by the abrupt entrance of Josefa, exclaiming,

"Oh, senor and senora! They have caught the crazy man, and he says that Senora Jeronyma went away with him, and——"

"Heavens! More horrors! What is coming now!" cried Sebastiano, excited almost beyond control.

Margaret gently laid her hand upon his arm, whispering,

"Courage! courage!" Then she turned to Josefa, and, motioning her to caution, asked, "Where is the man?"

"They are bringing him in. He is very weak, and I believe they say he is hurt somehow, sen-

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ora. Hark! you can hear them coming in at the gate."

"Come with me to meet him. You are the angel who alone stands between me and despair," muttered Sebastiano, and, holding Margaret's hand, he drew her down the steps, and around the house, in the direction of the gate, whence they saw approaching a little group of men, supporting and leading one whom both recognized as Swedish Ned, although so haggard, so wretched, so disordered in his appearance, that even Margaret might well have doubted his identity.

"Man! Is it you who have stolen away my mother?' demanded Sebastiano, harshly, as the two groups approached.

But the sailor's head had fallen forward upon his breast, and he appeared utterly unable to raise it or reply.

"The poor fellow is very ill—dying, perhaps! Bring him in, and let me attend to him, before you question him, senor," exclaimed Margaret, a little indignantly; and, at a word from the young master, the prisoner was carried into the house, and laid upon some mats, in a little waiting-room close to the door. A glass of wine was poured between his lips, and Margaret herself bathed his face, and laid his head in a comfortable position. As she knelt beside him, performing these womanly offices, and remembering how she had nursed him once before, and how she owed her life to him, the sailor suddenly opened his eyes, and, smiling up into her face, said,

"Don't you fear, my lady; God won't let me die while you need me. I'll bring you safe to land yet, never fear!"

"He thinks we are in the boat still," said Margaret, softly; and then she laid her cool hand upon the sick man's burning forehead, and kept it there until the wild eyes closed, and a deep sleep fell upon the poor, exhausted frame.

"Leave me here, and, when he wakes, I will question him gently and carefully. It may be that he will answer rationally," whispered Margaret to Sebastiano; and he, nodding gloomily, sent the servants from the room, and threw himself into a chair, just outside the open door. An hour passed, and almost another, before either of the three stirred, and then Ned, with a long, slow sigh, opened his eyes, and gazed steadily and intelligently into the face of his patient watcher.

"I have slept a long time, my lady," said he, at last.

"Yes, Ned. You are better now," replied Margaret, gently.

"Yes. Oh, I forgot—— Did they go after her?" And a nervous twitch of the mouth, and a gathering wildness in the eyes, told how brief the interval of sanity would probably prove.

"No, not yet. Where is she, Ned?" asked Margaret, endeavoring to speak as calmly and carelessly as possible, yet nervously conscious of the pallid face and impatient gesture, that Sebastiano showed for a moment at the door.

"Poor thing! Poor thing! Her back was broken, and she died directly—she never suffered for a moment. Poor lady; how could I help it? I did not take her up on the mountain. I was taking her to the cave, where I saw the old man's corpse float in. How came she on the mountain, and why need she have gone down into the pit—the bottomless pit? The pit is not for such as her; but she is there, and I could not bring her up, though I tried. Yes, I tried, my lady, and then I came to tell you."

"That was right, Ned, and I thank you hearily. But where is this pit? How did you reach it?"

"We went up the mountain, and then we came to the mouth of the pit, and she fell down, and I followed; but her back was broken, and she never spoke another word."

"Do you mean the Caldeira, you villain!" exclaimed Sebastiano, rushing into the room. But, at sound of his voice, at sight of his detested face, all the violence of the poor maniac's disease returned upon him with redoubled force, and he became so furious, that even Margaret could no longer exercise the least control over him, and was obliged to consent that he should be placed under restraint, for a time at least.

This done, Sebastiano, with the men carrying a litter and ropes, to aid in descending into the crater, set out for the Caldeira, feeling that this was a more imperative duty than even the investigation of Manoel's report of the body in the Smugglers' Cave.

Toward nightfall they returned, bearing a terrible something upon their litter—a something carefully covered from every eye, and which Sebastiano never permitted Margaret to see before it was forever hidden beneath consecrated earth. But, sitting close beside her, and speaking in low and horror-stricken tones, he told how they had made the circuit of the crater, half going one way and half the other, and how he himself had been the first to discover a shrouded figure carefully supported by means of lava, and covered with the white blanket; how he had descended to it, running a hundred risks of his own life as he did so, and had found it to be his mother's body, but mangled and bruised in a frightful manner; and as he told this he was seized with

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such a fit of shuddering horror, that Margaret would not let him continue, and only heard the rest of the fearful story through Josefa, who dilated, with a true old wife's love of horror, upon the trouble there had been in bringing her poor mistress' body out of the crater, and the ghastly condition of the remains.

But never, while they lived, did Sebastiano, Margaret, or Josefa, learn the whole story of that terrible night's disaster, for Ned, who alone could have told it, never recovered his reason, or spoke another intelligible sentence. He remained at Os Mysterios, carefully attended, but under restraint, until the day of his death.

CHAPTER XVI.

As soon as he had deposited his mother's mangled remains in the chamber she had quitted so fatally and so mysteriously, Sebastiano, refusing all rest or refreshment, set forth with his men to search out the truth of Manoel's horrible report. Hiring a boat, with four sturdy rowers, at the fishing village nearest to the Smugglers' Caves, he seated himself with Manoel and Jose in the stern, and ordered the men to pull for the promontory, without, however, revealing the motive of his journey—a motive which, if known, would have probably rendered it impossible to induce the superstitious fishermen to undertake the expedition.

As it was, something more than a murmur arose in the boat when, the mouth of the cave being reached, Sebastiano ordered his rowers to pull directly in. The owner of the boat even ventured a remonstrance.

"You know that it is counted unlucky, senor, to——"

"I know that I have hired your boat, Manoel Jacinto, and I hired it for the purpose of entering this cave. Now, will you row me in, or will you tumble overboard, and let my own servants do it? In I am going."

So saying, the young master of Os Mysterios fixe. so stern and resolute a glance upon the rebellious boatman, at the same time deliberately placing his hand in a pocket, which might or might not contain a pistol, that Manoel Jacinto sullenly gave way, and. handling his oar, nodded to his companions to do the same, so that, in another moment, the boat glided smoothly and gently under the low arch, and floated upon the black waters within.

"Now, Manoel—where?" muttered Sebastiano; and Manoel, leaning over the bows, whither he had made his way during the altercation outside the cave, stretched one arm forward, and replied in the same tone.

"It was there, senor, but—it is gone!"

"Jump out upon the rocks, and look closer," said Sebastiano; and the man, silently obeying, stepped upon the ledge, close beside which the boat had been laid, moved a few steps to the right, knelt down, and looked closely into the deep crevice before him, then returned, and, taking his place again in the boat, said, briefly,

"Nada. There is nothing there, senor."

"But the dog? Where is Marinero?" asked Sebastiano, impatiently.

"Gone, also, senor," returned Manoel, vacantly staring about him.

"A dog! Has the senor lost a dog?" interposed the boatman, catching at the only word audible in the conversation.

"Yes, a large, brown dog," replied Sebastiano, hastily. "Have you seen him?"

"Sim, Senor; but let us back out of this nasty hole, since the dog is not here, and then I will tell the senor all I know of it, which is not much."

"Quick then, fellow! There, now you can speak. What is it, for God's sake?"

"Why, only this, senor. I was out this morning, fishing with this boy, who is my son. It was about ten o'clock, and we had had no luck, when, all at once, Tomazinho called out, that he saw a dead porpoise, with another swimming beside it, and pointed to two black spots upon the water a long way off; so we shifted the sail, and ran down toward them, thinking that, if they should be really porpoises, we could bring them in for the sake of the oil. But, coming closer, I soon made out that the floating thing was no fish; but—— Well, senor, I am a poor man, and I do not wish to get into trouble, or to be called upon to say one thing or another, and I do not know what the floating thing was, nor I do not want to know. As for the other, it was a dog—there can be no harm in saying that; and, when he saw the boat, he put his two fore paws upon the thing without a name, and threw back his head, and howled so awfully. Oh, senor! I can hear that howl now; and if there is death or ill-luck in my house within a year, I shall know that I was warned of it then."

"But what did you do? Where are they now?" asked Sebastiano, breathlessly.

"I put down my helm, and got away from that spot as fast and as far as I could, senor; but, before I could get out of sight, I saw them go down—*it* went first, and the dog howled again, and dived after it, and neither of them rose again. That is all, senor."

And that was all! Nor could either Sebastiano, or the legal aid which he called in, dis-

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cover more, for Manoel Jacinto had told everything that he knew. When all was done, it was found impossible to get beyond the surmise, advanced by Manoel in the first moments of the inquiry. The tide had been rising, at the time he left the cave, on the occasion of his first visit, and probably the action of the water had gradually dislodged the body, which the last tide had left jammed in the crevice. Then it had floated out, and the faithful dog had followed his master in death as he had in life; followed him until the last terrible moment in which the sea had reclaimed the awful witness which for a time she had given up.

Let this conclusion be true or false, it was the only solution ever reached in the matter of Senor Clarimundo de Taschiera's mysterious disappearance, and most persons accepted it as the true one. Most persons also regarded it as fairly proved that the missing man had come to his death in the gloomy and intricate apartments used as offices by Francisco Diaz; but the usurer's money-bags were deep, and his influence both powerful and secret; and, although not only Sebastiano de Taschiera, but several of the wealthiest and most respected among his father's friends, labored incessantly and arduously to bring home proof to the doors behind which the murdered man had disappeared forever. They never obtained more than a cursory examination of the notary and his servant Macaco, which examination resulted in the declaration by the incorruptible magistrate before whom he was brought, that no shadow of suspicion attached to the most illustrious Senor Diaz; and a warning to his accusers that further proceedings might subject them to an action for libel from the object of their present attack.

"He's right in that, my poor boy. You may easily hurt yourself by staying here longer, but you can't reach him. Come home with me now, and leave the matter to God, who alone knows the truth."

So counselled Senor Joachim, with whom Sebastiano had been staying during the time of the investigation; and the son, drooping his head upon his breast, and gnawing his lip to keep back his tears of rage and disappointment, followed his wise old friend without a word. But once outside of the court-house, he bade Senor Joachim adieu, in a few brief and bitter words, and set out at once for Os Mysterios alone, and on foot.

Senor Joachim looked after him for a moment, then went on his way muttering.

"Poor lad! poor lad! Well, he will tire himself out, and he can swear, or rave as he pleases on that lonely road, and it will do him good. New wine must have time to work itself clear."

At home a new sorrow awaited Sebastiano. Margaret, having comforted him as far as she was able, and heard all his story and his resolves, said at last,

"To-morrow I must go down into the town, and put myself under the care of the United States Consul, until I can find a passage to Italy, where I still mean to live."

"You will leave me!" stammered Sebastiano, turning lividly pale, and staggering as if he had received a blow.

Margaret smiled wanly.

"I must. I cannot imagine a more soothing and satisfying life than that we have lived here for the last few months; but you will yourself confess that it is impossible for you and me to continue it, now that we are alone."

"There is one way, oh, minha senora!" said Sebastiano, passionately. "Become my wife? You know how entirely I love you; you shall see how unswervingly I will strive to deserve you. I will——"

"Hush, hush, Sebastiano! I will tell you, although I had thought to carry the secret to my grave. I am already a wife. My name is Margaret Gresham. I was married by my parents to a man I never loved. I met another, to whom, before I knew it, I had given all my heart. My husband suspected me, accused me, allowed others to share his suspicions; he, the other, urged me to fly with him. Oh, Sebastiano! the cruel, cruel suffering of those days! It comes back upon me now with every word I speak."

"Say no more, senora! I love you, and I trust you; but I will no longer pursue you with an affection you cannot, should not, return."

"Nay, but listen still, for I must tell all, now that I have opened the seals. The husband persecuted me, the lover tempted me, and I saw no relief, no safety but in flight; and without confiding my purpose to one human being, I fled; traveled under an assumed name to New York, took passage for myself in the Kraken, and intended to settle in Genoa, or some Italian city, and remain there for my whole life, having fortunately a sufficient fortune of my own to enable me to live independently of my husband. But now——"

"Now you will do the same, except that I will go and live near you, not speaking to you, if you do not wish; not even letting you see me, if you so decide, but breathing the same air, walking through the same streets—living near you, and dying near you. That is all I wish, Margaretta. It is not too much, is it?"

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This lofty, self-devotion, this rare love, moved her deeply.

"I had not thought to find such happiness again in life," she said, with tears in her eyes, "to meet such unselfish, unasking love! Oh, Sebastiano, if I might choose, I would ask no better than to pass it here, but——"

At this moment Josefa interrupted them.

"There is a gentleman asking for the Senora Americana," she said; "and he has ridden from the *Cidade* upon such a beautiful horse."

"A gentleman!" cried Margaret, in astonishment. "Who can it be? There must be some mistake. I know no one here."

"Shall I go and see for you?" interposed Sebastiano.

"Oh, do! It must be you he wants. Josefa has made a mistake."

Sebastiano turned and entered the house. He was absent for several minutes. When he came back, his whole manner was changed. He returned, escorting a handsome, well-dressed man, whose pallid face and nervous manner, suggested something more than an ordinary morning call.

"This gentleman says that he is a friend of yours, senora," said the young host, gravely. "I will leave you to talk with him at your leisure. If you should need me, I am in the garden."

With these words he turned and left the two alone.

But Margaret hardly heard him, her eyes were fixed upon the guest with a look of startled terror.

"Morton Winchester!" she cried, in a low, half-frightened tone, neither giving or withholding the hands.

But the other seized them in both his.

"Yes, dear Margaret," he said, hurriedly, and with emotion. "Yes, I have found you, and almost by a miracle. The captain of the Kraken, and some of his men, were picked up, and brought home. I talked with them, and Singleton told me that he saw you alive, just before he was hurt—you see how incoherent I am, but you will understand. He told me that the wreck was not very far from these islands, and that if by any wonderful chance you had escaped, it was there that you should first be sought. I took passage in the first vessel I could find. I heard before I landed that you were here. Oh, Margaret! I have found you! I have found you!"

And almost overcome by his unfeigned emotions, the old lover, for he it was, bowed his head and kissed the hands still grasped in his.

But Margaret withdrew them decisively, and her voice was cold and calm as she asked,

"And why did you seek me so eagerly, Mr. Winchester? If I left home, country, name, everything for the sake of turning my back upon the trouble you had brought upon me, why should you follow, or rather pursue, and persecute me with the memories I have tried so hard to shake off?"

"Do you ask why, Margaret? It is because I love you—love you more madly than ever I did, and because you may now accept my love without shame or fear. Your husband is dead."

"Dead!" she cried, in a whisper of horror.

"Yes. I have brought proof, lest you should refuse to believe me. Look at this certificate."

She took the paper, glanced at it, read it over and over, and finally put it aside.

Winchester watched her anxiously.

"And now, Margaret?"

She looked up at him, coldly.

"And now, Mr. Winchester," she said, "I have to ask your congratulations upon my approaching marriage."

"Your marriage! Good God! with whom?"

"With the Senor Sebastiano de Taschiera, the son of my late host in this house."

"But how could you engage yourself to him, or any man," stammered Winchester. "You did not know of Mr. Gresham's death until I told you two minutes ago."

"Senor de Taschiera was making me an offer of his hand as you arrived, Mr. Winchester. If you had not come, if I had continued to believe my husband alive, I should have refused him. Now I shall accept him, as soon as you are gone."

He stepped back, as if struck by a blow, and put his hand to his head.

"And this is your revenge for my too ardent love and entreaties of other days," he said, at last, slowly finding words.

"As you will," she replied.

His face grew dark with anger. "Take care, madam, take care," he said, "that it does not prove a two-edged sword, and wound you even more cruelly than it does me."

"I will take the risk, sir," replied Margaret, with dignity. "Thanks for your caution. Now accept advice in return." Her form seemed to swell and grow in height, as she answered. "Never seek again to mislead a woman from the path of duty, which is the path of right, by appealing to an old and thwarted affection. Sir, if I had listened to you," she spoke warmly, now, "I should have lost, not only my good name, but my own self-respect. Also, in time, I doubt it not, your love. Your love!" she added, with scorn. "Can such a selfish liking, which, to gratify itself, would involve its object in ruin, be love in reality? No, never! It is but a

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base passion; and I thank God I found it out in time."

Her listener cowered before her. He made no reply.

She waved her hand for him to go.

But as he turned, crest-fallen, to obey the imperious gesture, Margaret poured the last drop into his cup, by saying, courteously, but coldly,

"May I offer you some refreshment, after your ride, before you leave?"

With a muttered execration, Mr. Winchester, wheeled on his feet, and forgetting even the bow, strode from the apartment.

Margaret, as she spoke, had summoned the servant.

"Show this gentleman to his horse," she said, as the servant appeared.

A minute after, the iron-clad hoofs of a steed were heard clattering down the rocky road.

Margaret waited till the sound had receded in the distance, then, leaning over the railing of the balcony, she called, softly, into the garden below.

"Sebastiano mio! Will you come to me?"

The next instant Sebastiano had leaped over the low railing, and was by her side.

MILLY.

BY MARIA S. LADD.

On the slope, or at the lea,
Little Milly, you would find her
Oft on Summer afternoons,
With the sunset soft behind her.

Sometimes Harry, proud and high,
Owner of these lands around her;
Hastening homeward with his game,
On the slope had, singing, found her.

And the maid's blue, smiling eyes,
And her low and cheerful laughter,
Had a magnet's power, which drew
Harry, lea-ward, often after.

Seeking, then, to win her love,
He but found her cold and shy;
Ofttimes, when he came to seek her,
She from out the field would fly.

And the reason he would know
Of the change when she was near him;
Had she for him such dislike,
Or, he asked her, did she fear him?

"Yes," said Milly, "yes, I fear you;
Mary Davis was my friend,
Young 'Squire Hartly, all the Summer,
Sought her footsteps to attend;

"And, at last, when Mary loved him,
Then he said that they must part;
Soon he left her, wed another,
And it broke her trusting heart."

With her head bent down, and blushing,
These were all her low replies;
Low, but fitly were they spoken—
Little Milly, true and wise.

Quickly, then, her lover said,
"Maiden, I would give my life,
Could I make your own but happy,
And to call you, some day, wife.

"I, of men, would be the proudest,
And my love would never wane;
All my heart would beat with pleasure,
Though it now but throbs with pain."

How could she resist believing
High-bred Harry at her feet,
Earnest, loving? and she listened—
Little Milly, true and sweet.

Doubts no longer can disturb her,
She sits happy at his side;
Blue eyes smiling cheer upon him—
She is now young Harry's bride.

LOSS AND GAIN.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

She lost the hope her childhood knew,
Of wealth, and fame, and ease;
Of home, where all things lovely grew,
And all things seemed to please.

She lost the earnest, simple faith
That keeps the children sweet;
The tender plants of confidence
That blossom round their feet.

She gained a faith that stood the storm,
And met the shock of years;
And still was hers, more pure and warm,
Than when it first appears.

And confidence, that plant that grows
So slowly, we are told,
Took root in more congenial soil,
And bore an hundred fold.

Her loss was great—so great, the world
A sadder aspect wore;
For through the glass of self-distrust
She saw the blight it bore.

Untold her gain. God's purposes
Are wreathed in harmony.
Our puny lives no ripple make
On His eternal sea.

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UP IN AN APPLE-TREE.

BY ADA L. FLETCHER.

I HEARD the roll of the carriage-wheels up the avenue, and, being sure that the visitors were those I most dreaded, I caught up my "sun-down," with its broad, blue ribbon, and, book in hand, ran down the back-stairs, and out into the cool, old garden. The blazing sun of a July day reached me here only through the thick leaves of the old orchard-trees, and there ever seemed a sweet breeze wandering among them, while the leaves of other trees were hot and still.

But I could not tarry even here, beneath my favorite old pear-tree, where the ubiquitous and all-powerful "Billy," had made me a seat of moss and stones. Auntie would be sure to look for me there, and I would be called back to meet Mrs. Lacy and her daughters; to sit primly in the parlor, with hands folded, and listen while "madame" discoursed of "the city." Miss Nora lisped out her regrets that "there were so few eligible young gentlemen in this horrid country town;" and Miss Minnie, who aspired to be a "Wooer of the Muses," would go into ecstasies over the last new poem. Oh, dear! It was bad enough to be bothered with them in the city; but when I had run away from mamma and Newport, just to be, as the poet says, "a child once more," I could not stand it! So I ran still further down the garden-walk. Adjoining ours was another garden, on precisely the same plan, and separated from it by an old stone-wall, covered with mosses and lichens.

Our's was always tidily kept, while the other showed neglect, its owner being then in Europe. Above the wall, on our neighbor's ground, an ancient apple-tree, which had never known the pruning-knife, reared its glossy head, and its branches, lapping and intertwining, formed a seat, which, while it made an easy resting-place, was completely screened from view by the dense foliage. With a readiness that showed my acquaintance with the spot, and, with more rapidity than grace, I scrambled up the wall, caught a convenient branch, and swung myself into my lair, "entirely forgetful of my dignity as a young lady," as poor Miss B. used to say, when "we girls" shocked her nice notions of propriety at "Holyoke Seminary." With a low laugh of exultation, I heard auntie calling, and Billy answer, "Shore I dunno whar Miss Madge is, less'n its under de par tree." Then all was still, and I knew they had given me up.

I opened my book, with a feeling of pride at the success of my manœuvre, and, in a few moments, was deeply interested in my peerless "Ivanhoe." Again and again I had perused the volume; but there was always a charm for me in its unequaled description of the days of chivalry. How I used to dream over it, even in my prosaic "seminary" days, over my "extra work" of Wednesday mornings, over algebra or "Hepos," in silent study hours, wishing I could have lived then, could have been some such "fair ladye" as Rowena, and been loved by such a knight as Wilfred of Ivanhoe!

Flown were my thoughts from the dull days of the nineteenth century, and reveling in the past, when they were suddenly brought back by a step on the gravel-walk in the Larcom garden! Two summers had I passed here, and never before had its deep stillness been disturbed. Parting the leaves cautiously, I peered out. Yes, surely. Coming down the walk that led to my apple-tree, was a tall, manly figure, with slow step and absent mien.

I trembled in my seat, as the thought flashed through my brain. Some of the dead and gone Larcoms, roused by my intrusion on their domain, has determined for revenge! But, no! This was the figure of a young, and—yes, even then I saw it—handsome man, attired in a modern garb; and I had always heard that ghosts must have a shroud or winding-sheet.

On he came, and, as he drew nearer, the real solution of the enigma seized me. Irish Katie had that very morning told me that, "Faith and it was young *Docther* Larcom had come home from *Inglan*, and it was her aunt was going to be housekeeper to the poor, dear young gentleman, who had neither mother or sister." She had handed me my letters from home, at the moment, and I did not honor her remarks with much attention. This, then, was Paul Larcom. The young gentleman sauntered on until he reached the tree, his dark eyes glancing keenly over his somewhat dilapidated possessions, and there, to my utter horror and discomfiture, he paused! Then, oh, ye Fates! threw himself down on the soft grass beneath it! Was ever maiden in such predicament? Not daring to stir, I sat there looking

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down at the handsome, upturned face. Evidently his thoughts were very pleasant ones, for a smile played round the corner of his heavy mustache. He was handsome—there was no doubt about that; but I hated him heartly, as he lay there, so nonchalant and graceful, while I, like a wild bird, was perched above him. I was very comfortable a few minutes before; but now, a seat in the stocks could not have been more irksome. How bitterly I reproached myself for my hoydenish disposition, which my stately mother had so often condemned, and which auntie groaned in spirit over. Here I was, for the rest of the afternoon, for the wretch had his book and segar with him. And Lizzie Morris and Ellie were to come in half an hour to go berrying! Mrs. Lacy and *suite* were gone, and I heard the carriage roll away; then heard auntie's voice again, and knew that the girls were waiting for me.

Getting desperate, I looked down again. Eureka! my time had come! Tennyson had slipped out of his hand; his segar was smoked out, and *monsieur*, with his hat over his face, had gone off into dreamland! Shaking my hand savagely at the unconscious form, I cautiously left my fortress, and prepared to descend. The "weird sisters three" must surely have been leagued against me that day, for, as I reached the wall, "Ivanhoe" slipped out of my fingers, and fell down into *monsieur's* face, while I, alarmed and confused, lost my precarious foothold, and followed it, falling a bruised and almost senseless mass of blue muslin at De Larcom's feet!

Seeming in no wise disconcerted by such an unexpected vision, the young man sprang to my assistance; but I motioned him away—somewhat tragically, I fear, from the way his lip curved—and assayed to rise unaided. But, alas! my treacherous ankle failed me! It had received a severe sprain in the fall, and the keen pain fairly took my breath away.

"Will you not let me assist you, Miss Maynard?" he said. "I fear you are hurt badly."

His voice brought back my fast-departing courage, for a moment, and I answered, haughtily,

"If you will have the kindness to call one of the servants from Maynard Lodge, sir?" and he departed, with a polite bow.

Then my wounded pride gave way, and, leaning my head against the wall; what, with pain and mortification, I burst into tears. But, when I heard him coming, bracing myself against, and clinging to the wall, I managed to be standing when he reached me. Both voice and face were anxious now, as he said,

"I could see no one, and cannot leave you alone. May I not assist you?"

I thanked him coldly.

"I could walk now," and I made the attempt; but, instead, straightway fell into Dr. Larcom's arms, in a dead faint.

I knew no more, until I found myself on the sofa, in auntie's room, with the girls standing near me, with pallid faces, while auntie herself was busily engaged in bathing my blue and swollen ankle. Dr. Larcom had disappeared. With a fresh burst of tears, I buried my face in the pillow, and vainly wished I could bury myself out of the notice of the girls, who plied me with eager questions, until auntie sent them away, because I looked so much like fainting again. Dr. Larcom had just brought me to the house, she said, saying I had had a severe fall. It was not until the next day that I told the dear soul all about my escapade, making her promise "never to tell," and promising, in turn, "never to do so any more." Aunt Margaret thought nearly everything "niece Margaret" did was right.

That afternoon, Billy, rolling his eyes, and making a great display of ivory, came in with a package, directed to "Miss Maynard." Although I knew it was my "Ivanhoe," I made auntie open it, because she was Miss Maynard. A note fell out, as she opened the book. I utterly refused to read it, so auntie read it aloud. It was only this,

"Will Miss Maynard allow her neighbor to call this evening, and inquire after her health?"

"You may answer it, auntie, if you wish."

"Oh, Madge! you really must; it won't be polite!"

But Madge was incorrigible, so Miss Margaret Maynard answered Dr. Larcom's note, saying that she would be glad to see him.

I was feverish and restless, and made auntie promise to receive Dr. Larcom in the "summer parlor," an adjoining room. I don't know how it happened, but I was lying half on the sofa, and half in auntie's lap, and, as she rocked and sang to me, I drifted off into pleasant slumbers. I awoke from a dream, where apple-trees and dark eyes were strangely mingled, to find the owner of the eyes in the room, in a pleasant conversation with my aunt, who still held me in her arms!

Every girl who reads this can imagine my feelings. My white wrapper was spotless, but woefully rumpled; my hair had fallen, in a tumbled mass, from the blue ribbon that had held it back. Well, a more woe-begone object could hardly have been found than was Miss Madge Maynard.

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I didn't know whether to laugh or cry; but my doubt was put to rest by a merry gleam in the eyes that met mine, and a ringing peal of laughter startled poor auntie, who murmured something about "not really knowing what that child would do next." Dr. Larcom joined my laugh—and, from that moment, we were friends. He stayed but a little while, and, when he was gone, I derived great satisfaction from the fact that he had asked permission to come again! I began to think the matter over. Our meeting was awkward, of course; but then surely this young man had a right to wander wherever he pleased, in his own grounds, and I, as surely, had no right to get angry with him, because he found me in his apple-tree.

A fortnight passed in that sultry, summer weather, before I was able to leave the house; but they were pleasant weeks.

The girls came in often, and regaled me with town news; while Dr. Larcom came in the moonlit evenings, and read to me from Scott. The words of "Marmion," and "Lady of the Lake," still sound musically in my ears, when I think of that glorious summer, now a thing of the past. And, when I grew better, we had long walks and rides through the green woods, and talks about the fairies and nymphs who dwell in the cool shades.

How sorry I was when a letter came from mamma, announcing her return to the city, and advising me to come, as "the season would open early."

It was something strange to me that Dr. Larcom had never broached the "apple-tree" subject. I almost wished he would sometime, so that I could see what he did think of a young lady who would climb an apple-tree, and fall at the feet of innocent and unsuspecting young men. I kept putting off my return home, until I was really afraid mamma would come after me.

An autumn picnic had been planned, and one afternoon a party of girls and Dr. Larcom were standing at our gate, discussing the final arrangements, when, looking down the road, I saw a lithe, slender figure approaching. The step was elastic, and the head proudly carried, and, as he drew nearer, I recognized Lawrence Moore, my cousin and adopted brother, whom I had not seen for two long years. Forgetting politeness and decorum, as usual, I darted away from the group, and ran to meet him. The dear boy caught me in his arms, and kissed me, saying, "are you really glad to see your sailor-boy, darling?" I could not help it then—his voice, the uniform—all brought back to me so vividly my only brother, who had gone out with him a brave, young midshipman, and who now lay sleeping beneath the waves of old ocean. A flood of tears was my only answer. When we reached the group, the tears were still glittering on my lashes; but there was a world of pride in my voice, as I introduced my sailor.

He was soon at home with the girls; but Dr. Larcom's greeting was rather ceremonious, and he declined coming in; but, in my joy, I hardly noticed that. Laurence had come for me, "with positive orders from the commodore," he said; but I begged him to stay until our picnic was over.

We passed a happy evening together, except when thoughts of Harry would arise, and Laurie's voice would tremble as he spoke of him. But then I know our darling is at rest; there was no purer, nobler soul than his.

The morning dawned gloriously, and Dr. Larcom's span of black horses was before my door at an early hour. Laurie was on horseback, and in the gayest of moods. Many a sweet face flushed at his coming, and many a heart saddened when the gallant young officer left them.

But Dr. Larcom was so reticent and sober that mischievous Ellie Morris asked him, "who was the gorgon who had turned him into stone?" He scarcely spoke to me after our arrival, and paid attentive court at the shrine of Miss Nora Lacy. I don't think I ever saw that girl as silly and frivolous as she was that day. And I was never so gay, although there was a secret weight at my heart. For me, I was glad when the festival was over, and I had bidden them all good-by, for I was to leave at daylight next morning. Piqued at Dr. Larcom's indifference, I instigated Laurence to procure a lady's horse and saddle, and very coolly informed the gentleman that I should ride home with my cousin, as I wished to show him the view from a certain hill. "As you wish, Miss Maynard," was the answer, and this was our good-by.

The next morning we were on our way ere dawn. Laurence thought I must certainly have left my heart behind me, and I began to think I had.

In three weeks more Laurie's ship had weighed anchor, and left many sad hearts behind it. Somehow I didn't enjoy the winter, as I had the one before. More than once, at some gay party or ball, I had found my thoughts winging back to the little country town and dear auntie; and conscience smote me many a time, because I thought more of a certain disciple of Esculapius than of the dear old lady.

Christmas came, with a grand ball at the mansion of Mrs. Clare, the leader of fashion in Go-

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tham, and, as I stood before mamma that night, "You will do, Alice; white suits you best," she said, in her calm way; but her eye sparkled while papa clasped me in his arms, and whispered, "My little Pearl!"

I have never described myself to you, dear reader, nor shall I now. I am no extraordinary beauty, yet I flatter myself I cannot be called ugly. Was it Dr. Larcom once compared my eyes to "pansies, with the dew upon them?" Pshaw!

The ball was like all such affairs—brilliant; and I enjoyed it, as girls of nineteen will. I was talking to a certain distinguished Senator, in the course of the evening, and watching the waltzers, whom papa will not let me join, when, suddenly, I heard our hostess say to my next neighbor,

"Miss Graves, allow me. Dr. Larcom, my particular friend."

For one moment, the lights all mingled together strangely, and I heard, as in a dream, the voice of my distinguished friend propose a promenade. I sadly fear he was inclined to take back the praise he had bestowed upon me the night before, as "the most intelligent young lady of my acquaintance, sir;" for my answers after that were at random. I was really glad when Charlie Vane claimed my hand for the next cotillion. Our *vis-a-vis* was Dr. Larcom with Miss Graves. I only gave him a distant bow; but his joyous, triumphant smile set my heart to fluttering, strangely. When the set was ended, he resigned his partner, and hurried to my side.

"Miss Madge, if you are not engaged, will you give me the next set?"

"Certainly, Dr. Larcom; when did you leave S——?"

He made some reply, I don't remember what, and drew my arm in his—the same earnest, handsome face, the same tender, manly voice.

"I do not want to dance, Madge. Will you go into the conservatory with me?" Out from the heated air and bewildering glare of gaslight; in among the rare flowers, where the fountains splashed and sparkled, we went.

"My Pearl," he said, "do you know why I am here?"

I tried to jest, but could not; the laugh died on my lips. Now, dear reader, you know exactly what's coming, so I'll not tell you how Paul Larcom told his love for me. He did love me, and had, he said, with a mischievous smile, since "the first day we met," and had hoped, until he saw my affectionate meeting with my cousin, that I loved him. Then he had doubted, until auntie explained to him the reason why I loved him so. And I, being a truthful girl, could only answer "yes," when he asked me if I "loved him now."

Contrary to all known precedents, the "course of true love" ran so smoothly, that, six months from that day, I stood with Paul Larcom at Larcom House, its mistress and his bride.

The old place had been renovated, but not modernized, and the garden made so beautiful I hardly knew it.

I took my husband's arm, and we wandered down the walk, until we stood beneath the old apple-tree, with its gnarled trunk and sweeping branches. A rustic seat had been placed there, and we sat down in the shade.

"Madge," said my husband, his eye dancing with mischief, "what would you say if I told you that I knew you were in the tree all the time, on that eventful day?"

"Paul!"

"Yes, my darling! I was standing at the door of the old house there, when I saw a bright head and blue dress flash along the wall, and disappear in the tree, and so——"

"Oh, Paul!" I said, springing to my feet. "You were not asleep at all?"

"No, little girl, and you don't know how I regretted it, when you were hurt so badly, and would not let me help you. But Madge," and he drew me down to his side again, "when I found my heart was gone, I comforted myself with the reflection that I wasn't the first man who had been undone by means of a woman and an apple-tree in the garden!"

MARGUERITE.

BY MARY B. SOMERSET.

I PLUCK the petals one by one—
They fall upon the daisied plot;
I sing for every petal gone,
He loves me, or he loves me not.

I pluck them, anxious, one by one,
Are all the sweet old vows forgot?
Is all my heart's long strength undone?
He loves me, or he loves me not.

But as my task is well-nigh done,
A voice rings through the quiet spot
Betwixt the shadow and the sun,
"Why fear that I should love you not?"

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PLAYING WITH FIRE.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

It was only a flirtation, to begin with. Meg Chiltern was twenty-two, had been three years out of school, and in society, in such a very moderate way as was possible for a highly-connected, well-bred girl, who had to live with her mother on an income of twenty-five hundred dollars a year. Everything is relative, and the Chilterns belonged, by inheritance, in a set where this nice little yearly maintenance was considered poverty, and commiserated accordingly.

Mrs. Chiltern was at once the sweetest-natured and the most self-sacrificing of women, and had managed, by existing one scarcely knew how, herself to educate Meg as if she had been a young lady with great expectations; and now, naturally enough, she looked for her reward—rather counted on being mother-in-law "to a highly magnificent three-tailed bashaw." She was, possibly, a little disappointed that Meg's three years of young ladyhood had so far borne no matrimonial fruits, but she was quite too sweet and tender to say so; and now she had come to Newport—to the old boarding-house at the Point, with its pier running out into the bay—for a season of rest and refreshing before the next winter campaign should begin.

Coming there, she had quite unexpectedly run into danger, for Maurice Glendower was there before her. Glendower was handsome; a great, strong, manly fellow, with big, passionate eyes, a massive sweep of brow, over which his thick, dark hair waved carelessly, a haughty nose, and full, fond lips, half hidden by brown beard and silky mustache. He prided himself a little on the good old Welch blood of the Glendowers, though his own branch of the family had been poor as church mice for a couple of centuries. He was thoroughbred, a man of thought as well as of culture, and by profession an artist. Mrs. Chiltern, whom his handsome face and gallant, *debonnair* manners had attracted at first, turned away sorrowfully when she learned this latter fact, and began to feel that she had brought her lamb into perilous vicinage to the wolf, and to wonder how it would do to cancel her two months' arrangement about board, and beat an inglorious retreat from Newport Point. Meg frowned down this idea the moment it was suggested.

"Had mamma no more confidence in her common sense than to run with her out of danger as if she were a baby? Perhaps she might flirt with Mr. Glendower a little, just to keep her hand in, if he showed himself disposed; but danger! She appreciated the good things of this world quite too highly to throw away her chance of them for a pair of broad shoulders and two passionate, dark eyes."

So Mrs. Chiltern was fain to be content, only she did meekly venture to suggest that she would be happier if they wouldn't flirt much; in her experience, she had always found it ill playing with fire; one was so apt to get burnt.

"Never fear," Meg answered, lightly; "I am fire-proof, clothed about with a conscious sense of poverty, as if it were a robe of asbestos."

Of Meg Chiltern herself I have so far said nothing; but I have seen few girls of whom it would be so difficult to make a picture. Her hair and her complexion were splendid, but she had not a single really fine feature, though she always produced the effect of beauty. Her clear, bright eyes were a thought too small; her nose was piquant, perhaps, but far from classic, and her lips were too full. But her face had its own ever-varying charm. It changed with every thought, took color from every mood. Her taste in dress was perfect; her neck-tyes were marvels; and her gloves and boots would have done credit to a French woman.

Maurice Glendower beheld, admired, and from that moment had eyes and ears only for her.

It is a grand old house for a flirtation, that old mansion on the Point, with its spacious red cedar stair-case, with wide landings, from which windows look seaward; its curious nooks here and there; its jutting pier, where a sail-boat waits always your pleasure, or row-boats swing with the tides. Mrs. Chiltern would fain have matronized her daughter carefully; but, poor woman, the sea did make her so dreadfully sick, that it was like carrying a Jonah to have her white, scared face on board; and Meg, who ruled her with a high hand, though neither of them knew it, made her stay at home. Miss Chiltern did not feel bound to remain in-doors herself, however. She had come to Newport to get all the good she could. Mr. Glendower was so careful, so safe, such an excellent sailor, and then he had to be out constantly. He was,

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artist-like, in pursuit of the picturesque; and what more natural than that he should daily set sail in search of it. It was very kind of him to be troubled with Meg, though she held his sketch-book for him, to be sure, and made herself as helpful as she could. Still it was very kind of him to take her. Of course, he offered to take any of the other ladies also; but if they were too busy or too lazy to go often, that was no reason why she, Meg, should not get all the sea-change fate offered her; and so they sailed, and they sailed, and what should they do but sail?

They understood each other's positions thoroughly. Early in their acquaintance, Meg had told him, with the frankness which especially characterized that young lady, and distinguished her from most others, precisely how much she and her mother had to live on; what a cramped, limited existence it was in some ways, and how the copartnership depended on her wholly to retrieve its desperate fortunes, by bringing in a new member, who should hold the sinews of war.

"I understand," Glendower said, a little gloomily. "It was kind of you to tell me. I am forewarned and forearmed now. I was before, for that matter. All my wealth lies at the point of my brush. When I do well, I can come to Newport; when I do ill, I am pretty sure, at the worst, of a crust and an attic, honestly earned; but I should never ask a young lady, who wears fashionable uniforms and wonderful neck-ties, to share such uncertain prospects. So, now we comprehend the situation, and what is to hinder our forming a sort of Platonic combination? Is that in your line?"

The dark-gray eyes flashed up at him from under their jetty lashes, and then drooped again.

"Is it in yours?" she asked, demurely.

He looked at her a moment, this young, winsome girl, brighter than any creature he had even known before, leaning over the side of the boat, and dipping her white fingers in the water. He drew a long breath before he spoke.

"Yes, I think it is. Why not? Let us try the experiment, then I shall be satisfied."

So, having made matters straight, and thus satisfied the demands of conscience, these Platonic friends sailed, as I said, through the summer days of July and August. The Dumplings knew their keel. Brenton's Cove tired of answering their calls to the echo. Sometimes, when the wind was strong, they went outside the harbor, and flew away before the gale, as if destiny were sweeping them on. And Meg Chiltern's sea-change was something fine to witness. New light was in her eyes, a color, never so bright before, on her cheeks. Her whole nature seemed deepening into passionate and tender womanhood. Mrs. Chiltern, meek soul, had been silenced by the account her daughter gave of the mutual good understanding between herself and Glendower. "Pure Platonism!" The words sounded so grand and philosophical, that mamma wanted the courage to lift up the least little voice of protest. But she counted joyfully the diminishing days, and hailed every sunset with a deep breath of thanksgiving.

And so the last day came.

On the morrow the Chilterns were to go back to Boston, and to-night Glendower was to return to New York, where his easel, and, as he hoped, his patrons, waited.

"Hold the last fast," he said, to Miss Chiltern, as they came out of the breakfast-room that morning, with a look in his eyes before which her own drooped. "Will you sail with me in pursuit of the Happy Islands?"

Meg went up stairs for her scarlet jacket and her saucy hat. She stopped, as she came down through the hall, to kiss her mother, with a tenderness unusual in her manner before the world, for she was a girl who worshiped her household gods in secret.

"It is the last time, mamma," she whispered with her kiss. "You have been very good and patient. Don't worry about me now."

And Mrs. Chiltern thanked her stars that it was the last time, when she saw them walking down the pier together, such a young, handsome couple, in the sunlight—Glendower bending over to look into Meg's eyes, and without even his sketch-book in his hand, to make pretence of other interests.

For a long time they sailed in silence. Meg had shrouded herself in blue tissue, and from behind it came no betraying tone. At last Glendower spoke.

"I don't often ask you to do anything, or quarrel with your ways; but, for this once, won't you take off that veil? I feel as if I were talking to an unknown woman behind a mask. And your clear, strong color need not fear sun or sea."

"That is all you know about it," she answered, nervously. "I shall be burned to a cinder; but what matter?"

"Do you mean what matter because *I* shall not see you to-morrow?"

He bent forward with the words, and looked straight into her face, till her lashes were lowered, and the color deepened in her cheeks, but

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she did not answer him. They went on in silence for another space, and then he said, with a curious huskiness in his voice,

"Meg, all this has been more to me than I meant or thought. Has it been anything to you?"

She made a desperate effort to steady her voice, and reply calmly.

"Yes, it has been a pleasant summer, but I have never lost sight of facts."

"Well, then, God knows *I* have. I have been letting myself feel toward you just as a man might who had a right to ask you to be his wife. Is it any use?"

Meg Chiltern understood just then that she was a woman, and had been playing with fire. Lucky if, before the flame went out, her own heart should not be ashes. She tried to be her gay, careless self still.

"I cannot be anything but a butterfly," she said. "Is it the fault of my education, or a defect of nature? I do not know; but I told you my destiny in the first place, and nothing has occurred to make me change my mind. I was frank with you."

"By heaven! you were; and I thought your frankness had put me out of danger. And now, Meg Chiltern, take the truth away with you, that one man loves you as he loves his own soul; a poor, good-for-naught of a fellow, worth nothing at all, as the people you live amongst reckon values, but a man capable of loving you with a man's heart."

She did not speak. Did he guess that her tears were falling fast into the water? Her face was turned quite away from him. What she felt, only her own soul and God would know. When at length he spoke again, his voice was strangely tender.

"Forgive me," he said; "I am all wrong. I have no business to cause you pain. You were fair and true from the first; but that does not make it any easier for me. I will not trouble you about myself, though. I am going to show you that I am capable of being your friend. But your friendship I do claim. I must hear from you sometimes. You will write to me, won't you?"

"Can I? Is it right? Is it safe?"

"Safe! For what do you take me? I swear solemly, that no eye but mine shall ever see one word you write me. You shall have every line back whenever you ask for it; and the moment you tell me to stop writing, because some one else has a claim on all your thoughts, I will obey you without one murmur."

"I did not need that promise," she said, gently. "It was not that I doubted you; but you do not understand. It might be better for us both to forget than to keep memory alive by letters."

"Forget! Well, if you can."

His bitterness conquered, when his entreaties had failed. With all her pride and spirit, Meg was a woman.

"I will write," she said, humbly and submissively. "As to forgetting, *I* shall never blame *you* for anything so wise as that."

"No; I think you never will."

Then he talked to her about his career—of the inspiration she would be, the success which the thought of her would make possible and certain, until he almost persuaded himself, and perhaps secretly half persuaded her, that in time destiny might give them to each other.

The next week he was writing to her from New York. Back at his work, he found himself less triumphantly master of the situation than he had supposed. The best part of himself went into his letters to Miss Chiltern. Instead of painting better than before he knew her, he found that the thought of her stole away all hope and all energy. If he could have thought of her as his, he persuaded himself, it would have been different; but to think of her as in no wise bound to him, not even by implication, open to the pursuit of whatever admirer that bonny face could charm—and, lover-like, he thought their name would be legion—surely madness lay that way.

Her letters would have kept alive the flame of his devotion, even if it had needed such tendance, which certainly it did not. They were letters like herself—fresh, piquant, tantalizing and irregular; sometimes a little sip of condensed sweetness, at other times elusive and glittering.

Suddenly, for weeks, they ceased altogether. He wrote two or three times, then began to keep proud silence. And now, indeed, he painted as he had never painted before, for he painted for her a picture which should reveal to her at once his exaltation and his misery. Day after day a face grew upon his canvas, or rather eyes and brow. The lower face was shrouded by a beard, which swept downward, and blended with the shadow out of which those eyes seemed to look. It was in them, chiefly, that the expression of the picture lay. They were hungry eyes, pleading eyes, passionate eyes. They seemed to have fathomed life's love and longing, and grown dark with its despair.

It was done at last, and he sent it to Miss Chiltern, unaccompanied by a single line.

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The very morning she received it, a letter came to him, containing these words, no more:

"MAURICE—You must not write to me any longer. I am going to marry Gen. Tynsdale.

"MARGARET CHILTERN."

While he read over and over, refusing to believe that he had read aright, Margaret Chiltern was looking into the eyes of the picture, and finding in them all of passion, of supplication, of despair, which he had meant she should find. However long she might live, or however keenly she might suffer, thank God, she would never live that hour over again.

Would she have recalled her letter if she could. She hardly knew herself. Gen. Tynsdale was thoroughly eligible. Better than that, he was thoroughly noble. She even believed that she might have loved him if she had not sailed through summer days over enchanted seas with Maurice Glendower. Perhaps she deluded herself into thinking she should be able to drink Lethe on her wedding-day, and love him even yet. But she wished that Glendower had not painted that picture. She could not send it back; she would not so wound him. So, with true feminine discretion, she carried it into her chamber, and hung it up opposite her bed, thinking, possibly, to dull by use the keen edge of its reproof, to emancipate herself from its power by familiarity. Under its eyes she made her toilet to receive Gen Tynsdale..

That this betrothed lover of hers was more than worthy of her, she knew very well. It was no case of January and May. The general was a man in the very prime of his life, a war hero, and young and handsome enough to do his *devoir* in a lady's bower as gallantly as he had ever done in the field. From the first she had admired him, and been more than flattered at her power to draw him to her side. But he was reticent and undemonstrative; and when he asked her to be his wife, the proposal had been thoroughly a surprise. She begged a week in which to decide, and during that time saw him daily. Of course, all her mother's influence was in his favor. This brilliant destiny which offered was just what she had always hoped for her darling; for Gen. Tynsdale was no man of the people. Good, old blood flowed in his veins. He was rich by inheritance; a scholar in his tastes; a man of the world in his experience. A fair field lay open before his wife. What was to hinder Miss Chiltern that she should not enter in and take possession? Nothing, her mother thought. Nothing, Meg knew, but the memory of a friendship which had tried to be Platonic and failed, but which could never be more than a longing and a desire.

So, like a wise girl, she said "yes" to her general, and within the hour sent her little note to Maurice Glendower; and now, the next day, his picture had come, with these eyes which said so much which she was afraid to understand.

She turned away from them at last, a marvellously well-gotten-up young lady, who would do credit to Gen. Tynsdale's taste, if that were all he cared for, and went down into the parlor to meet him.

Events march rapidly in some crises. It was only ten days before she read Maurice Glendower's name in the list of passengers on a steamer for Havre. He was gone without one attempt to see her, one word of farewell. She remembered what he had said to her, with all the solemnity of an oath, that last day at Newport,

"The moment you tell me to stop writing, because some one else has a claim on all your thorghts, I will obey you without one murmur."

He *had* obeyed her, and he was gone. The chances that she should ever see him again were few. And she was going to marry Gen. Tynsdale, and be very proud of him, and delight her mother's heart, and never be troubled about finances any more in all her life. What a happy girl she ought to be—only just then she was not.

She did not sleep well of nights. She found herself growing thin. That brilliant color, which Glendower had been ready to warrant proof against sun and sea, was fading. She grew nervous and fanciful. The picture, with its eyes of passionate reproach, the pathos of its despair, must be, she thought, at the bottom of her mood. She took it down and put it away in a closet, with its face to the wall. Then she expected to breathe freely, and to sleep. But through the darkness those eyes haunted her still, until she grew afraid she should go mad.

Gen. Tynsdale watched her in grieved surprise. This surely was not the bride he thought he had won. She was strangely petulant to him sometimes, but that grew, doubtless, out of her failing health. His tenderness was large and strong enough to live all such trifles down, if she loved him. But *did* she love him?

When this doubt first came into his mind, he remembered that he had never asked her the question. He had only asked her to give herself to him, as his wife, trusting to what he believed the nobleness of her nature, that she would not promise herself to him unless she were justified by the whole love and loyalty of

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her heart. Now that once doubt had assailed him, he must know the worst or the best from her lips.

She came languidly to meet him, with tired lids drooping over eyes which sleep had not blessed, with pale cheeks, and feverish hands. He made her sit down beside him, and then he asked her very gently if he had failed to make her happy, or why he saw her changing thus before his eyes.

"You have failed in nothing," she said, her eyes darkening with a sudden rush of nervous tears, which, to save her life, she could not restrain. "It is all I, myself."

He held her with his arm as tenderly as if she had been a grieved child, and said, softly,

"Margaret, I never asked you if you loved me. I took that too much for granted, perhaps. May I ask you now?"

"I don't know. Oh! I wish I did. I think you are nobler, and stronger, and better than any one I ever met; and I am very proud of you. But there is a story I ought to tell you."

Not once did the earnest tenderness of his manner change while she told him of those summer days at Newport. His arm held her with just as fond and firm a support when all was told, and she expected him to put her from him. What he said drew her nearer to him than anything ever before.

"Thank you, dear, for telling me. Now I shall understand it all; and, in any case, I shall not blame you. If this other love was but a summer-day's dream, a girlish longing for what seemed like forbidden fruit, you will find that out the better, now that doubt and concealment will no longer torture you. If I *can* make you happy, you shall tell me so, and let me. But, if that other memory is too strong a power for me to contend against, you shall tell me that as frankly; and I love you enough better than myself to want you to find your happiness in your own way. I will go away now, and never come again until you send for me; never come at all, unless you send for me. Do not run any risks; dear, for you have not the temperament to marry where you do not love, with safety to your own peace."

Then he kissed her, as quietly, almost as sadly, as one would kiss the lips of the dead, and went away. It may be that he felt in that kiss he was taking eternal farewell of this woman whom he had loved, as she sorrowfully acknowledged to herself, so far beyond her deservings.

Did she love him, or did she not? She half began to believe that she did when she dwelt on all his unselfish nobleness. How good he was! If she could but have had him for a brother! Would she have liked Maurice Glendower for a brother as well?

Day and night, for three weeks, which seemed like ages alike to her and to him who waited, these questions, and others like them, wrought her almost to madness. Having seen Gen. Tynsdale as he was, it was hard to give up his strong, pure love. It is possible that the thought of her mother's disappointment, of her own life, which lacked so much that he could give, had some force of which she was hardly conscious, to obscure and hinder her decision. But she honestly meant to regard nothing except the one vital question, "Could she, or could she not, truly, and with all her heart, love this man whose wife she had promised to become, who so thoroughly commanded her esteem and her homage?"

At last, through what spirit of divination I know not, she believed the truth had come to her. She brought back the banished picture, and looked at it with eyes that were willing to understand and accept its whole meaning. Then, having received that voiceless message from the man who had swayed her soul as it seemed no other could, she wrote to Gen. Tynsdale:

"You are ten times over worthy of all I could ever give. If I had seen you when my heart was free, I must have loved you. As it is, I believe the old spell was too strong. But do not stay away from me. Show that you forgive me by letting me have the high honor to be your friend."

So that kiss had indeed been the last—a brave man's farewell to a beloved woman. Does it surprise you, therefore, that Gen. Tynsdale was strong and true enough to be Margaret Chiltern's friend; to put under his feet all selfish passion, all longing for the heart which was another man's treasure-trove, and accept what she had to give *him*, the friendship which was the outgrowth of all that was noblest in her, and therefore was a gift not less worthy than her love would have been?

After all the rest was over, came to Margaret the struggle of telling her mother. She managed it after her own fashion.

"Do you love me enough, mamma," she asked, one day, "to go on, our two lives through, no better off than we are now, sharing everything with me, as you always have, and never once wishing me out of the way?"

Mrs. Chiltern opened bewildered eyes at her.

"Do I love you enough? To be sure I do, if it were necessary. Why, you are all I have, dear. Whom else should I love? But what is the matter? Has Gen. Tynsdale failed?"

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"No, mamma; but I have failed him. I did not love him as his wife ought; and was getting ill. Didn't you see it? I think I should have died, if I had gone on."

"Thank God that you didn't go on, then! But it was all that Glendower. Meg, I shall certainly never take you to Newport again."

Meg laughed.

"I think you might now with entire safety. But, whatever comes, you won't stop loving me?"

"No. Did I not say you were all I had?" in a sort of grieved tone. No; but I own I am disappointed."

"You are the sweetest mother in the world to take it so beautifully," Meg cried, with warmth; whereupon Mrs. Chiltern, exalted, in her own estimation, to a heroine and a martyr, put on a benign expression, and went about for days with the beatitude of the just shining upon her countenance.

After this, life were somewhat different colors to Margaret Chiltern. People began to call her Margaret now; for, somehow, Meg seemed less suitable to this quiet woman, with the look of waiting in her eyes, than it had to the gay girl who went to Newport to make summer holiday. Still she was quite her old self in many ways. She was as fastidious as ever as to her gloves and boots. She had respect to her neck-tyes. She wore dresses, and sacques, and bonnets *en suite*, with a secret pride and pleasure in all the little idiosyncrasies of which Glendower had taken note.

She might see him again, or she might never. He had taken himself quite out of her ken. She could not have summoned him if she would, and she certainly would not if she could. Whether or not he would be true to his memory of her, she had no basis for conjecture; but, having learned to think of her as another man's wife, it was altogether probable that he might himself have loved and married. No matter; she knew now that what she had felt for him had been love, the best and uttermost of which her nature was capable; and until she felt it over again, with all the old glow and glory, she at least could never marry. She interested herself in art, scarcely realizing how much it was for his sake. Gen. Tynsdale, himself no mean art critic, helped her with suggestions and explanations, until, with her own quick perceptions of beauty, her opinion of a picture came to have a positive value; and, glad of something to do besides embroidery, she undertook to write the art criticisms for a leading paper, and found an actual pleasure in her task.

Two years and a winter had gone by since Maurice Glendower had sailed away, and Miss Chiltern went on to New Yoak on purpose to attend the spring exhibition of 1868. She walked through the Academy at first, without opening her catalogue, pausing in front of anything which particularly pleased her. So, wandering on, she came at length to a picture which startled her, as if she had seen her own wraith. A young girl sat in front of a mirror, showing the back of her head, and looking intently into the glass, where she was studying her own face. This face in the mirror was that of Meg Chiltern, surely—Meg Chiltern as she had been at twenty-two, with the brilliant color, the mutinous lips, the rebellious eyes, the whole bright, piquant girlishness which she used to see in the glass once, but saw there no longer, in these days of her quieter, less vivid womanhood. It was just herself, her old self, with all her defects, and yet with a certain ideal grace and undying loveliness which showed that it had been painted by no cold critic of her charms. She was prepared for the signature in the corner—"M G."

So at last he had sent home something, as she had so long wished he would; something worthy of him, and, oh, how more than worthy of her! Had he then remembered her so faithfully? Thank God that she was still free to let her heart thank him!

She sat down in front of the picture, and looked at it till her eyes grew so dim that she could not see it, heedless who went or came, hearing none of the voices around her, as utterly alone with herself and memory as if the lounging crowd about her had been replaced by desert solitude.

At last she rose to go; and then a gentleman, who had been regarding her for some time from a little distance, came toward her.

"Mrs. Tynsdale, I believe," he said, quietly. "Have I your forgiveness for venturing to paint Miss Chiltern of almost three years ago?"

"I am not Mrs. Tynsdale," she said, in a low, still voice, wondering secretly that she could speak at all.

"Not Mrs. Tynsdale?"

He had asked her for nothing, not even for the truth; but some force which seemed outside and beyond herself constrained her to give it to him.

"No! I think I might have been, but for those eyes you sent me. They looked so deep into my soul, that they kept me true to myself."

The next evening Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Glendower walked together into Mrs. Chiltern's parlor. That lady opened her eyes wide with wonder.

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"Good evening, dear mamma," Glendower said, saucily. His wife put her hand upon his lips.

"Be still; you shall not try to mystify mamma. Mamma, I am married to Mr. Glendower."

"But I thought he had no money to take care of himself," mamma suggested, feebly, in a state of hopeless bewilderment.

"I was that impecunious individual; but I sold a picture for money enough to buy a wedding breakfast, and I made Meg make haste and marry me before it was gone."

Margaret knelt down by her mother's side, and put her arms around her tenderly.

"You will forgive me, won't you, dear, for being married before I came home to you; but Maurice had waited so long, and loved me so faithfully, I hadn't the heart to say no when he plead with me. He isn't rich, and he never will be; but he will be a great painter some day, for you to be proud of. And you won't spoil it all, will you, by not forgiving me, or not loving me?"

Mrs. Chiltern smoothed down her ruffled plumage, and asked patheticaily, as she often had before, who else there was for her to love, unless, indeed, they expected her to begin all at once to love Mr. Glendower. That gentleman assured her that she had divined his expectations exactly; whereupon she protested that such sudden changes at her time of life were unsettling, very; but that Margaret had always acted for herself, and she hoped Margaret knew what she was doing.

Which Margaret assuredly did.

Six months of happiness were enough to make Meg Glendower all that Meg Chiltern had been, and more. The old light came back to her eyes, the brilliant, sun-defying color to her cheeks; but her manner held a tenderer grace, her voice a deeper sweetness, for the waiting years which had taught her self-knowledge.

WEDDED.

BY MRS. HELEN A. MANVILLE.

Heart linked with heart in each noble endeavor—
Husband and wife
Were adrift, oh, my sweet, on the beautiful river—
The river of life.

The shore of my girlhood, far back in the distance,
Still I can see;
But your love, true and faithful, still makes my existence
A heaven to me

The strong arm of love has never yet failed me,
Never, dear heart!
Nor your faith, oh, my darling! when censure assailed me,
Life, when apart,

Loses its sweetness; joy's radiant flowers
Bloom never for me,
As lonely I walk through the desolate hours,
Waiting for thee.

With Faith for the pilot, and Love to cast o'er us
The light of her smile,
The waves of the river of life yet before us,
Look tempting the while.

There is naught in the past that is worth the regretting,
My darling; instead,
Not a moment this hour we would fain be forgetting,
Since we were wed.

I fear not the storm-clouds that hover around me,
Drifting with thee,
For the Spring-time and Summer of life yet have found thee
Faithful to me.

On, on to the shore of the blissful Forever—
Husband and wife;
Together we'll float down the beautiful river—
The river of life.

THE BEAUTIFUL ANGEL.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"I am so weary," she murmured,
"Weary of sorrow and pain
Tired of toiling and striving,
Always and always in vain."

We had thought that Death was a terror;
A visitor dark and grim,
And we shuddered as he came nearer,
And shrank away from him.

But he came to her so gently,
So sweetly, (as those most kind
Draw near to those whom they pity,)
That terror fled our mind.

And, methought, as we saw her lying
In death, with her face grown fair,
No traces of cares or sorrows,
Of tears nor of suffering there.

That Death was a pitying angel,
Who loveth all so well,
That he bringeth to those aweary
His rest unspeakable.

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THE OLD CLERGYMAN.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

My heroine, for she was a heroine, and of the highest, truest type, did not live in a cabin of logs, away on our western frontier. There were no tall, rustling pines before her window, nor dark woodlands stretching away on either side, harboring deer and bear, and still more, savage Redmen.

No, my heroine lived in a first-class house, with modern conveniences, not far from the eastern seaboard. It was not in a city; but in one of its beautiful suburbs, where they still sold land by the foot, and not by the inch; where a grass-plot was not grudged one, by some greedy-eyed man of business, who would desecrate his father's sepulchre, if he could make money by it. Enough land could be afforded, by even men with moderate means, for beautiful grounds, for strawberry-beds, and rows of berry-bushes, and even for rambling melon-vines, which require so much room to spread themselves.

Marion Lee had a fair home, with pleasant surroundings, and few privations, except such as fall to the common lot. Her spacious, beautifully-furnished parlors were as cheery and home-like as a farmer's ample kitchen; and what higher praise could be given them? It was not the hues of the carpet, nor the rich drapery of the windows, nor the abundance of pictures on the walls, that gave the rooms their charm. It was the presence in the house. After all, that is what makes a home bright or dark to us.

"Do you know, Edward," said Mrs. Lee, one evening, as she was pouring the tea from the brightest of urns, "that I always intended to be a missionary. It was quite a disappointment for me to give it up."

"It was none to me that you did," he said, cheerfully, as he stirred in the cream in the fragrant cup. A dim vision rose to his view of a tall, thin student, with side-whiskers, and spotless neck-tye, who, in former years, had given him some uneasiness.

The "odylic force," or some agent as subtle, often telegraphed between these two loving hearts the thoughts of the other. Both laughed, and Marion said,

"Of course, you know that I mean you ought to have studied for the ministry, as your father wished you to do. So we could have gone on a mission, and done so much good in the world."

"Seeing we have missed our calling so much, let us try to do all the good we can where we are. Now, I consider you a first-class home missionary. Your mind was not especially set on the foreign field, was it?"

"Not decidedly, though I think I should have preferred that. But what home missionary work can I do here? I should be glad to see a specimen."

"Well, in the first place, here is your husband. You 'missionize' him every day. There is no telling how much better he is than he would have been without such an influence. You would never let him adopt any of the modern ways of making money fast. There is no telling what a snare his riches would have been to him by this time, if he had not had such a check-rein always applied."

"I doubt it," said his wife, decidedly. "I think you are richer for having kept to the beaten track. I believe what Mr. Beecher says about these modern ways of making money. He says, 'there is nothing so profitable as lying and stealing, in the beginning; but nothing so sure to be struck by God's lightning at the last.'"

"Mr. Beecher is right there, Marion, and every year's experience of mine in business confirms me in the opinion. A little, with the blessing of the Lord, is better than great revenues without right."

"But, seriously, Marion," he continued, "I think you do a great deal of missionary work in this place by your hospitality. You have never given a large party since we were married; but you have given more of that kind mentioned in the fourteenth of Luke than any woman I ever knew."

Praise from her husband was always the sweetest in the world to Marion, as it is to every true wife. Oh! what a different world we should live in, if every kind thought we have, blossomed with words or deeds. For the most part, we are content to let them lie in our bosoms, and no one suspects they are there. Especially is this true in the home circle.

Edward did not overestimate his wife's usefulness in the community where she dwelt. That influence was exerted as quietly and unconsciously as the fall of the dew. It was her very nature to refresh and brighten wherever she

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passed along. All the children loved her; they would go out of their way to pass her house. If they did not see her, and hear a word of pleasant greeting, as they were sure to do if she saw them, there was yet something home-like and friendly in the very look of the house, with its deep doorway and pleasant piazza.

Did a poor neighbor want a new pattern for her child's garment? she knew a fine house where she dared go to ask for one, with the assurance that it would be cheerfully given, and quite likely a few minutes help on the sewing-machine, which would save her hours of weary stitching. If any were sick, they knew where they might send for advice and help, and that sympathy would not be wasted in mere words. Marion never forgot the command, "freely ye have received, freely give." In the truest sense she was a good neighbor. Would there were more to whom God had given such ample resources, who would realize that their high privileges laid upon them corresponding obligations.

"I must try and get home earlier, Marion," said her husband. "I miss the children so much from the tea-table."

"Your supper is too late for them. They had a little table set in the nursery an hour ago, as they have company."

"Who is here?" asked the father.

"Lame Agnes Day; poor child! Her mother leaves her alone all day, when she goes to her work, and I told her yesterday she might bring her here to-day. They have a merry time. She is a very nice, sweet child, and a true lamb of the fold, I feel confident. Her influence is excellent on our wild, little Harry."

"Another piece of missionary work," said Edward.

"Hardly," said his wife, "for, in this case, I get back much more than I give, in the blessing such an example is to the children. They need to see more than one side to life. Their own ease and comfort will not prepare them to appreciate the wants of those who are sick, and cold, and hungry. It is only as they come in actual contact with the poor and suffering that they will ever be fitted to help them intelligently. Anything that helps to develop their hearts in the right direction, is worth more than the most expensive culture we can secure for their minds only."

"I am often pleased to see Lilly's thoughtfulness for others," said the father, musingly. "She called my attention to a little crying girl on the side-walk, when we were in the street one day, and could not be satisfied until I found out what the trouble was. 'She is only crying for spilt milk,' said a boy, laughing. It was no jest to Lilly. She was not satisfied until the child had the means of getting another pint, and I saw her slip a handful of nuts and figs I had just bought her into the poor, tattered child's hand. I declare, Marion, I never saw such a transformed face. Every line of it shone through the dirt. I never knew before how cheap a thing happiness was. Lilly was as gay as a lark all the rest of the morning, and several times spoke of the poor child, showing the turn her thoughts took."

"I am glad, too, that she takes pleasure in making others happy. I would not, for any sum, see her grow up the heartless, frivolous girl, so many of our young people develop into now-a-days. She can never live over this forming period twice, so it is all important that she receive the right bent now."

When parents consult more over the moral development of their children, and less over the mere outward decorations, we shall see fewer idle butterflies in society, whose only aim in life is to deck the body. Oh! what an unworthy aim for one who lives in a world so full of sorrow and suffering, where hearts break for want of a kindly word, and the warm grasp of an outstretched, friendly hand. How unworthy of a soul that must live when the starlight has faded forever from the sky.

"Who is that old gentleman who is driving up, mother?" asked Lillian, one chilly November day. "I think I have never seen him before."

"I do not know," said the mother. "He looks tired and chilly. Draw up the easy-chair, and open the draught of the stove a few minutes."

She went to the door, and welcomed the gray-haired man in to her warm fireside, with such a look of real sympathy, that his poor heart was cheered and gladdened. After his trembling hands were a little warmed, he made known his errand. He was an old minister, now acting as an agent for an excellent cause, and had called to see if Mr. Lee would make some contribution to it.

"I have no doubt he will," said Marion, "when he comes home to his tea. So, please lay off your overcoat, and I will have your horse put up."

Almost bewildered at such unexpected kindness, he hesitated, at first, to accept her hospitality, fearing he had misunderstood it. He was one of the sad class, who "had outlived his usefulness" in the opinions of the church, he had so long and faithfully served, and now was turned out, like an old horse, to live or die just as it happened. That such a state of things exists is a disgrace and a lasting reproach.

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That this old man was one of the Lord's servants was enough for Marion, even if his gray hairs had not plead his cause successfully before.

"We shall be very glad to have you stay with us to-night," she said, seeing his perplexity, "unless there is some other place where you have engaged to go."

"Your neighbor, just down the street, directed me to the tavern, as the stopping-place for strangers," said the old man, sadly. "I had expected to spend the night there."

"Then I am glad you called here first. I can make you much more comfortable than you would be there."

Her voice was so low and sweet, as she said this, that tears welled up into the dim eyes of her guest, so little accustomed had he been to that blessed, Christian charity and sympathy which the master taught, since his days of active service were over.

Right gladly he drew off his thread-bare coat, his well-worn comforter, and his wife's gray shawl, which had been carefully pinned about his shoulders, and handed to Lily, who stepped forward quickly to receive them Marion could have cried when she saw his old black coat so thin and worn, with darned places all down the sleeves, and along the edge.

"He shall be better provided for than that before he leaves," she whispered to herself.

The fire was brightened. Harry ran up stairs for a pair of warm slippers, and, in his boyish earnestness, said, "Let me draw off your boots, sir."

Rarely in his life had the old minister met with such a welcome in such a house. As his chilled frame grew less benumbed, he regained more of his self-poise, and could converse more at his ease, and on equal terms, as a man of learning and culture. Long privations, and much coldness from the world, had made his heart stoop as well as his aged frame. The touch of sympathy warmed the spirit, as the fire did his body.

Henry now ran out to see the old horse carefully attended to. Thomas gave him a good measure of oats, and an extra warm bedding, saying that "the crathur looked badly enough in need of both food and lodgin'."

"He's all snug, sir," said Harry, as he bounded in, with rosy cheeks glowing.

"Thank you, my boy," said the minister, watching his motions with an admiring eye. "I could not be half comfortable if old Charley was out in the cold. We've shared a slice of bread many a time together."

Harry, who loved stories above everything, stole up to the old man's side, and, by his many curious questions, drew him in to many an account of his travels and experiences, which were listened to with deep interest by all present. Mother did not wait until tea-time before she set some refreshment before her guest. A little tray, well laden, was brought out, and placed on a stand near him, so he need not leave the warm fire; and Lilly poured the fragrant tea for him.

It was a part of Mrs. Lee's educational system to early give her children an active part in the exercise of hospitality. A pastor's wife was once commiserated by a friend on the amount of company she was obliged to entertain, when she replied,

"I do not view it so. Though our household cares have been greatly increased by it, we have been more than repaid by the pleasure we have had in the society of so many intelligent guests, especially, in the unconscious education our children have received by the table-talk. No possible education of ours, either through books or our family conversation alone, could ever have given them this valuable and varied culture."

The good minister made a hearty meal of the generous slices of roast beef, which had been quickly broiled over the coals, giving it a most delicious flavor to a hungry man. The bread was snowy and home-made, the butter excellent. He did not look with the alarm that some do on the substantial slice of mince-pie for dessert. His laborious life and frugal fare had, at least, driven away one of the ills of life, named dyspepsia. His food, that day, before he reached this "blessed pilgrim's house," had been a cake of yellow corn-bread and a thin slice of cheese.

Marion excused herself for a few minutes, and the children followed her. She wisely judged that it would be pleasanter for him to take his meal alone, particularly if he was as famished as she was led to suspect. It would have gone to her heart, to have seen him, when left alone, lift his tearful eyes and wrinkled hands toward heaven, thanking his Father above for having raised up for him such a friend in his hour of need. "Surely," he murmured, "he will never leave me nor forsake me."

When Edward returned from town his manner was only an echo of his wife's cordiality. They were truly one in heart, as well as in life. Learning that he desired to spend several days in canvassing the place, he requested him to make his house his home. "I will give you," he said, "a list of the best places to call, and the children will gladly show you the way."

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As the family gathered, that night, around the family altar, such a prayer ascended from those aged lips for a blessing on that household, that it seemed almost as if Heaven bent down to them. The mother's voice was tremulous, and her eyes misty, as she kissed the children good-night, and thought surely,

"A blessing forever and ever,
Will follow them as they go."

A bright fire blazed on the hearth of the warmest guest-room, and an easy-chair was drawn up before it; and here the good man sat long, and mused, and sang praises in his heart, before he could think of sleep.

"Oh, Mary, if you and poor Alice could share these comforts with me, my cup would run over," he thought.

During the long evenings spent in Mr. Lee's hospitable parlor, the old minister was drawn out into many recitals of his past history; and what interested Marion still more, his present circumstances. He was living in a small house, with a widowed, invalid daughter, and his poor, feeble wife. He tried to make a living by his agency, and his daughter sewed when she was able; but, with all their economy, poverty pinched hard. The prospect for the winter looked dark, particularly for clothing and fuel. He had cultivated a little garden, which would be a great help to them in the matter of food.

"What a shame it is, Edward," said his wife, in the privacy of their own apartment, her eyes filling with indignant, sympathizing tears, "for an old clergyman to be turned off in this way. It is a disgrace."

"That is true, and part of the disgrace is ours, if we do not do all we can to help him. I, for my part, will give him a check for a hundred dollars."

The check was filled out at once, and inclosed in an envelope, to be sent as a present to the old man's wife.

"Now, Lillian," said the mother, next day, "to-morrow our old friend leaves us. We must do something for his poor family. Just think of his daughter, with but one calico dress, this freezing weather. Let us run up stairs, and look over our stores."

Never did Lilly's feet trip lighter, or her heart respond more gladly, than when some errand of mercy was proposed. She was mother's "right hand," in all such enterprises. Happy the child who has such a mother, and happy the mother who has such a daughter.

"Mother, you hardly ever wear this heavy plaid wrapper," she said, looking over the contents of the wardrobe.

"That is true, Lilly; lay it out. Poor Alice shall have that. This gray dress and sacque, you know, we thought of giving to Bridget's mother. I am glad now we never spoke of it, for I feel these people need it more." A warm, knitted jacket was also laid aside. "And here is this breakfast shawl I used to wear; I know the mother will like that. I am just going to give away these slippers, with fur around the top, Lily. I can get a new pair, if I choose, and they will be such a blessing there."

So the good work went on; and it was hard to say which was the most delighted with it, mother or child. It was a blessed life-lesson for that daughter—one that did more than a hundred charity sermons, to enlist her heart in the work of doing good.

Meantime, twenty miles away, in a little dwelling, in the outskirts of a small village, two women waited and watched for the old minister's return. The first snows were falling, and the prospect without looked dreary indeed, to these with such scanty resources.

"I wonder if father will come to-day," said Alice. "I don't know what we shall do for wood if he doesn't. That pile of brush is almost gone, isn't it, mother?"

"Yes, I brought the last into the shed this morning, and cut it up with the hatchet. It will be so cold for father to go to the woods for more. How I wish we could afford a cord of good sound oak again. There is so little heat in this sort of fuel; and it keeps us busy all the time putting it into the stove."

"Mother, I think I shall take that knitting money, and buy a quarter of a cord. We need fuel more than flour. We can live on our vegetables and pork, but we can't eat them uncooked."

"No; and we cannot keep about in such clothing as we have without a fire."

"Mother," said Alice, bursting into tears, "it almost seems as if God had forsaken us."

"No, no, dear child!" said the mother, quickly. "He has not forgotten. He never forgets nor forsakes his children. Just think how many times help has come to us in our extremity, quite as remarkably as if he had rained down manna from the skies for us. And always we found that when it seemed the darkest, it was just before daybreak. We will pray and trust still."

"I will try, mother; but my faith is not so strong as yours. I do believe, mother," she added suddenly, "that is our old gray coming over the mill-road. I hope father has good news for us."

Both looked down the road, and, when fully

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assured that it was the expected one, both set to work to make all snug and comfortable for him. Mother filled up the stove with a double amount of the crackling brush-wood, and closed the damper so as to save all the heat. She took a hasty survey of the larder, to see what could be prepared the quickest for the cold and tired traveler. The cup of tea was made, and a cloth spread on the table, so as to be in readiness.

"Is that father?" queried Alice, as he drew nearer. There was something unfamiliar in the appearance, though there was no mistaking the turn-out- "Somebody has given father a new fur-cap, mother. Did you ever? And what has he about him? It looks like a handsome cloak, with a cape to it; and there is a fur lining to the collar."

"He comes loaded," said mother, excitedly. "Didn't I tell you, Alice?"

There was a minute or two of delighted expectancy, and then the old gentleman stood before them, laden down, and laughing like a Santa-Claus. For a time they were all children together, and it would be difficult to describe the scene in words. I think every warm heart, that delights in doing good, can picture it for themselves.

"Isn't that something like, Mary?" said the good man, wrapping a big, double shawl about her shoulders. "Now I must leave you and Alice to explore, while I attend to old gray. He must not suffer because of our good fortune."

When he came in again, he brought a small hamper, which contained a great number of delicacies, such as did not often find their way to that humble home.

"Our 'Thanksgiving' has come a week before the time," said Alice, her pale face aglow with such delight as had not shone in it for many weary weeks.

"But none too soon," said the mother, joyfully.

"Here," said the minister, taking out a pocket-book from the breast-pocket of his coat, "is a letter they sent you, mother. I almost forgot that. I know it is a good, warm-hearted letter, though I have not opened it."

"Ah! it was indeed good and warm-hearted. When the hundred dollar check fell out, and Alice read it off, then all were quiet for a minute. But the sudden relief from their hard struggle with poverty quite overcame them. They broke down in sobs and tears. Then, with one heart, they knelt down, and thanked the great Giver, and implored his blessing on their benefactors.

A good man used to say that, among the things he "never wished to have against him, were the prayers of the poor." Oh! it is better than the interest on bank-stock, even for this world, to have their prayers in our favor going up to and for us every day.

What a blessing it is to be able thus to lay up treasure in Heaven—to send on a precious freight before us, so that we may enter rich into our heavenly mansions.

LET ME GO!

BY LAURA H. FISHER.

I'm sick of the city,
I'm sick unto death;
Let me go, if you love me,
I cannot get breath.

No rush of the waters,
No crash of the tree;
No roar of the tempest—
What life this for me?

I meant to endure it,
With never a sign;
The girl of the mountains
Should scorn to repine.

But, ah! I'm so tired—
I die—let me flee
To the hills and the waters—
They're waiting for me!"

LOVE'S IMPOTENCE.

BY HORACE G. MEREDITH.

She was the fairest, gentlest thing
That ever bore the weight of pain;
To-day I laid her in her grave,
There where the west winds weep and rave.
"Poor child, thou shalt not weep again.

Oh, what is love that cannot shield,
Or spare its love a single woe!
Silent, I watched the deadly strife,
The world's great pain, and her young life,
And, helpless, could not ward the blow.

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THE LOST INHERITANCE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 217.

CHAPTER VIII.

ARTHUR WHITE, the young man whom we have seen in that tenement-house already, came out from the sick man's room, and knocked almost timidly at Mr. Ingersoll's door. It was opened by the old gentleman himself, who stood regarding him with some amazement, but courteously still.

"I have come—I have been told that there is a person living here who sometimes gives lessons in the languages," he faltered, lifting his hat in deference to the man he addressed.

A quiver of emotion passed over the poor gentleman's face, and, for a moment, surprise kept him silent.

"Yes," he said, at last; "I am the person. I will gladly give lessons. Walk in."

The young man passed into the room which, with all its dreary discomfort, was full of interest to him. Mr. Ingersoll drew the oaken chair toward him, and waited for him to occupy it before he took possession of another and meaner seat himself.

"Is it for yourself?" he questioned at last, with nervous eagerness.

"Yes. I have studied French and Spanish as most persons do, but am by no means satisfied with myself. In fact, it is more than likely that I shall have something to unlearn."

"Do you wish me to come to your residence?"

The young man blushed crimson; no such thought had been in his mind, and he hastened to drive it from that of his future teacher.

"No," he said, with some embarrassment. "I shall be unsettled while I remain in town. It will be more convenient for me to come here."

"Here!" repeated Ingersoll, with a faint smile. "You see what a comfortless place this is?"

"But I shall come here often; I mean to the house."

Mr. Ingersoll looked surprised.

"Indeed! It is not an attractive place."

"No; I do not say that it is. But I have a friend—a person here who needs my help."

"Oh!"

Mr. Ingersoll began to comprehend the meaning of all this, and a satisfied look swept all traces of doubt from his features.

"You speak of the man across the hall. I have seen him. A sad, sad case; but he is getting stronger, I think."

"Oh! yes; but he waited too long before sending for his friends."

"Then he has friends?" said Ingersoll, with a deep sigh.

"One, at least," was the answer. "Brother Daniel. He is a good deal older than I am, sir, and the warmest-hearted man that ever drew breath."

"Ah!" There was a quick gasp of surprise in this exclamation, and then Ingersoll spoke with more deliberation.

"Your name, sir. I do not remember to have heard it."

"No; I forgot to introduce myself. White—my name is Arthur White."

"And that of your brother?"

"Daniel—Daniel White; but I think people usually called him 'Dan.' On the coast where he lived, when a boy, no one would recognize him under any other name."

The look of some revived memory came over Mr. Ingersoll's face as he listened; a sad, painful look, which the young man observed with wonder.

Ingersoll sat regarding the other with keener interest than he had exhibited before, for some moments; then he went abruptly back to the object of his visit.

"Yes, I will give you lessons here, if you prefer it. In fact, it will be a convenience," he added, glancing at his threadbare clothes. "When shall we begin?"

"At once; this morning," answered the young man, eagerly. "But—but we haven't settled about the terms."

The elder man blushed. Poor as he was; hardly as the mill-stones of poverty had ground him to the earth, he could not yet enter into the details of a monied transaction without some sensitive recoil of the heart.

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"I have given few lessons of late," he said.

"So much the more reason that a liberal price should be offered for those you do give," said the young man, flushing a little.

Ingersoll moved restlessly on his broken chair; the hand that lay upon his knee fluttered like a leaf in the wind. He looked piteously toward the old woman for help, but she gave none.

"Would fifty—would half a dollar each lesson be too much?" he questioned, nervously.

"Double that price is not more than the least competent teacher would charge me," answered the young man. "I cannot accept your labor for less than that, and am very willing to give more."

"No, no; that is enough—too much, I fear," cried the old man, eagerly, for he was in haste to escape from the subject, important as it was to him.

"Then it shall be double lessons; one in French, one in Spanish, each day, for I must work hard."

"That is two dollars a day," murmured the old woman, clasping her hands in an ecstasy of thanksgiving. "Oh! what have we done to deserve such abundance?"

No one heard the low undertone in which this was spoken, but Ingersoll saw the gesture, and his heart swelled with sympathy.

"Now everything is settled," said White, "except that it is usual to pay half the course in advance. Here it is; now expect me this evening."

Before the old man could answer, an envelope was laid on the pine table, the oaken chair was pushed back, and White, hat in hand, had passed through the door. Then that forlorn couple drew close together, and the woman, dropping her head on her husband's shoulder, began to sob out the thankful joy that was swelling her bosom, while he patted her gray head, and looked down upon her through a mist of gathering tears.

"Where is Maud? How can we feel so happy without her?" said the old woman, lifting her head.

"She is coming; don't you hear her step on the stairs?" answered the old man, fairly smiling. "Slow and heavy, too, poor child! She dreads to bring us disappointment."

"And we have this," cried the old lady, laying her hand on the bulging envelope with nervous exultation; "Oh! I never expected to be so happy again."

Maud came in, downcast and weary. She did not lift her eyes to either of the old people, for she feared to meet their questioning looks.

"I have got nothing," she said. "Of all the pretty things we made, grandmother, dear, none are sold; but the woman thinks it may be better to-morrow. Perhaps it will, if we can wait so long."

As she said this, Maud untied her shabby little bonnet, and folded the mantilla of slazy silk, which was all the outer garment she had, as she stooped to lay them on a chair. The old woman crept toward her, looking back at her husband, and smiling through her tears.

"Why, Maudie, dear," she said, folding the disconsolate girl in her arms, "it isn't of the least consequence now. Come here and see how rich we are."

"Oh! grandmother, what do you mean?"

"Mean!" broke in the old man, tearing open the envelope, and scattering its contents on the table. "All this, besides a dollar a day, to come in. Did you ever expect to see us so rich as this?"

Maud's great eyes dilated, and her sweet mouth trembled with quick emotion.

"Is it true? Is it ours? Oh! grandfather, is it?"

"Every dollar, child. It is for lessons grandpa is goingto give the young gentleman," said the old woman.

"The young gentleman! Who—what——"

The girl could not understand it. Her great eyes questioned both the old people with wistful half-belief.

"You have seen him. He has been kind to the sick man over yonder."

"What—Mr. White?"

"Yes, that is his name. He came in here like an angel. He wants to take lessons. Only think of it; after trying so hard, and waiting so long, a scholar dropping in like that, as if he had fallen through the windows of heaven, when they seemed darkened forever."

"Grandmother, is it real?"

"Real! Take some of the money and try. We will have a nice supper to-night. Mutton-chops; at any rate enough for him, with just a tiny glass of currant-jelly, baked potatoes, and coffee. Yes, Maud, I think we will have coffee this time, and—and——"

"Oh! grandmother, you are getting wild. One would think we had become princes all of a sudden," cried Maud, with a sweet laugh; for she began to comprehend the good fortune that had befallen them, and to her it had a thrilling significance, of which she was herself unconscious. "But no matter; grandpapa shall have a princely supper. As for breakfast, oh! won't it seem strange not to go to sleep wondering where that is to come from? Won't it?"

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Here the girl broke into a happy gush of tears. Dropping her arms on the table, and her face on them, she trembled all over with new-born joy; after which she arose like an April morning, weeping and smiling.

"Now I will go out, and get the things," she said, tying her bonnet, and throwing the mantilla over her shoulders.

"Yes, for everything must be cleared away before the young gentleman comes in the evening," said the grandmother, who seemed to have brightened into a youngish woman during the last half hour.

"Of course! of course! If we only had something to brighten things up with now; but we haven't, so what is the use of wishing? All this money for me to buy things with! I shall be back before you think of it with the change, for I seem to step on air."

Maud was half way down the upper flight of stairs when she finished this joyous little speech. She paused a moment at Mrs. Thorp's door, and astonished the good woman by the radiance of her face.

"Dear Mrs. Thorp, please have a good fire in the stove when I come back, with chops, and jelly, and things for supper. It is the last time I mean to trouble you. After this we shall have a fire of our own, and—and—— Oh, little Maggie! come here, and kiss me, for I'm too happy for anything. You don't know what has happened, Mrs. Thorp. Grandpapa has got a scholar at last. It is the first that counts, you know, and one is sure to bring another. I knew how the news would please you, and just ran in about that and the stove. What, going with me little Maggie? That's right; come along, now, for I shall have ever so many parcels. Look! We have got all this to spend."

"What a big bill! Oh, my!" cried Maggie, tying on her little, blue hood.

CHAPTER IX.

One day, when Arthur White returned to his studio in the artists' building, he found a tall, powerful man, dressed in gray from head to foot, and with a soft, broad-brimmed hat crushed down over his forehead, sitting on one of his most ponderous antique chairs, with both feet lifted as high as they could go toward the mantlepiece. This man was half asleep when the owner of the rooms came in; but he started up, pushed the chair back, dashed his hat aside, and came swinging toward the young man, with a broad smile of welcome beaming all over his face.

"Arty, my dear, old boy, how are you? Didn't expect to see me about here now, did you? Give us your hand, agin; one shake isn't enough to satisfy me. Well, how are you?"

"How am I, Daniel?"

"Dan! Don't you try politeness on with me. Dan it is. Well and hearty, eh?"

"Both well and hearty. Never was better in my life, Dan!"

"That's something like. Come on a purpose to see you. Shipped a car-load of wild game, for excuse—antelope-meat, venison, and two or three dozen buffalo humps, with birds to fill in. Got a wild turkey for you; spread wings will reach across your mantle-tree shelf here; one of your sasy old gobblers of the forest, with a head that would set your hand afire. That feller's for our Art, says I, when I pinted my gun at him. Down he comes, or it's a sign that Dan White don't love his own boy. Well, how are you agin?"

Here the strange man grasped Arthur's hand, for the fourth time, and shook it with renewed vigor.

"Glad to see a feller, ha!"

"Glad! You cannot tell how glad, or how I have wanted you," answered the young man, with a tremble of deep feeling in his voice.

"Nothing going contrary? No trouble hanging about, is there?"

The strange man sunk both hands deep in his pockets, and, leaning back, examined his host from head to foot as he spoke.

"Trouble! No, that you have never permitted to come near me as yet. I hardly know what it means."

Daniel White drew one hand from his pocket, and grasped that of the young man for the fifth time.

"That's right! That's just how it ought to be. Let trouble come to them as is used to wrestling with it. When it comes I'm on hand to bear your part. Remember that, my boy!"

"But I am a man now, and must bear my own burdens, Daniel."

"Dan! Dan, I say!"

"Well, then, brother Dan!"

"That's a little more like it. As for the trouble, when it comes, I don't mean you to tackle it by any manner of means. I am the chap to lock horns for you agin the world, mind that. But how about the picters? Slinging 'em out by the dozens by this time, I hope?"

"Not so fast as that, brother Dan; but the time will come, if I can afford to wait."

"Afford to wait! Why not? Who is a going to hurry you? Not this feller, anyhow. We've got enough to live on yet, and no thanks to any

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one. When you're through with your half of what old grandfather left, there's a comfortable shanty out on the prairies, and more'en a thousand acres of land, throwing up corn so fast that the sun laughs at it; black sile, six feet deep, on a level. Just drop a seed, and it shoots up up into your face before you've time to run. So don't get skeery about living."

"It isn't that," answered the young man, thoughtfully. "I have no expensive habits, and need not trouble myself about ways and means; but art requires great patience, and hard work. I may have to live years on the money grandfather White left us!"

"Well, what of it, so long as there is enough?"

"For me and my art; but——"

"But! Oh, there is something back. Out with it, boy. Who should you speak to if not to brother Dan?"

"Well, Dan," answered the youth, blushing like a girl. "The truth is, I begin to feel a little lonesome. Art fills the mind; but a man is made up of feelings as well as thought."

"Feelings as well as thought," muttered Dan White, sitting down in the antique chair, and stretching his legs on the hearth. "I don't quite go along with you there, Arty. Can't see what you're a driving at particular."

"Well, I was only saying that my life is rather solitary here, and I sometimes get a little restless."

The elder White turned round in his chair, and bent his honest, brown eyes on the young man with loving scrutiny. He saw the slow color mount into that handsome face, and over his own features came a gleam of sudden intelligence.

"Oh, ho! That's it! Well, I shouldn't wonder. It's about the time of life I began, Arty, my boy. Who is she?"

The young man broke into a cheerful laugh, that carried off his blush with grace.

"Well, brother Dan, she's just the loveliest, sweetest, most—most——"

"Of course, she is. That same girl has been traveling through some young fellow's life ever since Adam fell in love with Eve. But where did you find her?"

"In the fifth story of a tenement-house, with two of the nicest old people you ever set eyes on."

"Poor as a prairie-dog, no doubt."

"Worse than that, brother Dan. Prairie-dogs can hunt and steal for themselves; these poor people have no such privilege."

"Can't they work?"

"They have tried hard enough; but the grandfather is old, and has been bred a gentleman, I am sure of that. He is rich in learning, but nothing else."

"That's better," muttered Dan, sinking his chin on his bosom. "If he hadn't been a gentleman I couldn't have listened to it a minute; for that is what you have got to look up to—a gentleman's daughter, and no mistake."

"But why?" asked Arthur, laughing. "Old grandfather White wasn't a gentleman, that ever I heard of."

"He was a sea-faring man, and always kept his own boat. People looked up to him along the coast, I can tell you. Still I don't mean to say that he was just a gentleman, in the way of book-learning and sich. As for politeness, he hadn't none to speak of; but, after all, there was a good deal of genuine grit in the old man. I wasn't thinking of him, though."

"But we must think of him. What other claim have we?"

"Well, yes, you're right. Of course, a feller must date back somewhere; but, you see, I always meant you to start out on your own hook. That's why I gave in about this picter business. It mayn't be money-making, says I; but its gentlemanly, and that's what I want you to be."

"Well, I will do my best," said the young man, laughing pleasantly. "But I have a question to ask, and that will account for the first visit I made to that tenement-house. Did you ever know a man on the coast by the name of Burke?"

"A young, handsome fellow? Was that the style of man?"

"Not when I saw him three days ago."

"Ah! how one forgets. Of course, he isn't either young or handsome now; but he was when I am thinking of him. Well, what of him? Run away, or died, years and years ago. Used to live on the old Rochester place, when I was a boy. Knew old grandfather like a book. They used to pull in the same team then."

"The man is living, brother Dan."

"You don't say so! What has he been about all these years?"

Arthur remembered what the poor man had said, in the extremity of his distress; but shrunk from repeating his confession of shame. So he delicately evaded the question.

"He has had hard times, it would seem, brother, for I found him ill, and miserably poor."

"And you helped him?"

"Yes, a little."

"That was right. I always liked the chap. He took the old Rochester place on shares; but never got much of a crop out of it that any one could see. Farmers down that way found more

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profit on the water. About the time that harnsome Rochester girl married the English barrownight, he got lost, or gave up. At any rate no one on the coast ever saw him again. Seemed to be snuffed out, somehow. Smart fellow, too."

"Yes, he must have been a powerful man," said Arthur.

"Nothing to do. Didn't you say that? Look a here, my boy. I've a good mind to go right off, and see him. He and grandfather used to be as thick as clover in a home lot. Would just like to see him, for the old man's sake. What do you think of the idea?"

While he was speaking, Daniel White put on his soft, broad-brimmed hat, and began to button up his coat. Arthur also took his hat.

"It is just the thing," he said. "Come along. You will know at once if it is the same man."

"Of course. Has this fellow got alfired, big black eyes?"

"Yes. Wonderfully bright and large."

"That's the chap. Thought he was dead long ago. Wonder where he has been all this time."

Arthur made no reply, and Daniel went on.

"Sent for me, did he? That's where his head was level. Knew I wasn't the sort of feller to forget old friends."

"He said that."

"Level-headed again. Shows plain enough that he was brought up on the coast. Well I'm ready, when you are."

The two men went out together. They were closely connected; yet so unlike in person and bearing, that no person would have deemed them of the same lineage—the one tall, ponderous, and full of animal strength, moved forward like a New Foundland dog, honest, self-satisfied, and ready to help anything weaker than himself that happened to cross his path; the other subtle, but strong, slender as a grayhound, and as graceful in all his movements, carried with him the impress of a higher and more refined nature. His eyes sometimes kindled with such fiery aspirations, as the other man would never know in himself, or thoroughly comprehend in any one else. His features were classical, without being effeminate—his gestures those of a man born to control others by force of circumstances or power of intellect.

With all his ponderous strength, and never-failing good-nature, the elder man seemed to regard his brother with strange and reverential admiration. Still, to some extent, Arthur was bound to him by more generous ties than those of blood; for, when old grandfather White died on the Jersey coast, everything he left was given to the elder son; a fact that Arthur, then a lad at school, never knew or felt, for, in a quiet, unostentatious way, the property was divided in equal parts, and Arthur took his share, quite unconscious of the generous sacrifice that had ensured it to him.

For some reason Daniel had taken a dislike to the amphibious life his grandfather had led, half on the sea, where he caught fish, and half on land, where he salted and dried his spoils, growing thrifty, and hoarding money to an extent that this primitive business did not seem to justify. There was something in it of a mysterious nature, that Dan refused to follow; but, born on the shore, and accustomed to the rush and tumult of waters all his life, he would not content himself in the walls of a town, or the pent-up fields of an eastern farm. The next thing to the ocean, he said, is a prairie rolling out to the sky, and having its grassy waves under a low, sweeping wind. I shall find just as much fun in shooting antelopes as we ever did in hooking haddock or blue fish. Then the buffalo, plenty of them to grapple, while whales only come this way, by mistake, once in a lifetime."

Having made up his mind, Dan married, and traveled west—on and on, till he found a prairie large enough to suit his ideas of unlimited space, with a stream of water wandering through it, like a great silver-scaled serpent, and a belt of trees tracking its course with rich verdure, and a promise of cabin-logs and fire-wood, two things he had the forethought to comprehend in his calculations before he settled down for life.

Meantime, the younger brother was kept at school and college, while under guardianship, and allowed to choose his own calling, without hindrance, when his days of hard study were over. Once in two or three years Dan was sure to find reasons for comiug east; reasons that would have had little weight with him but for the deep, generous love he bore the boy, who had always been more like a son than a brother to him.

Suddenly, as he came now, Dan had always made his appearance. He seldom wrote letters, but read those that he received from Arthur over and over again. In fact, those letters, with stray newspapers now and then, which brought him disjointed information upon occasions, of the eastern world, was all the literature that the prairie farmer indulged in. He had seen a good deal of rough life on the coast, and had some experiences there which he never mentioned; but his love for that young man alone brought him back to the old haunts, where he grew each year more and more a stranger.

"Is this the place?" he inquired, as Arthur

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paused before one of those gaunt, staring, brick tenements that swarm with human life, human toil and want, like over-crowded bee-hives.

"This is the house," answered Arthur, crowding past a group of dirty children that had gone to housekeeping in the narrow hole with some red lobster-claws and scoopy oyster-shells by way of outfit.

Dan stopped a moment to look on the children, pale, gaunt little things, that went into their play as grave men transact business, scarcely stopping to gaze on the strangers; for that passage-way was at all hours a thoroughfare like the street. As the countryman stood gazing on the children, one of them, a sweet-voiced little girl, looked up, and meeting his kindly eyes, smiled till her little white teeth shone again.

"Get out of the way," she said, with a pretty attempt at authority. "Pick up the shells and let the gentlemen pass."

"What, Maggie," said Arthur, reaching out his hand toward the little girl, who hopped to her feet.

"Oh! Mr. Gentleman, is it you!" she said, shaking the soft hair back from her eyes, and catching at his hand, which she kissed, looking shyly up in his face, as if to ask forgiveness for the liberty. He's a sitting up now, and has got his clothes on. Won't he be glad to see you?"

Maggie was quite ready to leave her companions, who had huddled in a crowd against the dirty wall, leaving a path open to the stairs. But Daniel White had a hand deep down in his pocket, where it was eagerly gathering up pennies and nickel coins, which he drew forth with a low, mellow laugh, and cast among the children.

The shout, the rush, the wild, swift scramble that followed this act, rang up the stair-case, and filled the hall with such a burst of riotous glee as the dim passage had never known since its flimsy timbers were laid. Daniel stood half way up the first flight of steps, watching the tumult, and laughing cheerily as each child struggled for its share. Then, as the riot subsided, he gave one invigorating shout, and raining another handful of copper down upon the urchins, called out, "Hi! hi!" and disappeared in the twilight beyond, followed half way up by a gang of happy boys, who cheered him lustily as he mounted toward the garret, to which Arthur and little Maggie led the way.

The little girl was right. The strange man, whom she had almost saved from death, was up and dressed. A Boston rocking-chair, with one arm broken, as is a disgraceful habit with that class of furniture, had been brought up from Mrs. Thorp's room for his accommodation, and in this he was sitting, pale and gaunt, but evidently advancing in health. The look of old age had been softened by the care he had received; and though grim and a little wild, he looked like a man whose vigor might return in full force before the month was out.

Maggie found him thus when she opened the door, and thrust her bright head into the room.

"He has come! I told you he would—now didn't I? More than that, somebody is with him," she said, looking back over her shoulder.

The man, who called himself Burke, laid down a knife, and a lot of wood he was carving, and turned his eyes on the door. His face brightened when he saw Arthur, and he gave a swift, eager look beyond, as if the little girl had prepared him to expect something disagreeable

When Dan came swinging in from the hall, the man started.

"Daniel! Dan White!"

"That is the name people used to know me by when I was a shaver on the coast; and I remember you, because you seem to know it at once. Well, now, old fellow, I'm just as glad as can be to find you in the land of the living. No mistake about that. My boy Arthur, here, has told me all about you."

Burke twisted his big eyes inquiringly on the young man, who gently shook his head.

"I have told him of your illness, and how hard it is to get work just now. He understands all about it."

Burke reached out his hand, grasping that of Arthur with grateful warmth, while Dan looked on, smiling with both lips and eyes.

"Nothing to do here? Of course, not. Too sick for work if it were brought to the door, which work never is when it's wanted most. You struck out for the country?"

"No, that is not so."

"Just so. But I tell you, a feller never knows what he can do till he's away out west. Plenty of work there. Can't drop down on the prairie without finding it."

Burke leaned forward and listened eagerly. His eyes flashed in the hollow caverns disease had dug under them, and his hands worked nervously on the curved arms of his chair.

"Might pre-empt, you know," continued Dan White, going earnestly into the subject, "Git corn in, set it a-going, and shute game-fowls. Heaps of money made shuting, and the fun thrown in. How do you think you'd like it, Mr. Blake?"

"Mr. Blake!"

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The man thus addressed started, and stared wildly at White, as if he recognized the name thus respectfully handled, with a shock.

"Like it?" he answered, at last, with a hysterical laugh, which had a harsh sob of tears in it. "Like it! The farther off I get, and harder work I have, the better it will be."

"Then it's settled, you go West?"

"Go west!" repeated the man, as if familiarizing himself to the idea. "Where is the West, now?"

Dan White laughed heartily.

"The West! Why, it is anywhere between sunrise and the Pacific Ocean. Got to go to sea if you find it after that, with a chance of breaking into sunrise before you know what you are about."

"It is a long stretch off; but I'm getting strength every hour now, and shall work my way somehow."

"Work your way! Look here, Mr. Burke—— Well, no matter. I mean to stay in these brick and stone diggins a few weeks, just to see my boy here, and have a little turn at the theatres and minstrels. You just take that time to get well and hearty in. Then we'll take a start for the prairies, and begin life in earnest. You hain't no idea how much like the briny sea it is. Feel as if you was in a boat, fishing, when the wind rises, and the grass begins to roll, wave on wave. Oh! you'll like it; no mistake about that."

Burke half rose from his chair, his eyes blazed with excitement; his firm mouth began to tremble.

"Let me once get there," he said; "let me look up to heaven without a stone wall between me and the sunlight; let me feel the wind in my hair, see living things flitting to and fro upon the earth. Oh! you cannot understand! you cannot understand, how I long for all this!"

"All right, then," said Dan, taking off his soft hat and rolling it about in his hands. "There is room enough out there for all New York; and farming don't amount to much in the way of work. Don't trouble ourselves about ploughing. Cover your prairie over in the fall; when spring comes, just take an old axe in one hand, have a bag of seed-corn slung about your neck, ready for the other. Then turn yourself loose, and pitch in for a day's work. Chop a hole in the ground, chuck two or three kernels in; take a pace forrid—chop, drop, and pace agin, till you feel a little tired out. Then hold over till next day, for there ain't no use in worrying one's self. In a few days the corn will take hold and shoot up. Of course, it will have a tussle with the weeds, and sometimes they run a whole season neck and neck, each choking the other; but what of that? The sile is rich enough for both. You get a good crop anyhow. Leave it hanging like gold on the stalk, till winter, then pick it when you feel like work, or turn your cattle in. That's about what we are a-doing out there. Plenty of game; everything you want to eat right at hand. Sorghum for sugar, corn for starch and whiskey; wild plums and crab-apples by the acre. In fact, all you want from outside is a little coffee and tea for the women folks, and that you get from the railroad stations, all along to the Rocky Mountains."

"Railroad stations in the Rocky Mountains!" exclaimed Burke, a little indignantly. "You—you are joking."

"Joking! Well, if I am, that Pacific Railroad is the most stupendous joke one man ever cracked," answered White, dashing the hat back upon his head.

Burke looked wistfully at Arthur White.

"Is this true? Can they have stretched railroads so far?"

"It is true," answered Arthur, in a troubled voice; for he trembled for the secret that unhappy man had revealed to him.

"Why, where on earth have you been, not to know that?" demanded Dan, in amazement.

Burke turned his great, wild eyes upon that honest face, with a long, wistful look. He knew that a word might send this last friendly heart away from him forever, and, for a moment, that word seemed to choke him. But he was naturally a brave man, and, on the moment, dared to do right.

I have been in prison for many years," he said, in a voice low and hoarse with feeling.

"In prison?"

"Yes, in the state's prison, for a crime that I committed."

Daniel White removed the hat from his head, once more, and crushed it between his hands. A look of doubt and trouble came into his eyes.

"Was that crime the only one?" he asked, looking down at his hat, as if he feared to hurt the poor man's feelings with a glance.

"No! I had a hand in something else, that I shall never forgive myself for."

"On the coast?" questioned Dan.

"Yes; on the coast!"

"One stormy night, when the wind blue like fury, and the hail came thick as shot."

Again the man was lost in astonishment. Those

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great, earnest eyes asked the question, his lips refused to utter.

"When a ship came reeling into the breakers, and sunk there?" said Dan.

"You remember it?"

"Remember it? Wasn't I there?"

"But I worked hard."

"Don't I remember that, too."

"It was my last venture on the coast."

Daniel White cast a troubled look on his brother, who was listening with a vague feeling of interest. He knew nothing of the matters these two were talking about; but it seemed to him as if he saw that reeling ship fighting for its life with a terrific storm. His face grew anxious and pale as this dream floated through his brain. The two men who were talking of it were white as ghosts also. Even Daniel seemed oppressed by the subject.

"And about the last time I ever saw you," Daniel answered. "I knew then that you was old grandfather's pard. Well, let that day sleep. After this, you'll be mine. We'll be neighbors; we'll hunt together; set traps together; trail Indians in couples, if they come upon us thick. Is it a bargain?"

Daniel White held out his great, rough hand as he spoke, and his kindly eyes beamed with benevolence.

The sick man seized his hand, and wrung it in silence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THEN THINK OF ME.

BY MARY W. MICKLES.

Or tiny, fragile leaves is formed
The splendor of the passion flower;
And tiny joys and sorrows gild
Or gloom life's passing hour.
The hand of sympathy may raise
A burdened soul from depths of pain,
And to a dark, despairing heart
Bring gleams of light and life again.

And so, oh, friend of mine! your words,
Those little words, "I'll think of you!"
Come to my weary heart, as come
To flowers the night's soft dew.
Not when in pleasure's throng you glide,
Music and mirth your pulses thrill;
And life's bloom all too radiant seems
For aught to change or chill.

But when success lays at your feet
The brightest boon your heart craves now;
And fair fame sets her regal crown
Above your broad, unsullied brow:
Then let your thoughts go out to one,
Who, had her wishes power to bless,
Your life were radiant as love's dream
And sweet as its most fond caress.

When many voices murmur praise,
And life smiles as a sunlit sea;
Then think of one who saw the power
Life had not proved; thus think of me!
Or, when alone some Summer night,
Watching the gleaming stars above,
You feel the still and solemn hour,
To half-sad thoughts your being move,

Then think of one who ever felt
The strength behind your lightest smile,
The pure, true heart. God grant nor sin,
Nor sorrow, e'er defile.

APRIL.

BY RACHEL A. SMITH.

Shine! shine! shine!
Warm, red sunbeams shine!
Shine, till out of the Frost-king's hand
Melts the sceptre that ruled the land.
Shine, till over his sparkling crown
Pearls and diamonds trickle down;
Shine, till stirreth the slumb'ring bees;
Shine, till out of the maple-trees
Pours the amber wine.
Shine! shine! shine!

Blow! blow! blow!
North-wind, south-wind, blow!
Blow and echo the silvery notes,
Borne from thousands of warbling throats;
Blow, ye winds of the cloud-fringed west;
Blow, till every birdling's nest
Holds no more the snow.
Blow! blow! blow!

Fall! fall! fall!
Soft-voiced rain-drops, fall!
Fall till, starring the meadows green,
Violets, eyes of the Spring are seen;
Fall, till over the tree-roots bare,
Spreads a drapery, rich and rare;
Fall, and whisper, so low and light;
Fall, till all April, fair and bright,
Answers to your call,
Fall! fall! fall!

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, first, a house-dress for a young lady. The material is of any of the sum-

mer poplins or mohairs; to be had in almost any shade. Our design calls for two shades of the same color, a darker one for the under-skirt, and one very much lighter for the tunic, basque, etc. The under-skirt of this dress is entirely without trimming, and made with a short demi-train. The tunic, which is of the lighter shade, is simply trimmed with one fold, cut on the bias, two inches deep, and headed by a piping of the darker shade of the material. The basque has a vest, terminating in square tabs, coming down nine inches below the waist, and buttoned down the front; this is made in the darker shade; and the basque proper is the same as the tunic, and trimmed to match. It is cut round in front, terminating in a postillion at the back. Close-coat sleeves, with a turned-back cuff of the darker shade. These mohairs cost from thirty-seven and a half to seventy-five cents per yard; eight yards of the darker shade, and six of the lighter one will be required.

We give next an outside travelling wrap of linen. It is cut in a long, loose sacque, with sleeves buttoned all the way down the front. The cape is a circular one, pointed at the back, and slashed up half way between the neck and waist. There is a pointed hood and collar. The cape, hood, sleeves, and collar, are all braided with a narrow worsted braid, which should be

shrunk before using, otherwise the braiding will draw when the garment is washed. If made of

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nankeen-colored linen, braid with brown; if gray, braid with black. Eight to ten yards of linen, at twenty-five to thirty cents per yard, and a long piece of twisted braid, will cover the cost of material.

We give above a dress for a boy of three years, made either in poplin, serge, alpaca, or white

pique. It is cut in front, gored to fit the figure from the neck to the bottom of the skirt. The back of the skirt is full and kilted, and the back of the jacket is slashed, as may be seen by the cut. The garment opens in front, and is buttoned under, near the center band, on a false flap. Braid with worsted braid in black. The pattern is so simple, that it may be done without stamping. For white pique we prefer the white cotton braid, either that known as star braid or plain. A large collar, pointed on the shoulders, and coat sleeves complete the costume. Four yards of almost any material will be sufficient for the dress.

Opposite, we give an over-garment, in waterproof cloth, for a little girl. Dark blue is the prettiest. It is cut in the simple, loose sacque form, with sleeves. The hood is formed by a small cape, ornamented by a scalloped frill, bound with black alpaca braid. The same frill borders the paletot and sleeves. Cord and tassels of dark blue, either in silk or worsted. There are several rows of braid sewed on flat above the frill. One and a half yards of waterproof cloaking will be required. The mixed black and gray ones can be bought for one dollar and twenty-five cents per yard; the navy blue and fancy colors from two dollars up to four.

EDGING,

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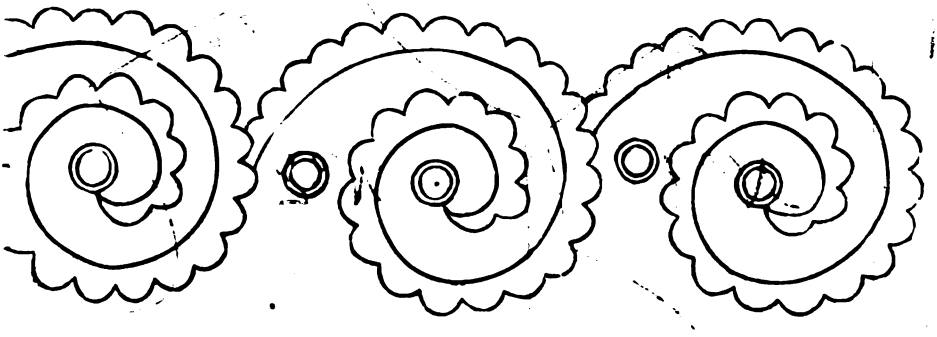
EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL.



BASQUE WAIST.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We take pleasure in laying before our readers a very neat and tasty Basque Waist, as will be seen by the accompanying engraving. It is easily constructed, and we think will amply repay any one for making it up. It is appropriate for this season of the year.

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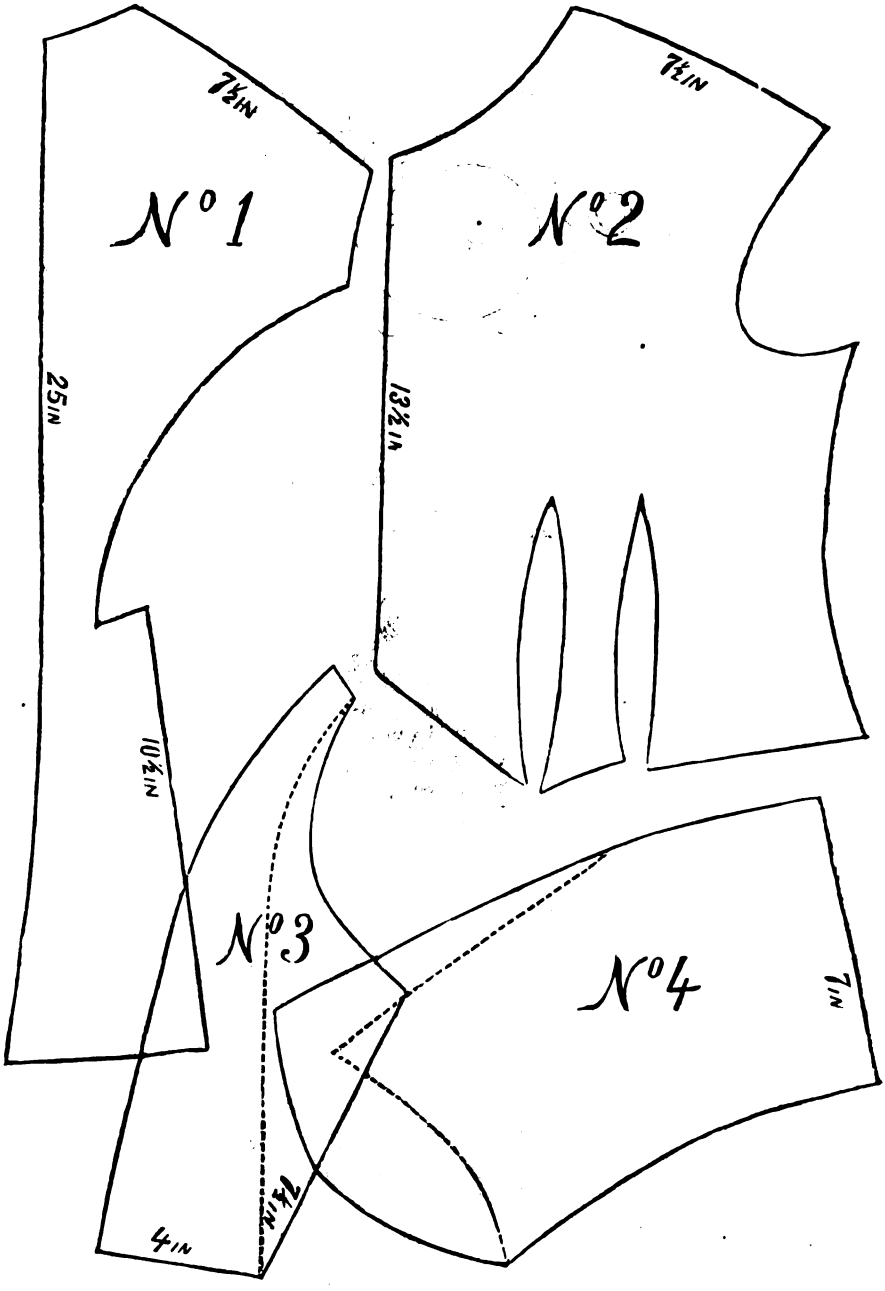
We also give, here, a diagram for the Basque Waist, with vest front and postilion back. This will enable any lady to cut it out and make it herself.



No. 1. Half of Back.
No. 2. Half of Front.
No. 3. Half of Sleeve.
No. 4. Half a Side Body of Back.

This basque is suitable for either a house-dress or walking-costume.

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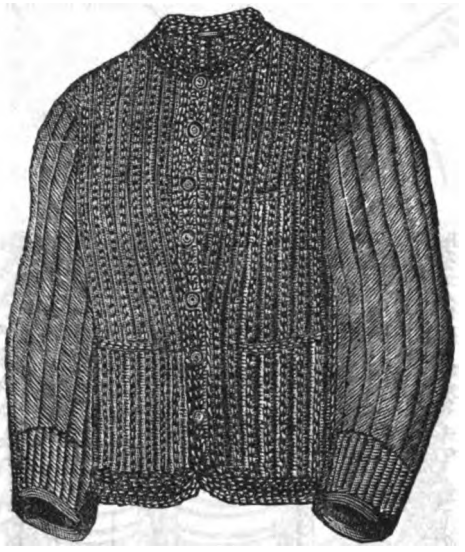
GENTLEMAN'S WAISTCOAT: CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This waistcoat is worked in ribbed crochet. A full-sized one will take 1 lb. of 4-thread fleecy. It is worked with a medium-sized bone-hook. Commence with a chain of 112 stitches for the front of waistcoat, work forty stitches in double crochet, turn back and work to the end of the row, always taking the under loop. Increase one stitch for the neck, and work back forty-six stitches, turn and work up to the neck, increasing one stitch at the top. Work back fifty-four stiches, turn, and work back, increasing one stitch at the top for the neck, turn, and work to the end of the chain of 112 stitches; work twelve rows, which will count six ridges, increasing one stitch at the neck-end of every row. Now commence for the pocket, and work twenty-eight stitches, counting from the bottom of the waistcoat; work these twenty-eight stitches for twenty-four rows, or twelve ridges; break off the wool, and join on at the twenty-ninth stitch of the sixth ridge; work thirty stitches, turn, and work backward and forward for twelve ridges; break off, and join on at the fifty-ninth stitch of the sixth ridge, and work up to the top of the neck, increase one stitch, turn, and work two ridges, increasing one stich at the neck end of each row; then work ten ridges, decreasing one stitch for the shoulder at the beginning of each row at the top of the waistcoat; work four ridges the full length of your waistcoat, decreasing one stitch at the shoulder in each row; work eighteen stitches, counting from the shoulder, turn, and work back; work twelve stitches, turn, and work back; work six stitches, turn, and work back; work one row to the bottom of the waistcoat. Now commence for the arm-hole. Work fifty-six stitches from the bottom, turn, and work back. Work fifty-three stitches for nine ridges; make a chain of thirty-nine stitches, for the arm-hole at the back, turn, and work forty-two stitches; work back, increasing one stitch for the shoulder; turn back, and work forty-eight stitches; turn back, increase one stitch for the shoulder; turn back, and work fifty-six stitches, turn, and work back, increasing one stitch for the shoulder. Now, work back the full length of the back of the waistcoat, until you can count seventeen ridges, increasing one stitch at the shoulder-end each row. Then work fourteen ridges for the back of the neck, and work the other shoulder to match, decreasing instead of increasing a stitch at the shoulder in each row.

The other front of the waistcoat is worked the same as the first, with the exception that it has only the lower pocket-hole left in the work. Sew up the shoulders, and work a border of six rows of double crochet all round your waistcoat. In

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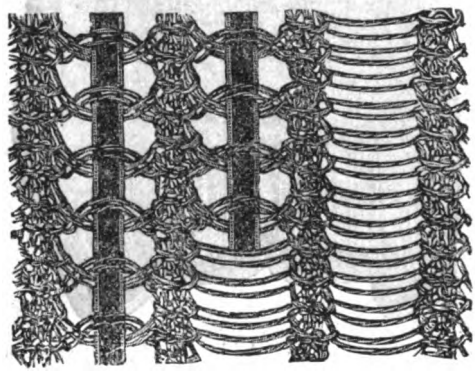
the third row of the left-hand side work the button-holes by making four chain, miss four, and so on until the end of the row. One row of single crochet all round adds firmness to the work. The pockets are worked in double crochet on the slits left in the work. A small, square piece, which is sewn down flat to the waistcoat —work two rows of double crochet round each pocket-hole, and round the arm-holes. Finish with some buttons. The sleeves may be of lining or silk, and wadded or not, as desired. They are sewn into the finished waistcoat.

KNITTED STRIPE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



To be run through with narrow ribbon or velvet, for shawls, jackets or cuffs, in Shetland or Berlin wool.

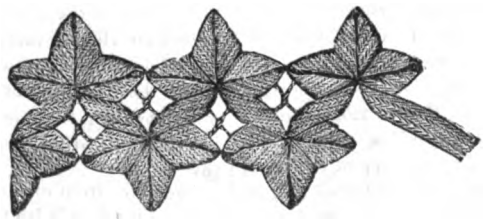
This simple pattern is worked in two rows, and has an extremely soft and transparent effect. Four stitches are required for every pattern.

1st Row: Slip one, thread forward, knit three; repeat.

2d Row: Draw the slip stitch over the three stitches lying together, and knit four plain (the three stitches that the slip stitch has been pulled over, and the next, which will be the fourth:) repeat these two rows alternately. When the knitting is finished, the fourth plain stitch in the second row is let down, and run through with ribbon or velvet.

INSERTION OR TRIMMING IN BRAID.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The folding of the braid is easily imitated by a reference to the design. The folds must then be securely fastened by a few stitches at the back, and afterward finished with twisted bars. It makes a pretty trimming on folds of black silk.

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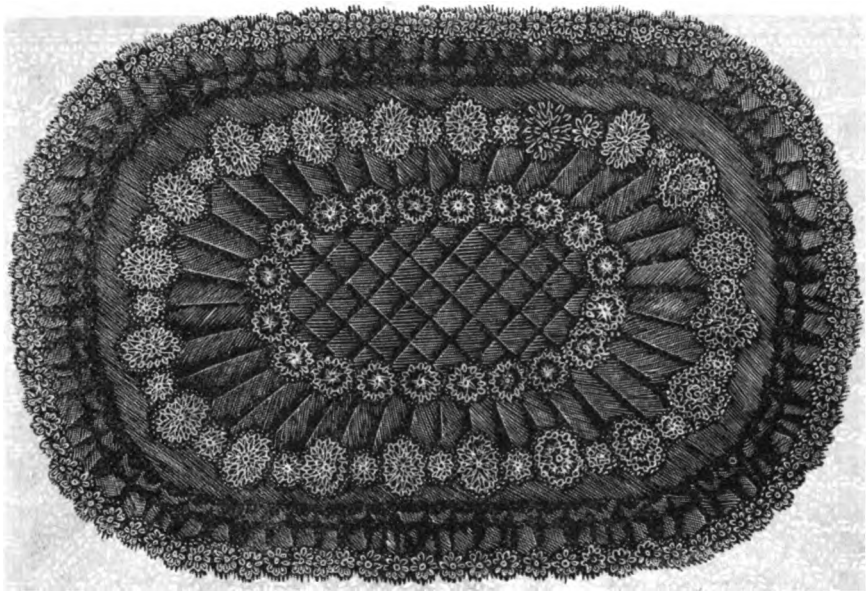
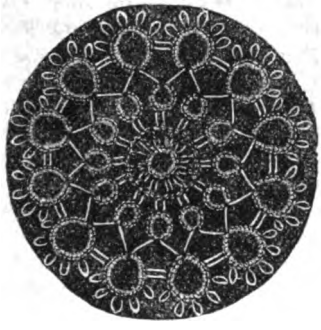
CRADLE, OR PERAMBULATOR RUG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



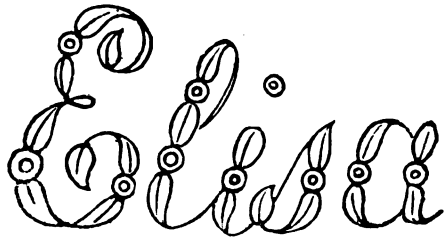
We give this rug, intended as an elegant car-



riage-cover for the feet, or for a baby taking its daily ride in the perambulator, as showing a tasteful and practical use for the pretty tatted rosettes and medallions made by so many ladies with so much skill and rapidity. The rug is of a longish oval shape, rounded at the corners, of colored silk, lightly wadded, or with flannel laid in, and lined with sarcenet. On the foundation, tatted rosettes of thread are put alternately with quilted parts, as seen in the design.

The frill at the upper edge is pinked; and at the outer edge it is finished with a tatted lace. No. 2 shows a rosette suitable for the small one. Almost any oval medallion will be suitable for the other. This is a very tasty and useful artacle.

NAME FOR MARKING.



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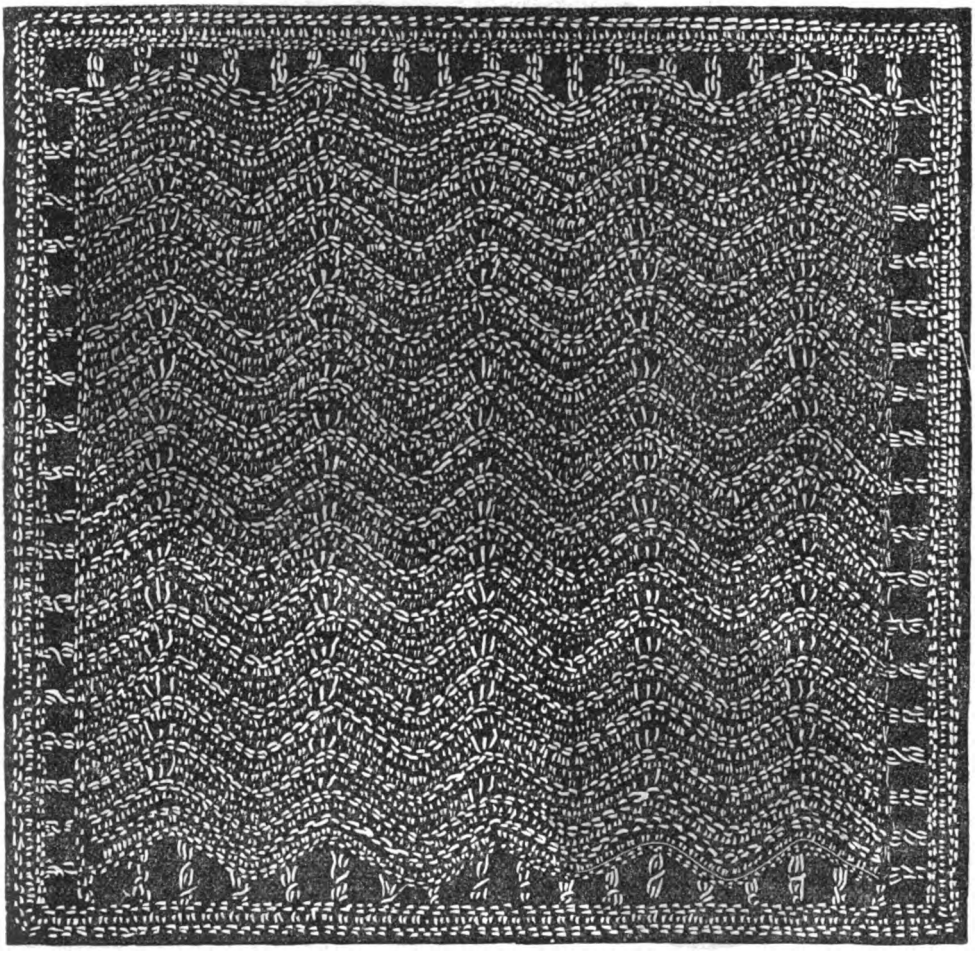
CROCHET SQUARE, FOR QUILT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is worked in Russian crochet. Make 57 Ch., and 1 to turn with.—1st row. 4 DC. in successive Ch.'s, 3 DC. into the next one, 4 DC. in successive Ch.'s, miss 1 Ch., DC., miss 1 Ch., 4 DC. as before, 3 DC. into the next Ch., 4 DC. in successive Ch.'s, miss 1 Ch., DC., miss 1 Ch., 4 DC. as before, 3 DC. into next Ch., 4 DC. as before, miss 1 Ch. DC., miss 1 Ch., 4 DC. in successive Ch.'s., 3 DC. in the next Ch., 4 DC., as before, miss 1 Ch., DC., miss 1 Ch., 4 DC. in successive Ch.'s, 3 DC. in next Ch., 4 DC.—2nd row. Make a chain to turn with, work the same as 1st row, only in Russian crochet instead of DC. Every row in this crochet pattern is the same, and there are 33 in all; at the end of the 33rd row, without breaking off the thread, work a round of DC. closely along the ends of the rows, continue on the foundation-chain, putting 3 DC. into the corner stitch to turn, work a DC. in each stitch, except in the hollow of the wave where one must be missed on each side of the center stitch; put 3 DC. again into the next corner stitch, work down the other side in DC. as before, 3 DC. at the corner again, and work along top in the same way as before, and join the 1st of 3 DC. at the corner, work a single to bring you to the center corner stitch.—2nd round, 8 Ch., 3 being instead of a treble, 1 treble into the same stitch, 2 Ch., miss 2 stitches of last round, a treble in the next and repeat; there should be 18 treble to

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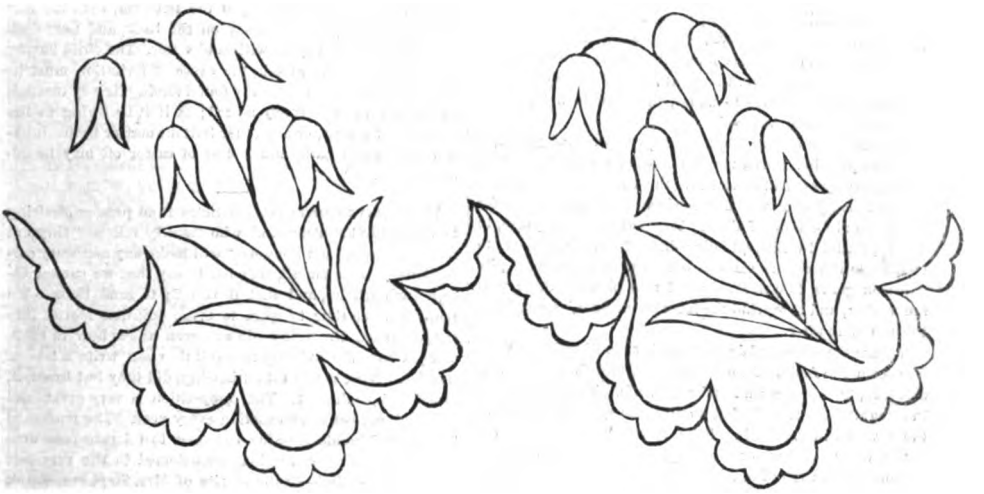
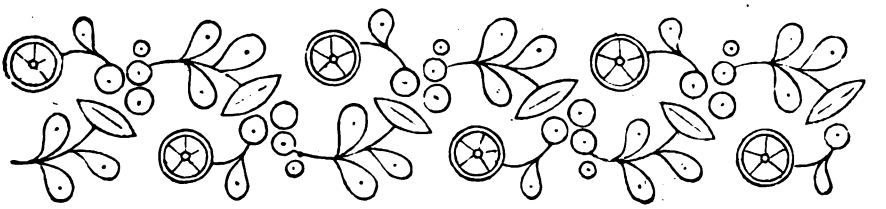
the next corner; 5 Ch., a treble in the same stitch, 2 Ch., miss 2 stitches of last round, a treble in the next, and repeat, working the trebles rather longer or shorter to accommodate them to the wave, so as to make an even edge at the top (there should be 18 trebles also on this side;) work the two other sides in the same way, and join to the 3rd of the 8 Ch. at the beginning.—3rd round. 3 DC. in the center corner stitch of each side, and DC. in all other stitches; draw the last loop through the first stitch, and fasten off. This square may be used for a quilt.

DESIGNS FOR EMBROIDERY.



FOR SILK EMBROIDERY.



INSERTION.

INITIALS.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE GREAT INCREASE OF WEALTH, which the last decade has witnessed, has not, as it ought to have been, been attended by any corresponding sense of the duties which great wealth involves. Rich men, now-a-days, live, as a class, more selfishly than ever before. Here and there we have examples of a liberal use of money, in colleges endowed, in public parks laid out at private cost, in art-galleries bestowed on the people, in hospitals founded for the suffering; but these are the exceptions: the great mass of our millionaries care only to "add house to house, and field to field," or to "eat, drink, and be merry."

That God bestows wealth, not for mere personal gratification, but principally as a trust to be used for the benefit of others, hardly seems to enter into the thought of the nineteenth-century Crœsus. The modern millionaire lives for himself, and for himself alone. To sport fine equipages, to build palatial dwellings, to dine like a Lucullus, appears to be the sole aim of one class of our rich men; while to pile gains on gains, to combine in order to plunder those who are weaker, and to "grind the faces of the poor," seems to be the aim of another.

Nor are the wives and daughters of our millionaires wholly free from the faults of their husbands and fathers. They also lead, too often, a vain and selfish life. They also waste in ostentation much of what ought to be spent in relieving those who suffer. Taking little thought of their poorer sisters, the "slaves who toil and spin," they spend their time and money in a round of frivolous amusements. To surpass each other in the splendor of their entertainments seems to be their greatest ambition. Yet we pity, rather than censure, such. If they could only see the truth, they would know that the happiness of doing good, is greater, infinitely, than any self-satisfaction derived from outshining a neighbor, or defeating a rival.

It is related, that, while the London mob hooted at the peers, and tore down the Park railings, in 1866, they cheered at the windows of Miss Burdett Coutts, who had made herself known everywhere by her benevolence. Why do not other rich women follow her example?

What a different world it would be, if a tithe even of the millions women spent on show, was used to ameliorate the condition of "suffering, sad humanity!" Half the wrongs of women would disappear, were the rich wives and daughters of America to enter the field, earnestly, in behalf of their poorer sisters. What a reward, too, would await them! In the Great Day of Accounts it would be said to them;—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these, ye have done it unto Me:" blessed words, who will win them?

SPURIOUS CROUP.—Spurious croup, which is frequently mistaken for true croup, is not an inflammatory disease, but a nervious affection, resulting from teething, or from some intestinal irritation, produced by thread-worms, etc. It usually occurs in exceedingly fair and delicate children, whereas true croup more frequently attacks the ruddy and robust. There is also an entire absence of constitutional disturbance, or fever, and it is unattended by cough. Indeed, a child to all appearances, may be well. As it is being nursed in the mother's arms, it is suddenly seized, perhaps, with difficult breathing; it struggles violently to overcome the difficulty, and at length air is drawn into the lungs with a loud crowing sound; the face becomes lividly blue, the thumbs drawn in upon the palms, and the body forcibly bent backward, till the little sufferer settles down pale and exhausted, or the attack may be so protracted as to cause death.

The first thing to be done is to pass the finger to the back part of the throat, and press forward the tongue, which will be found drawn backward, and cleaving to the roof of the mouth; or place the child upon the left arm, with the face downward, slapping it briskly on the back, and next dash the face, chest, and spine with cold water. The child having recovered from the attack, the cause of irritation must be looked to. If a tooth should be found forcing its way through the gum, it must be freely lanced; or if it be owing to the presence of worms, or any other irritant matter in the intestines, the warm bath, and a dose of castor oil may be administered.

WE RECEIVE CONTINUALLY articles from persons desiring to contribute to "Peterson," who frankly tell us "they are new beginners," but hope we "will make any necessary corrections." Once for all, we wish to say that we cannot accept such articles, and that it is folly to send them. We really have no time to spare to bring pointless stories into shape. Often, the writers do not even know how to spell, and yet have the audacity to think they can write a tale or novelet. Now, successful authorship, did they but know it, is not easily achieved. The competition is very great, and the public grows more exacting every year. The readers of "Peterson," besides, are the last ones to tolerate poor articles. They have been so long accustomed to the very best reading of its kind—to the stories of Mrs. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. R. Harding Davis, Fanny Hodgson, Daisy Ventnor, etc., etc.—that, even if we ourselves were disposed to oblige these tyros, our subscribers would flood us with letters of remonstrance and complaint. No! dear, young beginners, we are sorry for you; but "Peterson" is not the place for your experiments. You must try your wings elsewhere, and learn to fly steadily and strong, before it will be possible for you to become contributors. We are always glad to get "new blood," to bring forward really fresh and capable writers, but applicants must be pretty sure that they have merit, and at least some practice, before they write to us.

A FIVE DOLLAR Engraving is given to any subscriber, *whether singly or in clubs*, who will send us fifty cents. This is a nominal price, and hence the offer is confined strictly to friends, that is to subscribers to "Peterson." Thus, for $2.50, any person can get either of our five dollar premiums—as well as a copy of "Peterson" for 1873; or, in a club, for even less. This is a dollar cheaper than any other periodical offers. Whatever others do, "Peterson" always does better.

A SUBSCRIBER asks us for a handsome alphabet for marking table-linen, in some fancy letter, that is striking, and yet not too difficult to work. We give one, accordingly, in the front of the number, as our colored pattern for the month. Use two sorts of cotton, white for the letters and red for the dots, if you wish this Alphabet to be especially effective. Otherwise, work in one color, as in the pattern.

THE INCREASE IN OUR SUBSCRIPTION LIST, which still goes on, is a proof, if any was wanted, that "Peterson" is the cheapest as well as the best of the lady's magazines. We are printing, for 1873, as many as *all the other ladies books together*.

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. When enough additional subscribers have thus been sent to make a second club, the person sending them, is entitled to a second premium or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. These additions may be made at any time during the year. Only all such additional subscribers must begin, like the rest of the club, with the January number.

"THE GEMS OF ART."—We have often been asked to publish a selection of the best engravings that have appeared in "Peterson." We have done so accordingly this year, and will send it, *as a premium to persons getting up clubs*, if they prefer it, instead of the large-sized engraving, "Christ Weeping Over Jerusalem." The book has been called "The Gems of Art," and contains twenty-five of our very best steel plates By getting up enough clubs, you can earn, not only an extra copy, but also the premium picture and the "Gems." For a dollar extra we will send the "Gems" to any subscriber.

THE EIGHTH YEAR.—A lady writes:—"I am rather late with my club, but as it is the eighth year, I hope you will excuse." We excuse her, of course. But it is never too late to subscribe for "Peterson." Back numbers to January can always be supplied.

THE NOVELET by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens grows in power and interest, our readers will observe, as it proceeds. It is, undoubtedly, the most original and absorbing one she has written for many years.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Mrs. Skagg's Husbands, and Other Sketches. By Bret Harte. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.—This volume contains some of the very best of Bret Harte's sketches, and the majority of them will be new to most readers. Bret Harte is not only a man of genius, but he is also a conscientious, thorough workman: he not only has thoughts that no one else has, but he also does his best to express them fitly. He never turns out slip-shod work. Whatever he writes is the finest of its kind. He is, therefore, not a voluminous author: but then neither was Goldsmith; and Goldsmith will be remembered when scores of others are forgotten. Some critics think that Bret Harte is falling off. They say he has worked out his vein. We do not agree with them. "How Santa Clause came to Simpson's Bar," in the present volume, is hardly excelled even by the "Luck of Roaring Camp," the sketch which first made Bret Harte's reputation. In short, there is, in this author, a subtlety and refinement of intellect, which, united to a rare faculty for observation, will, in our opinion, keep him always at the head of American literature.

Bread, and Cheese, and Kisses. By B. J. Farjeon. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The merits of this story lie chiefly in a very pleasant power of expression, which is capable of portraying most satisfactorily both pathos and humor. Its defects are, that it lacks an absorbing plot, and its characters are not characters at all, but mere word-painted figures. There was a time when we fancied we recognized in this author the coming Great Novelist, but his later works have disappointed us, not because they were bad, but because they were not so good as his earlier ones.

Manual of Land Surveying, with Tables. By David Murray. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: J. W. Shermerhorn & Co. The compiler of this work is a Professor in Rutgers College. It is a really superior text book and manual.

The Treasure of the Seas. By Professor James De Mille. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—The last of what is called the "B. O. W. C." series, and a book of thrilling interest for young lads.

The Mysterious Guest. By Miss Eliza A. Dupuy. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Miss Dupuy's reputation among the novelists of America is altogether assured; so that when a book is issued bearing her name, the reading public is prepared for certain gratification. In her present work, "The Mysterious Guest," there is every element which goes to make up a good novel. It has characters which seem human, a plot that is particularly well devised, and incidents so striking as to command the attention of the reader. It is always bad, in reviewing a new book, to impart an account of its story, for thus the interest is destroyed. But we can say that, as the title indicates, "The Mysterious Guest," is full of a certain weirdness of plot, admirably helped by the undeniable power of the author's language. It is the history of a beautiful young girl—or rather of the turning point in her life, all happening within the limits of a single week, at a country-house near New Orleans. It is a history charmingly told, and possessing such absorbing elements of mystery as to keep enlisted from cover to cover the eager interest of the reader.

Lewis Arundle. By Frank E. Smedley. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—We have here a story of real life, by the author of *Frank Fairleigh*, and other famous novels. Mr. Smedley evidently writes of that whereof he knows, and as a consequence, his pictures of society are as vigorously wrought as they are attractive. Plot, characters, and incidents, are vividly eliminated, and as they all move along under the author's pen to a determined end, the reader is carried with them perforce. The charm of the story is the happy commingling of the grave and gay, the step from passion almost overwrought to the most delicate humor. In its general plan and execution the novel is very dramatic, incident following incident, while happy turns of expression everywhere attract the pleased sense. The volume is handsomely and properly illustrated by full-page engravings.

Potter's Complete Bible Encyclopedia. Edited by Rev. William Blackwood, D. D., LL. D. Philada: John E. Potter & Co.—The publication of a work like this, so comprehensive in its character and so complete in all its scholarly, artistic, and material details, involves an expenditure of time, labor, and money, not easily estimated, besides including everything usually found in a complete Bible Dictionary. It also embraces much of the available information in the range of biblical, ecclesiastical, and general religious literature, from the earliest to the present time. In the excellence, appropriateness, and number of its engravings, it is especially commendable. The publishers announce that nearly three thousand illustrations are, in course of preparation for it. We have received but four numbers, the others will follow at intervals of a fortnight.

A Passion in Tatters.—By Annie Thomas. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Every novel-reader rejoices when a work appears from the pen of Annie Thomas. Though not the greatest of the living female writers of England, she is always one of the most attractive. This "Passion in Tatters" is full of the peculiarities of her talent, and though the plot is not much, nor the incidents many, the story is always sufficiently interesting to induce the reader to keep straight on to the end.

A Twofold Life. By Wilhelmine Von Hillem. Translated from the German by M. S., translator of "By His Own Might." 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—Another of those translations from the German for which these publishers have become noted. To know what novels to select for translation is almost as important as to have them translated well; and in both of these things the Lippincotts excel.

The Great Events of History. By W. F. Collier, LL. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: J. W. Shermerhorn & Co.—A reprint of a very excellent book of its kind, edited, for American scholars, by an experienced American teacher

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

No Female Suffrage Yet.—But something far better and more valuable, a Wilson Sewing-Machine for every wife and mother in the Union, and at the low price of $50 each for the full finished machine. People ask why the Wilson, a leading machine in all respects, can be sold for $50. The answer is easy and direct—because its proprietors do not belong to a great "ring," whose purpose it is to keep up the price of sewing-machines. They are the true friends of the people, and show their sincerity in a way that cannot be misunderstood. Salesroom at 1309 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.

Advertisements inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.,

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"No Better Present."—The Fayette (Mo.) Advertiser says:—"Peterson's Magazine for February is a splendid number. This magazine is justly entitled to the reputation it bears, of being the best as well as the cheapest of the ladies' magazines. Send for it for your wife, daughter, or sweetheart. No better present could be made."

Superior Reading Matter.—The Live Oak Herald says: "Peterson for March is on our table, in advance of all others. This valuable magazine has the advantage of other illustrated ones, in the superiority of its reading matter."

HORTICULTURE.

The Decoration of Gardens.—The "bedding system," as it is called, for the decoration of gardens, should be an object of particular study to the horticulturalist, who wishes also to be an artist. The effect of these beds should always be tested on paper, before the beds are made: tested on paper, in color, and laid down to scale. He or she is but a tyro, and deserves to fail, who trusts to chance in filling his or her beds. The heights, the tones, the harmonies, the contrasts, should all be well studied in theory before being reduced to actual practise. Every subject intended to be used should be considered, and its position determined beforehand. According to the present advanced taste in garden coloring, many of the most artistic effects are produced by foliage plants, without introducing a single flower. Silver-grays, maroons, and crimsons of various shades, neutrals of different kinds, golden-greens, all may be produced by leaves seen under the influence of light, which have the advantage, moreover, of always being in order, and unaffected by atmospheric conditions, often so inimical to mere flowers. Some of the best subjects for this purpose are Cerastium tomentosum, Cineraria maritima and Cineraria acanthæfolia, Centaurea ragusina and Centaurea candidissima, Geraniums Shottisham Pet and Lady Plymouth, very close and dwarf, all of the class of grays: maroons of different shades are furnished by Perilla nankinensis—almost black—the Iresines, the Coleus tribe, in a wide range of colors; and for filling in patterns with a close carpet-like effect the Alternantheras of sorts are of infinite use. For golden-green there is nothing equals Pyrethrum Golden Feather, contrasting admirably with maroons and grays. If variety be desired, there are numerous kinds of geraniums that any intelligent nurseryman will point out—remembering that when geraniums are used for foliage purposes, the flowers must be kept renewed. For a dwarf dense tone of blue, nothing equals Lobelia pumila, plant for plant with Cerastium tomentosum; for a low exterior edging the effect is striking and in good taste. Geranium Fataninzi forms excellent tones of fleshy pink, and flowers abundantly; Waltham seedling is a fine rich crimson scarlet. Bronzy dark greens can be obtained from the leaves of numerous geraniums. Verbenas should have beds to themselves, and ought usually to be pegged down. Orange tints may be obtained from the employment of Gazania splendens and the dwarf tropæolums, so numerous that it would be waste of space to specify their names. All the subjects named are inexpensive, and easy to be procured, and are equally applicable to the smallest as to the most extensive grounds.

One of the greatest improvements in modern gardening is the use of succulents. The introduction of these has created quite a revolution in defining geometric patterns, particularly in edgings, introducing contrasts in contour as well as in color; indeed, the originality produced by their employment would have been almost inconceivable a few years ago. It forms a step quite out of the monotonous beaten track so favorable in all things to the development of that stagnant mediocrity which impedes progress, and which ought to be avoided even in our amusements. Of this interesting class of subjects it may be said their application is still in infancy. The most useful of the tribe at present known are Sempervivum californicum, Echeveria secunda glauca, Echeveria metallica, a fine center plant, and Sedum Sieboldii for elevated positions. The common stonecrop may also be used for green edgings, beautiful when in golden flower. The general characteristics of all these tribes are gray, green, or coppery tones, and a texture like ceramic ware, not to be obtained from any other source.

The sub-tropical garden is another innovation upon the olden practice. The style, however, demands a larger space and more pretentious accessories than ordinary cultivators have at command; moreover, it is expensive. There is a golden rule that ought not to be lost sight of by all who wish to succeed, even in their pleasures: it is to adapt their undertakings to their means for carrying them out. "Vaulting ambition oft o'erleaps itself"—a predicament in which no wise man or woman, will ever wish to be placed.

A New Method is suggested for growing winter hyacinths. The bulbs are bedded in deep incisions made in large sponges, the latter closed over and around the bulbs, and then placed in appropriately-shaped vases. Water, moderately warmed, is poured into the vase until it reaches about midway the height of the sponge. The bulbs will sprout in two or three days, and continue to thrive until the flowers come out, which are said to be of "unusually large size and perfect form." The sponge may be hidden after the first week or two by sowing rape-seed upon it, the resultant growth completely covering it with moss-like vegetation. From its porous and warm nature, the sponge seems well adapted to the purpose, and dilute fertilizing material might, it would appear, be added to aid the quick development of the plants.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. III.—Irritation—General.

Of all subjects connected with this department, and of all the duties which devolve upon the mother as a watchful guardian of the health and well-being of her children, there is no one more important, and none that will reward her more to study, than that of Irritation; for, with a knowledge of its source and results, she will be able to guard against the causes, remove the effects, and very often, by

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timely and simple ministration, relieve many diseases of infancy and childhood.

Irritation is a disordered state of the nerves of the part affected, with more or less pain and functional disturbance; a state in which the predominant symptom is nervous derangement, which is neither accompanied by, nor results from, inflammation. The influence of irritation, as a cause of disease, is wide spread, and a knowledge of its effects will guide the mother, not only in the detection of disease, but enable her wisely to remove or combat it. She will thus learn that most diseases of infants proceed from irritation of a higher or lower degree, and not from inflammation, a fact that is too often overlooked by medical men, who, through fear of this *bugbear*, resort to leeching, blistering, mercurials and antimonials, to prevent or subdue it, to the great injury of the little patient. For if a disease proceeding from irritation be treated as an inflammatory one, the case will be greatly aggravated.

It is a great physiological fact, and mothers should be aware of it, that every organ of the body is liable to derangement in its function from the influence of irritation; and that such deranged action may occur directly or indirectly, from sympathy with other parts, organs, or functions of them in an unnatural state of excitement or irritation. To illustrate the foregoing observations, I will specify some of the sources and effects in and upon children. The function of the brain may, for a time, be more or less paralized, assuming all the symptoms of stupor or apoplexy, in consequence of the pain attendant upon teething, or from the irritating effects of undigested or crude food in the stomach. From similar exciting causes, as well as from worms in the alimentary canal, will convulsions often ensue. Even external impressions of a powerful kind, will exert similar effects, and produce convulsions as the following cases, related by Surgeon Hood, clearly proves. The christening of the first son of a nobleman was to be celebrated with great pomp at night, at which time the apartments were lighted with the utmost brilliancy. The moment the infant duke was brought into the drawing-room, the sudden glare of the strong light caused almost instantaneous convulsions, from which the child never recovered.

A married lady, very highly connected, was to inherit a very large estate, provided she had a son. Consequently, when her first son was born, there was great rejoicing at his christening, and a bishop was invited to perform the ceremony. When he arrived, the servants knocked so loudly at the room-door that the child was frightened into convulsions, and died soon after.

This subject is so extensive and so important, that it must be continued.

LANDSCAPE COLORING WITHOUT PAINT.

I remember to have seen, years ago, an account of a curious ancient method of forming landscapes in imitation of painting, yet without so much as a touch of either paint or brushes. The process was simply this: Take tissue-paper of various shades and tints, such as would be required for sky, trees, rocks, etc., and cut out the several objects, beginning with the clouds. The clear portion of the sky should be covered with blue, and having gummed this neatly and smoothly down around the edges, but not in the center, lay the clouds on over this, arranging them according to the picture that is to be copied. The lightest shades will be required for the edges of the clouds that come against the blue, with darker and duskier shades as they recede from the light, as in painting. It will be well to have a simple subject—a chromo or water-color sketch—as a model, and from that it will be easy to arrange in graduated shades; but in putting on the layers for clouds, one over another, it is best only to gum them at the extremities which will be afterward covered with the next piece. Having finished the sky entirely, put in the objects next the horizon with tints closely resembling the sky colors, but deepening as they approach the foreground; a double or treble thickness of paper may be used to deepen the shade. Then for trees and other prominent objects, use deep and decided colors, and let them stand out distinctly against the paler ones of the background. When all are arranged in place, put it into a frame, with glass over it, and the effect will be very much like that of a picture in water-colors.

POISONOUS RED AND OTHER COLORS.

Mr. Wallace Young, in commenting upon an important article by Dr. Draper, published in the Journal of the Massachusetts Board of Health, in regard to the evil effects of the use of arsenic in certain green colors, brings forward the results of a critical examination of pigments other than green, also containing arsenic. These were all of French manufacture, and intended for use in calico-printing, but were rejected, first, on account of the large quantity of arsenious oxide present; and second, because colors equally good for calico, could be obtained by other less expensive and less dangerous methods. The colors in question were named Light Scarlet pigment, Scarlet Ponceau, Dark Green, and Steam Chocolate, and Catechu Pigment, all containing arsenious oxide, which is supposed to have been added for the purpose of giving body to the pigment, not being essentially necessary to the color. It is thought very probable that these are used extensively in the manufacture of paper-hangings.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

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MEATS.

Veal Rolled.—Bone the thin end of a breast of veal; strew over it a good deal of parsley, pepper, and salt, to make it savory, a little nutmeg, grated lemon-peel, and some sweet herbs; roll it tight, sew it up, put it into a small stew-pan, with the bones, and just sufficient water to cover it, some whole pepper, a bit of lemon-peel, an onion, and a little salt, and let it boil until tender. In cold weather it will keep good for a week. It may be served cold, but is best cut in slices, dipped in egg, then in bread-crumbs, and fried; thicken some of the liquor with a little flour; add pickled mushrooms, a little cream, catchup, pepper, and salt; pour the sauce in a dish, then lay in the veal.

Veal Collops.—Cut some cold roast veal into dice, and give them a toss-up over the fire, in a little butter, with a pinch of flour; then add a little stock, shred parsley, and scallions, salt, pepper, and nutmeg; keep it on the fire till the sauce adheres to the mince, then put the whole on a dish. Make a paste with a little flour, butter, water, and the yolk of an egg; dissolve a little salt in the water for use; roll out paste very thin, and lay the cold mince in little heaps on half of it, turn the other half over it, cut it round these little heaps, pinch the edges of all to keep in the meat, and fry your collops.

Lamb Sweetbreads.—These parts of lamb are generally dressed the same as veal sweetbreads; the following, however, is rather belonging to those of lamb: butter a sauce-pan, put in the sweetbreads, and two spoonfuls of jelly; cover them with a buttered paper, put fire above and below; stew them thus for half an hour, then serve them with a puree of fowls, or endive, or any other sauce you think proper.

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Calves' Head (To Cook) must be split by the butcher, nicely washed, tied in a floured cloth, boiled tender, spread out on a dish, and parsley and butter-poured over. The brains are to be washed, put in a cloth with some sage-leaves; when sufficiently boiled, chopped fine, seasoned with pepper and salt, the tongue boild until it could be skinned easily, then cut it in half, and put it into a small dish with the brains round it. A dish of bacon and greens is a nice accompaniment.

DESSERTS.

Egg Snow Pudding.—Put a handful of loaf-sugar to boil with a quarter of a pint of water until the syrup becomes a deep brown. Warm a small basin, pour the syrup into it, and keep turning the basin in your hands until the inside is completely coated with the syrup, which will by that time have set. Whisk the whites of half a dozen eggs to a stiff froth, then pour them into the prepared basin, which they should only half fill. Tie a piece of paper over the top of the basin, and place it in a large pan containing a sufficient quantity of hot water to float the basin; cover the pan, and so place it on the range as to keep the water very hot without actually boiling, for this would spoil the pudding. After the lapse of about three-quarters of an hour, turn out the pudding on a dish, with the caramel syrup, which will come out of the basin round it.

Old Receipt for Custards.—The antiquity of the following may be as acceptable as its excellence. The date of it is 1669. Take two quarts of cream, and boil it well with whole spice, then put in the yolks of twelve eggs and six whites, well beaten and strained; then put in these eggs over the fire, and keep stirring lest they turn; then, when they are thoroughly hot take it off and stir it till it be almost cold; then put in rose-water and sugar, and take out the whole spice; then put your custard into several things to bake, and do not let them stand too long in the oven. When you serve them in, strew on small, French comfits of divers colors, or else fine sugar, which you please.

Snow Pancakes.—Take one pint of milk, and mix in a little of it three heaped tablespoonfuls of flour to a smooth paste; when well mixed, add the remainder of the milk and a little salt; then stir in three large handfuls of snow, as much as you can grasp with your hand partly closed; the batter should then be rather thick, too much so to pour out easily; put it to stand in a cool place for two hours. When wanted, take care that you have your lard boiling in the frying-pan before you pour in the batter.

Marrow Dumplings.—Take two eggs, two ounces of beef-marrow, the crumbs of two French rolls, and a tablespoonful of flour. Beat the marrow to a cream; whisk the eggs, and add them to the marrow. Well soak the rolls in boiling milk; beat them up, and add to the other ingredients; stir all well together, then form into small dumplings; drop them into boiling broth, and let them simmer for half an hour. They will then be ready for the table. They may be served in soup, or with roast meat.

Savory Pudding.—Take one pound of bread, crusts will do, and break it into small pieces, then pour over it a pint of boiling milk, and let it soften, then squeeze it into a pulp; add salt and pepper to taste, a quarter of a pound of chopped suet, half a pound of chopped, boiled onions; sprinkle well with powdered sage; bake under the meat like a Yorkshire pudding, with roast goose or pork.

An Excellent Winter Pudding.—Half a pound of suet, shred fine, half a pound of grated bread-crumbs, quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar, the yolks of four eggs, and the whites of two, well beaten, two tablespoonfuls of orange marmalade or sliced citron, if preferred. To be put into a buttered mould, and boiled for two hours. To be served with wine poured over it, or sauce.

Oxford Dumplings.—Mix well together two ounces of grated bread, four ounces of currants, four ounces shred suet, a tablespoonful of sifted sugar, a little allspice, and plenty of grated lemon-peel. Beat up well two eggs, add a little milk, and divide the mixture into five dumplings. Fry them, in butter, a light brown color, and serve them with wine sauce.

CAKES.

"Baba Cake."—Out of two pounds of flour take half a pound, make a hole in the center of it, and put in half an ounce of yeast, mixed up with a little warm but not hot water; make it into a sponge, and place it, well wrapped up, in a warm place. When this leaven has risen sufficiently, which will be known by its having increased in bulk by half, make a hole in the center of the remaining flour, and put in one pound of butter, and six eggs; work it well together, so as to make a soft sponge, which must be needed up twice with the hands; if too soft, another egg must be added. Cut up and stone a quarter of a pound of Malaga raisins, and the same quantity of dried currants; add some sugar and a glass of water, in which some saffron has been infused. Mix all the ingredients well together with the sponge; add the leaven, put it into a well-buttered tin mould, and let the whole stand for an hour or two to rise. When well risen, bake in a moderate oven for an hour or an hour and a quarter.

Loaf Cake.—Take one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, three eggs, half a pound of sugar, one large teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved separately. Beat the butter and sugar together; whisk the eggs very light, and add them; then stir in the cream of tartar, and flour, with milk enough to make a very stiff batter; add the soda; grease your pan, and bake in a moderate oven.

Neapolitan Cake.—Take half a pound of flour, six ounces of butter, two ounces of loaf-sugar, two ounces of sweet almonds, finely pounded. Rub all well together, and mix it with one egg. Put it in a cool place to harden; then roll it out to a thin paste, and cut it by an oval quart mould; then bake the pieces in an oven. Whilst warm, place layers of different sorts of jam between layers of the paste. Ice it over with white of egg and sugar, and ornament to your taste.

Fat Rascals.—Take one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of currants, one ounce moist sugar, a pinch of salt. Mix these engredients well together; roll out the paste about half an inch thick, dust white sugar over, cut round, and bake in a quick oven

Almond Cake.—Take four eggs, four ounces of pounded sugar; whisk together twenty minutes, until it becomes the thickness of double cream. Have ready two ounces of sifted flour, three ounces of butter, melted, two ounces of sweet, and three ounces of bitter almonds, pounded and passed through a sieve; mix all into the eggs carefully, and bake in a quick oven, in small tins, or on a deep baking sheet. It can be cut into any shape when cold.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Horseradish Vinegar.—Take a quarter of a pound of scraped horseradish, one ounce of minced garlic, one drachm of Cayenne, one quart of vinegar. Put all the ingredients into a bottle, which shake well every day for a fortnight. When it is thoroughly steeped, strain and bottle, and it will be fit for use immediately. This will be found an agreeable relish to cold beef, etc.

Celery Sauce.—Pick and wash two heads of celery, cut them into pieces an inch long, and stew them in a pint of water and a teaspoonful of salt, until the celery is tender. Rub a large tablespoonful of butter with a spoonful of flour well together; stir this into a pint of cream, and put in the celery and let it boil up once. Serve hot, with boiled poultry.

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Unfailing Yeast.—Boil two ounces best hops in four quarts of water for half an hour; strain it and let it cool down to a new-milk warmth; then put in a quarter of a pound of salt, and half pound of moist sugar; beat up one pound of fine flour with some of the liquor, and mix all well together. This should be done on Monday. On Wednesday add three pounds of potatoes, boiled and mashed; let it stand till Thursday, then strain and bottle it for use, but do not cork it till the yeast has done working. It must be stirred frequently while making, and kept near the fire. Before using, shake the bottle well. It will keep in a cool place for two months, and is best at last. The bread made with this yeast requires a longer time to rise in the sponge and in the dough than when common yeast is use. Bakes best in tins.

To Render Walls Impervious to Rain.—In many exposed situations the rain, by violently beating upon the walls, will penetrate them to a serious extent, and, in course of time, quite unsettle the brick-work. For a remedy dissolve in two gallons of water a pound and a half of the best mottled soap, and with a plasterer's brush lay the solution hot, but not in a state of lather, on the outer surface of the wall. Allow this to dry for a day or more; then dissolve in four gallons of water half a pound of alumn, and brush it over the soap coating. These two coats combine to form a varnish which the rain cannot penetrate. Settled, dry weather is the most favorable time to perform this operation.

Cherry Brandy.—To every pound of cherries allow half a pound of powdered sugar, and sufficient brandy to cover them. Be careful in selecting ripe, plump cherries, free from bruises or marks; cut off the stalks quite short, and half-fill a wide-mouthed bottle; add sugar in the above proportions, and fill up with the best French brandy; cork and seal the bottles, and place them on a tray, turning them head downward every twelve hours, for ten days; they will be fit for use in three months.

Ginger-Beer Powders.—Powdered white sugar two drachms, powdered ginger five grains, carbonate of soda twenty-six grains. Mix, and wrap in blue paper; tartaric acid thirty grains; wrap in white paper. For use, dissolve each separately in half a glass of water; mix, and drink while effervescing.

A Nice Way to Bake Apples.—Take nice, sour apples, dig out the cores, place the apples in a deep dish or tin, fill the cavities where the cores come out with sugar; pour a cup of hot water in the tin; bake in a quick oven, and you will have a healthful and palatable dish.

SANITARY.

Court Plaster.—This article, so useful, and which is so seldom found genuine, is very easily made, and the process should be known in every household. Soak bruised isinglass in a little warm water for twenty-four hours, then evaporate nearly all the water by gentle heat; dissolve the residue in a little proof spirits of wine, and strain the whole through a piece of open linen. The strained mass should be a stiff jelly when cool. Now extend a piece of silk on a wooden frame, and fix it tight with tacks or pack-thread. Melt the jelly, and apply to the silk, thinly and evenly, with a badger-hair brush. A second coating must be applied when the first has dried. When both are dry, cover the whole surface with coatings of balsam of Peru, applied in the same way. Plaster thus made is very pliable and never breaks.

Spermaceti Ointment.—This is a cooling and healing ointment for wounds. Take a quarter of an ounce of white wax, and half an ounce of spermaceti, (which is a hard, white material,) and put them in a small basin, with two ounces of almond oil. Place the basin by the side of the fire till the wax and spermaceti are dissolved. When cold, the ointment is ready for use. This is an article which it is much better to make than to purchase. When you make it yourself, you know that it has no irritating or inferior materials in it.

ASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLUE FOULARD, STRIPED WITH COLORS ON A WHITE GROUND.—Redingote of ecru batiste, worn without a belt. Low-crowned straw hat, with scarf of blue, and half wreath of flowers.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL, MADE OF GRAY ALL-WOOL DELAINE.—Sack coat confined at the waist by a scarlet sash. Gray straw hat, scarlet stockings, and black boots.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF LIGHT-GREEN SILK.—The petticoat is of green silk, and has a bias flounce on the bottom, with three bias folds above. The upper-skirt is made pointed, back and front, the edge cut in points, and embroidered by hand, with a cape cut and trimmed to match. High hat, trimmed with pansies, and crepe scarf.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE-DRESS OF PALE OLIVE SILK, made with only one skirt, trimmed across half its depth with a bias band of blue-plum velvet, edged with a deep-netted fringe of the same color. Plain, high waist, with a scarf of velvet extending over one shoulder, and fastening with bow and ends on the left side.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF LIGHT-BLUE FOULARD.—This skirt has four flat bands of a darker shade put on three inches apart; Polonaise looped only in the back; scallops edged with a bias band of dark-blue and bullion fringe, made of of silk. Bonnet of white and blue shined silk. White parasol.

GENERAL REMARKS.—April, of all the months in the year, may be termed *demi-saison*. It is too late for velvet and cloth, and too early for spring suits of light colors and materials. Old dresses may be altered and worn to great advantage, and some hints may be useful on this subject. We predict that dress-skirts, for both in and out-door wear, will be made perfectly plain; that is, without flounces, bands, or piping. Of course, this style of skirt will bring the basque again into vogue; also, the sleeveless jackets, called waistcoats. These waistcoats are of different material, or else a darker shade than the coat sleeves of the basque. They may be made as part of the garment, or else separate, and added, after for warmth. The latter plan is adapted for very slight figures. The only trimming admitted is one or two thick cords of silk as an edge. Colored silk jackets are much worn with black dresses. Black cashmere, over-dresses, basques, and Polonaises, have also colored jackets.

POLONAISES of black grenadine, striped their entire length with lines of gimp studded with jet, are extremely pretty. Jet this year will be used with lavish hand. Cashmere Polonaises are made with jet chatelaine bags. The open squares of dress bodies are bordered with bands of crepe and a jet fringe. A similar ornamentation on the basques. Mourning dresses for morning wear, are made of fine black cashmere.

There is great variety in the style of arranging the hair at present. The hair is combed upward, leaving the nape of the neck entirely free, and massed on the crown and front of the head, where it is arranged in a thousand different ways. Young girls often tie their hair at the top of the head, then plait it in single braid, which hangs low on the back, simply tied at the end with ribbon, like a Chinaman!

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—SUIT FOR A BOY OF FIVE YEARS.—Pants and jacket of dark-blue summer-cloth. Silk stockings and low shoes.

FIG. II.—SUIT FOR A GIRL OF THREE YEARS, made of piqué braided, cut out in the neck.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A GIRL OF TEN YEARS, MADE OF PLAID-CASHMERE.—The apron over-skirt has long ends, which hang on either side, trimmed with fringe, and velvet studded with steel buttons; waist trimmed to match.

FIG. IV.—SUIT FOR A GIRL OF SIX.—Polonaise and skirt made of blue cashmere; a ruffle on the edge of the skirt. Sailor hat of straw, with wing on the right side.

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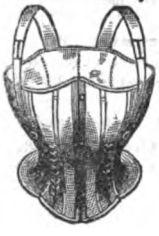

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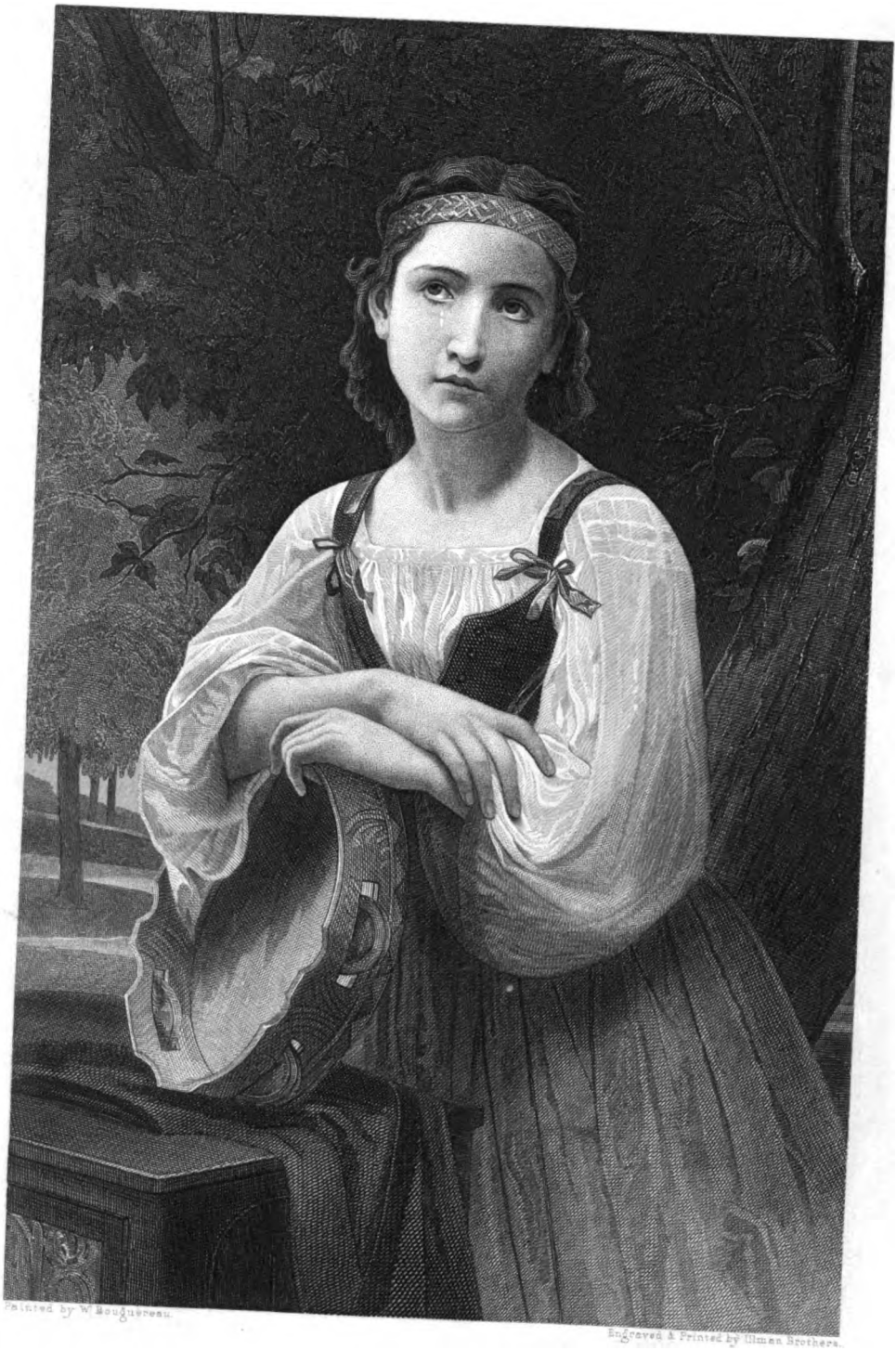

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THE TAMBOURINE GIRL.

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THE ANGEL IN THE AIR. [*See the Poem.*]

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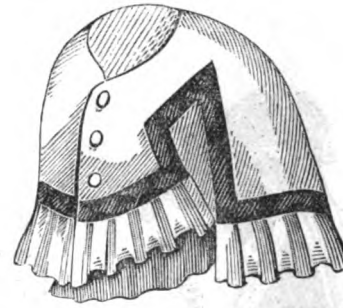

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MAY.

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WALKING-DRESS. BONNETS.

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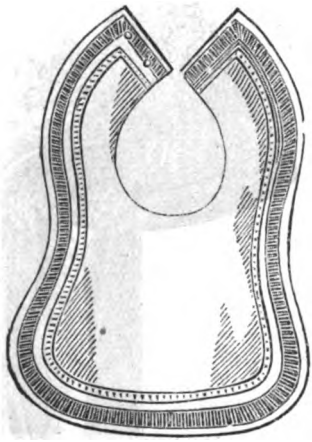

BRAIDED CASHMERE JACKET. INFANT'S BIB. INFANT'S CASHMERE HOOD.

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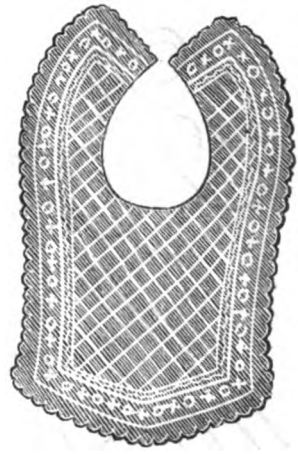

WHITE CASHMERE EVENING-CLOAK. INFANT'S BIB. INFANT'S LACE CAP.

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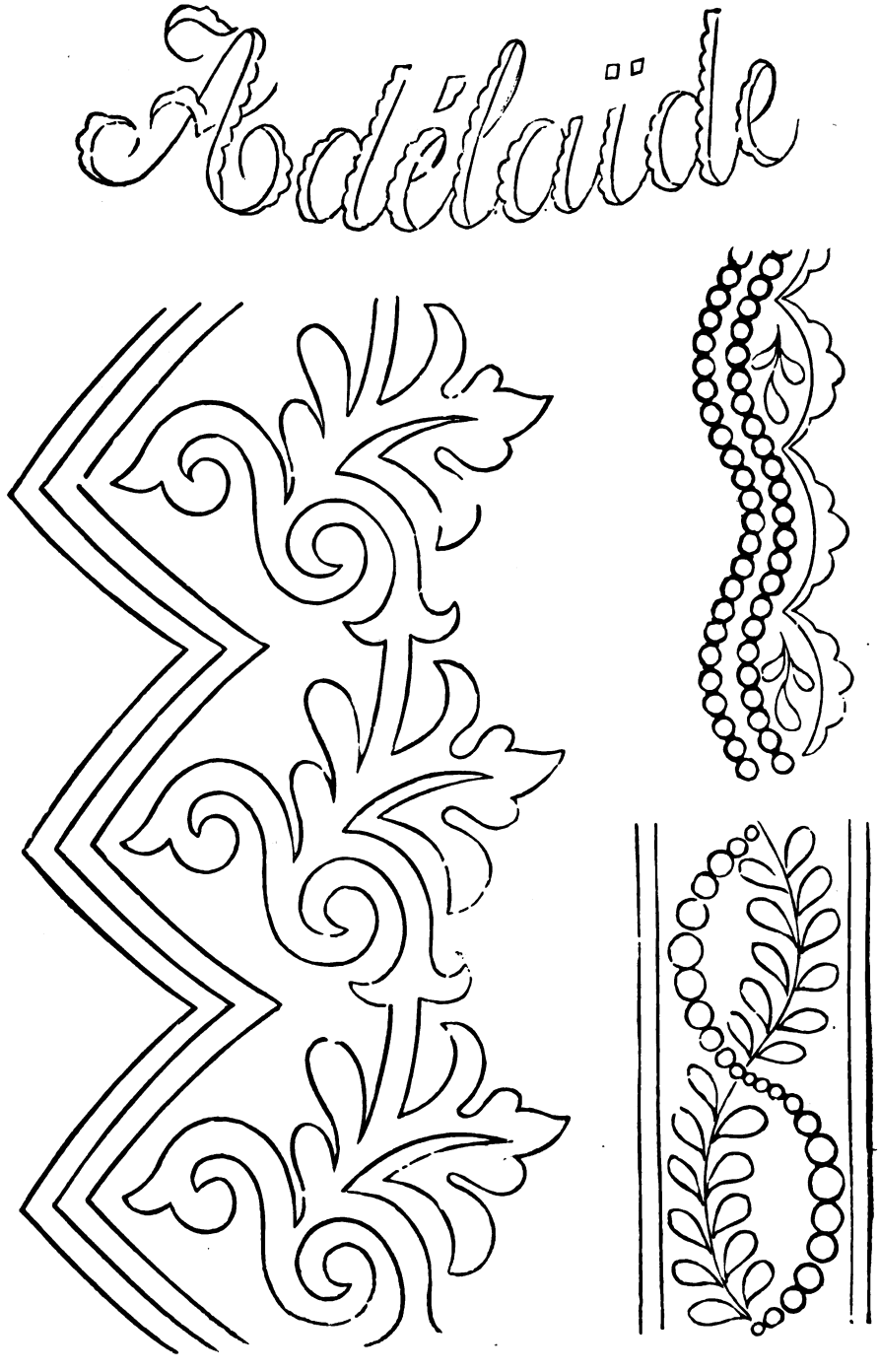

NAME FOR MARKING. BRAIDING PATTERN. EMBROIDERIES.

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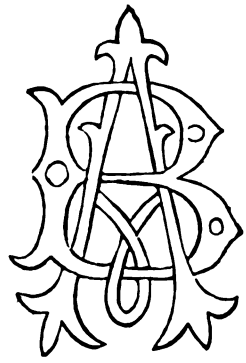

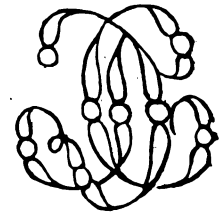

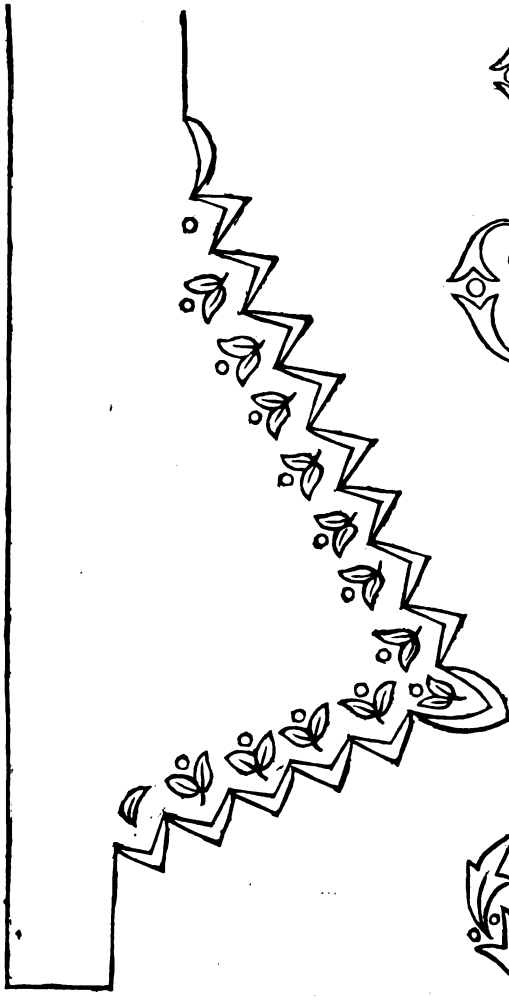

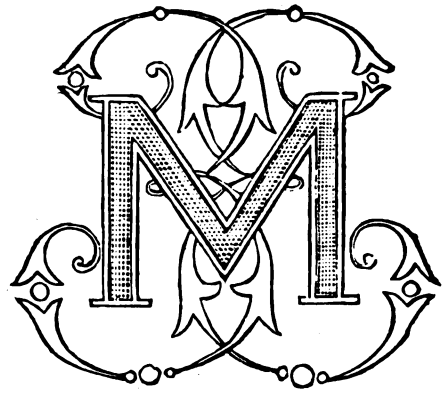

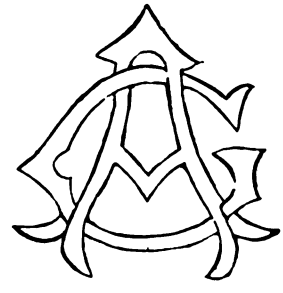

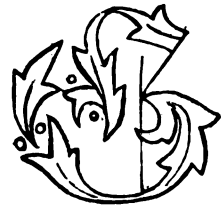

COLLAR IN EMBROIDERY. MONOGRAMS. INITIALS.

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"GOOD BYE, SWEETHEART, GOOD BYE."

JOHN L. HATTON.

Andante con moto.

PIANO.

p

The bright stars fade, the morn is break - ing, The dew drops pearl each bud..... and leaf, And I from thee my leave am tak - ing, With bliss too brief, with bliss..... .... too brief. How

The sun is up, the lark is soar - ing, Loud swells the song of chan - - ti-cleer; The lev - ret bounds o'er earth's soft floor - ing, Yet I am here, yet I am here, yet I..... .... am here. For

legato.

p

pp

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sinks my heart with fond a - larms, The tear is hid - ing
since night's gems from heav'n did fade, And morn to flo - ral

p

in my eye, For time doth thrust me from thine arms; "Good
lips doth hie, I could not leave thee, tho' I said, "Good

pp

con molto.

bye, sweet-heart, good bye! Good bye, sweet-heart, good
bye, sweet-heart, good bye! Good bye, sweet-heart, good

cres molto.

bye!" For time doth thrust me
bye!" I could not leave thee,

from thine arms, "Good bye, sweet - heart, good bye!"
tho' I said, "Good bye, sweet - heart, good bye!"

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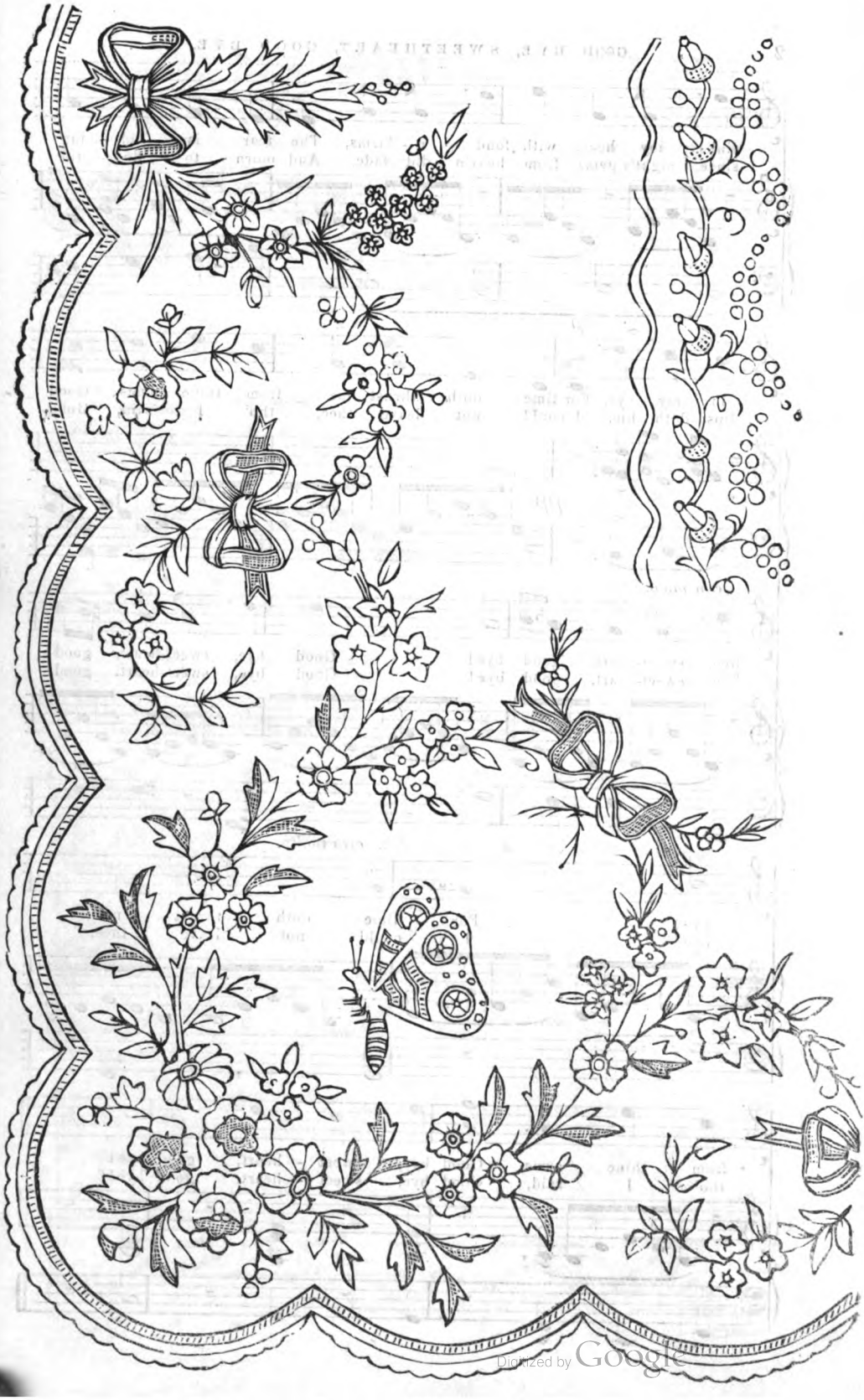

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE

Vol. LXIII. PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1873. No. 5.

RUBY'S GHOST.

BY GEORGE F. ROMER.

"Do you believe in spirits, Mr. Harding?"

And the speaker looked up seriously from her drawing, balancing an H. B. on a very dainty little finger.

Those two, Ruby Farris and Alec Harding, would have made a pretty picture, now that Art delights in depicting modern young ladies in "costumes," and gentlemen of the period, instead of gods and goddesses in nothing particular. Ruby had a dear little face, with a rose-bud mouth, and was decidedly pleasant to look upon; and Mr. Alec, who was evidently of that opinion also, looked well matched with her, being as natty a specimen of a good-looking young fellow as you might wish to see.

"Well, that depends on what you mean by the word, Miss Farris," he replied, abstractedly. "It has a rather wide signification."

"I mean," she said, laying her pencil down, and still more serious, "that if you love any one very, very much, it is possible that they may come to you after death—just possible, you know?" she added. "Don't reason me out of the idea, as I know you are going to do. I like to believe it."

"Then I won't say a word about it," he said, his face suddenly flushing; "but, in turn, I will ask you a question, which is of far more importance to me. I have been afraid to say anything about it, for you are so much too good for me—but I can't keep quiet any longer. Ruby, my darling, do you think you could——"

"Mr. Raddles, if you please, Miss;" and at this most inopportune moment, a lank, awkward youth was ushered in.

Was ever anything more provoking? Ruby felt as if she could have cried with vexation; and Alec glared at the new comer as if his coming were a personal insult. Mr. Raddles, however, being pre-occupied and short-sighted, saw neither Alec's frowns, nor Ruby's blushes, but plunged into the account of the latest croquet news, and the base-ball matches in preparation, etc.

By the time these subjects were exhausted, the family party had collected, and any chance for a further *tete-a-tete* for the two was gone. Alec stood pulling his mustache, and now-and-then furtively looking at Ruby, who drew diligently, though, it must be confessed, more to the detriment of her picture than otherwise.

"Have you any commissions for me in town, Mrs. Farris?" he said, at last, ruefully looking at his watch. "I have to go up to-day on business, but I only stay over one night."

"If Mr. Harding would bring home a valuable pin, which had been repaired, it would be so much safer than sending it through the post; and a line to the jeweler could be written in a moment."

When the note was written, Alec took leave of all Ruby's sisters in order, and then coming to her, held out his hand with a wistful look. The soft, little fingers were trembling and cold, but he felt sure they slightly returned the pressure; and he went away happier, though disappointed.

"Oh, Mrs. Farris! what do you think?" exclaimed Miss Raddles, bursting, the next day, into the room where that good lady was sewing. "There has been such a dreadful railway accident! The train from New York has been run into, and ever so many people killed. Poor Mr. Slack, and Mrs. Scanlan, at the corner, and that good-looking young man, Mr. Harding, and——"

"Mr. Harding! How very shocking!" cried Mrs. Farris. "We know him quite well, and—— Oh, dear! my diamond pin! Why, Ruby, my child, what is the matter?"

For poor little Ruby, with a dreadful look in her eyes, and her lips white and parted, was standing close at hand. As her mother spoke,

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she made a step forward, and fell fainting. Miss Raddles departed, amid the general confusion, to remark, confidentially, to a friend or two, that Ruby Farris had fits; she had just left her in one. She always thought that red and white complexion really very unwholesome, though people admired it.

When Ruby opened her eyes again, in bewilderment, that slowly grew to a dull, intolerable pain, she steadfastly refused to answer the questions that were asked her. "I want to be alone, quite alone," moaned the poor child; and so they laid her on the drawing-room sofa. How shockingly bright was the summer day now! though only a short time since that sunshine had seemed to accord so well with her happy heart. They closed the Venitian blinds, and drew heavy curtains over the glass-door that led into the garden, leaving it a little open, that a breath of fresh air might steal through the folds, and left her—to have a nice sleep, they said.

A nice sleep! What a mockery all the tender household sayings had been to her! None knew of her grief, for Ruby had been shy of speaking of her scarcely-found happiness. She felt as if the past and future had been blotted out, as if nothing ever could happen again—ever had happened—but this horrible event. And yet she wondered why she could not cry. Did she love him less than her pet canary, that died last week? No, not last week—years, ages ago, when she was herself, and had a heart, instead of this leaden weight that did not feel, only pressed all the life out of her.

Oh, if she could die and go to Alec! But she could not die. She would go on living for a length of years, and her youth would pass, and wrinkles come, and her pretty hair grow thin; and even her love would fade in the long years, leaving her only a sad, spiritless old maid. And poor little Ruby's mind wandered in these sad labyrinths of thought, hour after hour, as she lay in the darkened room. One memory after another passed before her, each more full of pain than the other. Only yesterday she was sitting at her drawing, and saw him coming in from the garden through that very door, now so heavily curtained. She lived that scene over again in her mind, feverishly recalling every word and look. She had told him an old legend about the house they lived in; and then she remembered what she had said about spirits, and his look, and the half-spoken words. How she hated Mr. Raddles for interrupting them. If she could only have told one word of her love! But now Alec would never know of it. Ah! if her belief were but true, and his spirit could come to her, and show her that "love was stronger than the grave."

All at once a sudden light broke on the darkness. She turned her heavy eyes, and there, there, between the curtains, stood her lost love, in the sunshine, looking tenderly at her.

Ruby half raised herself, held out her trembling hands, and cried,

"Alec, my love, you have come to me! I am not afraid; I am not at all afraid!"

"Afraid of what, darling?" replied the phantom, in a tone of the greatest surprise. "Come to you? Of course I have—straight from the station. Have you a headache, that the room is so darkened?"

The last words were lost upon Ruby. He was kneeling by her, her head on his breast, and a torrent of tears was utterly spoiling the spectre's shirt-front. Gradually, with great difficulty, he learned the truth; and by dint of soothing and caressing, and laughing a little at her, the tears dwindled into an occasional sob, the color came back to the rosebud mouth, the light to the eyes, and Ruby was herself again.

"It was that gossiping Miss Raddles," Alec explained. "That family seems destined to annoy us. I had intended coming by that train," (Ruby shuddered, and had to be restored by a kiss,) "but I found my business would not let me. I was vexed at the time, little thinking from what I was preserved. I mentioned to Miss Raddles, by chance, what time I should come back; and as I did not turn up by that train, she added me to her list of killed and wounded. Of course, I hurried here as soon as I returned, and came in this way, hoping to find you alone. I was in dreadful suspense; and when I heard my darling's first words——"

"But I should never have said them," whispered Ruby, blushing very much, "if I hadn't thought you were——"

"A ghost," he answered, laughing. "I know that it was owing to a certain young lady's belief in apparitions that I was spared the torture of formally declaring my love—for it is a torture to a shy fellow like me. Now don't say a word more, but keep quiet, and get your nerves all right again."

Ruby pleaded to say one word, which was, "I never cried at all about you, Alec, till I found nothing happened to you."

But he didn't seem to take that very much to heart.

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According to the rules of fiction, Ruby ought to have had brain fever, and even to have furnished a touching death-bed scene; but all the effects of the fright on this unromantic young person were, that she did not get quite strong for a few days, during which time a great deal of Mr. Harding's company was required to divert and amuse her.

In after years, when little Rubys and Alecs clamored for a story, some one would say, "Ask mamma if she ever saw a ghost." And mamma would only look up and smile, saying nothing.

WAITING.

BY MRS. HELEN A. MANVILLE.

MINE it is, whose dreary lot
Is to wait, ah me! for what?
Shining eyes I may not see,
Save as dreams will bring to me;
Love-warm hands I may not clasp,
For they e'er elude my grasp.
Crimson lips I may not kiss,
Luring me to dreams of bliss,
Every night and every day,
Just as far from me away.

Years I've waited for my fate;
Why is happiness so late?
Summers come, and Summers wane;
Harvesters, with golden grain,
Tramp across the Autumn fields,
Which a large abundance yields.
Winters come, and Winters go
In their sheen of fleecy snow;
Oh! so many suns have set—
But I'm waiting, waiting yet.
As the seasons come and go,
Do you, darling, do you know
That life's spring lies far aback?
And its summers, oh, alack!
But so many are forgot,
While I wait—ah me! for what?

THE ANGEL IN THE AIR.

BY H. P. MONTGOMERY.

I HEARD an angel singing in the air,
And looking upward, in my fear and dread,
I said, "Oh thou, whose presence is so fair!
Why sing you thus so sweetly overhead?"

Then bending in his meekness unto me,
He answered, "I am sent by God to give
Two watchwords unto those who yet can see,
No bound but that of earth that they may live."

"And who are they," I questioned, "that receive
This boon of His high grace?" and he replied:
"The firm in heart, who have the power to sieve
The restless day, and cast its dregs aside

"And with the first sweet watchword, which is, 'Pray,'
They move," he said, "in holy fear and trust,
Knowing that He will lead them to His day,
Which is beyond the realm of death and dust.

"I sing to cheer them that they may not quail,
Nor shrink amid life's busy toil and pain;
But if through all the weary fight they fail
To use the second watchword, all is vain."

And bowing down, methought I heard his wing
Rustle, to seek the balmy fields above,
When, like the gushing of a second spring,
Came down from his lips the watchword—"Love."

THE BIRD AND STAR.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

A GOLD star sits upon the sable edge
Of yon dark cloud, a little island bright;
What though a sea of vapor round it roll,
Still doth it turn its lantern on the night.

A small bird sings upon the cedar bough,
In cadence soft, his mellow vesper hymn;
The spirit of the tempest is abroad,
It threatens, but its moaning daunts not him.

Shine still, bright star, sing on, brave minstrel, sing,
Adversity hath never power to quell
The fire of him, who, trusting in his God,
Doth but his best, and doth that little *well*.

Oh ye, who put your hands unto the plough,
And backward look, by earthly longings driven,
Example take alike from bird and star,
Cherish the Faith, that upward looks to heaven.

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FIVE-AND-THIRTY YEARS AGO.

BY MRS. K. T. WILLIAMS.

I.

WHO would take the children to a dancing-school?—that was the question. Mrs. Mount, their mother, had sent over a message of inquiry; but grandmother was engaged, and aunt Helen, expecting a party of friends to take her to a musical rehearsal. Yet it would be a terrible disappointment to the children to lose their lesson.

"Would I do?" asked Mary Fitzroy, doubtfully.

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Devereux, quite as dubiously. "You need a chaperon as much as any of them. You are almost a child yourself. Still, it is such a very little way."

"Pray let her go, mother," said Helen Devereux; "it surely can do no harm, for once. Only, be careful, Mary, that M. de Ferriere does not take you for another 'little sister,' whom the children are bringing with them to begin lessons."

"Be quiet, Helen," said Mrs. Devereux. "Mary has a good deal of dignity—you would do well to imitate it; and there is no danger that M. de Ferriere will make any mistake. Just for this once, I see no great objection. You may as well get ready, my dear, and go over to the other house. The children are, no doubt, in a fever of impatience to be off."

Mary obeyed, nothing loth. She was not long past the age of dancing-school herself, and could sympathize with the eagerness of the little Mounts; nor did she at all object to the dignified position of guardian of the party. Sophy Mount she kept at her side; Kitty and Alice walked a little way in advance. The children wore short frocks, after the fashion of the day, and tucked pantalettes, coming nearly to the ankle; their hair was braided in long tails, and hung down their backs, as may still be seen in pictures of the Kenwigs' family. Oh, what old times! you say. Could anything pleasant ever have happened then? Yes; the sun shone brightly, as it does to-day, and life, love, and joy were in the world. As she conveyed her little troop down Broadway to the "Apollo," Mary felt all the exhilaration of the sparkling winter afternoon; her cheeks glowed, her heart danced with pleasure. And, under this gayety of youth was a something—a hope, a consciousness, that tinged and illumined all.

M. de Ferriere received the party with the utmost grace. He was a little Frenchman, with gray hair, brushed up from the forehead in a straight, high mass, a figure of perfect elegance, and small feet, shod as daintily as any lady's. The children were soon placed in class, and Mary left to look on. It was a pretty sight; bright faces, brilliant hues, and graceful motions. Mary was quite proud of her own especial charge. Kitty and Alice had improved wonderfully; as for Sophy, she did not seem to touch the floor, but merely to float over it. So absorbed did Mary become in watching them, that she did not heed the entrance of a fresh party, till she heard her own name uttered. Looking up, she beheld, almost at her elbow, the tall figure and nodding plumes of Mrs. Blake. Her sister and niece were with her. Mary Fitzroy was greatly impressed by the niece, Miss Loudon; a tall, stately young lady, with a marble-whiteness of complexion that contrasted finely with her dark eyes and hair. She was richly dressed, and Mary noted the details of her attire, and was especially attracted by her muff, whereon the lighter shades of marten had been arranged to form a cross. Mary herself had not been promoted beyond gray squirrel, and this device appeared to her a masterpiece; she regarded its owner with a mixture of respect and admiration. There was little occasion for anything else; the elder ladies saved her the trouble of much speaking.

The lesson ended, and, as the little party issued from the building, it encountered a tall, handsome young man.

"You here, Molly!" he exclaimed; "and with such a train?" He paused an instant to lift his hat to Mrs. Blake and her friends, coloring as he did so. "Now let us arrange matters comfortably. March to the front, children, all of you; Mary and I will walk behind, and keep you to your paces. Head well up, Kitty; Alice, turn out your toes; as for Sophy, she holds herself so handsomely already that I have no advice to give her."

"Uncle Lou," said Sophy, facing about, and interrupting the military precision of the line. "What made you look so red when you spoke to Mrs. Blake?"

"For shame, Sophy!" replied Louis Devereux.

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"To repay your kind uncle's compliments by betraying his weakness! I 'looked red,' because I couldn't help it. You see, Molly," he went on to his companion, "how vain it is to try to hide my bashfulness. The very children find it out, and make remarks upon it."

"Yes," said Mary, laughing. "It is a case that calls for a great deal of sympathy."

"And from you I ought to have it. I think I have observed little flushes and tremors that seemed to show that you were not always entirely cold and self-possessed. But your sufferings can be nothing to mine; a bashful man is such a pitiable object! With my own sex I can do well enough; it is yours that is so formidable. The smallest maid that wears a pinafore can put me out of countenance, did she but know her power. But Mary, this is all in strictest confidence. You must not tell."

"I won't," she replied. "No one would believe me if I did."

"You are like all the rest, faithless and scoffing. Cowper would have understood me had he lived; at least, I judge so, from his writings; but there is no one now. So you had Mrs. Blake at dancing-school? A fine woman, isn't she?"

"Rather," replied Mary, hesitatingly. "I don't think I admire her very much. She wears so many feathers, and is so large, and talks and laughs so constantly."

"There was somebody with her, I thought; though, as there was quite a crowd about the door, I may have been mistaken."

"No," replied Mary, all unsuspicious. "You were right. There were her sister, and her niece, Miss Loudon."

"Ah! Miss Loudon, too? I have met her once or twice, at parties."

"Have you, Louis? Don't you think she is very handsome?"

Louis Devereux hesitated in his turn. "She would generally be called so, I suppose; in fact, I have heard people admire her extravagantly. A little too cool and distant for my taste. Rather too much like a white marble woman."

"Why, don't you admire that complexion? When she looked down, and her eyelashes rested on her cheek, the contrast was perfectly lovely."

"I think I have noticed the effect you speak of; as you say, it is very good. What is the news at home since morning, Molly? Has anything happened?"

"There has, indeed I had a letter from papa, and he is coming back in May; to stay, this time, he hopes. And he means to take a house, and we shall all be together again. Isn't it delightful? I can hardly wait."

"Pretty well, upon my word," said Louis. "I don't see the call for such great raptures, Mary. We haven't been so bad to you that you need feel so rejoiced to get away from us."

"How can you misunderstand me so?" said Mary, anxiously. "You know I don't wish to leave you; I couldn't be so ungrateful. But Mrs. Devereux thinks we may get a house in the very next block, and the boys can come home to us, and papa will be here, instead of away across the ocean. You don't really think I am to blame for wishing to live with my own father?"

"I think nothing, except that you are the best and dearest little girl going! Good-by, children"—his attention being recalled to them, as they paused at their own door. "You have kept step remarkably, and I shall send over some oranges this evening to reward you."

John Devereux had come home a little before his brother; from the parlor-window he watched the pair as they crossed the street. It was growing dusk, but he recognized them without trouble. Why could not he have passed the Apollo just as dancing-school broke up? But these things always fell to Louis, who cared nothing for them.

At tea there was a lively flow of talk. Helen had the rehearsal to describe; Mr. Fitzroy's return was discussed; Louis rattled away on any theme that occurred to him; John's silence passed unobserved. In the evening visitors came in; there was music, and by-and-by a little dancing. Mrs. Devereux looked on, talking with a friend, the mother of one of the young guests.

"How pretty Mary Fitzroy is growing!" remarked the lady. "Isn't Louis in some danger?"

"In no danger of anything half as sensible. I foresee a long course of falling in love and falling out again for Louis."

"There is John, however," suggested the lady. "He is even handsomer than his brother, to my taste; and that reserved manner gives a sort of distinction."

"Oh, John is devoted to business," said Mrs. Devereux. "He never thinks of the ladies; never seems to remember their existence even, beyond showing them needful civility. And Mary is too young for anything of the kind; it would be a sin to put the notion of love and lovers in her head."

So sapient are observers. The next morning Mary came down rather early. John was already in the parlor, reading; she, too, took up a book till breakfast should be ready.

"Mary," said John. She looked up with calm eyes, ready to hear whatever he might have to say. The quiet, friendly glance exasperated him.

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"Why don't you blush when *I* speak," he said, roughly, "as you do whenever Louis says a word to you?"

Poor Mary! The careless calm was all gone now. The blood surged into her cheeks, her forehead; her heart seemed to rise in her throat and suffocate her. She tried to speak, and could not utter a sound. But her silence was answer enough for John. He threw down his book and left the room without a word.

"How cruel!" thought the poor child. "Why should he say such a thing? What could make him think it?" And sources of grief and joy, unrecognized before, began to be apparent to her. She was leaving behind her the careless life of childhood; being forced to think what made her happiness, and how long it might endure, instead of sunning herself in it as it came.

After this scene she dreaded to meet John again; but he controlled himself, and gave no sign that he remembered it. He was ashamed of a rudeness which not even the sudden sting of jealousy could excuse; yet was unwilling to re-open the subject with Mary. Not the less did his watchful eye take note of all that passed. Louis meant no harm, he thought; perhaps did not even separate Mary's love from the regard she gave to all the family. And it was his nature to behave toward women as he did; with that manner so gay, yet so deferential, so meaning—almost tender. It was his way; just as it was his own—John's—to be reserved and silent. So much the worse for poor Mary, thought her self-appointed guardian. If he could but steel her heart—prepare her for disappointment! Alas! all he could do was to look on, and see her danger.

II.

A WEEK or two later M. de Ferriere gave his exhibition ball. Great was the ferment among the children; there were morning rehearsals at the rooms—perpetual practicings at home. Mother, and aunt, and mantuamaker, were busy with the ball-dresses, and the fancy costumes; while Mary shopped indefatigably for chip "gipsies," flower-baskets, Highland bonnets, and plaid scarfs and sashes. All the grown-up people, even grandmother, were to attend on the important night, and the question of their attire was by-and-by in order.

"I shall wear my white challi," said Helen Devereux; "plenty good enough for a little affair like this! Mother will have her black satin, and I suppose she will insist on wearing her little diamond brooch and earrings to do honor to the occasion; and you, Mary, what have you fixed upon?"

To Mary the ball did not appear such a trifling matter; it was worthy of both thought and care. "What do you say to my blue silk?" she asked.

"Why, Molly, you are as bad as the little monkeys at the other house! Your blue silk would be dress enough for some real occasion. However," she continued, meditatively, "we are so near Lent now, and the blue is too light for anything but evening; and another winter, when you are fairly out, the fashion may have changed, and I don't believe you could match it here, the shade is so peculiar. Perhaps you may as well take the good of it, while it is all right." Having made this concession, Miss Devereux graciously interested herself in the details of the toilet, and the result pleased her so well, that, on the important evening, all the house was summoned to behold it.

The reign of blondes had not then begun, and Mary was hardly appreciated as she would be now; but the spectators smiled, gratified and approving. She had one of those figures, not too common, that are both plump and slender; the short sleeves and low corsage revealed neck and arms not less charming in their shape than for their waxen fairness. The lovely, varying tints of her complexion might have bespoken charity for very indifferent features; but Mary's delicate lineaments needed no indulgence. She had never been so pretty as now; the blue silk, the lace over-skirt, looped with roses, the careful arrangement of the hair, were wonderfully becoming. Louis and Helen spoke their praises freely; John thought her lovely as an angel, and said nothing.

"Mary is so neatly finished up," said Helen, when the young girl had left the room for her outside wrappings. "She has such pretty little ears, such taper fingers, and her eyebrows are so true and delicate. Don't you notice it, John?"

"She is very well," he answered, coolly; "but there is no need to talk her into thinking herself a beauty."

"Oh, you ogre!" exclaimed his sister. "What is the trouble with you two, John? She avoids you, it seems to me; and you are as ceremonious with her as if she were a stranger."

"There is no trouble whatever," he replied, "except that my good sister has such an active imagination."

"If there is a disagreement," said Helen, "I know very well whose fault it is. Any one that can quarrel with Mary Fitzroy must have only himself to blame."

But who could think of blame or quarrels

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when once the ball-room was reached? Not Mary, at any rate. John had taken pains to meet her on the stairs, had spoken very kindly, and asked her to give him the first dance. That could not be, since Louis had bespoken it; but she gladly offered him the second; and now, she hoped, there was peace between them. In the light of that hope the shadows of the past two weeks began to melt away, and the blaze of the chandeliers, the crash of the orchestra, dissipated them entirely.

The ball was the children's festival, and to them was assigned the prominence. There were ballet-dances, and country-dances, hornpipes, and Highland-flings, in which the little Mounts had their full share. But waltzes, quadrilles, and gallopades were interspersed; and here the grown-up children had their part of the delight. Mary was engaged for every set; she was indeed quite the belle of the evening; it was impossible that any eye could rest without pleasure on her youthful bloom. The quadrille with John was danced very quietly; but her happiness in it was unalloyed. She could no longer think that he regarded her with disapprobation; there was good-will, there was kindliness in his look, and in every one of the few words that he spoke. But Louis' manner was very odd; he seemed in the highest spirits, yet absent withal; would dance with her, yet seemed as if he hardly heeded what she said. What could it mean?"

When the night was half-spent, there was a little stir, a hush of expectation; Mary turned to look with the rest. Mrs. Blake appeared, gorgeous and self-complacent as usual, accompanied by her sister. In their train followed a lovely form, robed in pink satin, and adorned with pearls—Miss Loudon! but her beauty so enhanced by evening light and evening dress, that Mary just recognized her. This was the sensation of the ball; for awhile, no one could do much but look and admire. Helen Devereux, after the first surprise, rather regretted the severe simplicity of the white challi; but comforted herself with the conviction that it was wretched taste to over-dress, even if one did look the handsomer for it.

John had seen and admired, like the rest of the world; but all other feelings were soon lost in indignation at Louis' behavior. Louis attached himself at once to Mrs. Blake's party; he danced with Miss Loudon to the utmost extent allowed by ball-room usage, and even then, it appeared, could not quit her vicinity. Rather than not be near her, he danced with Mrs. Blake; odious woman—John's favorite aversion! Poor Mary was utterly neglected. Even when the two parties came together, and exchanged such slight greeting as befitted their acquaintance, there was not a stray look or word for her. Mary had no chance, he supposed, against a finished woman of the world, like Miss Loudon; yet, how infinitely sweeter, in his eyes, was her innocent, appealing fairness! He would make up to her, as far as he could, for Louis' defection, though conscious enough how poor a substitute he must be. Mary received him very kindly; he admired, in his heart, the womanly pride that sustained her, and helped her to seem so unaware of Louis' neglect.

"I thought you did not care for dancing, John," she said, presently.

"I don't, except with some people."

"Thank you," she replied, with a slight blush.

John involuntarily looked toward Louis; he was standing at Miss Loudon's side, holding her bouquet, and apparently absorbed in what she was saying. John perceived that Mary's eye had followed his; but such was her self-command, that her countenance never changed; she even volunteered a remark on what she saw. "Louis appears decidedly interested," she said.

"Yes!" replied John, vehemently. "For the twentieth time, at least. I have lost all patience with him. He fritters away heart, and mind, and character, in these unmeaning flirtations."

"You should not blame him too much," said Mary. "He cannot help pleasing and being pleased. By-and-by he will meet some one who will attach him permanently."

"And what will he have to give her?" said John. "A fraction of a heart that has been tossed from one to another, till there is hardly enough left of it for recognition." Then he remembered, with self-reproach, that he was not acting a judicious part. It was hardly worth while to entertain Mary with censure of Louis' unworthiness, and he turned to other topics.

Ever after this evening a better understanding was established between the pair. John honored Mary's self-control; she felt, he believed his unspoken sympathy. As time went on, there was more and more occasion for it. Louis seemed, at last, to be in earnest. Miss Devereux laughed as the symptoms declared themselves. He wanted the two families to become better acquainted. Mrs. Blake was really the best-natured woman in the world, and when one came to know her, those little peculiarities were quite lost sight of. Miss Loudon had been very much struck by Helen's appearance at the ball, and a compliment from Miss Loudon was worth something, he could assure her. And Miss Loudon would like so much to know his mother;

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she had lost her own mother too early to remember her, and fancied that Mrs. Devereux resembled what she would have been. Mrs. Blake had a brilliant party, and invited them all. They were treated with distinguished attention, and the attitude of the young pair was unmistakable.

In the family the affair was quite understood. Louis was often rallied on the subject, and, in his absence, the mother and sister discussed it freely. It was sometimes incredible to John that they could be so heedless, so unconsciously cruel; yet he was glad to see that Mary retained her composure, and gave no sign of what she must be feeling.

At last the crisis arrived. Louis told his mother, who lost no time in communicating the great intelligence. The announcement was made as they were all sitting together before tea; all but Louis, who had departed to enjoy the society of his idol. No surprise, of course, was felt by any one; but there was abundance of comment; some praise of both the young people; conjectures as to the wedding, the time of it, the style of it, and a hundred other matters. John saw that Mary played her part well to the end; she seemed as pleased, as interested as any of the group.

Mrs. Davereux and Helen presently left the room, and John no longer restrained the expression of his feelings. "I hope Louis may be happy," he said; "but he certainly does not deserve to be."

"What has he done?" asked Mary. "I think you are a little hard upon him."

"No," he said. "I simply rate his conduct as I ought to do. If you can forgive everything, I cannot. You must not expect me to look on with indifference when you are unhappy."

"I unhappy!" cried Mary. "What can you possibly mean?"

Poor, blundering John! He felt how awkward he had been. After all her delicacy, her dignity, her self-command, to tell her outright that she had not been able to hide her secret from his eyes! He was at a loss for a reply.

"If you imagine," said Mary, "that Louis' marriage can give me any pain, you are utterly mistaken. We were excellent friends; but I never had a thought—I am sure he never had—It is very strange," she added, almost haughtily, "that you should force me to vindicate myself in this way."

"Do not be angry," urged John. "If I have been mistaken, it was my love for you that made me offend. I was watchful—jealous; and that morning, when I was so rude, so inexcusably rude, I thought——"

"Oh," exclaimed Mary, hurriedly. "You were wrong, all wrong. It was nothing about Louis—nothing whatever!" And she blushed as red as she had done on that occasion.

"Then there is some one else!" said John. "Do not deny it, Mary. There is no kindness in concealment."

"Yes," she answered, softly; "there is some one else!" She turned away her head, and held out her hand. And John, as with a wild rush of delight he clasped the slender fingers, saw who his rival was, and marveled at his previous blindness.

A PRAYER.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

Help us, oh, God! Our lives are brief;
Fain would we lift our hearts from earth,
Where sadness treads too close on mirth,
And for each joy there lurks a grief.

Help us in Thee to put our trust!
As blossoms wither and decay
Our loved ones pass from sight away;
Alas! all mortals are but dust.

Death smites alike both young and old;
They shudder, clasped in his embrace,
White stillness creeps o'er each drawn face,
And then the tale of life is told.

We shiver, as the grating clod
Falls heavily in the new-made grave,
And, broken-hearted, only crave
To lie there too beneath the sod.

Oh, God, forgive us! Thou dost know
How strong are ties of human love;
Thou only, from Thy throne above,
Canst sound the depths of mortal woe.

Help us to bend unto Thy will;
Though hearts may ache and sorely bleed;
Affliction's furnace oft they need,
And good may be evolved from ill.

Give us Thy strength life's storms to meet,
And purge our souls from every sin,
That Heaven's refuge they may win,
And there the lost and loved ones meet.

Help us, oh, God! We own Thy sway;
And, guided by Faith's shining star,
Catch glimpses of a realm afar,
Whose blissful joys endure for aye.

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A YEAR AND A DAY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER I.

He was an ogre! I need not hesitate to state the truth in regard to him, through fear that my word should be impugned, because we, the most unbelieving generation since the Flood, where simple faith is concerned, are always ready to accept any monstrous theory, or impossible dogma as natural and worthy of credence. So I repeat the assertion boldly—he was an ogre! Nor do I expect to meet with doubt or scorn, as I inevitably should, if I affirmed that he had been honest or pure-minded, or in the habit of speaking the truth.

As for proof, if any were needed, the whole township, nay, the whole county, said so; consequently, there could be no error in the matter. Who ought to know, indeed, if not his neighbors, able as they were to tell everything about him, from the hour at which he ate his breakfast to the number of hairs in his head?

A good many persons pronounced him the veritable chap that sheltered Hop-o'-my-Thumb and his sisters with the intention of making a hearty meal off them before daylight. But this could hardly be, as history distinctly states, that Hop-o'-my-Thumb (regardless of the gratitude due to hospitality) killed the ogre while he was heavy with sleep, after having eaten his own seven children in mistake for the strangers. Still my ogre might easily have been a lineal descendant of him whose fate served as a warning, never to indulge in a midnight repast without lighting a candle, to be certain what bones he was picking. No doubt the old original monster had grown up sons living in castles of their own, where they crunched the carcasses of unwary travelers at their leisure, and our ogre might have inherited his abominable tastes from some of them.

Though people seldom called him anything else behind his back, of course, they could not exactly address so rich and potent an individual by that doubtful title. His family cognomen was Sternhold, and he had been christened—in our day ogres are very particular about having gone through that ceremony—Geoffrey Gray; but he wrote only the middle name before his patronymic—perhaps out of a vein of grim humor which ran through his sayings and doings, even when both were the hardest and coldest.

I have not space to tell you a thousandth part of the things he had done to establish his claims as a scion of the ogre tribe. Nobody had ever actually seen him devour anybody else's baby, but, metaphorically, he had eaten half the old families in the surrounding three counties, gobbling up one estate after another, and swallowing whole farms, live stock, and all, without trouble, remorse, or the slightest symptom of any sort of moral indigestion. He had begun the world penniless and unaided; now, in Wall street, he reigned paramount; and who but an insatiable ogre was ever crowned monarch there?

About three years before the period of which I mean to write, Courtenaye Manor fell into his clutches, and he made the beautiful place his headquarters, desecrating by his presence the grand historical mansion, where gentlemen had always before dwelt—real gentlemen, who knew no more how to accumulate wealth than a properly conducted lady knows how to mend her stockings. They could spend any amount of money fast enough, however, and, from father to son, had been full of pleasant follies, which might have gained a harsher appellation in the case of less charming and exalted personages, and which helped to fling the Manor, in due time, into the ogre's maw.

He was not over courteous to the grandees of the neighborhood, though, occasionally, he spread a fine dinner for them, which, like wise people, they never failed to go and eat. They consoled themselves for having to treat their host civilly by pitying each other for being there, recalling the reign of the Courtenayes, and wondering that the arched ceilings did not fall on the head of the usurper.

Nobody had a word to say in his favor, unless it might be poor, ignorant, needy creatures, who never were listened to. It was noticeable that several young men, who had been in the ogre's employment, and were now rich themselves, talked the most against him; and certainly they ought to have understood his character. The whole troop of philanthropists hated him, for he never would enter into their gorgeous plans; and more than twice or thrice had absolutely fallen foul of them and managed that large sums should be taken out of their hands and devoted at once to the purpose for which they had been

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collected—as if we did not all know that the orthodox way of regulating charities was to feast the originators of the schemes, and use what money might be left after the banquets to erect monuments in the public squares to commemorate the goodness of those self-sacrificing men.

Once on a time, near that pleasantest of months, June, Flora St. John was informed by her uncle that they were going up to spend the summer at a cottage he owned in Ulster county. Then her aunt informed her of the fact exactly sixteen times every day during the next two weeks, and believed herself announcing agreeable news on each occasion. But the poor woman—perhaps a mild species of parroquet—was less annoying to her husband's niece than one would have expected, for the young lady had caught her uncle's trick of never listening by any chance when the good creature chattered.

Now Flora St. John was a handsome girl, and a very clever one; thoroughly spoiled by caprices and a worldly education, but possessed of a better heart than she herself knew. She was two-and-twenty; considered herself an antiquity, and was as cynical and bitter as Diogenes. People endured her sarcasm, for they called her young and beautiful, though, in a few years, when her chin would grow sharp, and her yellow curls fade, she would be ruthlessly snubbed—only beauties and heiresses are permitted to make dagger-points of their tongues.

Flora had lived her little romance just as she was going out of her teens; had absolutely loved a handsome, worthless artist, troubled by glimmerings of genius, which showed for much more than they were worth. She met him abroad, and actually refused a Russian prince for his sake; a prince, too, with no end of estates and roubles to support the dignity of his title. After a delightful dream, which lasted six months, she woke to find herself in the real world—and a cold, dismal place it looked. Our passionate-eyed son of genius, who talked such charming poetry, and described so glowingly the marvelous pictures he meant to paint, discovered that, in spite of the luxury the St. Johns indulged, the uncle was a ruined man, and what fortune Flora once possessed, had been swept away in the general wreck.

So the painter did drawing-room theatricals in a style that displayed both talent and practice; told Flora that he loved her too well to drag her down to poverty, and rushed away to throw himself off the Tarpeian Rocks—of matrimony, with Emily Jones, who had red hair, and half a million of scudi. Flora struggled through the darkness. The time came when she could laugh over the exquisite verses, (a fragment, of course—he never got beyond that,) which the creature published in some magazine, describing the desert his life had become since fate parted him from his idol. She could laugh, but heaven help her, I think she might better have died in the night of her tempest, than live to laugh like that.

However, it was a history known to few, and Flora had been greatly admired in New York since her return. Naturally, the fact that she had refused a prince, made her of importance in the esteem of noble, independent republicans; yet, somehow, she had not fulfilled her intention of selling herself for a good deal more than five hundred times her weight in gold.

The remaining weeks of May floated into glorious June; all things having been prepared, the little household journeyed up to the quiet, little cottage, and sat down in the midst of the beautiful scenery, to which they were profoundly indifferent, as would have been the case with nine worldlings out of ten, though their artistic tastes were cultivated until they could tell an old picture at a glance, talk learnedly about effect, chiaroscuro, and the rest of it; anatomize their every sensation, and discover exactly how little it was worth, show as fine as it might when expressed in words.

The magnates of the neighborhood welcomed the St. John's cordially, for, though everybody was familiar with the critical state of their affairs, they bore the stamp of fashion; had ruined themselves, as gentle people ought, by extravagance and a fitting disregard of business, and all other practicalities of life, besides possessing the talent of surrounding themselves still with luxuries, and daily adding to their mountain of debts.

Only a few mornings after the hegira, St. John came home from his ride, and informed Flora that their neighbor, the ogre, would dine with them the next night. Of course, Flora knew all about him; indeed, during the past winter, he had visited rather frequently at their house in town; and St. John had discovered something which was a secret as yet to Flora, and, indeed, to the Horror himself. The truth was, the brilliant, dissatisfied-looking girl, with so great a faculty of making the veriest trifle she talked sound better than other people's labored efforts, with such positive genius for expressing passion in the melodies which she translated by her artfully-tutored voice, had left an impression on the descendant of child-eaters, which none of her sex ever before succeeded in doing.

But St. John said not a word of his discovery; he only made an announcement of the acceptance of his invitation, and added,

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"It's rather a bore having him, to be sure; but I have an idea he may be useful to me down Wall street way."

"No more tiresome than having any of the rest about," returned Flora, carelessly. "The magnates, in general, are neither ornamental or useful. It is something if he can lay claim to any reason for being endured."

"He may be very useful," replied St. John, and looked as if his head were full of business schemes, though he forbore to add another word, lest the quick-witted young woman should penetrate his little plot, and spoil it from the mere spirit of contradiction.

The ogre came to dinner the following day, and one of the servants made so near a blunder of ushering him in by this familiar title, that St. John turned her out of doors before bed-time. As he had been wise enough to hold his peace in regard to his hopes and plans, Flora did not irritate him, or annoy the guest by being sulky, or haughty, or, worst of all, assuming the elegant indifference, wherewith she could paralyze the stoutest-nerved masculine, when the imp of the perverse took possession of her.

And the ogre was fascinated; he, with his heart of stone, and his bowels of iron, as his enemies described him: he who had lived for more than six-and-thirty years without yielding to the witcheries of any daughter of Eve, allowed himself to be dazzled by this incomprehensible creature, who was so wickedly wasting and frittering away gifts meant to be devoted to some high and holy purpose. St. John saw how the charm worked, and Mephistopheles never chuckled more sardonically, though the blase, indolent man was not in the least like the incarnate fiend, only so far as a long course of selfish pleasure and elegant vice will make the kindest-hearted person.

The ogre did not, as yet, understand his own feelings; indeed, he thought very little about himself. He was busy pitying this beautiful woman, for the emptiness and want in her life, of which she chanced to be in a mood to talk freely as they walked up and down the moonlit veranda. She did not wish to excite his sympathy; she was too reckless to care what he thought; but she found a certain relief in letting her inmost thoughts out, as if she were complaining to her familiar, and then laughing at her folly.

"I am talking like a heroine in a novel," said she; "and of all persons, to select you as a listener to my jeremiad! But you vexed me by your nonsense about my successes, and the rest of the trash everybody goes over, and so have had to bear the penalty."

"You think I can't understand," said the ogre, rather sadly.

Flora, for the first time, was struck by his voice—deep, and rich, and every intonation perfect; and she wondered how, plain, odd, and low-born as he was, he ever came by that voice.

"I don't suppose you can," she replied, and her words would have sounded rude, had it not been for the smile with which she tempered them—almost the first she had vouchsafed him. "You might understand if I talked about needing money; but you have been too busy all your life to know what such silly romance as wanting a motive, and feeling the whole future a desert, can possibly mean."

He returned no answer whatever. She suddenly perceived how insolent her speech had sounded, though she did not mean to be ill-natured. She had just uttered her thought openly, and when any of us do that we are in danger of violating the rules of good breeding, wherein we hedge ourselves.

"Are you angry?" she asked. "Perhaps what I said did not seem complimentary; but then——"

"You think it is the truth," he added.

"We, lazy people, are apt to judge business men in that way," she said. "I'm no better or worse than the generality of my sort, and you, I imagine, neither better or worse than the generality of yours."

"People say you are better, and they say I am worse," he replied.

"Then you may be sure neither is true; the world is never right in its judgments, even by accident."

He neither attempted a disclaimer against her opinion of herself, or tried to put in an appeal from the world's verdict, where he was concerned. Then Flora remembered that her words had been a sort of tacit flattery to his vanity, and she felt inclined to nip him without loss of time.

"No doubt you are cold and hard enough," she said. "I dare say you are upright and just; but heaven preserve me from the tender mercies of both qualities! Because you are made of granite, you would be pitiless upon the frailties of weaker mortals."

"When, in a man, frailty takes the shape of idleness and wicked extravagance, I would," he replied, in a sterner voice. "In a woman I could forgive anything except her not telling the truth."

"I very seldom tell it," observed Flora, candidly, and was vexed because he would not contradict or express disapproval. "When I do happen to, I am invariably sorry afterward," she

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added. But still he did not answer, nor did his face show that her tantalizing had produced any effect. "I should like to know something," cried she, rushing into one of her small tempers. "What business have you to set yourself up as a judge of other people's weaknesses? No doubt you have plenty, and yours are as bad of their kind as the sorts you are so hard upon! But, there, I don't wish to quarrel with you. We shall have time enough for that if we are to be neighbors during the next three or four months."

"I don't think I know how to quarrel with young ladies, or, indeed, how to behave in their society."

"That's your own fault," she answered. "If you would go out more, instead of shutting yourself up in Wall street, or staying buried in your horrid old castle over yonder, you might easily acquire such accomplishments."

"Do you think I should be any happier?" he asked, laughing.

"Oh, if you come to that! What a droll idea! I never happened to meet anybody who possessed any portion of the article; and to expect to find it by going among one's friends!"

"One ought, if they were real friends, and not people who——" He did not finish his sentence.

"I know what you meant—people who want something! That's just like a rich man, so horribly suspicious. As it happens, I don't want anything of you! Really, I'd be ashamed of such sentiments, Mr. Sternhold."

"Sentiments which you put into my mouth," he said. "Still, is it my fault if human nature has made me suspicious, by showing me its selfish, grasping side?"

"Yes; you'd no business to have so much money for human nature to come after. But you, good gracious! wherever you go, you are flattered and courted. It used to vex me last winter to see people bow down before you, whenever you condescended to show your face."

"If that was so, would it be much wonder that I had no great faith in protestations of regard and friendship?"

"Bless me, you are like the rest of the world, in that nobody believes anybody. But I don't mean to waste any more wisdom on you to-night! Come into the drawing-room, and I will sing. You never heard me, and that is the one thing I can do well. Sometimes I think I shall go on the stage."

"That would, at least, give you occupation," he replied.

"Dear me," said Flora, "I thought you would be shocked. I drag out that threat now and then just to excite the general indignation. What a shame of you to disappoint me."

By this time they were back in the pleasant parlor, where the Dormouse nodded in her easy-chair, and St. John feigned to read the evening papers, while his busy brain pondered at least a score of the hundred schemes he always had on hand.

Flora sat down at the piano, and played and sang as she did when alone; that is, her best. The ogre's neighbors, who never gave him credit for ability to distinguish an air of Donizetti's from Old Hundred, would have been surprised to see how the exquisite melodies filled him with an ecstatic enjoyment.

St. John did not perceive this, perhaps; but he plunged his soul into futurity, and beheld things which neither Flora or the ogre had yet thought of; and he felt at least ten years taken off his head by so simple a solution of his difficulties as that which offered itself to his astute brain. He saw his way clear to carrying out the plan which had brought him up into the country, and long after the ogre had gone back to his solitary castle, and everybody of the cottage household in bed, St. John turned restlessly on his pillow, and longed for the day that he might begin his work.

The child-eater should help him to certain successful speculations in Wall street, and remain a good-natured creditor for the sums which St. John already owed him. If there was a delay in proposing the thing, it might appear to the ogre that St. John built on this hope through Flora's influence; so he must make an apparent rashness serve him as he had often done before. Of course, he wanted also to sell his niece to the cannibal, and fully intended to succeed. He liked and admired the capricious creature; but it was time she married. She would soon be an elderly cat, sharp of claws, and he told himself the best he could do for her, was to contrive a brilliant marriage, so that her long career of belledom might not be set down as *une carriere manquee.*

St. John never hesitated when a project once became clear; within forty-eight hours after the dinner, he had made his essay where Wall street was concerned, and had every reason to be satisfied with his success. Then he proceeded to throw Flora and the ogre together in every artful sort of fashion, and succeeded here too. The ogre was a great deal at the house; St. John contrived divers expeditions, which their neighbor was invited to join so naturally, that Flora's suspicions were not excited. She was treating herself to a little season of quiet, and was glad to

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let the days drift by without any thought whatever in regard to the future.

And the ogre—it sounds improbable; but his race was only mortal, after all—the ogre went about lost in that beautiful vision, which, soon or late, will come to the coldest and sternest heart. The life that had been so dreary and empty, in spite of success, rounded into beauty before his eyes, and he seemed suddenly translated into a higher and brighter world. The magnates of the neighborhood would have found fresh food for scorn and laughter, could they have known how he, the upstart, the cannibal, with neither fancy or soul, wove poems and painted dream-pictures like the veriest school-boy of eighteen.

"It has worked like a witch's charm," St. John said at last to the Dormouse—the pleasant pet name, which, long before, to wicked Flora's delectation, he had invented for his spouse.

"Dear me!" returned she, having no idea what he meant, but not daring to ask.

It was his habit to tell her important news as abruptly as possible—break her skull with it at the first blow, he always said to his niece, else she could not be brought to comprehend.

"Worked like a witch's charm," repeated St. John.

"Dear me!" squeaked the Dormouse again.

"Do you want to go back to Florence? Do you wish to be comfortable, and rich for the rest of your life?" demanded he, sternly.

"Oh, dear, yes! And not to be bothered with debts! How nice!" cried the Dormouse, almost enthusiastically.

Somehow, in that weary labyrinth, called by courtesy her mind, the Dormouse retained a vague horror of the troubles she had suffered so long; but, whether owing to dim gleams of conscience, or merely because they made St. John cross, no mortal can tell.

"You would like it?" questioned he.

"Oh my, yes!" fairly sobbed the Dormouse.

"All right," said her husband. "When the ogre proposes to Flo, you are to let out the fact that she can repay all my kindness, and make you comfortable by marrying him. You're a dreadful goose, my dear; but you can do this, and I expect you to, remember."

He did not elaborate the plan which was in his mind, because to do so would only have hopelessly confused the Dormouse; but he said to himself,

"In spite of her brains, Flo's an idiot, like all women. Ten to one she sees what the ogre is after, and wants to accept him; but, leave her alone, and she'll mount her tragedy pedestal, and get bitter, or remorseful, and the deuce knows what other trumpery stuff, and send him off some fine day, as she did the prince. But if she thinks it a real benefit to us, she'll take him. She's got left the sort of sentimental rubbish about duty and sacrifice that look so well in novels. She'll do it, and there she is settled; and a rich ogre is not a bad bit of furniture to have in the family."

Nine times out of ten a fool will mar any scheme intrusted to him; but the tenth time he will bring about success from sheer idiocy, just blundering on the moment to act, and the precise method, in a fashion which the craft of a Borgia could not have equalled; aided by the fact, so apparent to all beholders, that stupidity, and not cunning, has instigated him. Like most bold minds, St. John often trusted to reckless schemes; in giving the Dormouse a part to play in his drama, he was more reckless than usual, and succeeded for that very reason.

He made his brief address to his spouse, in the secrecy of their connubial chamber; and the next day the Dormouse went about, puffing herself up with sighs, and talking in half whispers, as if there had been a dying person in the house, who must, on no account, be disturbed.

"She thinks she has a trouble," thought observant Flora, who was careful, all the morning, to appear unconscious of the strangled moans, and the unearthly voice. "I'll not ask what the matter may be: she can't go on like this much longer! She'll break out soon enough, and tell it over and over, and sing it afterward, and then howl it! I needn't anticipate small torture by any rash questions."

St. John had been obliged to go to town directly after breakfast, and Flora kept a good deal out of reach of the Dormouse's sighs, and tragic whispers. Toward dusk she went for a stroll, and met the ogre by accident. He pleaded to be allowed to return home with her, and listen to a little music.

"You may come," said the syren; "but I give you fair warning that I am stupid and cross. You must promise not to get in a rage if I do all sorts of rude things."

"At least I'll take care to do nothing to make you cross with me; but don't let me bore you; I can go home; I am used to sitting there alone."

There was an involuntary pathos in his voice and words which startled Flora. By some mysterious feminine intuition, she understood the whole truth at once, and wondered what she had been about not to have thought of it before. The

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ogre was bewitched—hopelessly bewitched—utterly dazed! During these past four weeks Flora had been so glad to sit in the sun, and rest, that she had put off her hard, worldly self, and never remembered that she ought to victimize the ogre, and achieve the brilliant destiny she had so many times flung away in sheer desperation. Now it all came upon her; she could no more regard him simply as an agreeable acquaintance, who managed, in a thousand nice ways, to make the golden hours more pleasant, and afforded her an odd study in himself, because he showed so different from her previous ideas of his character, and the general verdict of him likewise.

In an instant the truth flashed over her; the necessity there was for not willfully marring her fate, as she had so often done before; and Flora began to hate herself and him, and fell into a silent mood, which the ogre respected, until they reached the cottage, and the presence of the Dormouse. And here Flora came out in what was a new phase of character to the guest, though the poor Dormouse knew it well, having the faculty of memory to a certain extent, in common with other animals of the lower orders; and she was ready to weep and wail as she thought what this change in Flora portended. The young lady was capricious, and forgetful, and careless; teazing and satirical; in fact, her manner and conversation would, in most persons, have appeared downright rudeness; but her misfortune was, that she could be charming, even when rude and cross.

The poor ogre was greatly troubled, and felt dreadfully guilty, though he could not feel at all certain in what his crime consisted. He could say nothing that was right. She scoffed at every opinion he offered, no matter what the subject, or even if it was something in regard to which he had heard her utter a judgment similar to that he now expressed. When once he ventured to mention this fact, she only said disdainfully,

"Pray don't ever remind me to-day of what I said yesterday; there's nothing so odious and commonplace! I make it a point to change my opinions once every twenty-four hours. Besides, I never say what I mean by any chance."

"That is rather hard on a dull person like myself," said he.

"Is it, indeed? How so?"

"Because I have a habit of believing you."

"Ah!" cried she, triumphantly. "I was sure you would twist a compliment to yourself out of it! Now don't fancy that I believe you go about giving your confidence to what people say any more than another."

"I am afraid I have been teazing you by my visit," he said, after a pause.

"A polite way of telling me that I am ill-tempered, and unbearable," said she, laughing.

"You know I did not mean that!"

"I wouldn't have blamed you, if you had; for I'm both! You see, my demons have possession of me to-night. There, I'm rather sorry I've been so cross; only you aggravated me by bearing it so patiently."

"I have been wondering what I had done," he said, looking more bewildered than ever at this sudden change in her manner.

Just because he did appear dazed, she remained amiable for several minutes, in order to enjoy his stupidity; then he began to look happy under the sunshine of her smile, and that vexed her into worrying him anew.

How she got round to it no man could describe; but she managed to attack him several times, as she had before done, about his money, and the pettiness of living only to accumulate a fortune; but hitherto she had done this in a playful fashion, now her words were positively stinging and bitter.

But he neither grew angry or tried to defend himself, and she fairly worked herself into her passion; then, finding that she was getting dangerously near the limits of her self-control, had to go back to a more humane mood.

Altogether, she teazed him abominably, and the worst thing about it was, that his patience made her heartily ashamed of herself.

"I'm glad you've seen me in one of my moods," said she, venomously. "I've been feeling lately that I was very deceitful in appearing so amiable and placid. Now you know that it is only on the surface."

"I think you are not quite well," he said.

"I am perfectly well! I am like the rest of humanity, a savage at heart! So are you—so is everybody!"

The evening certainly could not have been comfortable to him; still he could not tear himself away. There was a fascination even about her uncivilized mood; the poor ogre had reached that stage of imbecility where she must be charming in his eyes, no matter what she said or did.

And all the while this was going on, the wretched Dormouse sat and watched the performance instead of going quietly to sleep, as was her wont on every possible occasion; and by the time an hour had gone by, and the troubled ogre rose to take his leave, she was quite out of what little show of sense and reason she usually possessed.

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"She'll drive him away," thought the poor Dormouse, "just as she did the prince. Oh dear! Oh dear! And I can't get back to Florence! And she'll never make a good match! Oh! oh!"

When the ogre came up to bid her good-night, with a respectful courtesy in his manner, which she could appreciate, the Dormouse grasped his hand in an almost theatrical fashion, and half sobbed,

"Oh, prince! Don't go, prince!"

The ogre looked somewhat surprised, naturally enough; and, for the life of her, Flora could not help laughing outright at the expression of the two faces.

"Wake up, aunty!" said she; "you have been dreaming! Mr. Sternhold is bidding you good-night."

"Don't go!" moaned the Dormouse. "Don't go!"

Then she perceived that Flora was beginning to look black, and she put by her hysterics as well as she could, and tried to behave with more decorum.

"I believe I was asleep," said she, with a faint show of cunning, such as the dullest creatures will develop in the presence of danger. "Flora, you know I'm always stupid and queer after a doze. Good-night, prince—Mr. Sternhold, I mean."

"Not quite awake yet," returned Flora, laughing again; but the Dormouse understood the warning pressure of the arm laid on her shoulder, and made no further effort to speak.

So the ogre went away, receiving a scant farewell from Flora, in spite of the beseeching light in his eyes. The moment he was safely out of the house, the young lady turned to go up to her room, but the Dormouse had exhausted her little stock of self-control, and, without warning, began to sob and moan in the most doleful manner.

"What on earth is the matter, aunty?" Flora asked, not unkindly, but too weary to feel an interest in the Dormouse's troubles.

"You've driven him off," she cried, "just as you did the prince; and now we're ruined! I shan't have a diamond left! Oh, dear! And you might be rich. You'll never have such another chance! St. John says so. Oh dear!"

Flora sat down opposite her relative, and transfixed her with a glance sharp and cold as an icicle.

"So," said she, "my uncle has been at his old plots and plans, has he? Just tell me everything he has said?"

She thought she was springing a mine on the trickster by questioning the Dormouse; but she was only working out his scheme.

"He didn't plot this time," sobbed the Dormouse. "He said he wouldn't meddle, or you'd act as you did with the prince. But you've driven him off all the same. Oh! oh!"

"Now, aunty," said Flora, when the poor body grew inarticulate, and could only sob, "don't cry so; there's no mischief done yet. Tell me exactly my uncle's words?"

"I never can tell people's words," moaned the Dormouse. "He wouldn't urge you; but this time it would be so nice for him and me; as well—as well as you. But you've driven him off, and I can't get back to Florence; for he'll not help him now, and I dare say he'll think I meddled, and spoiled it all. Oh dear!"

She was terribly mixed up in her pronouns; but Flora understood. For a few seconds she sat silent, and very pale and hard she looked.

"Don't cry any more," she said, coming out of her dark reverie, at length, to a consciousness that the Dormouse was still sobbing and bemoaning herself. "I've not sent your rich ogre away! He has not asked me to be gobbled up yet; but I dare say he will," and Flora laughed coldly.

"And you'll have him? You'll keep him good-natured, so that he'll help us, and I can get back to Florence——"

"Just now getting to bed is the business on hand," interrupted the niece. "Be certain, aunt, I shall do my duty, no matter at what personal cost."

She looked grand enough, and began to feel like a heroine in a book, which was an agreeable change from the stale dullness of her ordinary existence. The Dormouse was quite upset by her airs of state, and sobbed more bitterly than ever.

"You're a—angry, I know! Now you'll go and freeze him, and it will all come on me—he'll be furious! Oh, oh!"

"You are entirely mistaken," replied Flora, softening into mournful condescension. "I am obliged to you, aunt, for showing me my duty so clearly; only give me time to think."

"Do you mean you'll marry him?" cried the Dormouse. "Oh! I can't make head or tail of all your fine manners!"

"You must go to sleep," said Flora. "You are completely worn out. Come up stairs."

She got the Dormouse into the room, and in bed, doing everything in the style Juliet might if her step-mother had been seized with sick headache the evening the young lady decided

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to risk the potion. She bestowed a parting kiss on the tear-stained face, as a proof that she was not offended, and went away to her own chamber.

She opened the window, and sat gazing out through the silver gloom at the distant towers of Courtenaye Manor, and gradually accepted the idea of becoming a burnt offering. She would sacrifice her life for her uncle's sake; she would be sold to the ogre to bring peace and rest to her relatives. Putting it in this noble light, she felt that she was heroic and dramatic, and so enjoyed the plan with exceeding bitterness. She need not despise herself, as she had done, in the affairs with the prince and others, because now there was no selfish motive at the bottom. She was Roman, or a martyr, or anything else fine that you please. She told her familiar that she was intensely wretched, but determined unfalteringly to pursue the path of duty, and, altogether, got a great deal of lugubrious satisfaction out of her own misery, and managed to keep herself awake nearly the whole night, which she felt to be a proper thing to do under the circumstances.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MAY.

BY ZELIA GERTRUDE GREY.

LIKE a dreamy, dove-eyed maiden,
Coy, sweet, and shy,
With a wreath of apple-blossoms,
Fair May goes by;
Luring little, happy children
Down by the brook,
Telling, in the south wind's whisper,
Bright eyes to look,

For the early, star-eyed flowers,
Crimson and blue;
Secrets telling where last Spring-time
Violets grew;
Where the delicate arbutus,
Almost from sight,
In the brown leaves hides her treasure,
Buds, pink and white.

Gentle May! a glad, sweet welcome,
All give to thee!
Welcome to green leaves and flowers,
Songs glad and free.
While we welcome, a sad presence
Comes to thee now;
And the wreath of apple-blossoms
Fade on thy brow.

RETURN OF SPRING.

BY NELLA BENEDICT.

NEVER again for thee shall violets cover
The brown hills, waking from this Winter's death;
No more for thee the globes of crimson clover
Fill the deep hollows with their fragrant breath.

Dark over head the pines' long arms are swinging;
Darker their shadows on the hillsides lie;
Greener the mosses to the gray rocks clinging,
Brighter the sheen of ivy creeping high.

Gayly the river sings its olden measure;
Wind-swung the hare-bells ring a fairy chime;
Nothing has changed that brought us once such pleasure;
Only ourselves have felt the touch of time.

Treading these paths, that once we trod together,
Feel I thy loss with deepest, keenest pain,
Knowing, my friend, come foul or fairest weather,
Never thy feet may press these hills again.

Far, far art thou beyond my wildest yearning;
Sunlight or starlight cannot pierce the gloom
Of the long night that notes no year's returning,
In the mysterious silence of the tomb.

ESTRANGEMENT.

BY ROSE GERALDINE.

YES, darling! I could yield thee up,
Nor yet be broken-hearted;
Believing, in the other land,
Our souls should not be parted.

But, oh! what balm can soothe the pain
Which rends, yet will not sever?
To gaze into thy living eyes,
And feel thee lost forever!

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MILLY'S MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA'S GOLD."

"And so my fifty thousand dollars," said grandma Martindale, "must go begging, for want of somebody to marry Elias Leech."

A solemn silence fell upon the audience she addressed. Five heads—a black, a brown, a chestnut, an auburn, and a flaxen, were bent lower over five pieces of trifling ladies' work; five white hands wrought, for a few seconds, with unexampled diligence, but nobody spoke.

Elias Leech was the step-son of grandma Martindale's eldest daughter. He was a tall, awkward lad, whom, for some unexplained reason, she had rescued from his mother's western relatives, and brought home, at her husband's death; had petted and protected ever since; and was now, it seemed, about to lavish her whole fortune upon, to the exclusion of the rightful heirs.

At last, in the dearth of others, the flaxen head lifted itself up, and a willful voice, proceeding from the rosy lips of Miss Milicent Martindale, grandma's orphan namesake, and chiefest darling, pronounced,

"No! they will not, for I'll marry him, grandma."

Now this was by no means what the elder lady wished. She had intended, it is true, to provide for one of her portionless granddaughters, by giving her as a wife to Elias Leech; but not Milly, the heiress; the only one so favored; the youngest, the prettiest, the cleverest, the flower of the flock, and darling of her old age. In her upright heart she had treasured a secret scheme of reparation, that yet did not involve such a sacrifice as this.

"I'll marry him," repeated Milly, growing firmer, or, rather, more obstinate, as her bright eyes defiantly encountered the open wonder and dismay in her companions; "and your money shan't be wasted, grandma."

This from Milly! who had never known what it was to want or to save a penny in her life, and spent her own revenues with the reckless prodigality of a young princess! Mrs. Martindale was bewildered. She looked at her granddaughter with increasing surprise.

"I am afraid you have not sufficiently considered the subject, my dear;" she only said, however, for she would not rob the orphan boy of a single jot of the good fortune that seemed to be in store for him, though her heart trembled at the thought of giving up her darling "Don't let a whim decide so grave a matter. Elias is young, untried, untutored; he is not handsome, though, I am sure, both good and high principled; perhaps clever. We all know you have been kind to him; but this is very different; and his qualities are not those which would attract a giddy girl like you."

"But I like, him, grandma!" the wayward girl insisted; and, as this was her only and her last argument, the subject dropped.

Great was the wonder in the house when Milly's determination transpired, and numberless the speculations as to what could have brought it about. Some such destiny had always been intimated in the elder lady's care for the unprepossessing lad whom she had brought home six years ago, installed in a son's place in her house and at her table, and treated, in all respects, as her prospective heir. All the expenses of his very excellent education had been generously met; his wardrobe and purse liberally supplied; his position and right in her household clearly defined; in no way could a difference be perceived between himself and Mrs. Martindale's real descendants.

Yet the one home-like charm to the bashful boy, in his new life and place, lay in the society of the bright, teasing, willful Milly; a pretty fairy, just between child and girlhood, who laughed at, petted, coaxed, thwarted, and tyrannized over him, as over the rest of the household, with a bewitching spell of domination, he, of all others, was least fitted to resist. The plain, dull youth gloried in her brightness and beauty; her delicacy and refinement shamed his abrupt awkwardness; he was awed by her gracious condescension, and bore her wayward freaks with untiring good-nature.

Insensibly, he improved under this severe training, and became more refined in manners and sensibility. He still remained awkward and shy; he only very gradually developed the power and perfection of manhood—its charm and confidence were utterly wanting. But he took his graceful governess to his heart of hearts, and love, the worker of miracles, labored diligently with this rugged nature.

As for Milly, she came in time to discover that

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her humble and patient companion hid, in his reserved character, graces and powers quite foreign to her bright, wayward spirit. The tasks she feared to attempt, he would cheerfully do—not quickly nor easily, but by persevering effort and determined will; the little deeds of self-denial and thoughtfulness for others, hitherto unknown to the spoiled, selfish child, she saw, with surprise, form a part of his daily life and practice, and beautify it even in her eyes. Her thoughtless jests and jeers, her childish arrogance, her unconscious assertion of superiority, fell idly upon the mantle of steady, quiet patience, in which he walked apart; and, being naturally good and generous, though rather spoiled, she grew to respect and admire his better principle and stronger character.

The time they spent apart in schools and colleges was used by Milly simply in perfecting her graces of person and manner. By Elias it was apparently dedicated wholly to the improvement of his mind. Little external change appeared in him, though the accounts from his tutors and teachers were most satisfactory and flattering. At two-and-twenty, and at eighteen, respectively, the pair came home; and, relaxing from the pursuit of knowledge at a distance, were once more domiciled under the same roof, and entered society together, beneath grandma Martindale's auspices, on the footing of cousins and equals, but with a wide difference in the reception that awaited them.

Milly, bright, gay, and superficial, an heiress and a beauty, was welcomed with enthusiasm, and launched eagerly upon the sea of pleasure. The plain, shy shadow following in her train, sank readily into his proper place, among the nobodies, and only occasionally astonished some wall-flower, who had conquered his bashfulness and stammering speech, by the sense and breadth of his observations. But he gradually relaxed in his attendance upon his cousin and her grandma, especially as they found other escorts, and became more absorbed in the studies he was pursuing, in a lawyer's office down town.

He would have been quite estranged from the life of the rest of the household, with its irregular hours and womanish ways, but for Milly. The willful girl could not be content without his approval and attention, though rejoicing in the unbounded admiration of others. He, so insignificant in the estimation of all the world beside, was the Mordecai at her gate, the spectre at her feasts; yet in whose absence she was still unsatisfied. If he secluded himself, she sought him out; his solitude was never safe from the bright invasion of her presence. She broke upon his learned leisure at the most unreasonable hours, and under the most frivolous pretexts, wanting his assistance to tie a bow, to button a glove, to admire a dress, a fan, a bouquet; most marvelous of all, to criticise her conduct or her costume, both clearly reviewed before his dazzled eyes.

She made him her father-confessor; and he heard, bewildered, the secrets of a society-belle—the follies, the frivolities, the quarrels, the flirtations and vexations, and petty spites or jealousies, that waited upon her triumphal progress. She heaped all her troubles upon his broad shoulders, as she had done ever since, when, an incipient coquette of fourteen, she had been engaged in a secret flirtation with some boyish adorer, whom neither grandma, nor anybody else would have approved, till Elias Leech, with a solemn face, brought her an open letter he had found, and, after painful effort, evidently compelled by his sense of right and duty, dared to advise and reprove her. For the first time in her life, the spoiled girl heard her actions commented upon or condemned; and flaming into wrath at first, did her upright accuser full justice afterward, made him her confidant, and gave him eternal respect.

She felt an odd shyness and discomfort quite new to her, on meeting him at dinner, after the bold declaration of the morning. But Elias was perfectly unconscious. Several strangers were present, and he appeared to better advantage than usual, and was treated by the guests, mostly of the legal profession, with more respect than she had expected him to command.

Meanwhile grandma Martindale, freed from the social duties of the day, was closeted with her wayward young descendant, preparatory to settling the matter finally. A late attack of illness had shaken her confidence in her own health, and in her power of controlling the future; and had determined her to consummate at once the reparation she had always intended to make.

She explained to her granddaughter, very quietly and gravely, the nature of Elias Leech's claims upon her.

"When your aunt Sarah married his father," she said, "he was a very nice, delicate little boy of four years old. Mr. Leech had married his mother, a pretty, rosy, country-girl of sixteen, they say, on one of his business journeys West, to look after land he owned there; but the poor thing never lived to return with him. She fell into ill-health after her marriage, and he stayed with her till she died, and came back without the child, which her relatives adopted.

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"He was always a weak, consumptive man, helpless and dependent in mind and body; with more inherited property than he knew how to take care of. I think he married your aunt that he might have an excuse to reclaim his son, and leave him, at his death, in your grandfather's guardianship, in whom he had great confidence. I wish it had never happened.

"I am speaking now of a subject very painful to me, and which has lain like a weight upon my mind all these years since, and many more before my widowhood. This house, these comforts and luxuries you see about you, the very food we eat, the clothes we wear, the beds we lie down upon, I am confident belong to Elias Leech. Even your property is the result of a successful speculation on your father's part, with money lent him by my husband, which I am too sure was not his own.

"At the time of your aunt's death, when the child passed wholly into your grandfather's charge, or rather his estate, for his western relatives claimed and removed him, Mr. Martindale, I am now well aware, was perfectly insolvent, and in the fluctuations of business had lost everything to which he had a right. Afterward, though he fully recovered himself, and continued to live in the same style, and maintain the same state you now see, the money wherewith he did both, I am sure, must have belonged to the orphan child.

"There is nothing in the world to prove it, but I believe that all I have is his; and yet time and oblivion have so completely absorbed his right and his property, that all he can claim is some wild land at the West, which changes in value with every change of the moon, while you and others are astonished at the tardy reparation I am trying to make."

"And does he know it, grandma?" inquired Milly, who had hitherto sat silent from astonishment. "About my fortune and all?"

"Yes, my dear—for years."

"I will never touch it!" the spoiled child cried, starting up. "I will tell him that I cannot keep what is not rightfully mine, that I will not be a party to a fraud."

"Stop, my daughter. What we have to do is not to judge the dead, whose terrible temptation we have not felt; but to think how best and most fully to restore the right of the living. If you really fancy you could love Elias——"

Poor Milly! It befell her now to hang her head, and with crimsoned cheeks, and a troubled mind, really examine the question. It was easy, in gay bravado and in open daylight, to dare what none other would, and in pure recklessness and idle defiance, engage to marry grandma's plain protege. But the words brought up a too clear vision of his long, lean, awkward figure, his shy manner, his hesitating speech—and she felt how dreadful it would be to fulfill her promise. There had been something delightfully amusing in the idea of her volunteering to take this undesirable youth, while she knew, none better, how many perfect Apollo's were sighing and dying for her. But this coming face to face with the plain realities, was, oh, how different!

"If I were his wife, and despised him? No, that could never be! but were ashamed of him," she thought, "or turned out a hopeless vixen on his hands—yet that would be his risk; but to live in a perpetual debt, to feel such a burden about one's neck—oh, I cannot! I cannot!"

Just then came a knock at the door, and Elias walked in, very pale, but with a look of power and pride in his plain face, that even Milly had never seen there before. His eyes asked the question which grandma Martindale hastened to answer.

"Yes, I have told her," she said.

"I am very sorry," he awkwardly replied, but with such earnestness, even indignation in the quiet tones, that Milly's capricious nature immediately experienced another change of feeling. She went straightway up to him, and laid her hand in his,

"And I am willing to marry you, Elias, if you wish it."

"But I do not wish it," returned he, dropping the milk-white fingers, though the red flush streamed, like a crimson banner, across his tanned visage; "and I came to say so, or at least," he added, noticing the mortification of the pretty coquette, "to see how the matter could be arranged."

Mrs. Martindale looked kindly at the youth, as he stood, awkward and embarrassed, before her.

"I thought I had arranged it in the best way of all," she said.

"I think not," he quietly responded. "I believe I know a better, involving no such sacrifice. I am a man, and should make my own way in the world. I am ready to do it; it is far more easy than to rob helpless women. For your past kindness I am most grateful; it is all I need, and will aid me to all I wish to gain. Further than this I want nothing, except your continued interest and remembrance; and when you die, such a portion as you will leave out of love, to your real grandchildren, I can accept no more."

"But, my dear," cried grandma Martindale, her soul overflowing with tenderness toward the

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manly youth who thus summarily disposed of his fortune, "there is no question of giving or taking, but simply of right or wrong. The fortune I enjoy is yours. I shall certainly restore it."

"And I will never touch a penny of mine," sobbed Milly.

"If I tried to saddle it with the incumbrance of one of my granddaughters," pursued grandma, who had keen perceptions, and much worldly wisdom, "you will forgive an old woman's matchmaking folly, I am sure, since neither you nor they, with the exception of this silly girl here, seem disposed to fall into it."

Milly sobbed more noisely, and wiped with greater ostentation, the tears in her pretty blue eyes. A strange flush—was it hope or dread?—passed over the dull features of Elias, and changed their expression wonderfully. His brown eyes grew darker and softer, as he turned them on the weeping girl.

"If you knew the temptation," he murmured, with averted face and heaving breast.

Milly glanced up, forgetting her grief, and divided between wonder and indignation.

If grandma Martindale had been wholly wise—as who among us is so?—she would have quitted the room, and matters would have righted themselves there and then. But her old-fashioned ideas of propriety did not allow her to leave the cousins alone while so delicate a question was being agitated. So she remained, and it all resulted in some sort of arrangement being made, by which everything was to be postponed "a year or two," and everybody left unsatisfied.

Elias was to return to the West to look after his property, and commence the practice of law, where, as he proudly said, his future home must be made. Milly was to remain perfectly free and untrammeled, even in the matter of letters to her distant cousin, to whom she was to write just as seldom or often as she pleased.

So wide a liberty, to tell the truth, did by no means meet the wishes of the darling herself. She had made up her mind to heroic self-abnegation and sacrifice, which were now proved wholly unnecessary. There was a dash of romance about offering her own sweet person to fulfill grandma's scheme of restitution; and she experienced a dim and secret satisfaction in feeling that this one concession more than atoned for all Elias' wrongs. But when the victim refused to accept the mighty boon, and on her further persistence, left it with an unflattering compromise for future consideration, leaving herself at the same time in the uncomfortable and embarrassing predicament of being "on trial" for the intervening period—neither accepted nor rejected, betrothed nor quite at large; in spite of his generous proviso, she felt herself more injured than even his instant closing with her proposal could have made her.

She proved this by flirting desperately during the season that followed his departure. Grandma Martindale, ever kind and watchful, was not wholly satisfied with her favorite's reckless gayety. Proud of her triumphs, admiring her beauty, and glad to see others admire it too, she had never wished to behold her the mere young lady of fashion she presently became. So much of her time was spent abroad, so many of her engagements were those requiring no chaperon or companion beyond friends of her own age and tastes, that the elder lady felt often lonely and forlorn, and thought her individual loss could hardly have been greater had her child really married Elias Leech, and paid the debt of both to that absent and forgotten benefactor.

She missed him, too, more than she had expected, or liked to say. The fine old gentlewoman, too proud to wrangle with her business agents and employees, felt herself to be cheated and mystified in a thousand ways that had never been attempted while his clear sense administered her affairs, and his kind courtesy did not disdain to explain them. She missed, too, his filial cares for her comfort, that had been almost unnoticed at the time they were offered, but which had left a painful void afterward. She missed his very presence in her house, which had been an influence to restrain unruly servants, to check unnecessary expenditures, to decide doubtful expediences, to perform out-of-door duties, to hold the master-key, in fact, without which few establishments will run smoothly, or long.

If Miss Milly felt any loss or lack in these or other matters, nobody could say. Her grandma was far too kind and indulgent a guardian, to cloud her bright existence with the shadows and vexations which, she said to herself, were inseparable from old age and loneliness. The heiress was too young and pretty to suffer annoyance for the want of attention. Her regrets, if she had them, were confined to her own heart, and her own hours of solitude.

Perhaps she, too, missed a steady friend and ally, a trusty confidant, a tried counsellor, a willing helper. Perhaps she wanted the moral support of his gentle, constant kindness, his regard, approval, and advice; and felt herself giddy and lost, a mere butterfly, borne on the wings of the wind, without it; but if so, she kept her own counsel, and the fact never transpired.

When Elias had been gone a year, he came

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home on a visit, as per contract; but made no attempt to fulfill any other part of the agreement. His friends found him greatly altered; he was browner, broader, straighter, with an air still modest, but more firm, and, in some indescribable way, older and more manly.

He had made some progress in his profession, and turned his wild lands to excellent account. His birth-place was now a thriving city; much of his property lay within its bounds, where houses were springing up like mushrooms. A few more such prosperous years, and he could not fail of being a rich man. Continued and easy intercourse with others had improved and polished him; the free, active life of the West suited him; he had developed suddenly, it seemed to Milly's dazzled eyes, from the shy, awkward student, into the ready, busy man. He was so changed in dress, and look, and manner, that he might be called, in outward appearance, what he had always really been, a gentleman.

It was comfortable, too, as even Milly confessed, to have him again about the house. It was pleasant to find that others deferred to him; that he commanded respect and attention from even strangers. It made her blush, with secret pride, to feel that there was no need to be ashamed of this alien fiance.

But, as time passed on, Milly began to doubt if he were really this. The three weeks of his visit were almost ended; its last days were being spent, and the question of the marriage had never been broached between them. Even grandma felt that it was far too delicate a subject for her handling, and shrank from appearing to press the matter, though she might have made some effort to settle it, but for Milly's constant entreaties. In a maze of doubt, fear, and unhappiness, the girl hardly knew herself, or understood her own wishes. Giddy, capricious, and variable by turns, reserved and kind, she had never seemed to her indulgent relative, so little loveable, or so nearly faulty.

The last day of his sojourn had arrived. Grandma had already celebrated it by a grand dinner-party, at which she had hoped to exhibit the cousins at least as engaged lovers. But the magic word had not been spoken, and the patient silence of the one, the lively nonchalance of the other, disappointed and harassed her anew. In deference to her age and weakness, the hour was early, and the guests departed in time, to leave themselves and their entertainers free to pass on to the "ball of the season," to which Milly was to be chaperoned, in her grandma's indisposition, by a married friend.

Milly came down after as long a toilet as any grand dame of the French court could have made, looking most lovely. Her magnificent dress of green satin, shining and rustling, glittering like the metallic wing of a beetle, and with a train that swept half across the room, was cut very low on the white shoulders, and left equally exposed the rounded arm, bare and beautiful as that of any sculptured aphrodite, and displayed, for all the world to see. Her long, luxuriant fair hair, crimped in a thousand waves, fell about her slender neck, and formed its only covering, except an emerald necklace, companion to the jeweled star that blazed above her forehead, and the rich ornaments that hung heavily from her small ears. Overpowering perfumes, sweet and subtle, floated from her hair, her dress, her bouquet of costly exotics; her cheeks burned with the bloom of conscious beauty, her eyes shone with a dangerous brightness, as she glided before the dazzled vision of Elias, who waited alone in grandma's little parlor, absorbed in sad thoughts, and forgetful of the coming festivities.

She gave him a sparkling glance and smile from eyes dancing with delighted vanity at the effect she produced, and swept a curtsy of oriental depth, as she innocently observed,

"You used to criticise my costume; tell me how I look?"

"Like Circe—like Charmian—like Cleopatra," said Elias, sadly, as his eyes slowly passed over her radiant face and figure; "like anything but *my wife!*"

The words were spoken, and could not be gainsaid. Before the bright indignation in her eyes and cheeks had died away, the door was opened to announce Mrs. Fotheringay, the chaperon, and her handsome brother, Milly's ardent admirer.

Mr. Fotheringay was really clever; a "society man," who talked charmingly, and was careful not to get beyond his depth. He was very much in love with the pretty heiress, and had reason to think his chances so good that he did not fear to let it be seen. To his trained eye and artistic taste, she seemed more than usually beautiful, in this stylish, if decollete toilet.

He advanced at once to the place where she stood, looking like a queen certainly, if even the barbaric one to which Elias had likened her, and ready, in the first fever of her mortification, to graciously accept the homage so warmly offered, and so grateful at that moment.

While these greetings and compliments were tendered and received, and before Mr. Fotheringay's admiration, or his sister's praise had been exhausted, or Milly's first ostentatious ac-

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ceptance of them forgotten, in the weary indifference she soon felt and showed, Elias had left the room quietly, unperceived by more than one of the persons present, and did not return. When he was summoned to accompany them to the ball, he sent "regrets that unavoidable business, on the eve of his departure, prevented his having the pleasure." He thus missed the knowledge that Milly, before leaving the house, had exchanged her magnificent robe and ornaments for the plainest, high-dress of white muslin, and violets from the conservatory; had wound her hair in a single shining coil, "like a golden serpent," as George Fotheringay said, watching her with curious eyes, about her graceful head; and so, simple and shorn of her splendor, she had gone to the ball. Her cousin's message was received, as she left the room for the second time, and passed on quietly and without comment.

His departure took place the next morning, with the quietest of leave-takings on the part of both cousins. Perhaps he held the little hand Milly extended in farewell a moment longer in his than was strictly necessary; but the pride of one, the humility of the other, permitted nothing more, and the only tears visibly shed over the separation were grandma's.

She was really unhappy over her disappointment, as weeks rolled by, and only one letter, announcing his safe return home, arrived from Elias. His loneliness, his manful, upright life, his affection for herself, and gentle protective kindness, never missed as now. The tender consideration and self-denial that had led him into banishment, in preference to depriving her of a single comfort among the many she enjoyed, had won her very heart. She felt the increasing infirmities of years and weakness, and, cherishing a secret belief in his love for her granddaughter, fancied it was wholly that young lady's fault, that her future was not assured, and three people made happy.

This theory, with perhaps a shade of querulous reproach, she did not fail to broach frequently to Milly, till satisfied by the girl's altered looks and spirits that she was really suffering. The ceaseless dissipation into which Milly plunged, after Elias' departure, had begun to tell even upon her elastic youth and health, as her drooping form and paling face too plainly showed. To this, a mental conflict was added, whose nature grandma could only guess, but which we may more fully understand.

Mr. Fotheringay's devotion, stimulated by her apparent coquetry, her changeful humors, languid kindness, and bewitching indifference, had resulted in love so earnest for the true, that it easily bore the test to which she at once subjected it, declaring her loss of fortune. The persevering suitor, though staggered at first, as he admitted, speedily recovered.

"I don't deny that it might make some difference in our income and style of living," he confessed; "perhaps one visit in three to Newport, or a little restraint in our expenditures while there. But I have quite enough to maintain my wife handsomely; and a man might think himself fortunate in your acceptance, if he had actually to purchase the wedding dress."

So Milly had a problem to consider, such as has blanched many a sweet cheek, vexed many a young heart before. Whether for this rich, this fond, this handsome and pleasant lover, to give up a dim dream, a baseless fancy, dearer than life itself? Her loneliness, her unprotected position, in the event of her grandma's death, were to be considered; not less the failing health, the failing powers of that beloved relative, who needed the strong arm and clear sense of a masculine protector to lean upon, and who was eager to see her darling happily settled. On the other hand, shadowy hope, so hard to quell in the breast of twenty, kept the contest alive.

It was grandma, more daring than Alexander, who cut the Gordian knot. A letter—two letters—kind, wise, cheerful, grand-maternal, saying nothing particular; but bearing a powerful charm in them, to bring a wanderer back across lake, and land, and river, went on their errand; and one day a brown-bearded man presented himself at grandma's door, and, after being closeted with her, took her, tearful and triumphant, on his arm, to seek entrance to Milly's boudoir.

The sick girl reclined on her couch, wasted and thin, nominally with a "a feverish cold," caught at the last German; but really from two close contemplation of the alternatives I have mentioned. Mr. Fotheringay's beautiful bouquet shed its sweet odors from the table near her; Mr. Fotheringay's white grapes were clustered on a gilded plate at her side, to tempt her appetite; Mr. Fotheringay's books and periodicals, sent to amuse her invalid leisure, had slipped from her nerveless hand. She lay with her large eyes fixed on the distant window, trying to listen to his sister's lively chat, but hearing no word of it; while she revolved in her mind the weary question—How to be true? How to tell him she could not love him, and would none of him. How to escape from the inevitable fate toward which she was helplessly drifting?

Closing the cogitations for ever, Elias walked in upon them, upsetting the flower-glass with his

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elbow, crushing the grapes and pamphlets with his great foot. There was no need of words in the greeting he gave and received. Sickness and sorrow bring people wonderfully near to truth. Little worldly deceits are laid aside; nature will speak, for the time. Even Mrs. Fotheringay perceived, by the sudden light that illumined the sick girl's face; the rose-red color that tinted her thin cheeks; the ray of hope that shone in her eyes, so different from the listless languor displayed in her brother's presence, enough to save him further mortification. She withdrew quietly, and almost unremarked, and shut the door upon Paradise.

And Elias had really grown quite handsome. The long, long illness, that prevented his writing, had bleached his tanned cheeks to fashionable palor. His face was finer cut, more noble also. Then he had attained such beautiful brown whiskers; and, altogether, made not so unsuitable a bridegroom for the bride, who was married in grandma's own church, a few weeks later.

In her large, handsome house, on the banks of the —— river, Milly has grown as calm and comfortable a matron as one would wish to see. She bears no trace of the vicissitudes I have here recorded written on her blooming face. Her husband has risen in professional and political life; he went last year to the State Legislature, this winter to the National one. He has changed his name for one he loved far better; and you would hardly recognize plain Elias Leech in the Hon. E. L. Martindale, more than the fairy girl he married in the portly dame who leans upon his arm.

While at home sits grandma, queen of the household, content in her peaceful old age, and happy in the society of the three pets, whose spoiling forms the business of her life.

DOST THOU REMEMBER?

BY CLARE VERNON.

Oh, say, dost thou remember,
The time when last we met;
A dreary day in Winter,
The ground with snow was wet?

Oh, say, dost thou remember,
My standing by thy side,
And wooing thee, fair Rena,
To be my own—my bride?

Oh, say, dost thou remember,
Those chilling words of thine,
When, with a lover's meekness,
I knelt at love's own shrine?

Oh, say, dost thou remember,
Thy parting words to me;
"I do not—do not love thee,
Oh, no, I'm fancy-free!"

Oh, say, dost thou remember,
I fled across the sea,
To forget thee, fairest Rena,
If such a thing might be?

Oh, say, dost thou remember,
Thou deem'st me with the dead?
But, ah, thou wert mistaken,
For I am hap'ly wed,

Unto a winsome fairy,
Who vows she loveth me;
And gladly I remember,
That thou wast "fancy-free."

CASTLES IN AIR.

BY V. M. JAMIESON.

We sat together on the shore,
Mid sands of glittering gold,
As the ocean breeze sighed o'er the sea,
And the dark blue wavelets rolled.
And we spoke of love in the time to come,
The future bright and fair,
And we pictured out a happy lot,
As we built our castles in air.

Once more we met upon the shore,
But the sands were dark and gray,
And the ocean breeze to a wind had grown,
And clouds rose o'er the way.
And the words of love were changed to wrath,
As we parted in anger there;
How changed from the fancied happy lot,
And the castles we built in air.

The ocean storm had ceased to beat,
As again we met on the shore,
And again the words of love were breathed,
And the castles builded o'er.
Again we picture the future forth,
And all is bright and fair;
Yet still there's joy enough to be found,
Though our castles were built in air.

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HER SECRET.

BY FANNIE HODGSON, AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN'S LOVE-STORY," ETC.

"I NEVER see her, madam, without thinking of me first cousin, Sir Phelim O'Dowdleston, of Castle Dowdleroon, county Antrim. I dare say ye've heard of him often enough. Faith he was a fine ould fellow, Sir Phelim; an' it was at his house I met her. She's a pretty woman now; but she has altered a power since then—grown paler and quieter than she was in those days, when she and Darrel Barnegat used to make the big rooms ring with their fun and laughing."

"She and who?" suddenly condescended Mrs. Col. Powler, with unacountable unmajestic sharpness. She had not been noticing her military companion at all. She rarely deigned to notice him at any time, in fact; but his last words roused her.

"Barnegat," answered Ogilvie. "Barnegat, of King's Eagle; and it's a queer thing to me that it isn't Barnegat, of King's Eagle, who is here with her to-day, instead of that fire-eating Cuban."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Col. Powler. "So she was engaged to him?"

"Me cousin, Sir Phelim," the little, old major was beginning, when his eye caught an expression on the countenance of the relict of the military Powler, which checked him. The sharp face of that estimable, but rigid, matron, was turned toward the unsuspecting subject of discussion, and the black fan in the black-gloved hands was waving slowly, but ominously.

The major stopped at once. It suddenly dawned upon his mind that he had made a trifling blunder. He knew Mrs. Col. Powler, and, it may be added, was not one of her most fervent admirers.

"It's mischief she means," was his inward comment; "and its mischief against me pretty little Yorke there. She's never forgiven her for cutting out Cordelia, the stiff-necked ould hypocrite in petticoats!"

The ominous waving of the black fan went on majestically.

"You were saying something about Mrs. Yorke's former engagement to a visitor of your cousins," suggested Mrs. Col. Powler.

"On my sowl, there's Jarnegan!" exclaimed the major, enthusiastically. "Jernegan, of Turftop. When did he come? I must speak to him. You'll excuse, madam." And, before Mrs. Colonel had time to wave her fan, she found herself alone.

It was rather exasperating to be so bereft of a choice bit of scandal, which might have been used hereafter to such an advantage against her pet animosity, that pretty, unpleasantly well-behaved little Mrs. Yorke. Nothing on earth would have so exalted the august relict of Powler, as to have found something to cavil at in the demeanor of poor Gertie Yorke; and yet, surely, if ever youthful matron was a model wife and mother, Gertrude Yorke was. But, as Major Ogilvie had said, Mrs. Powler had never forgiven her for her triumph over Cordelia.

Cordelia was the eldest Miss Powler, and had inherited all her mother's graces of mind and person; and rumor said, that if Cordelia was not Mrs. Manuel Yorke, it was not Cordelia's fault; and the fact was by no means to be adduced to a lack of industry on the part of that resplendent, but somewhat raw-boned maiden. Consequently, added rumor, this was why Mrs Colonel was so stony in her carriage toward the winning side; this was why she had so cordially detested pretty Gertrude, in the winter that had ended with her marriage; and this also was why, encountering her now at Carlsbad, among the summer flock of idlers and invalids, she considered it her special mission to crush her into humility, with much frosty courtesy, and majestic waving of the stiff-jointed, but marvelously genteel, mourning fan.

The hotel parlors were rather full this evening. There were several new arrivals; but Gertrude Yorke had taken her place apart from the rest, as she often did. Just now, as she sat talking to her little boy, she looked so singularly youthful, that it seemed almost impossible to believe that she was the child's mother. That she was an American, one could see at the first glance; her delicate face, girlish figure, and black-lashed, agate-gray eyes, were the attributes of no other type; but it had been years since she had visited her mother country. At fourteen her travels had began; at eighteen she had married; and, since that time, had wandered from place to place, with her husband, in true American fashion, until the present summer, when, her health failing somewhat, they had lingered at Carlsbad.

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Notwithstanding the quietness of her life, she was the subject of a great deal of comment among lookers-on. People, who found it their duty to inquire into such matters, were a trifle puzzled as to the exact state of her feelings toward her husband. He was fond of her, but he was jealous, nervous, and excitable; his fiery Cuban blood asserting itself strongly in the smallest traits of his character. Nothing was more probable, said the discussing party, than that the girl was afraid of him; and that from this cause arose the occasional shade of sadness that touched her pretty, delicate young face. Accordingly, the best-natured pitied her a little, and there were very few who did not agree in admiring her youthful beauty, and her tender care for the welfare of her child. Among the best-natured, the little, old Irish major ranked first. He was persistently gallant, and persistently admiring; he was continually "on duty," in her behalf, warding off gossip and interference; and, in time, the girl grew grateful, and fond of him. She listened to his stories of Sir Phelim of Castle O'Dowdleroon, and encouraged her little boy's childish confidence in him; and what delighted the major more than all else, she always relied upon him for advice and assistance during her husband's absences. So the major was not at all surprised, this evening, during his conference with Jarnegan, a few minutes after he left Mrs. Col. Powler, to hear the sweet voice call to him, suddenly, a few feet from his standpoint.

"Major—if you please."

I should say, rather, that he would not have been at all surprised, if, on this occasion, there had not been a strange alteration in the voice—a strange, wild tremor, as if the speaker had been terrified.

He turned round on an instant, and, turning, was stricken at once with anxious astonishment. Pretty Gertrude Yorke had slipped from the divan, upon which she had been seated, and lay upon the carpet, in a dead faint!

There was a hurried movement among the surrounding group; but, before even the major could reach her, some one had raised her up, and laid her upon the cushions, and this individual was a gentleman, at the sight of whom the major started back in such astonishment, that he was actually pale, exclaiming aloud,

"Barnegat, by the sowl of me lady!"

She was carried to her room, of course, and left to the care of the feminine body-guard, detailed from the dozen of lady visitors, who made a general rush to the scene of action, ready to bustle, and sympathize, and assist, and prescribe after true female fashion.

The major was not so busy as usual. He seemed to be in a bewildered mood. He was grave and silent, and, when he came into the parlor again, his manner was so changed, that one might have fancied him under the influence of an unexpected shock.

Out on one of the long verandas, the man who had laid Gertrude Yorke upon the divan, was standing, leaning against a pillar, smoking a segar; and this man being sought by the major, and found thus, was addressed by him, after the manner of an old acquaintance, though with some latent excitement or anxiety showing itself in his tone.

"By the powers, Barnegat!" he said, "this is a bad move."

Barnegat—a handsome fellow this Barnegat—long, shapely limbed, and of tawney-bearded face. Barnegat stirred uneasily, and seemed to find it necessary to give himself time in which to recover his self-control.

"I did not know she was here," he said, huskily, at length.

The major shook his head.

"A bad move," he said, "if I am not mistaken. Am I mistaken?" anxiously.

"How?" said Barnegat, heavily. "What do you mean?"

The major cast a cautious glance around him, and then, coming to his companion's side, laid a finger upon his folded arms.

"Am I mistaken in thinking it isn't quite over?" he asked, in a dropped voice, "the ould boy and girl love scrape. Have you forgotten it, and has she, or do yez both remember it too well? It looks like it, me boy; this fainting the minute she claps eyes on yez. Be open an' aboveboard, Barnegat; let me have the God's truth, for I'm fond of the young creature, an' she's too pretty an' young to be left to fight her own battles."

Barnegat's segar went whizzing out into the long grass, sent there by a desperate fling. The poor fellow's eyes were filled with wretched fire, and he broke into a little groan, checked in its birth.

"It's not over with me," he said. "It never will be over. I can say nothing for her. I don't understand women, who can play fast and loose with an honest man's honest love. Women! I should say girls. What was she but a girl, a child of seventeen, when she led me on with her pretty whims at Dowdleroon? What did she throw me off for? What had I done to deserve to be jilted?" Then he turned on Major Ogilvie, all at once, with a pitiful touch of appeal in his voice. "What has that husband of hers been

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doing to alter her so? Where have her pretty, bright, childish ways gone? She's as pale as a white rose, and there's a look in her eye that would never have been there, if she would have trusted me, and been my wife."

The major's hand was laid upon his stalwart shoulder, with a touch as gentle as a woman's.

"Hush!" he said, kindly. "This won't do, me boy. It isn't safe. Sure, I scarcely know what to say to ye. I'm thinking, that, perhaps you had better leave here, before her husband comes back. He went to Berlin a week or so ago."

"The devil take her husband!" broke out Barnegat, flaming with wrath and jealousy. "I tell you I shall stay, now I have come. She shall tell me why she jilted me, yet. She must have had a reason; women scarcely do such things without one. When our regiment was ordered back to Dublin, and I went to Dowdleroon to bid her good-by, she clung to me, and cried like a tender-hearted child, on my arm? The next thing I heard was, that she was gone, with that meddling old mother of hers; gone without leaving me a word; and here she is to-day, another man's wife, and the mother of another man's child; and the minute she sees me she faints dead at my feet What does it all mean, I say?" his voice ringing out passionately. "I don't know. God help me!"

The major could not say. He looked at the excited man with a pale, troubled face. It was even worse than he had expected; and he feared for the end of a story so wretched and mysterious; but he knew that it was worse than useless to contend against Darrel Barnegat in such a mood. He knew him of old, generous, impulsive, and truly Irish in his high spirit and lightness of heart; but there had never yet been a Barnegat who was not a whirlwind when driven to desperation. In his good-natured anxiety for his favorite, the poor little major felt terribly nervous. Perhaps, odd as it may seem, his nervousness arose quite as much from an inward fear of Mrs. Col. Powler, as from weightier causes. Such is the inconsistency of human nature. He felt that it would be infinitly safer for pretty Gertrude to face her husband, than to encounter Mrs. Col. Powler. The thought of it fairly made him gasp for breath.

"For heaven's sake, me boy," he said, "be a trifle reasonable. Think of the poor girl, an' think of the tabbies watching her. Did ye see the ould cormorant, with the black fan? If ye didn't, just look out for her. She will be on the watch for ye, from first to last."

Gertrude Yorke did not return to the parlor during the rest of the day; but, the next morning, as the major was drinking his morning dose of the waters with the rest, he felt a light touch upon his arm, and, turning round, found the girl's pretty, pale face, quite close to his shoulder.

"Good-morning," she said, in a voice so pathetically sweet, that it thrilled him to the heart. "Please to fill my glass for me, major."

She thanked him, when he handed it to her, and, as she took it, he noticed that the shadow in her sad, young eyes, was deeper than ever, and that under the black lashes lay faint rings of purple.

"I am glad that ye are well enough to be out," he ventured to say.

"Thank you," she answered. "I am much better. The rooms must have been too warm, or —or I was not as well as usual, major," slightly hesitating. "Please don't alarm Mr. Yorke about it."

"Of course not," said the major, bending down to fill his glass again, and trying to speak with good-natured indifference. "Where would be the use of the frightening the senses out of him for a bit of a faint."

She said nothing more, until he had emptied his glass again. While he drank the contents, she stood near the railing, looking away dreamily; but, when he had finished, she spoke to him again.

"Will you walk back to the house with me?" she said; and then, all at once, the eyes she had uplifted to his faltered, and filled with a pleading desperate light. It seemed as if she knew he had read her heart.

"Give me your arm," she said; and he gave it to her; and she walked away with him, holding it with a curious strength, in her slight, clinging hand.

Beyond the hearing of the group, near the water, there was a line of linden trees, with rustic seats beneath their shade; and, feeling that she was trembling, he led her to one of these benches, and made her sit down. He stood before her then, to shield her from observation, her pallor was so great, and the shrinking terror and grief in her large eyes so strong. She stretched out her unsteady hands to him with the imploring gesture of a frightened child; and he saw that she was in tears.

"Oh, major," she cried out, "please stay with me; please stay near me, as much as you can: please help me until—until Mr. Yorke comes.

He soothed her to the best of his ability—an ability by no means limited, by the way—promising all that she asked, without referring,

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ever so distantly, to the cause of her trouble. There was a great deal of tact about this rusty little major, despite his slight brogue, and his genuine Irish pride in his titled relations. Mystified as he was, he would no more have asked her to explain the matter to him, than he would have struck her a blow. He talked to her until she had recovered herself, and then he gave her his arm again, and they promenaded the quieter walks, until the soft morning air had swept away the traces of her tears, even if it could not bring the color to her cheeks.

Returning to the house, they encountered Mrs. Col. Powler, who was much astonished to see them after a frosty manner. Was it possible that Mrs. Yorke had so far recovered as to be able to walk out alone? She had observed that she left the hotel alone? Was it not, perhaps, somewhat indiscreet to venture out unattended, after so severe an indisposition. She had imagined Mrs. Yorke's swoon had arisen from some serious cause. She had heard a number of the guests inquiring as to the state of her health; among the rest, a late arrival, a Mr. Barnegat; in fact, the gentleman who had been near her when she fainted, and who had been the first to assist her.

It cost the major a great deal of diplomatic effort, in the avoidance of too close an encounter with Darrel Barnegat that morning; but somehow or other, by indefatigable industry, he managed to keep a group about Gertrude's chair until evening, and then the enemy was too much for him. Seeing the two alone for a moment, Barnegat strode across the room deliberately, and, with evident purpose, to where they were seated.

The major was slight protection then. Having been held aloof so long had roused the poor fellow to rebellion, and his first words, when Gertrude started slightly at the intrusion, showed that he was not to be trifled with, or put off.

"Don't be afraid of me, Gertie," he said, with bitter sadness. "I don't mean to harm you." And, flinging himself into a chair, he held out his hands to the boy, who was clinging to his mother's dress.

"Come here to me," he said.

"Go to him," Eustace," said Gertie, faintly; and the boy obeyed her.

For a moment, or so, Barnegat held him, looking down into his dark eyes with a working face. Then he loosened his hold upon him.

"Your child is not like you," he said.

Gertrude turned her pretty, pallid face to the window, trembling.

"He is like Mr. Yorke," she answered.

It seemed that she was afraid of him, the major thought; afraid to trust herself to look at him, or speak to him. What was it that she was afraid of?

It must have been her evident tremor, which caused a silence to fall upon them, even here, in the beginning. For a few seconds no one spoke, and the nervous shrinking in the girl's eyes was almost pitiable. The little major grew restless under it, and was actually glad when Barnegat put an end to the pause.

"I scarcely expected to see you down stairs, to-day," he said. "I was afraid that your indisposition was a serious matter."

"No," answered Gertie, quickly. "It was nothing. I often faint. I have not been strong for a year." And the flutter of swift-changing red and white on her cheek attested to the truth of her words.

Her very timidity held her farther aloof from him than any stern effort of will could have done. He could no more have forced his passion of wrath and pain upon her, than he could have forced it upon a panting, frightened child. She shrank away from his gaze, clinging to her child's hand, as to a safeguard against him. Four years ago, she had been a bright, fearless, happy young creature, every hour of whose existence seemed warm with the sunshine of youth. Surely there was some wrong in the mystery that had wrought so great a change in her?

As he held his place, pallid, and tortured with the inward sense of injustice done to him; Barnegat felt that his pain and jealous wrath were thrust back upon him; and feeling thus, his determination to read the riddle grew stronger than it had ever been before.

But it was not to be read to-day, or for many days to come. He had hardly exchanged a dozen words with her, before he saw a swift change pass over her face: and she turned toward the door, as if moved by some slow, magnetic influence. There was no lighting up of the eyes, no glow of brightness; there was no more than a touch of timid anxiety in her expression; and yet the moment that Barnegat caught sight of the lithe, slender, dark-faced man, who was crossing the threshold, he was stricken with a fierce, jealous pang, knowing him to be her husband, as if by intuition.

The new comer came forward to her with a quick step—a hurried, restless step one might say. There was something restless even in his step, as there was something fiery and restless in his thin, dark, eager face.

He barely gave the two men a greeting gesture. He seemed to assert his right to command

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the girl, almost before he had spoken to her. To the child he gave merely a hurried, graceful caress.

"You are not well," Barnegat heard him say, when, a minute later, he led her away. "You have been ill. Don't say 'no.' I should know it not to be true. Your eyes look as if you had shed tears. Why have you suffered. Tell me all."

The little major waited a minute, and then touched his friend on the shoulder.

"Come out into the grounds with me," he said, "and smoke a segar."

Barnegat rose and followed him.

Once in the open air, under the shade of the lindens, Barnegat's passionate misery and raging jealousy burst its bonds. He strode to and fro on the walk like a tiger. He did not know who to blame, so all the fire of his hate fell on the man, who, it seemed, had rivaled him. He could have dealt him his death-blow without a sting of conscience, though the whole of his after life might have been filled with remorse for the deed.

"That is her lord and master, is it?" he said. "By my faith, he is lordly enough. What right has such a fellow to a tender creature like that? She's afraid of him, I tell you." And then, all at once, he broke down, flinging himself on to a bench, and burying his face in his hands with a groan. "Good God!" he cried, "think how I would have worshiped her; think how I would have watched her, and cared for her delicate woman's fancies. *I* leave her for weeks? Not for an hour. She's dying, it's my belief; dying by inches, as women like her die sometimes."

The major was discreetly silent. The ghost of such a thought had more than once flitted across his own kindly little brain. He had seen times when the pretty favorite had seemed so fair and spiritual, that he had wondered if so much fairness and transparency was exactly the right sort of thing, lovely as it was. The beautiful eyes had looked large and bright, and worn, now and then, as if the wine of life had been too strong for the delicate lady. His august relative had once praised her as the brightest and merriest of his many light-hearted guests; now she was the quietest little woman in the hotel. But he did not say this to Darrel Barnegat. He let him wear out his hopeless rage, without interfering with him, and then soothed him with no inconsiderable tact and delicacy.

"Don't let the world see it, me boy," he said, "for her sake—for her sake. Poor little soul, she has enough to bear. Keep a bowld heart for her sake." And, in saying it, he touched the right chord.

When Gertrude Yorke met them again, she was on her husband's arm, and many a day passed before they caught even a glimpse of her when she was alone. He was at least attentive, this husband. It seemed that he scarcely ever left her side. It was her he cared for, not the child, that was plain enough. Her lightest change of expression never escaped him; and it might almost have been that his constant vigilance wearied her, for she was quieter and more frail-looking than ever. Her mute submissiveness to his will was fairly touching. She obeyed his very glance.

Before he had been there two weeks, Barnegat began to falter in his purpose. He had been determined to demand an explanation of the mystery of the past; but the time came when he would scarcely have done so if he could, and certainly he could not if he would. From the time of her husband's arrival, they exchanged no recognition, beyond the merest gestures of politeness. Even the major was thrown out of employment, and left to himself, though the girl had always a smile and a gentle word for him. The people who noticed her most, began to comment on the sadness and languor of her pretty, pale face; and at last, one evening, a burly German physician burst upon a group, who were thus commenting, with a single gutteral sentence, which fell upon them like a thunderbolt.

"Dot bretty woomans, mid her glear gomblexion?" he said. "Ach! Yes. She go into gonsumption." And he said it with the air of a man, to whom it was no new idea, but a commonplace fact.

Barnegat was not one of the group, but the major was; and when, afterward, she came into the room, leaning upon her husband's arm, and looking in her thin, cloud-like white muslin, like a white flower, the major felt his heart quicken its beating, with a strange sense of discomfort.

Only a week after this, Barnegat came to his friend, with a haggard, desperate face.

"They are going away," he said.

"When?" asked the major.

"To-morrow," answered Barnegat. "Well, it will be over then."

"All the better for you," said the major. "Better that there should be an end to it. What good is it doing ye? Wearing your life out grieving for another man's wife? It's but little use there is in crying after spilt milk."

Barnegat's head dropped on to his hands.

"It isn't that," he said, doggedly, despite his misery. "It's better that I shouldn't be tormented with the sight of her face, but I want to

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be righted. How do I know what she has been made to think of me? But I shall never ask her now."

There was a queer, old-fashioned rose-garden in the grounds of the hotel—a sweet, quaint, old rose-garden, burning with color, and heavy with perfume, that floated above and around the hundred flower-laden bushes; and to this place Darrel Barnegat went, when he left major Ogilvie standing alone under the row of lindens.

It had been a rare treasure once, this square of bloom and fragrance; but it had been somewhat neglected of late years, and the roses had grown into a lovely thicket, stretching long, slender arms here and there, from bed to bed, and outbarring intruders with a profusion of sweet barricades. But there was still room for a ramble down the straight walks, and Barnegat found his way there, chiefly for the sake of its seclusion.

But some one was there before him, it seemed, though at first he was not aware of any presence, other than his own. The fair moonlight made the place as bright as day, and, at last, in turning the corner of an arch of tangled rose-vines, he came suddenly upon a white figure, standing in the path, a figure in a floating, white dress, and with a white face turned upward to the cloudless night sky.

"Gertrude!" he cried out.

She might have been a spirit. She looked like one as she turned slowly toward him, in the white light. Her thin dress might have been moon-lit roses. She was so delicately colorless, that her skin seemed purely transparent.

It was strange that she did not seem startled; but she did not, though she looked at him a little wonderingly, as she might have looked, if his presence had awakened her from a dream.

"Don't think that I followed you," he said. "I did not know you were here."

She made a faint, quiet gesture with her hand.

"No, I did not think so," she said, in a low, calm voice. "I think—— I am glad you came."

The sight of her had so amazed him, and she looked so spiritual and unearthly, that he could not have found words to answer her, if she had given him time to speak, which she did not.

"I think I am glad you came," she said, again; and her voice was so clear and sweet, in its mysteriously-sounding, half-wearied tone, that it seemed to him that it floated toward him with the perfume of the roses. "I was thinking about you," she went on. "I came here because it was so quiet, and I wanted to think about you. I have something to say to you, and you know what it is about, though you do not dream of what the truth is. I have been afraid before; I am not afraid now. I am going away, and I shall never see you again on earth, so I must tell you how it is, that—that I am Mr. Yorke's wife instead of yours. I promised he yours, you remember, when we were in Ireland.

"Yes," he groaned. "Oh my own—my love!"

"You remember that my mother did not like you," she said. "Don't blame her now—she died long ago. It seems long ago to me, though it is only three years since. It was she who took me away from you. She told me a terrible story of your loving another woman—not a lady, but a woman good people do not speak of; but I did not believe her, Darrel, until you ceased writing to me. It was my love that made me weak and blind, I think; if I had not loved you so, I should have known how easy it was for her to play that poor, glaring, worn-out farce, and keep your letters back. But that is not all. I might even have fought against that, until you came back; but after that, we saw a paragraph in the paper about the duel you fought with an English officer, and it said that you were dead—dead, Darrel." And there she swayed a little, and caught hold of the arch, and leaned against it.

"Oh, my God!" he moaned. "Oh, my God!" But he said no other word.

It flashed across his mind so plainly now. He remembered the blunder, had laughed at it a thousand times, and yet had never thought that it might float to her, as it had floated to other people. Oh, mad fool that he had been! mad, reckless fool! to fling away from his unsteady hand a cup so full of peace and love.

She went on.

"Until the evening you came into the hotel parlor, I did not know that you were alive. I was tired of life, and hopeless; but it was better then than it is now, because I thought you were dead, and understood perhaps why I had broken down under my grief and despair, and had been weak enough to let myself be sacrificed. I did not love the man I married for my mother's sake. I do not love him now. I cannot, though I try. I have no love left. I am not strong enough to think of love, and his love for me wears me out and wearies me. He does love me, and tries to make me happy; but look at my face, Darrel," and she turned toward him in the moonlight. "Look at my hand," and she held up to his sight the fair, immaterial spirit of hand, slender, and bloodless, and transparent. "I am dying," she said, in an awe-stricken whisper. "He does not believe me, when I tell him so, but it is true. I wanted to tell you this, before

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I left here, because I know so well that we shall never meet again. I did not want to die, fearing that you could blame me for seeming false to you. My love has been my secret all these years, and the weight has been too heavy for me. It was chance that brought you here to-night, it was fate. It was fate that brought you here to say farewell to me; and now that I have spoken, we must say it. Good-by." And she held out to him the slight, fair hand, whose touch was as the touch of a pitying spirit.

"Good-by," he cried. "Only good-by; after all these years of hopelessness. Only to meet, and say good-by!"

"The suffering was mine too," she said. "It is not only you who say good-by; but life has been so hard to me that I am thankful even for this parting." And so the slender hand slipped from her grasp, and, as she left him, he flung himself, face downward, in the dew-wet grass, among the roses.

At the breakfast-table, the next morning, her place was empty. She was not well enough to come down, and, in the evening, her husband had taken her away. So Darrel Barnegat was left to wear his passion out through the long, weary summer days. He remained at Carlsbad, because there was some bitter comfort in the thought, that she had borne her secret pain there so long. Only the little, old rusty major understood his silence, and the heavy cloud hanging over his life; and understanding and pitying him, the major clung to him, and through his warm, if whimsical affection, afforded him some kindly support.

The major was at his side, too, one autumn day, when an invalid idler, who had spent years at Carlsbad, read aloud, from a London newspaper, the following paragraph, from the list of deaths,

"On the 10th inst., in this city, the wife of Manuel Yorke, Esq., of Matanzas, Cuba."

SPRING-TIME

BY IDA IRVINGTON.

The merry Spring is coming,
With buds and blossoms bright;
And the purple hills and mountains
Are bathed in mellow light;
While the happy little songsters
Are trilling their sweet lays,
At the first approach of Spring-time,
And the thought of sunnier days.

The mossy dells are springing,
Into new life again,
And everything I gaze upon—
Tree, shrub, or grassy plain.
The very murmur of the brook,
As it wends its way along,
Seems to woo thee, gentle Spring-time,
With its sweetest, gladdest song.

The soft and balmy zephyrs,
With odors, sweet and rare,
Of violet blue, and snowdrop,
And of the lily fair,
Come through the hazy twilight,
As we watch the shadows play
'Mong the grand, and weird old tree-tops,
At the closing of the day.

Then come, oh, gentle Spring-time!
We welcome thee with mirth;
For thou comest but to cheer us,
And to beautify the earth;
Thou comest but to gladden,
The sad and weary heart,
And makest with thy sunshine,
The shadows to depart.

WHAT WAS IT?

BY OCTO.

Dead, and under the grasses;
Dead, and over the sea;
Dead, while the Summer passes;
Dead, and away from me.

Mignon! Mignon! what was it?
Why found you so soon a grave,
In the morning of life and of pleasure,
Across the ocean wave?

Cold? 'Twas the noon of Summer;
Athirst, in such tropical day?

Tired? Your arms bore no burdens,
And mine—they are empty for aye!

Dead, and beyond my caresses;
Dead, and gone to thy rest;
Dead, and the why, no one guesses,
Mignon! my sweetest and best!

Ah! 'twill not waken thy sleeping,
Whatever the words I say;
Still is the heart once swift leaping,
And mine, it is empty for aye.

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SOMETHING OF A MASQUERADE

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

A GENTLEMAN engaged in dressing for a party is by no means so interesting as a lady employed in the same manner; and, besides, the gentleman in question was decidedly out of humor at being obliged to go.

He was so tired of parties; it seemed to him that one was so exactly like another—the flowers, dresses, and decorations, all after the same pattern; and as for the young ladies, why, they might all have been turned out of the same mould. He really believed that he would take a trip to the Plains with the next detachment of troops that went out; there would, at least, be variety and excitement among the Indians.

And having succeeded in tying the third cravat he had tried, just to his mind, Mr. Philip Remington gathered up his gloves, and, with more of a frown than a smile upon his dark, but handsome face, he bent his steps toward the festive scene.

He knew exactly who he should meet there; the same silly, simpering girls, and their elderly, commonplace mammas. He didn't know a single woman past the first bloom of youth who possessed the least attraction; not one could he name in the flower of a ripe and beautiful summer. What had become, he thought, of the type of woman that graced the period of the Revolution? The gentle, yet commanding dignity, the lovely, matronly grace, that was the admiration as well of foreign courts as of the home-circle?

He had an intense love and veneration for old ladies, too, when they were disposed to follow the homely advice to "act as sich, and behave accordin';" but it seemed to him that the old ladies of his acquaintance behaved more like young ones, and attired themselves more youthfully as youth departed from them. He really believed that, if he should ever encounter his *beau-ideal* of an old, or middle-aged lady, he should be tempted to offer her his heart and hand on the spot, which, if at all consistent, she would, of course, decline.

The young gentleman had been somewhat spoiled by society, which was quite disposed to welcome his appearance with a grand chorus of "Hail! the conquering hero comes!" for society saw that he possessed the tangible advantages of wealth, good looks, and talent; and, as unappropriated men of this sort are not found in every household, society showed its most agreeable side to Mr. Philip Remington. He did not feel particularly grateful, however, and hated the very sight of three-cornered notes with monograms requesting the pleasure of his company.

He could scarcely bring himself to go to this grand house-warming of Mrs. Farland's, the wife of the great wine-merchant, who had just completed a modern Aladdin's palace, and thus called together his dear five hundred friends to come and rejoice with him that he had what few of them could ever hope to have—a grand, white marble structure, with fountains and statues scattered through the grounds; a magnificent entrance, and windows that looked like vast, unbroken sheets of crystal. Mr. Remington's acquaintance with Mrs. Farland was very slight, and his disinclination to go to her party very strong; but some fate seemed urging him on against his will, and he went.

He was accustomed to handsome rooms, furnished according to the most expensive rules of the upholsterer's art; but he was not prepared for the exquisite taste that had evidently employed unbounded wealth to the best advantage. Everything was softly-toned; and the well-selected gems of statuary, and admirable collection of pictures, were disposed, with a sort of careless grace, in just the places that seemed meant for them.

Having made his salutation to the lady of the house, Philip Remington wandered, with no particular aim, through the magnificent rooms, until a statue of "Eve Repentant," that stood in the shadow of a rich blue curtain, arrested his steps, and held him entranced. The beautiful face, half-hidden by the small hand, and the mournful grace of the drooping figure, were more like life than marble; and feeling this to be far better worth his attention than the gay, soulless butterflies around him, the young cynic gazed and dreamed, until, turning his eyes, he beheld, at a little distance, Martha Washington, in veritable flesh and blood.

Yes, there stood the Mother of her Country—fair, noble, stately, dark-eyed, with the broad, open brow, and gray hair dressed over a cushion, so familiar to us in pictures; on her cheeks, a soft rose-bloom, and in her whole expression a serene smiling grace. Her dress, of rich brocade, seemed to match her hair in hue, and the

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short sleeves coming just below the elbow, with a fall of old lace, and the square neck trimmed in the same manner, were all in perfect keeping.

She, too, stood in the shadow of the blue curtain; and Philip Remington unconsciously stared as though she had been another work of art, gotten up for his express admiration.

Mrs. Farland presently approached, and presented Mr. Remington to her friend, Mrs. Lorraine.

"I think I may depend on you," she added, "to entertain Mrs. Lorraine, who is on a visit to me from a distant city; for I believe, Mr. Remington, that you do not, like most other gentlemen, devote yourself exclusively to young ladies."

Philip bowed and colored, and found himself, the next moment *tete-a-tete* with Martha Washington.

"A gay party," observed that historical personage, "seems scarcely the place for me; but my friend, Mrs. Farland, would take no excuse, and I concluded to be a quiet looker-on. I hoped that the young people would not grudge me my corner."

"You have made it a post of honor," replied her new acquaintance, enthusiastically; "but, really, you should come where you can be better seen, for you supply the very element that is wanting in this assembly."

"I know," said the Mother of her Country, with beautiful frankness, "I contribute, I suppose, the ingredient of respectable middle age, and thereby serve as a foil to the youth and brightness around me."

"How very provoking of her!" thought Philip, still lost in admiration. Must he reply then with a barefaced compliment? Or would it be better not to reply at all?

He scarcely knew what to say to this dignified lady, who must be considerably his senior, and yet the soft bloom on her cheek, and the light in her eye, contradicted the gray hair, and the air of superior age, while he noticed that the plump arms were white and shapely, and the neck such as many a young girl would have been glad to display. There certainly was something puzzling about her; but the lady soon broke the somewhat awkward silence, by saying, in a matter-of-course way,

"Do not feel at all bound to devote yourself to me, Mr Remington, for I am quite independent of such support; and I know how much more natural it is for you to wish to be among the young ladies of your acquaintance, than to waste yourself upon an old woman like me."

Mr. Remington felt like replying, that he had been in quest of "an old woman like her," for some time past; but, instead of this, he merely said,

"I shall be happy to waste myself in this way, as long as you will permit it."

A beautiful flush tinged the fair cheek of the Republican queen, as she glanced at the expressive eyes of her companion; and feeling that this corner conversation had lasted long enough, she said, quietly,

"If you will give me your arm, I should like to go into the other room. There are some pictures there that will repay your attention. I see that you are a lover of such things."

"How did she know that?" thought Philip.

"Not there," added the vision in gray brocade. "I am too old, you know, for dancing."

Except the gray hair, and antique dress, she looked, as she smiled, an incarnation of perpetual youth; and her companion gazed at the pictures she pointed out to him, with the conviction that the picture beside him was worth all the efforts of the old and young masters combined.

Meanwhile, people were watching the couple with different degrees of interest; and while many glances of admiration were directed toward the modern Lady Washington, a few rosy lips were curled with pique that Prince Philip should slight their charms to devote himself to an old lady.

But Mrs. Lorraine would not allow this so exclusively as the gentleman desired; two or three times did she banish him on various pretexts, and at an unreasonably early hour, and very much to his disgust, she left the gay scene for the quiet of her own apartment.

Some hours later, she was joined by Mrs. Farland, who said, laughingly,

"Do you know, Gertrude, I think you are a decided success. And I feel quite indebted to you for the freak that surprised me so at first. A figure like you at one's receptions is a card of the first value, for there is sure to be nothing similar. You certainly might have stepped out of Martha Washington's picture-frame; but who except yourself would ever have thought of acting as though you had."

Mrs. Lorraine looked up rather wearily from her comfortable position on the lounge. She had doffed her rich dress for a loose white wrapper, and brown locks, instead of gray ones, floated ever her shoulders; for the gray, like the dolls' dresses, "took off and on." She was a very pretty woman, undoubtedly; but singular, too—somewhat of a species by herself—and so thought the friend who now sat studying her.

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"I believe I am half-tired of masquerading," said she, absently.

"Since when?" asked Mrs. Farland, with a smile. "But you do it so well, that I should think the venerable matron *role* would become second nature. And how you can be such a startling likeness of Martha Washington, without a drop of her blood in your veins, is a problem I cannot fathom. Seriously, though, did you not miss the attentions to which you are so accustomed from all marriageable men from eighteen to eighty?"

"Of course, I missed them," was the reply; "and although it seemed a little odd, at first, yet I can assure you that it was really a relief. I think that, to most of my admirers, I am only the impersonation of so many thousands."

"As though you had no other attraction whatever," observed her friend. "But you certainly had one devoted attendant this evening. What did you think of him?"

"He entertained me," said Mrs. Lorraine, dreamily. "I think there is something in him."

"Prince Philip would be flattered," was the amused reply. "He is so very high and mighty a personage—a very king of society, in fact—that I had serious doubts as to whether he would condescend to accept my invitation. I am afraid he would not have done so, had he known me for the *parvenu* I am."

"'*Parvenu!*'" repeated her friend, in amazement. "What can you be thinking of Clara? You look like anything but a *parvenu!*"

"I believe I do," replied the fair, stately woman, laughing merrily; "but for all that, I used to pick blackberries for a living; and my home was the least little mite of a red house you ever saw among the hills of New Hampshire. And I don't care who knows it, for society wouldn't dare to be rude to me now."

Her companion was too much astonished to reply; and Mrs. Farland continued,

"I believe I never told you this when we were at school together, and it was blackberry-picking, and my own resolution that took me to school; but it was not pride that kept me from it. I always meant to marry a rich man; though, when I first met Ralph Farland, he was not the millionaire he is now. I really think that if the lives of at least half the women in society were written, they would eclipse the wildest sensation novels."

"I quite believe you," replied Mrs. Lorraine, drawing closer to her friend, after the first surprise of the blackberry episode had worn off, "and I am somewhat troubled as to how my own adventure will end."

"I could give a pretty shrewd guess," said Mrs. Farland, mischievously.

"It must be then that the sunset of life gives you mystical lore," was the laughing reply, as the speaker glanced at her friend's fair, youthful face. "But, seriously, Clara, I hope you don't think me deceitful, do you? I was afraid, from your reply, that you didn't half like it, when I wrote to you of my intention to come as a middle-aged lady, attired for high days and holidays *a la* Martha Washington; but the truth is, I was so tired of my life as it was, that I wished to try it as it might be. I am fairly sick of the monotonous round I have led for the last two years, since my conventional period of mourning expired. My marriage, you know, brought me two hundred thousand dollars—only this, and nothing more; and I really enjoy the excitement of a new phase of existence. I was always said to look like the Mother of her Country; and I created quite a sensation at a fancy ball in the very dress I wore to-night. This put the idea into my head; and as it continued to haunt me, I resolved, in paying you that long-promised visit, to carry my design into execution. I am half-frightened, though, now, I believe, and feel almost like running away."

"You cannot do that just yet," said her friend, with a good-night kiss. "It is not at all in character; and I hope that, by to-morrow morning, Martha Washington will be quite herself again."

The dreams of fair women that Philip Remington took with him from Mrs. Farland's entertainment, all resolved themselves into a figure attired in gray brocade. He was enraptured with the counterpart of Lady Washington, and could think of nothing else.

He took down an English Prayer-book from the book-shelves, and there read that "a man may not marry his grandmother"—a warning which had hitherto appeared to him particularly superfluous; but it really seemed to him now that some one else's grandmother might appear in a very attractive light.

Mr. Remington became a frequent visitor at Mrs. Farland's; he found the atmosphere of the house particularly congenial, and wondered what he had been about not to cultivate so charming a personage as his hostess before.

That lady smiled to herself at the gentleman's puzzled interest in Mrs. Lorraine, and was obliged to exercise great circumspection in answering the questions so frequently put to her. Her friend, she said, was independent, and somewhat eccentric; she had adoped the dress of the Republican court, so particularly suited to the style,

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and from sheer disgust at the attire generally indulged in by ladies of her years. She was highly cultivated and intellectual; and, although fitted to adorn any society, had in herself such abundant resources, that she was quite independent of it.

To all which Philip listened intently, devoutly wishing that he had been born twenty years earlier, or Mrs. Lorraine twenty years later.

That eccentric personage, meanwhile, was enjoying herself very much in her new sphere, and viewing the world generally from quite a different stand-point. She did not lack attention, for it was soon known that she had wealth, and her fine, commanding presence was, of itself, a passport. But the attention was of a different kind from that to which she was accustomed, although a few needy spendthrifts even dared to speak to her of love. Her magnificent scorn, however, quite annihilated them; and not the Mother of her Country, herself, could have frightened them more.

Mrs. Lorraine was decidedly the fashion; and the winter she spent in the white marble palace flew by on rapid wings.

Philip Remington could not bear the thought of her departure, though he took himself to task as absurd, and almost worthy to be classed with the fortune-hunters who had been so summarily routed. But he had become so accustomed now to talking over the last new book, with this friend of a few months' standing, and discussing topics scarcely thought of among the vapid society belles of the day, that he could not willingly give up such refined and elevating companionship.

He could neither understand himself, nor Mrs. Lorraine; but there was something about her that drew him into her society so often, that he began to have very little peace of mind when he was absent from her.

Mrs. Farland felt uneasy; she thought that matters were being carried too far; and that Gertrude should either unmask, or bid Mr. Remington a final farewell.

One fine morning, Mrs. Lorraine suddenly disappeared—actually ran away, like the coward she was; and left her friend and her admirer to settle matters as they could.

Poor Mrs. Farland felt herself to be in a very funny position, when Philip Remington sought her sympathy and advice; begging for a clue to Mrs. Lorraine's whereabouts, and, while evidently deprecating his folly, declaring that he found it impossible to bear her absence any longer.

"I think you had better see her at home," said his auditor, at length, without daring to lift her eyes. "Perhaps you will be disenchanted."

"Disenchanted!" He felt like resenting the suggestion; but Mrs. Farland had evidently not spoken from any unworthy motive, though he could not quite make her out.

Gertrude Lorraine had returned to her home in St. Louis; and to St. Louis Mr. Remington forthwith repaired.

By the time he arrived, however, a great many things had happened; and Mrs. Lorraine had experienced variety enough to satisfy her thoroughly. From hundreds of thousands, she was suddenly reduced to a pittance; and not being one of the kind who bestow their most copious tears and sighs on losses of this nature, she immediately turned her attention to a hand-to-hand conflict with the world; whether in the shape of teaching, scribbling, or boarding-house keeping, she had not quite settled, when Mr. Remington's card was handed to her.

She had thought that, in the course of time, perhaps, he might write; she had a sort of feeling that their friendship was not quite to cease, then and there; but that he should actually follow almost on the heels of her own departure, agitated her to such a degree, that she did two or three silly things before she could persuade herself to face the visitor. She dragged forth a mass of gray hair from some secret receptacle, and began braiding it up, in an aimless sort of way, with her own abundant locks; she unfastened and half-twisted off the modern garment in which she was attired; and, finally, she fell into a brown study, before the looking-glass, that seemed likely to be of indefinite duration.

Philip Remington was somewhat surprised, after the accounts he had heard of Mrs. Lorraine, at the plainness of the quarters in which he found himself; but when, after some delay, the familiar face and figure—the former framed in nut-brown locks, and the latter robed in simple calico—stood before him, the power of speech departed altogether

When he came to his senses, he found himself standing with the lady's hand in his, staring like an idiot.

"I have changed since you saw me," said Mrs. Lorraine.

"Changed!" he repeated, with emphasis. "I cannot understand it at all."

"I will try to explain," she began, somewhat tremulously, fearing that this straightforward, manly Philip might not altogether approve of her proceedings.

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She told him everything, from beginning to end, adding, with a smile, "I cannot afford, you see, to dress as I did."

It took some time for Mr. Remington's bewildered ideas to get into working order; but as his first words expressed a sort of insane joy at the loss of Mrs. Lorraine's wealth, that lady soon became as confused as himself, and all intelligible conversation was suspended.

Philip Remington returned from that trip an engaged man; and quite reconciled to the disappointment of seeing the only elderly lady he had ever admired transformed into a youthful and attractive *fiancee*.

Mrs. Farland was delighted that Gertrude's little comedy had turned out so well; and society declared that Mr. Remington had displayed a wonderful talent in looking out for the main chance, and selected a Western bride of fabulous wealth.

The three who knew better laughed among themselves, and let society think so.

MY ANNIE!

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

Why should I not indite to you
A poem, my dearest Annie?
Your life is a new poem to me,
So full of love and purity,
And faith, and hope, and charity,
My sweetest one, my Annie!

Come, draw thee nearer to my chair,
My own devoted Annie!
And, while your heart is free from care,
Upon your forehead, once so fair,
I, with a gallant's ready air,
Shall plant a kiss, my Annie!

Shall plant a kiss, and bid it grow
So rosily, my Annie!
So star-like on that brow of snow—
That milky-way of thought, which so
Won all my worship long ago,
My light of life, my Annie!

Do eyes grow dark as Winters flee?
Then bless their darkness, Annie!
For while within I clearer see
Two pictures fair—my God and thee—
Ah! what are other scenes to me,
My guiding angel, Annie?

It is not Whitets make us old,
My loving, trusting Annie!
Your heart has neither blight or cold;
Although your brow, of queenly mould,
Has been touched by Time, so bold!
To me you're young, my Annie!

Your step is like the gentle rain,
So quiet-like, my Annie!
Your voice is one long, sweet refrain,
Your loving heart my earthly gain,
And you are mine through bliss or pain,
My own devoted Annie!

Your eyes beam doatingly on me,
My own bewitching Annie!
And on your nectared lips I see
The sweets there hived for only me!
And from your looks and tones so free,
I know you love me, Annie!

THE TOILER'S ANGEL.

BY ETTIE ROGERS.

In the east the dawn was breaking;
In the west the setting moon,
With the morning star was watching;
Brilliant, o'er the forest's gloom,
Sang the robin, loud and blithely,
In the minor melody
Of the oriole and sky-lark,
Woke the day with jubilee.

Pushing back the ripe, red roses,
Treading down the daisies white,
Came fair Gertie down the pathway,
Spirit of the dawning light;
Said she, to her lover waiting,
With his boat upon the shore,
"Let us down the lovely river,
Drift awhile with idle oar."

Smiling, chiding, made he answer,
To sweet Gertie by his side,
"Drift, my love, while morn is breaking,
On the river's lazy tide?
Morn and youth are made for working,
And to drift were but to dream;
Life were but a feeble folly,
Floating with the languid stream.

"Up the river, see the city
Shining in the rising dawn;
Sing, my Gertie, to your lover,
That the way may not be long."
So she sang a song of gladness,
While his swift oar cut the tide;
And through life they ever labored,
Worker, angel, side by side.

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THE LOST INHERITANCE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 292.

CHAPTER X.

THE little family sat together in that dim room, for it was miserably dim and dreary, though Maud had lighted two tallow candles, and set them, with a feeling of guilty pride, on the pine table at which the lessons were to be given. More than that, she had spread a little scarlet shawl, too old and moth-eaten for the pawnbrokers, over the well-scoured boards, after mending and darning it into something that seemed to her almost sumptuous, for its bright colors illuminated the room beyond any gleams that came from the candles. When she laid the old silver-clasped Bible on it, and drew up the oak-chair, the effect seemed absolutely magnificent to her, whose young life had been so bereft of all ornament, that a mass of rich color was enough to arouse her indignation.

"There, grandfather, grandma, will that do? Wait while I snuff the candles. There, when they burn up clearly, see how well it looks—the gold of the flame, the red of the table-cloth. Why, it is like a dash of sunset. Then the dear, old Bible; wait till I just turn the clasps to the light. After all, we don't look so very poor, do we?"

The old man looked from the table to the beautiful face of the girl, and the sad expression, habitual to his eyes, brightened into a smile.

"No, my darling!" he said. "We should be very ungrateful to think ourselves poor now. In fact, all this is very grand and cheerful—our little girl most of all."

Maud drew back from the light, blushing quietly, for on her bosom, and in her hair, knots of bright ribbon were glowing, and at her wrists and neck a swan-white collar and cuffs took the eye from her faded dress.

"It is one of my cap ribbons, that I put away years ago," said the old woman, full of gentle sympathy for the girl's confusion. "She has so few things of her own, I let her cut it up."

"She has everything!" answered the old gentleman, smoothing Maud's hair with both hands, and kissing her on the forehead. "What should we do without her, I wonder?"

Maud gave a little start, and blushed more vividly than before. She had heard a step on the stairs. The old man heard it too, and his face brightened.

"Our pupil is coming," he said. "Bring up the other chair; but where will you and mother sit?"

"Never mind us," said Maud. "I—I have borrowed a couple of chairs from Mrs. Thorp."

Before Mr. Ingersoll could answer, Maud had run to open the door, at which White was knocking. How tall and splendidly handsome he looked, standing in that dark opening, holding his hat in one hand and a parcel of books in the other. The girl glanced at him with half-adoring eyes, faltered a low "good-evening," and retreated into the shadows, where her grandmother was standing, and from this shelter regarded their visitor shyly, while he stood within the light of the candles, which radiated a small circle in the centre of the room, leaving the rest dim as twilight, and the corners fairly black.

"I hope you have not been kept waiting," said the young man, placing his books upon the table.

"Waiting? No. My time is always at your disposal. I have no other pupils," answered the old man.

"So much the better for me," was the cheerful reply. "Now, where are we to begin."

"Be seated," replied Ingersoll, courteously, motioning his pupil to take the oaken chair.

The young man shook his head, and took the seat nearest him, with a light laugh.

"I should not know how to fill it with proper dignity," he said, examining the chair with some curiosity. "What a magnificent old stager it seems though."

"Yes, it is an old chair—very old. In that all its value lies," was the quiet answer, as the old man took his seat.

Then the business of the first lesson commenced; but Arthur White was restless, and, after a little, protested that he could not give himself up to study while the ladies were driven from the light."

Then Maud came forward with a little old

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work-basket in her hand, from which she took a tiny linen collar, and began to sew the frayed edge over again, making a lovely picture of herself, as the yellow candle-light flickered through her hair with a golden lustre. After this, young White should have gone heart and soul into his lessons; but he grew more restless than ever, and his eyes were constantly roving from the book to that sweet face, bringing the color into it warmer and deeper every minute, though the fair creature never once lifted her eyes from her work.

All at once, something seemed to strike the girl. She dropped the work into her lap, and looked, first at her grandfather, then at the young man, with wistful, questioning glances. Then she took up her work again, and listened to the voices as they followed each other with strange thrills of pleasure. To Maud there was such exquisite happiness in sitting there, with her head bent, and her shining needle darting in and out of the linen; while his voice was in her ear, and his eyes sometimes upon her, that her breath came in softly-hushed sighs, and the corners of her red mouth were quivering with dimples.

Certainly those young people are taking more lessons than one in that quiet room, all unknown to the old people, who never had looked upon that young creature as anything but a child. Accordingly, they were unsuspicious of all the undercurrent of timidity and love, which made that shabby room a Paradise to those two hearts.

The lesson was a protracted one. White's thirst for knowledge grew insatiable as the evening advanced. His teacher gave no sign of fatigue, so they went on, till the clock, in a neighboring steeple, struck nine. Then Maud caught her breath, and looked up with a start. White drew out his watch in utter confusion, and saw that his first lesson, instead of an hour, had consumed two.

"Forgive me. I had no idea of the time," he said, taking up his hat.

"Nor I," answered the old man, rising. "I seldom have a treat like this. It is only the unfortunates who cannot get employment, who know the happiness there is in work. No wonder I forgot myself."

The bland courtesy of this speech, the gracious air, full of dignity, was that of a prince dismissing some valued guest from a palace. It absolutely gave something of grace to that shabby room.

When White lingered and hesitated in the hall, which was dark as midnight, Maud took up one of the candles, and passed out also. Just before, the door of Burke's room had been opened, and Dan White stepped through, with his hat on.

"Ha, old fellow! I thought I heard you moving. The old fellow must give you long-winded lessons, or——"

Here Dan saw Maud, who came through the door, shading her candle with one hand.

"I beg ten thousand pardons," he continued, hastily swinging the broad hat from his head. "Hadn't the least idea that any young lady was within a mile of me, and—and—— By jingo!"

Here Dan came to a dead halt, both in his movements and speech. The girl's face, now fully revealed by the candle-light, took away his breath. In that dark hall, anything half so beautiful, was more than marvelous. Her soft eyes, full of misty happiness; her mouth, tremulous with smiles; the grace of her figure was enough to bewilder a cooler brain than that of Dan White, who stood before her dumb and embarrassed. At last he turned to Arthur, and whispered,

"Is that her?"

Arthur did not answer, but, turning to Maud, bent his head, as if she had been a princess, and begged leave to introduce his brother from the West. Mr. Daniel White.

Maud smiled pleasantly, and stood back that the brothers might pass. Then she leaned over the rickety bannisters, which shook under the grasp of her little hand, and held up the light until they were lost in the shadows below. Then, and not till then, Dan found words for his astonishment.

"Arty, my boy, if that is the girl, I'll sell out the hull prairie, or you shall have her. Why, she's A number one; no mistake about that."

CHAPTER XI.

THE club-room was more than usually brilliant that night. A young Englishman, of old family and high position, was to be entertained, and unusual interest was taken in the event. The chandeliers were one blaze of light, broken up by drops, pendants, and chains, all in a glitter of cut-glass and a tangle of rainbows. The table spread beneath them was brilliant with silver, delicately-chased crystal, and clustering flowers, in which fruit from all parts of the tropics were richly embedded. With this came the deeper glow of rare wines, ruby-tinted, and amber-hued, and ruddy, all glowing upon the cool whiteness of the table, and taking a thousand sparks from the rays of light pouring down upon them.

A party of gentlemen came into the room, and gathered around this table. The host, a man of

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fine presence, and more than ordinary ability, had invited some of the best and brighest spirits in town to meet the young baronet. Among them were a few gentlemen of leisure, who had traveled, and made themselves cosmopolitan by refinement; men of letters were present, with a promising young artist, whose pictures had just begun to make themselves known in the world. To these were added several foreigners, of more or less distinction, and the rest were made up of picked club-men, who had become acquainted with the guest of the evening, and were ambitious to render him such hospitality as gentlemen who boast the same blood and speak the same tongue owe to each other, let the rank be what it may.

When the courses had been served, and wine superceded lucious fruits, the conversation became spirited and general. Sir Charles Oakly, who had been a little stiff and shy, not knowing exactly how to bear himself in purely republican society, allowed the glass to drop from his eye, and began to ask questions like a Yankee.

The West; he was astonished to find that so far off. In fact, he admitted, with a gentle laugh, that he had imagined buffalo-hunting to be within easy range of New York, and wild Indians dangerously near the Mississippi.

"That was the general idea in Europe a few years ago," said the host. "Even a man so intelligent as Tom Taylor speaks, in his 'American Cousin', of wild Indians and buffalo-hunting in Vermont; but the telegraph is giving a better idea of the extent of our country, which we are but just beginning to understand ourselves If you want to hunt buffalo, or camp out among the savages, Sir Charles, you will have to measure our plains and mountains by your sea voyage, and do it by steam too."

"Yes," answered the guest, dragging his words a little. "I begin to understand what that sort of thing means. Still I do not intend to go back without a dash at your burly game. The danger makes it enticing."

"Oh, that's nothing. With a few good hunters, and an experienced guide, a party can roam from Council Bluff to California without coming to grief," said young White, the artist, speaking with the enthusiasm of an old hunter.

Sir Charles lifted the gold-rimmed glass, that had been allowed to dangle on his bosom, for a moment, and, securing it over one eye, took a survey of the speaker.

"Ah! To be sure! Must have been there, you know."

"Not to say on the hunting grounds," answered White; "though I have been a good way out West. But, if you want to know all about it, I have a brother who can tell you more than I ever dreamed of."

"Not here!" questioned the baronet, looking around the table, and speaking briefly, like a man in earnest for once.

"No, not exactly here, but within hailing distance. He wouldn't feel quite at home at a club-dinner; but, by a camp-fire, with the prairies rolling around him like a sea, you would find him one of the most splendid fellows that ever scared up an Indian."

The young Englishman was aroused into earnestness. The glass again dropped from his eye, and he forgot to play with it while speaking.

"I say, ah, can I have the pleasure of an introduction to this brother. It would be a great pleasure."

"Nothing easier, Sir Charles. Call at my studio any morning, and I will have the honor."

"Suppose we get up a party, and introduce Sir Charles into a first-class hunt, with the gentleman White tells us of for a leader? In a few years more there will not be the ghost of a chance for any of us. The Indians will be all civilized, or starved to death, and, as for buffalo, they vanish with the savages."

The host was but half in earnest when he made this proposal, but it was seized upon eagerly.

"We must be in haste then, and get ahead of the new railroads; they play the deuce with game," answered a youngish man from the lower end of the table, who had been a member of Congress, and the governor of a Western Territory. "Civilization is making a swift race against time in these days."

"You have, ah, traveled in the West?" said the baronet, in a voice so subdued, that it scarcely reached the person spoken to; but he caught the words, and answered them.

"Traveled? I have lived there; governed one of the wildest territories, and liked it. Not much time for pleasure; but had to hunt down a squad of Indian warriors, once in a while, officially. That is the most exciting sport. Buffalo-hunt became tame after a raid on the Indians."

The young baronet's face flushed. He leaned forward eagerly, his lips parted, his eyes full of animation.

"And the government permits this? You can hunt men to the death with safety?" he said.

"With safety. So far as the government is concerned. The only danger lies with the savages, who won't always stand still to be shot in their tracks."

"I should like to go among them," said Oakly,

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and, for the moment, a cruel gleam shot over his handsome face. "Hunting wild beasts is exhilarating; but men—that must be sport worthy of the old Romans!"

"Well, it is settled that a party of us go out, if it is only to show you, Sir Charles, that America has some things worthy of an Englishman's attention," said the host.

"Yes, it is settled," exclaimed half a dozen voices at once, and the party broke up.

CHAPTER XII.

"Oh, grandfather! you will let me go?"

Maud, in her eagerness, bent over her grandfather, and rested her flushed cheek against his, in a loving caress, which few men, old or young, could have resisted. "I do want to see how a picture is painted."

"And how my little girl would look in one. Is that it?" said the old man, lifting one hand to the cheek, which was spreading its rich carnation all over her face and neck.

"Oh, grandpapa! but you forget little Maggie; such a cunning mite of a figure she will make."

"You would not refuse me, if you could realize the difficulty there is in getting good models," said Arthur White, who was watching this little scene with intense interest. "Besides, I should like to present the good lady here with a copy. The little girl is an absolute study in herself."

"Will you, grandpapa?" whispered Maud, a second time.

"She sees so little," pleaded the old woman, drawing close to the oaken-chair, on which her husband sat. "All other girls have some enjoyment."

"True," answered the old man, sadly. "Well, to-morrow we will walk round to the studio. Little Mag will make a picturesque study enough. As for our Maud——"

"She will be just the best girl in the world, and do anything you wish," exclaimed Maud, bending her radiant face over the old man, and kissing his forehead.

It was really pitiful, this burst of happiness, inspired by so small a favor. But the poor girl had seen so little pleasure in her life, that this, which would have been an annoyance to most girls, was an absolute glimpse of Heaven to her.

Young White's eyes filled with a tender mist, as he witnessed this scene. How beautiful she was in that bending attitude, with the white lids drooping over the joyful sparkle of her eyes, still but half concealing it! How softly the smiles came and went over that sensitive mouth! The young man wondered that anything could make a human being so happy.

"Now it is settled, my child. To-morrow our young friend may expect us," said the old man, cheerfully; "but he must not break in upon our lessons with such disturbing subjects again. The truth is," he said, addressing White, "we have long wanted to have our Maud taken; but, somehow, the time has never come when we could get even a photograph. As for a painting, we never aspired to that. Did we, mother?"

"Oh! I have aspired to many things, where Maud was concerned," answered the old lady. "Fancies cost nothing, or I might not have indulged in them."

"How?" answered the old man, sharply turning his glance upon her. "What grounds—what right—— I beg your pardon, sir. We are neglecting your lesson."

With a disturbed and almost resentful air, Mr. Ingersoll resumed his book, and directly plunged into his duties as a teacher, while Maud took her seat, and far too happy for tranquil work, folded both hands in her lap, and watched the two beings she loved best on earth with a heavenly smile on her face; and soft thrills of joy caught her breath now and then, and turned them into such sighs as the air of June pours into the bosom of a rose.

"May I come in?"

It was the voice of Maggie, who softly opened the door, and thrust her pretty little face through the opening, all one sparkle of smiles.

The party at the table looked up, and welcomed the little girl with answering smiles, at which she ran up to Maud, and flung both arms around her neck.

"Mar says she hasn't the leastest idea but that I may do it; only she wants to know what it's all about, and if she has got to go too," exclaimed the child, breathless with excitement.

"Well, I think we can get along without her," said White, laughing.

"But I couldn't!" broke in Maggie, catching her breath, and opening her eyes wide. "You might, Mr. Gentleman, but what should I do without my own mar?"

That sweet, childish voice trembled, and the little mouth began to quiver. The idea that any one could think of living in the world without her mother grieved her to the heart.

White patted the indignant little thing on the head.

"It is only that we do not care to paint her," he said, laughing.

"Paint her! What! My mar? Oh, you wicked gentleman! She wouldn't let you touch

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her face with the brush for all the world. So, don't you talk about it!"

"Well, I won't think of it again."

"There, now, she's a coming. So you had better look out," cried Maggie, turning her eyes on the door, which was opened after one faint knock, and Mrs. Thorp appeared in the opening.

"I come up," said she, "to find out what our Maggie was driving at just now; something about pictures, and going to a gentleman's room to have one took. Not understanding, I come to get the rights of it before promising."

"There, now!" said Maggie, casting a half-scared, half-satisfied look at the artist, who nodded his head, and arose to offer Mrs. Thorp his chair, not half so much terrified as Maggie had expected to see him.

"It is only, madam——"

"Madam! My name is Thorp—Mrs. Thorp, being married, with children, and the oldest, at any rate, amongst the oldest, inhabitants of this house. Madam belongs to another spear of life. Mrs. is enough for me, my husband being a working man."

"There!" exclaimed Maggie, nodding her head approvingly. "There!"

"Well, Mrs. Thorp."

"That'll do," broke in the matron, nodding her head, at which little Maggie set hers in harmonious motion, and repeated, "That'll do," with great complacency.

"Well, Mrs. Thorp, I only asked, as a favor, that your pretty little daughter here should sit to me."

"Sit to you! Well, isn't she a doing that this minute, without asking?"

"But I want to paint her face!"

Mrs. Thorp lifted up both hands.

"What?"

"I want to make a picture of her."

"A picture! Well, I reckon she would be a picture with her face painted. Goodness, gracious!"

"Oh. mar, don't be so cross! He said he wouldn't paint you. Didn't he now?" said Maggie, appealing to Maud.

"Me! I should rather think not. Why, the very smell of it would give me a sick headache. As for that child, she is pretty enough without paint or whitewash; so, being just as much obliged, I had rather not have her touched. I've heard of women painting their own faces, but, a child like Maggie. Now, I leave it to you, Mr. Ingersoll, if that isn't a little too much."

"You misunderstand," replied Mr. Ingersoll, with a faint smile. "The gentleman makes pictures. He is an artist."

"Ah, indeed!" ejaculated Mrs. Thorp, doubtfully. "Artist, is he? In the theatre way?"

"No! no! He makes pictures," said Maud, shocked by the idea.

"Photographs?" demanded the matron.

"Nothing of that kind. He paints pictures with his own hand, in colors. That is why he wants to take Maggie's face. It is such a lovely little head, you know." Maud was shocked by the degrading estimate to which the good woman was leveling her idol, and spoke eagerly.

"In colors?" repeated the matron, with a puzzled look, which brightened suddenly. "Oh, I understand. Training colors. I've seen 'em carried before ever so many regiments, when there was a show in the street So he wants to put her on one of them, with blue silk and gold all around her. Well, I shouldn't mind that. She's handsome enough, though I do say it. But is he a going to put you on the colors too, Maud? Remember, if he is, that it takes two soldiers to carry you about, which mightn't be pleasant, and you so particular."

"My dear Mrs. Thorp," said the old gentleman, still maintaining his usual courtesy of speech and manner, "be patient a minute, while I explain. Our young friend here paints pictures, made up in his own mind, or copied from people that he knows."

"Not colors and banners then?"

"No. Pictures, such as you see in the windows."

"Oh!"

"He wants to take Maud and your little girl in one of these pictures, and make them look just as they do now."

"In a gold frame?"

"Yes, they shall have a splendid frame," said White.

"Sitting together as they do this minute?" asked she.

White turned his eyes on the maiden and the child, as they had unconsciously grouped themselves—the young lady in an easy attitude, full of grace, slightly bending over that arch little gipsy, who was half-lying, half-leaning on her lap. The blue hood was pushed so far back from her face, that the sheen of her golden hair broke to the light, while one foot, just peeping through its torn boot, lay upon the floor, and the other was half-buried in the folds of Maud's dress.

"Yes," said Arthur White, with an artist's enthusiasm. "Just as they sit this minute."

"Then I'll let Maggie be took and welcome," said Mrs. Thorp, retreating through the door.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THAT studio was a marvelous palace to Maud Ingersoll when she entered it. The paintings, the sketches, the antique ornaments that covered the walls from floor to ceiling, were full of bewildering interest to her. An old, ebony clock, of the last century, with its carved ornaments, its upright frame, and brasen face, filled her with inexplicable awe. The antique cabinets, and two or three ponderous chairs, added to this strange impression. She turned to her grandfather, thus silently claiming his sympathy in these strange emotions, and was held spell-bound by the expression of his features. Had he suddenly brought himself face to face with a group of friends that had seemed lost to him forever, those lips could not have been more tremulous. Absolute tears stood in his eyes; a quiver of tender resolution stirred his whole frame. These things evidently aroused some deep memory, of which he could not speak, for he fell into a chair, and, shading his eyes with one hand, allowed the emotion to pass over him, as stout old trees bend to a sudden blast of wind.

If White saw this strange shock of feeling, he did not seem to heed it; but busied himself in welcoming the young lady, until the old man recovered his composure; then he spoke as if nothing unusual had attracted his observation.

"I have nothing much better than an old furniture store to receive you in," he said; "but such odds and ends are necessary to us, and, in time, we get to liking them better than anything else. Pray, sit down here, Miss Ingersoll, and you, my little Maggie—— Why, where is the child?"

Maggie did not speak, but crowding her little person into an angle formed by the old clock and the wall, was darting frightened glances at the models and antique objects, as if she expected them to descend upon her, if she dared to move from the spot. White was happy enough to laugh at anything that day; but he took compassion on the poor thing, and explained to her how harmless all these marble fragments and broken statuettes were, at last drew her forth reluctantly, but not quite frightened to death, into the middle of the room. There, on a Persian carpet, which covered the center of the dark floor, he placed a low-seated, antique chair, and posed Maud on its cushions of gilded leather, with the little girl at her feet. Then his easel was moved a trifle, some new gleams of light thrown upon the group, and the young man went to work with vigor, outlining the canvas with what seemed at first vague and random curves without form or meaning.

While the artist was thus occupied, a knock at the door disturbed him. With a faint exclamation of impatience, he went, chalk in hand, to see what person had come so inopportunely, and found Sir Charles Oakley at the entrance.

It was impossible to refuse admittance to a man who came by invitation, inopportune as this visit certainly was. So, after a moment of embarrassment, he cordially invited the young gentleman in. At first the baronet had hesitated, for he saw that sitters were present; but a second glance into the dim apartment changed his mind. The beautiful face of Maud Ingersoll, turned anxiously toward the door, was enough to overbear all ideas of politeness in that selfish heart, and, making an apology for the intrusion, he passed into the room.

Mr. Ingersoll was sitting back among the shadows, when the young man came in, with his hat off, and stood just within the concentrated light which fell upon the middle of the room. The old man suddenly grasped both arms of the chair, and leaned forward, breathless, struck with sudden pallor, even to the lips.

"Ah! just sketching in a new design?" said the visitor, with the air of a man who understood the art he was talking of, "Boldly done, too!"

Here the young gentleman cast an admiring look on the young lady, but only commented on the picturesque beauty of the child.

"A lovely little elf, upon my word," he said. "Something quite out of the common run of children. How Sir Joshua would have gloried in such a head! You are fortunate in your models."

Mr. Ingersoll, as if fascinated against his will, leaned forward again, for the low, softly-modulated voice of the stranger thrilled him through and through—thrilled him with a pang of absolute pain. He had not yet heard the young man addressed by any name; but the face and voice had been enough to startle his memory.

White was so annoyed by the words of his visitor, that he took no heed of anything else; but, with quick, half-indignant eagerness, answered it by a most respectful introduction.

"Miss Ingersoll, Sir Charles Oakley, who, of course, understands the available points of a picture, is good enough to predict us a success. I only hope your grandfather will be as well pleased when the portraits are done. Mr. Ingersoll, allow me to present Sir Charles Oakley."

The old man arose, and came forward, more erect than usual. He had heard the stranger's observation, and it had brought some proud blood into his face. He did not reach out his hand,

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but bowed gravely, and with a certain stateliness that took the Englishman by surprise. He could in no way reconcile that patrician air with the poverty-stricken garments of the old man.

"I feel quite like an intruder here," said the baronet, glancing at Maud, while addressing White. "But I had hoped to meet the Western gentleman we spoke of at the club. This must be my excuse for breaking into your charming family-picture."

"My brother has not visited me this morning," answered the artist; "but he will be glad to see you at any time."

Still the young baronet lingered. He had evidently hoped for an invitation to remain, and retired at last with something almost like a frown on his handsome face.

Mr. Ingersoll watched him depart with a strange expression of yearning wistfulness and doubt in his countenance. At last he turned to the artist.

"Who is that man? Did I hear his name aright?"

"I think so. He is a young English baronet, traveling in this country. His object is to go West, if a hunting-party can be arranged. That is what he wishes to consult brother Dan about."

"Sir Charles Oakley? You know him then?"

"Only as one knows a gentleman invited to the same dinner-table with himself."

"Don't he look awful strange?" said little Maggie, who had been regarding the old man with something like wonder.

Ingersoll bent down, and patted the child's head.

"The light makes everything look strange," he said. "But we are keeping our friend from his work."

With this, the old man retreated to his chair in the shadows, and fell into thought, while Maud sat smiling under the quick, furtive glances of her lover; and Maggie grew restless in the stillness, and would get her head away, and her little boots out of place every moment. Thus hours went by, and the outlines of a splendid picture were worked in with vigor, two grand passions bearing in full force upon it—love, and that enkindling genius which makes love itself an inspiration.

Meantime, Sir Charles Oakley had walked down the flight of stairs leading into the street, with a baffled and unpleasant feeling. The face he had seen in that dusky light haunted him. He was vexed with himself for this interest—vexed at the want of tact which had originated no excuse for remaining in the artist's room during the sitting. He longed to hear the sound of the beautiful creature's voice, to look into her eyes with the professional abandon of this young artist, whom he began to dislike.

A light carriage stood at the door—one of those fanciful devices, in which single gentlemen exhibit their style of driving, while a couple of idle servants sat, with folded arms, at a respectful distance behind. Sir Charles spoke to one of these men, who had descended from his seat, in answer to a slight gesture from his hand.

"Stay within easy distance of this door," he said. "Do not loose sight of it for a minute, till a tall, old gentleman—— Stop, *you* might not take him for that; but a tall, old man, comes out with a young lady and a little girl."

"Yes, Sir Charles!"

"Follow them. You know how, till you see them housed, and be sure that you will know the place again."

The servant touched his hat.

"Be careful that no one observes."

"Oh, Sir Charles!"

"I know that you are clever enough; but, in this country, greater caution may be necessary," said the young man, leaping to his seat, and taking the reins from the groom, whose injured look rather amused him. "But I can trust you anywhere."

"When a neat bit of work is to be done, I should think so," muttered the groom, as his master whirled away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONLY.

BY MRS. PIDSLEY.

ONLY a lock of hair,
'Tis but a little strand;
Only a faded glove,
Shaped by "a vanished hand."

Only a ray of light,
Shed on a darkened life;
Only a gleam of hope,
To solace in the strife.

A sweet, short dream of love,
For a brief moment given;
Only a flash of joy,
Only a glimpse of Heaven.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, a pretty traveling, or walking-dress, made of linen. The dress is of

the color known as Nankeen, or a lighter shade of buff, if desired. There is a facing of a darker shade, put on the outside, on the bottom skirt, twelve inches deep; and on this facing is sewn ten rows of white cotton braid, a quarter of an inch wide. A facing, five inches wide, ornaments the upper-skirt, with five rows of braid. The yoke of the plain, tight waist, is formed by the same dark shade of the material, with the rows of braid to match; also the cuffs of the sleeves, and the sash at the back. If preferred, the facings of the darker linen may be omitted, and brown alpaca braid sewn on in place of the white cotton. Or if the linen be of gray, let the braid be black alpaca. Any of these combinations are tasteful, and the costume both econonomical, pretty, and warranted to wash well. Cost of linen from twenty-five to forty cents per yard, twelve yards for the dress. Two long pieces of alpaca braid, at seventy-five cents per piece, or two dozen pieces of soft, white cotton braid, will be required.

We give next a dress for a little girl of twelve to fourteen years. The under-skirt is of sky-blue cashmere or mohair, and laid in "kilted" plaits from the waist down. In these little

"kilted" skirts there are no gores, and they require six widths of double-width material. Lay

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the plaits to overlap a little at the bottom; pin such plait, then shape it to the waist; the plaits must be tacked to a tape underneath, and pressed with an iron. The over-jacket, which is sleeveless, is also of the blue cashmere, slashed at the back and sides. The over-skirt, which is fastened to a waist, and the sleeves, is of fine white corded pique, simply trimmed with a white cotton fringe, or, if preferred, it may be trimmed with a Hamburg edging; but this is rather more expensive. For the cashmere skirt and jacket, a pink or blue plain cambric may be substituted. Six yards of cashmere, and four yards of pique, or eight yards of plain pink or blue cambric will be required. The cashmere or mohair will cost from one dollar to one dollar twenty-five cents per yard; the cambric from forty to fifty cents; pique at all prices; white cotton fringe from twenty to forty cents per yard.

Our next is a sleeveless jacket, now so popular

with young ladies. It may be made of any colored cashmere or silk, and the braiding is put all over it, as may be seen by the design, done in silk embroidery braid. The edges are finished with a flat binding of silk. These jackets can be made out of the better parts of an old silk skirt, and trimmed in any tasteful way with quillings, fringe, lace, etc. It is not necessary that they should be braided all over, although the design is a very pretty and effective one where it is possible to get the stamped.

We next give a design for a kitchen apron of brown Holland, striped muslin, or any other suitable material. It will be found very useful for ladies who have household duties to attend to, as it preserves the dress, holds keys, etc.

We conclude with a muslin waistcoat and sleeve, to be worn under a jacket-bodice. The front is formed of tucked muslin, edged on the

outside with a row of insertion. Valenciennes lace encircles the top, is continued down the front as a jabot, and then edges the basque. The waistcoat fastens down the front with three velvet bows. Sleeves in the same style. These waistcoats add very much to a dress made with an open jacket-bodice; very pretty and dressy

for a small evening party; or the design will be just the thing for a Swiss muslin over-dress, for the waist and sleeves, only continue the trimming of the waist around the back, same as the front.

EDGING.

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EDGING,

MANTELET, WITH HOOD.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

Our pattern is that of a new and elegant mantelet, with hood. It is for rather a small-sized person, that of a lady measuring about forty-three inches round the chest. For larger sizes add a piece from one to two inches in width, as required all the way down the front; this will

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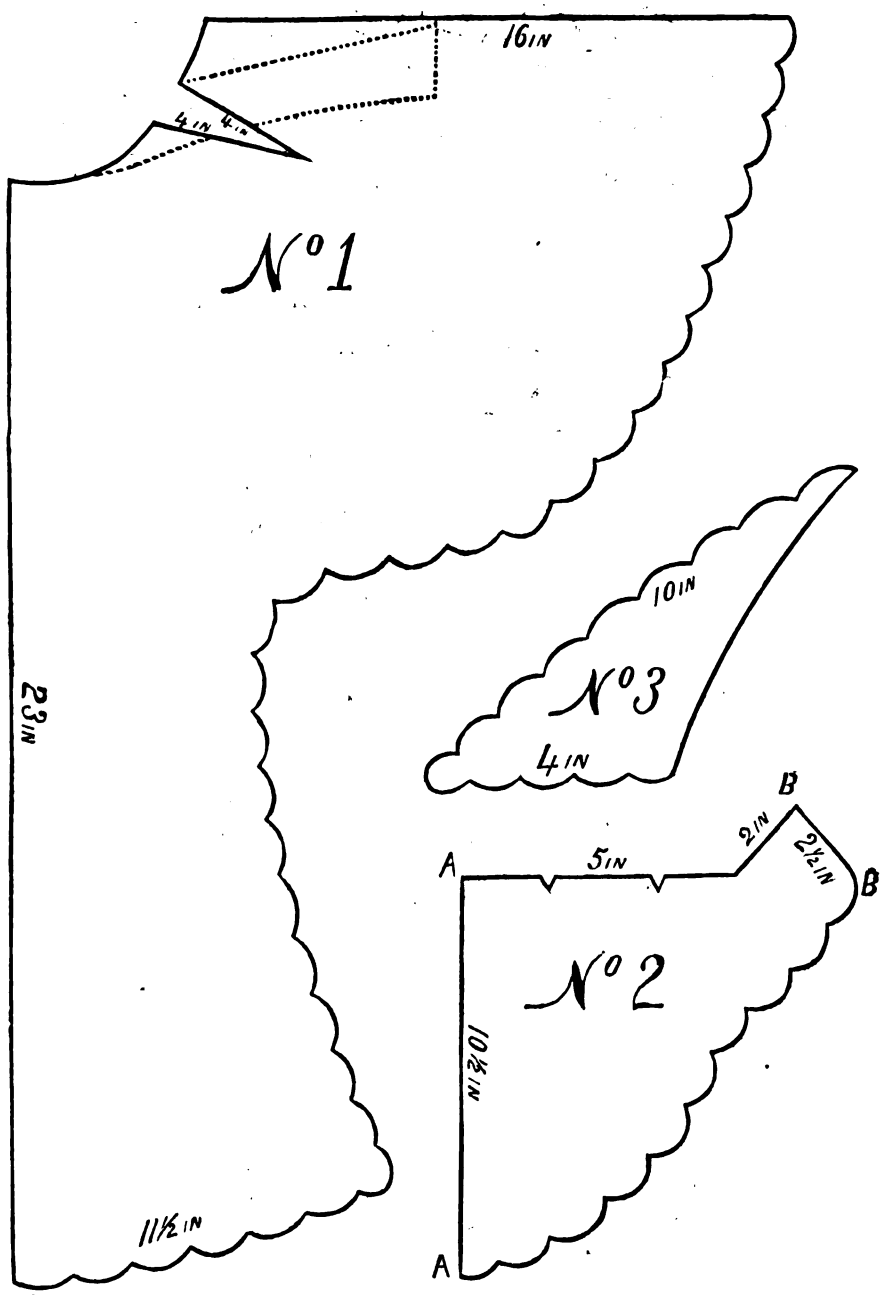
vary according to the figure. We give, No. 1, half of the mantelet, the dotted line shows where the hood is to be placed. No. 2, is to be box-plaited, as shown by the niches. A. to A. is the under part of the plait, B. to B., the upper part, as seen in the design. No. 3, half of the revers of hood. A rosette of plain or watered ribbon is added where the revers and box-plait join. Bow and ends to match, are placed under the box-plait, and with fringe of silk completes the mantelet. The scallops are small, and bound with silk, or may be omitted, if preferred.



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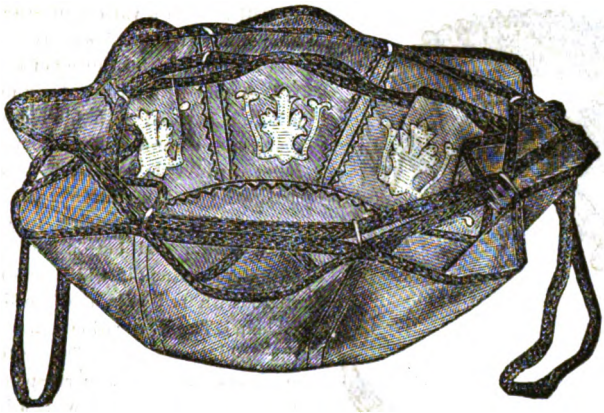
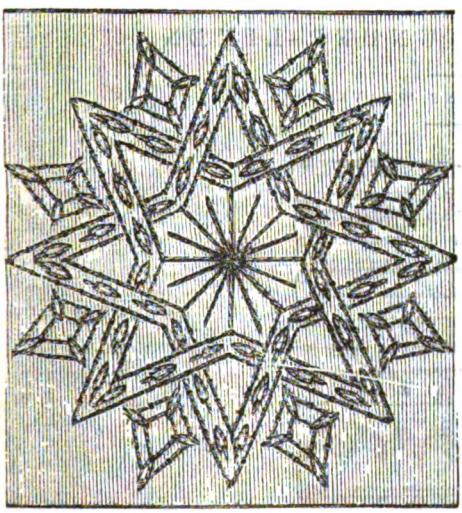
WORK-BAG.

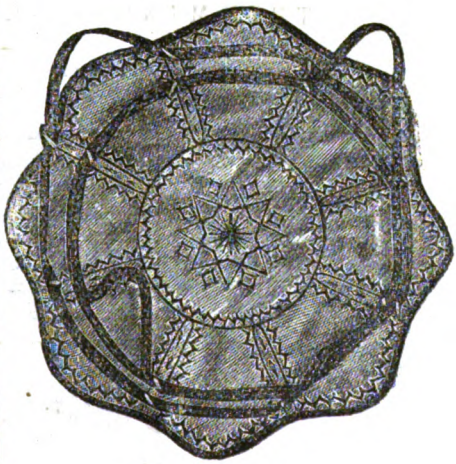
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This bag is made of brown Holland. It is cut into two circles, the outer one measuring fifteen inches, the inner one twelve inches in diameter. They are marked into eight equal divisions. The outer circle is scalloped, and the edges are bound with red braid, and herring-boned with wool. The small circle is embroidered according to the design shown in the full size in No. 1, and herring-boned on the lines marking the divisions. (See No. 2.)



No. 1.



No. 2.

A piece of cardboard, measuring six inches in diameter, is then placed in the center, between the two pieces of Holland, which must be stitched together round the cardboard, and also up the eight stripes separating the divisions forming the pockets for holding the different sewing materials.

Rings are sewn on, as seen in engraving, for passing through a double string, by which the bag is drawn up.

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DOG-COLLAR.

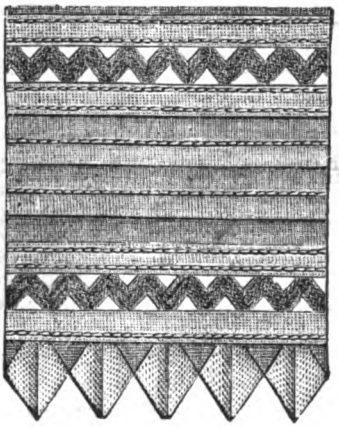
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The collar consists of a strip of blue cashmere

sixteen inches long, and about an inch wide, ornamented with applique figures of red cloth, as well as with a variety of stitches in red and blue silk. It is lined with red American cloth, and trimmed with a fluting of red worsted braid. It is fastened round the dog's neck by means of a button covered with blue cashmere and two loops of red worsted cord, from one end of which hang cords with worsted balls and small bells, according to illustration. On one side of the collar is fixed a brass ring, to which is attached by a button and button-hole a band of blue cashmere an inch in width, embroidered in point russe with red silk, and lined with red satin ribbon. The illustration exhibits the band with the holder attached. The latter consists of a steel hoop, covered to correspond with the band, which is fastened to it with a bow of blue and red ribbon. Other materials may be used instead of those above named—such as gray or brown leather, and silk to match.

TRIMMING FOR UNDER-LINEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Waved braid and Chinese tape are the materials employed for this trimming. The two middle rows are tucks, the four others folds, laid on and stitched down. The arrangement of the tape-work for the edge has frequently been explained in these pages.

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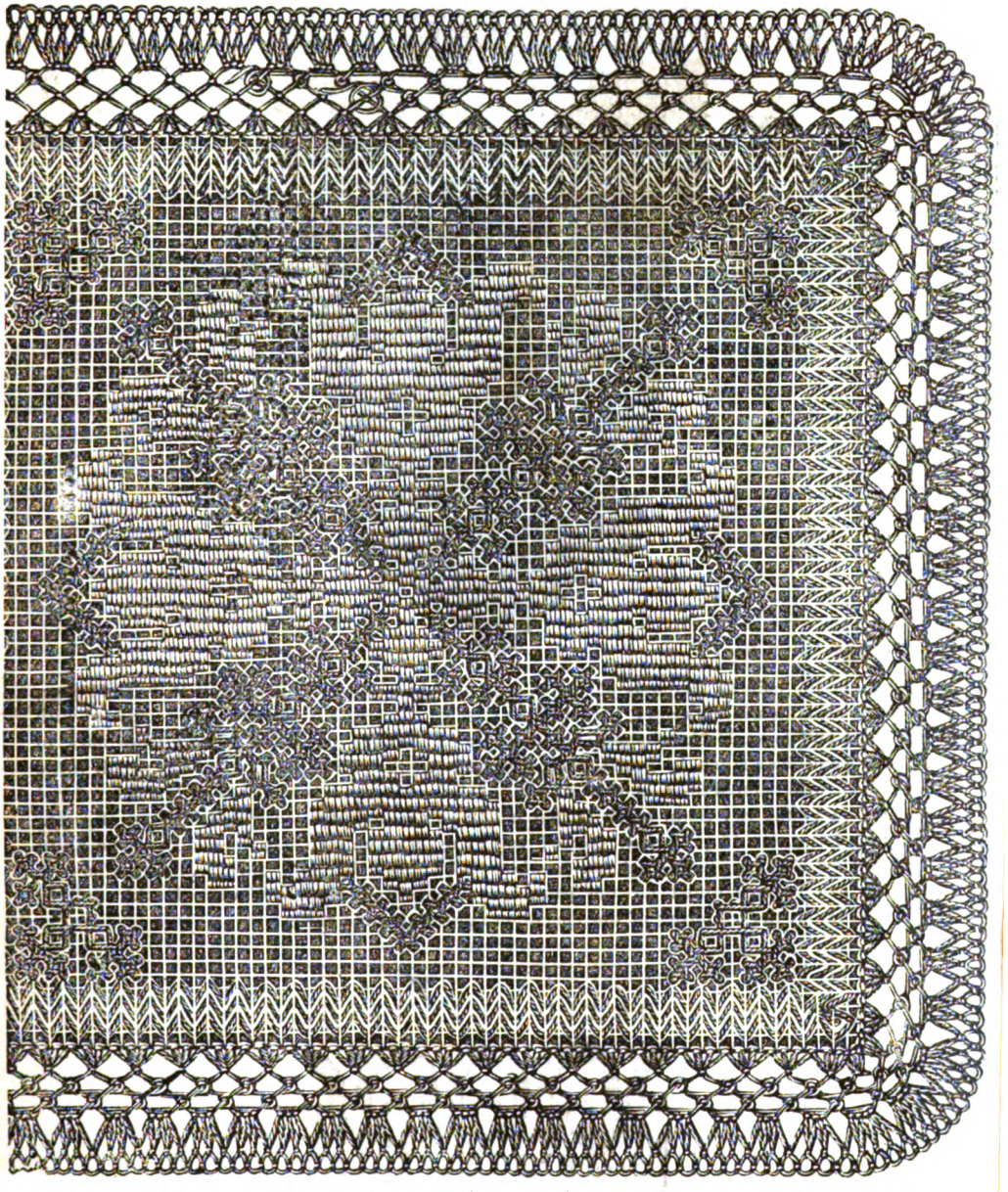
TIDY IN DARNED NETTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The foundation may be purchased or netted. The border (of which we give three sides) will be easily copied. The darning is worked with linen thread.

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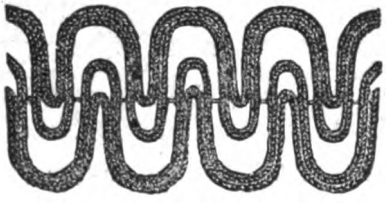
DRAPERY FOR BRACKETS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The middle pointed drape is of red cloth, having a medallion in the center, bordered with gold cord and loose, black stitches, held down at each point by a stitch in gold thread; this medallion, with painted head, is of white satin, and put on to the red cloth, which is first cut away underneath. If preferred, colored embroidery, worked in satin-stitch on a white ground, can be substituted for the painting. With the latter, the bordering of the medallion must be lighter. The arabesque above and below, sewn on with thin gold cord, are completed with cord stitches in white silk, and loose ones in black silk. The upper half of the small, white cloth arabesques is bordered with a line of red cording stitch, the lower half with one of green. The points on each side the middle shape again held down by gold thread, the button-hole stitches and stars are worked with yellow, green, and red silk.

BRAID TRIMMING.



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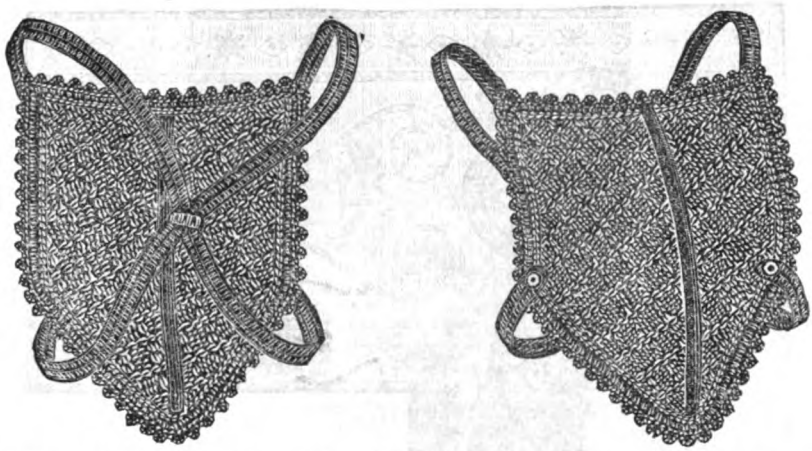
CHEST-PRESERVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials, 1¼ oz. of soft white, and a few skeins of dark red knitting wool.

Our model measures twelve inches in length and breadth. The pointed form of the under part is made by decreasing in the middle, so that the pattern runs aslant.

Cast on 101 stitches. Knit forward and backward, the first row plain, the second purled; then begin to increase at the beginning and end of every second row.

The pattern is knitted as follows:—Raise the first stitch of each row, then follow two stitches, which must appear purled on each side of the stomacher, in each row. The increase takes place between the third and fourth stitches on both sides. The fourth stitch begins the pattern by working alternately two plain and two purled stitches, and which are reversed after every second row, and so form a little square. The middle three stitches must, however, always appear plain on the right side; and, in every second row, the increasing row, there must be a decrease on both sides of the middle stitch—on the right side by knitting together two stitches, and on the left side by raising, knitting off, and drawing over, so that the number of stitches remains the same.

When sixty-two pattern rows are worked in this manner, make the increase in the next eight rows on both, and decrease one stitch at the beginning and end of each row, knitting the two outer stitches together, and cast off the two or three in the middle; then crochet two red rows all round the stomacher: the first entirely in double stitch, the second alternately, two double and a scallop, always passing over with the latter one stitch of the preceding row. The scallops consist of four chain and one double in the first of the four chain.

The two bands in the model are 25 inches long, and are worked with red wool crosswise, in the common tricot stitch, four stitches broad, and with a loop (button-hole) at the end, formed of chain and double stitch. The strap is likewise in chain and double; over it, at the corresponding place, sew the bands upon the back of the stomacher, and place the buttons as shown in the design.

EDGING.

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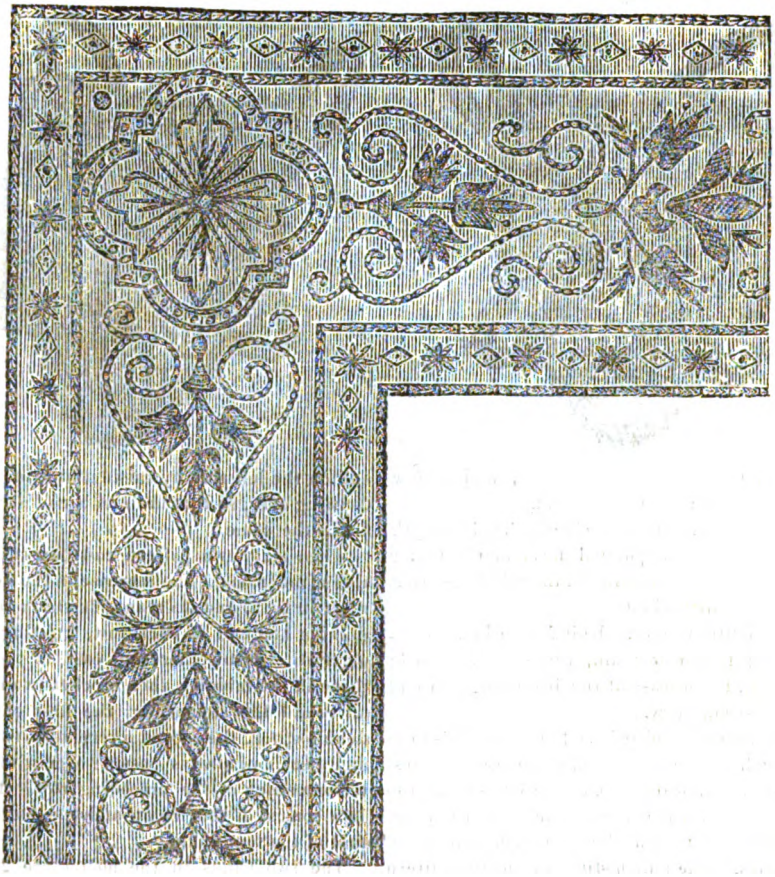
BORDER FOR TABLE-COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a very handsome pattern for an embroidered border for a table-cover. It is to be worked on cloth, or any other suitable material, with braids and silks of bright colors.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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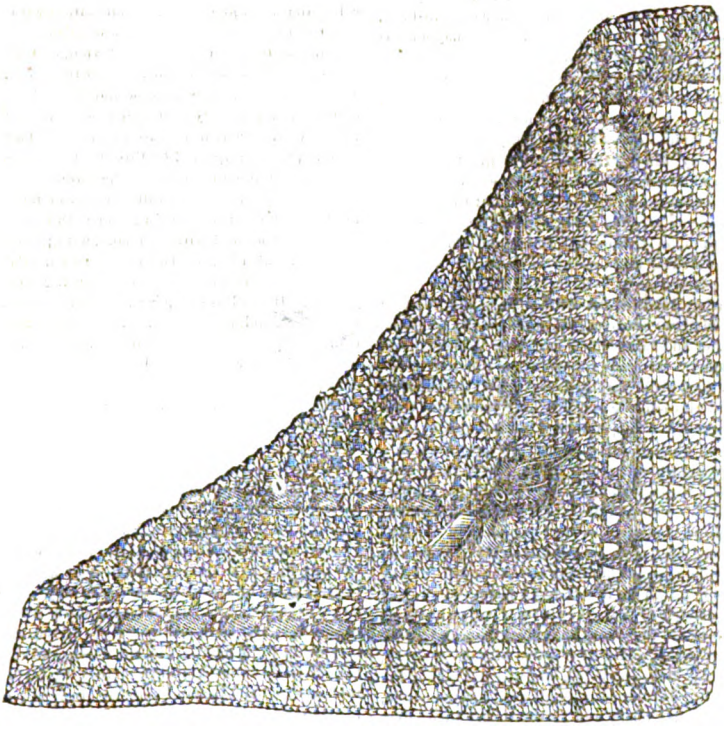
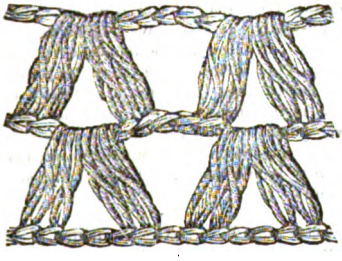
CAPOTE, OR SHAWL, IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials: Two and a half ounces of white Shetland wool, colored sarcenet ribbon, an inch broad.

Commence by working a square in rows for-



ward and backward for the foundation. For this, begin with 191 chain, and crochet the simple pattern of long trebles and separate chain stitches Then work out from the last chain stitches for the beginning of the first treble row, counting off sixteen chain; insert the hook into the seventeenth stitch, and work loosely, * two treble, two chain, two treble, and then one chain. In every sixth stitch, upon the first chain all through, repeat from *. In order to make the loops through which the ribbon is drawn, there must be thirteen stitches of the first chain left when the twenty-seven treble tufts which compose the first row are completed. After the last treble, follow four chain, and one single in the first chain of the chain made at the commencement. Now turn the work, and crochet ten chain before the trebles of the next row. Every succeeding row concludes with four chain and one quadruple treble upon the fourth chain lying nearest of the preceding row. After the twenty-eigth row, six adjoining rows are worked round for the border. At each corner three, then alternately two and three treble tufts, are worked in, that the point may not drag.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

House-Furnishing.—An American writer, whose power lies in her common sense, observes of house-furnishing, "Nothing is so cheap as beauty;" to which we may add, as corollary, Nothing is so dear as sham.

In the appointments of a house, as in dress, just now, there is a mania of fashion for color and ornate decoration. Now, it is easy for the rich man to humor this flamboyant style, by priceless pictures, marqueterie, tapestry, old china, bric-a-brac of any kind. He can cover his floors with Persian rugs, and one of the most famous poets in England will design exquisite papers for his walls. But these things cost money; and the mistake made by many housekeepers, who have not the money, especially young and sanguine beginners, is, that a cheap and tawdry imitation will serve as well, and never be detected. The days of hair-cloth furniture for the parlor, a centre-table with albums, and Venitian blinds for the windows are over; the high-posted bedstead, with heavy tester and valance, has long been banished from the spare chamber. Our young matron has different ideas. She covers her floor with cheap Brussels carpet; the windows are hung with imitation-lace curtains; the chairs and sofas are of some common wood, stained to imitate ebony, and (being made for auction sales,) would be dislocated in a strong breeze; her chambers are filled with cottage sets, tawdrily painted, while her imagination and hands run riot together in devising and manufacturing potichomania vases, cheap lambrequins, chairs out of barrels, and gold cornices out of gilt paper. Her work accomplished, her friends and neighbors are summoned to laud her taste and skill. To be sure, nobody is deceived by it. It is all sham, but a good sham. But in a couple of years the Brussels carpet has gone off in a fluffy decline; the chairs and sofas groan and creak like rheumatic patients under their soiled brocatelle covers; the cheap chintz is dirty and faded, and will not wash; the paint cracks and peels from cottage sets and imitation china, leaving leprous spots; hoops and staves thrust themselves into view in the barrel-chairs; the gold shows itself gilt, and with all the rest is tawdry, and sham, and mean. But must a poor housekeeper give up all beauty in her home? By no means. But let her take as an axiom that all sham is ugly. Let her do without carpets until she can purchase strong, durable ones—half the expense of furnishing is cut off; and the floors oiled or varnished are a relief to the eye after the gaudy Brussels. Plain, fine muslin curtains are cheaper than any sham lace, and, with a gray shade, give the effect of moonlight to a room. Chamber furniture of the native woods, unpainted, is the cheapest and most beautiful. Nature will give her without stint, flowers and ferns, and that wonderful beautifier of German homes, ivy. For the rest, let her foreswear all cheap chintzes, homemade chinas, and vulgar fineries, and do without furniture until she has saved money enough to buy it of such strong, simple, graceful make and shape, that it will serve as a text whereon her children's children can celebrate her good sense, and the purity of her taste.

For our Colored Pattern, this Month, we give a Watch-Pocket, in braiding. Our illustration represents a white cashmere, or white cloth pocket, with the braiding in red; but any other colors may be substituted, according to the taste of the person working the pocket. Gold on black, or blue on a light-gray, make pretty combinations of color.

The Dark Sage-Green, which has become so fashionable during the last twelvemonth, is an exceedingly becoming color, and has a fine effect in combination with other colors. It is becoming in itself, because it annuls any tinge of green which may be latent in the complexion, and which, in dark persons, is often more obtrusive than the owners are aware of. The most sallow woman would be indignant at a hint of this, and generally contrives to defy herself by wearing the very colors which increase the defect. Fair persons are also frequently improved by this dingy green, when a pale-green would make them look corpse-like.

Sage-green mixes beautifully with salmon-color; both are most perfect colors to set off a pallid, dark complexion. Sage-green also goes well with deep-lake, with primrose, and with dull or greenish blues. In the decoration of rooms it may be largely used, on account of its being so good a background. It is a less sharp contrast with surrounding colors than black, and, in a pattern, will go well with almost everything. It is appropriate for doors and shutters, especially when relieved with gold. For ceilings it is generally too dark.

There are some bright greens which are becoming to the face, but only a few shades. I say bright, in contradistinction to sage. A dull grass-green, with a slight yellow tinge in it, is a picturesque color, and often proves a success in a woolen day-dress—some material, that is to say, without gloss. In silks or satins it is nearly as coarse and unpleasant as a pure, bright green, innocent of any tint of blue or yellow; and when worn, as hundreds of women persist in wearing it, with a mass of scarlet, is so horrible as to give positive pain to a sensitive eye. In any concert-room, or large assemblage, a scarlet opera-cloak usually covers a green dress, and is capped by a green bow in the hair. One may count these mistakes by the dozen, and they arise from the generally diffused milliner's creed, that scarlet and emerald *must* go hand in hand, because green and red are complementaries. The vulgarity and disagreeableness of this mixture ought to be apparent to anybody with the very rudiments of artistic feeling.

Good Butter is a specialty of Philadelphia, as, perhaps, most of our readers know. Some have attributed this, not only to the thoroughness with which butter is worked in the dairies about this city, but also, in part, to the sweet vernal grass which grows in this region so abundantly. The Germantown Telegraph, however, which is good authority, thinks differently. It says, "We owe much more of the sweetness of our butter to the abundance of springs and spring-houses in our State than to anything peculiar which grows in our pastures. Milk has a particular affinity for any odors in the atmosphere, and water has some; hence, whatever impurities may get into the atmosphere of the spring-house, are drawn out by running water; and the very best security is provided against their being absorbed by the cream.

"Cheapest and Best."—The Darlington (S. C.) Southerner says:—"The publisher of Peterson's Magazine claims that it is the 'cheapest and best of all the magazines.' We thought this claim extravagant till we knew the book; but since our acquaintance with it, we do not think he claims a *bit* too much; for some of the best living writers contribute to its pages; the engravings are as handsome as art can make them; and the fashion-plates are perfectly faultless; while the price of the magazine is but two dollars a year."

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It is Still in Time to get up Clubs for "Peterson," for 1873. Back numbers are always kept on hand, to January, inclusive, so as to supply new subscribers promptly. Additions to clubs may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club, and when enough additional names have been sent to make a second club, a second premium, or premiums, will be given. But all such additions must begin with the January number, like the rest of the club. Nowhere else can you get as much for your money as you can by subscribing for "Peterson."

"The Gems of Art."—We have often been asked to publish a selection of the best engravings that have appeared in "Peterson." We have done so accordingly this year, and will send it, *as a premium to persons getting up clubs*, if they prefer it, instead of the large-sized engraving, "Christ Weeping Over Jerusalem." The book has been called "The Gems of Art," and contains twenty-five of our very best steel plates. By getting up enough clubs, you can earn, not only an extra copy, but also the premium picture and the "Gems." For a dollar extra we will send the "Gems" to any subscriber.

A Cheerful Mind is the best security, not only for happiness, but for health also. After all, it does little or no good to worry too much. We only make life unpleasant for ourselves, and all about us, by taking things too seriously. Do the best you can, under the circumstances, and then calmly abide the result. If affairs go well, be thankful. But if they turn out differently from what you had expected, bear the misfortune, or misfortunes, cheerfully, for, by so doing, you will lessen the weight of the burden considerably.

Late Hours are the deadliest foes, not only to health, but also to good looks. Every young girl ought to try and get what our grandmothers called "the beauty sleep," that is, the sleep that comes before midnight. Staying up to dance, or hear music, or walk in the moonlight even, brings circles under the eyes, and ages you before your time. Take a word of advice, in time, young ladies.

If You Wish to Save a Dollar, subscribe to "Peterson," as the best and cheapest of the lady's books.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Woman's Wrongs. By Mrs. Eiloart. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This story is by an English authoress, who has published several novels that have met with distinguished success. Its aim is to expose the wrongs that women are subject to in England, under the law which gives the ownership of children absolutely to the husband. Aside from this excellent purpose, the novel will be warmly welcomed by readers to whom well delineated characters, cleverly drawn plots, and an admirably sketched society, are attractions.

Harry Coverdale's Courtship and Marriage. By Frank E. Smedley. Tom Racquet. By Frank E. Smedley. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Two new volumes from the pen of a prolific and popular novelist, issued in very handsome style by the publishers. The engravings, of which there are many, very cleverly illustrate the text, and add to the interest of the respective stories. There is a dash and vitality about this author's novels which commend them strongly to the attention of readers, and insure for them a wide and increasing demand.

Santo Domingo, Past and Present, with a Glance at Hayti. By Samuel Bayard. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A description of the Island, historical, geographical, and social, by a member of the Commission sent to Santo Domingo by the United States Government. Carefully written, and apparently the work of a close and intelligent observer.

Hints to Young Painters, and the Process of Portrait Painting, as practiced by the late Thomas Sully. Philada: J. M. Stoddard & Co.—Anything left to us by the great artist Thomas Sully, is likely to have a certain value; and these "Hints to Young Paintres," which were prepared as long ago as 1851, by their eminent author, seem to be especially valvable, as they show the means by which Sully obtained such noble results in his art, and achieved so enviable a fame among his contemporaries. The whole of the hints are confined to a few pages; but they are apparently the study and experience of the painter's work-day life, set out in brief. There is some valuable suggestions to young professional and amateur artists in connection with the preparation of canvas and other vehicles of art.

Family Thermometry. By Edward Seguin, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.—A book of household advice, being a carefully prepared manual of thermometry for the use of mothers, nurses, and others who have charge of the sick and young; containing clear instructions how to detect the approach of disease, and to note its progress by variations in the temperature of the body. It also embraces, in addition, much physiological information, and important hygienic hints, conveyed in a perfectly comprehensible manner to even the non-professional reader. The work seems to differ from many of its class in its conscientiousness of tone; too many such books being prepared by authors who know little of the subject, and who write not so much to do good, as to produce something that will sell.

My Opinions and Betsy Bobbet's. By Josiah Allen's Wife. Hartford: American Publishing Company.—"My Opinions," are in the form of a number of papers, humorously conceived, and making, when brought together, a portly volume of interest. Josiah Allen's Wife has had many a varied experience, and, after her own fashion, relates them for the edification of all those who seek relief from care, and find amusement in the not too direful trials of others. If she sometimes reminds us of the Widow Bedott, no one will object to a likeness the original of which was the cause of much good-humor in the world.

Galama. By J. B. De Liefde. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.— This is a reprint of a very striking story, originally published in England, under the title of "The Beggars." The incidents are wrought out in the Netherlands, the characters entering upon the scene in 1568, and it is, in fact, the romantic history of the great struggle of the Sixteenth Century, for civil and religious liberty.

Central Africa. Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.—A condensed compilation of the accounts of discovery and travel in Africa, by Burton, Speke, and Baker. Admirably made by Bayard Taylor. One of a series. Excellent for boys.

Hallam's Constitutional History of England. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a single volume, for use in schools, and necessarily a very much abridged edition of Hallam's original work. The work of editing has been done by William Smith, LL.D., well known as a careful compiler of students' histories.

As She Would Have It. By "Alex." Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—Of books upon the Rights of Women, there are likely to be no end. This one differs from others of similar aim, in its practical and temperate statement of real wrongs endured by women under the law. In that particular it possesses some value.

The Forty-Five Guardsmen. By Alexander Dumas. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a new and cheap edition of one of the most exciting of the many famous novels written by Alexander Dumas; indeed it is probably as good an example of the great and peculiar powers of the author as any other of his works.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

MISS LESLIE'S NEW COOK BOOK.—*A Complete Manual of Domestic Cookery in all its branches.* By MISS LESLIE, *author of "The Ladies' Guide to True Politeness and Perfect Manners."* It contains near one thousand receipts not published in any of her other works, and is accompanied by a well-arranged index, by which any desired receipt may be turned to at once. The receipts are for cooking all kinds of meats, poultry, game, pies, vegetables, etc., with directions for plain and fancy cakes, sweetmeats, desserts, pickles, preparations for the sick, and miscellaneous receipts. The merit of these receipts are, that they have all been tried, and can be recommended conscientiously. Miss Leslie has acquired great reputation among housekeepers for the excellence of her works on cookery, and this volume will enhance it. It is the best book on cookery we know of, and while it will be useful to matrons, to young housewives it is indispensable. By the aid of this book, the young and inexperienced are brought nearly on a footing with those who have seen service in the culinary department, and by having it at hand are rendered tolerably independent of *help*, which sometimes becomes very refractory. The best regulated families are sometimes taken a little by surprise, by the untimely stepping in of a friend to dinner—to such, Miss Leslie's New Cook Book is a friend indeed, ready as it is with instructions for the hasty production of various substitutes to serve in place of meals which require timely and elaborate preparation. It is complete in one large duodecimo volume of over six hundred pages, neatly and strongly bound in cloth, full gilt back. Price $1.75 a copy. Copies of it will be sent to any one, to any place, post-paid, on remitting the price of it to the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW, AND OTHER POEMS. *New Illustrated Edition.* By J. W. Watson, author of "The Outcast." *Beautifully Illustrated, from Original Designs by Edward L. Henry.* This is a book that every Lady and Gentleman should read, and own a copy of. It is complete in one large octavo volume, in uniform style with "The Outcast, and Other Poems," by J. W. Watson. "*Beautiful Snow, and Other Poems,*" and "*The Outcast, and Other Poems,*" are each printed on the finest tinted plate paper, and bound in green morocco cloth, with gilt top, gilt sides, and beveled boards, price Two Dollars each, or each one is bound in maroon morocco cloth, with full gilt sides, full gilt edges, full gilt back, and beveled boards, price Three Dollars each. *They will be found for sale by all Booksellers, or copies of either or both will be sent, post-paid, to any one, per return of mail, on any one remitting the price of the edition wished of either or both books, to the publishers,* T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

THE GREAT ATTRACTION.—The great attraction of this week is the magnificent new rooms of the Wilson Sewing Machine Company, at the corner of Superior and Bond streets. Crowds of people may be seen in and about the place at any hour of the day or evening, gazing at the superb carpets, frescoing, the gilt chandeliers, the wonderfully-carved counters, and the general elegance of everything about. A prominent business man of this city remarked after going the rounds of the place, that, "This is up to the style of the Erie Railway offices in New York." The lady visitors, almost without exception, sit down and try one of the machines, and always conclude that the Wilson Underfeed Sewing Machine is the nicest feature of the admirable concern. And they are not mistaken. In beauty of form and finish, in ease and precision of work, and in perfect capacity for any kind of sewing, the Wilson machine is unsurpassed. Call at the new rooms and see it work.—*Cleveland Daily Leader.*

Salesroom at 1309 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in county towns.

A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.—The Wilson Underfeed Sewing Machine combines in a more perfect degree than any other, the requirements of a first-class machine. This is the unanimous verdict of the thousands of families who are using them, and its success is unprecedented in the history of sewing machines. Although it costs fully as much to make as any other, the manufacturer sells direct to the people; but as the company belong to no "Ring" or combination to keep up prices, they can afford to sell at a much less price. Salesroom at 1300 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in county towns.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM. LIVESEY, M. D.

No. IV.—IRRITATION—SPECIAL.

Having spoken somewhat in general terms of the influence of irritation upon the young child, I will now point out some of the special effects arising from the same source.

Flatulency is directly a cause of much pain and discomfort to the babe, and indirectly produces palpitation of the heart, whilst derangement of the stomach and liver, especially if attended with acidity, will not only produce the same effects, but, in addition, give rise to acute pain in the region of the heart Cold is also a most common cause of irritation, not only causing pain and distress in the bowels, but more frequently acting upon and deranging the functions of the lungs and air passages.

Who has not noticed how remarkably have children, when prpperly clothed, escaped entirely the ordinary affections of the chest during the first year or two of their existence, proving conclusively that judicious clothing becomes really a prophylactic against catarrh, as the converse has always been observed where diseases of these organs constantly abound.

Mothers should remember that even if the infant with bare arms, chest, and legs, should escape from catarrh before the period of teething, it will be fearfully in danger when this irritative process commences, as it seems to deprive the lungs of their previous power of resisting the effects of colds. (Hood.)

Every mother knows, (and yet how often she overlooks the fact,) that teething will so affect the digestive powers as to cause sickness and loss of appetite; and the excitement increasing, and the irritation extending, will sometimes produce quite a severe purging

So susceptible is the nervous organization of the infant, that this natural tenderness of early life renders them liable to powerful impressions from slight causes of irritaion.

After the age of three years, such diseases as arise chiefly from irritation become less common, and sudden attacks more rare. Now, also, the brain is more frequently attacked or suffers more from increased nervous excitement instead of the lungs or organs of respiration, as was the case in the earlier stages.

Many parents manifest a desire to make their children *smart* or precocious at this early period, and they resort to means to effect this, that frequently excites the brain in a forcible and unnatural manner, and causes functional derangement of that important organ. Such precocious children are generally of a nervous temperament, their mus-

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cular system imperfectly developed, and a too rapid growth of body induces debility, languor in the circulation, and consequently an insufficient supply of blood to the brain.

Finally, mothers should ever remember, that the confined air of the bedchamber predisposes to irritation of the throat and lungs. Hence the suddenness and frequency of attacks of spasmodic croup, and other irritations in the respiratory organs during the night, when the child has been put to bed in apparent health.

Well ventilated rooms are of the first importance to children as well as adults, during dentition especially; and the good effects of such rooms cannot be too highly appreciated by both classes. "Infantile physiognomy," etc., or what can be learned from the study of the expression of the face, and its general movements, are interesting and important topics to the careful and conscientious mother, who desires to discharge her whole duty to her offspring; and this study will next engage our attention.

WHAT TO DO IN CASES OF ACCIDENT.

Professor Wilder, of Cornell University, gives these short rules for action in case of accident:

For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing—dash water into them; remove cinders, etc., with the round point of a lead-pencil.

Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear.

If an artery is cut, compress above the wound; if a vein is cut, compress below.

If choked, get upon all fours, and cough.

For light burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed, cover with varnish.

Smother a fire with carpets, etc.; water will often spread burning oil, and increase danger. Before passing through smoke, take a full breath, and then stoop low, but if carbon is suspected, walk erect.

Suck poison wounds, unless your mouth is sore. Enlarge the wound, or better, cut out the part without delay. Hold the wounded part as long as can be borne to a hot coal, or end of a segar.

In case of poisoning, excite vomiting by tickling the throat, or by water and mustard. For acid poisons give acids; white of egg is good in most cases; in cases of opium poisoning, give strong coffee, and keep moving. If in water, float on the back, with the nose and mouth projecting.

For apoplexy, raise the head and body; for fainting, lay the person flat.

BOUQUET-MAKING.

The present season of the year gives better opportunity, perhaps, than any other for thoughtful practice in one of the most beautiful and interesting of the fine arts—the arrangement of a few cut flowers into a bouquet deserving the name. A well-made bouquet is the little lyric poem, so to speak, of the thorough gardener. The greater and more lasting efforts of his talent—those set forth in the arrangement of his out-door shrubs and plants—should deserve the name of his epic or his dramas; the fragrant little bunch of blossoms he calls his bouquet, culled with judgment, and arranged with due regard to the laws of harmony and common sense, should quite as well deserve to be looked upon as a sort of ode or sonnet, representing in miniature the ideas of the garden itself, though requiring a treatment of its own. Summer always provides for every one; it is difficult for one to go astray in arranging cut flowers, when the full tide of June and July comes to wrap us round; Nature then almost speaks for herself as to what shall be done. The general rules and principles are nevertheless the same; and however wealthy the bouquet-maker may be in material, and however easily things may in summer time seem to fall into their proper places, he should still go on educating his taste.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

FISH.

Salmon Cutlets Aux Concombres.—Take a slice of salmon two inches thick; remove the bones and skin carefully; cut it into slices half an inch thick, and flatten each on the chopping-board with a cutlet-bat or common chopper, dipped in water. From these slices cut as many neatly-shaped cutlets of a uniform shape as you can. Place them quite flat on a well-buttered baking tin; sprinkle pepper and salt over them, and ten minutes before they are wanted, put them into the oven, with a sheet of buttered white paper over them. Place all the trimmings of the salmon in a sauce-pan, with carrots, onions, thyme, or bay-leaf, some parsley, pepper and salt, and a pint of stock or broth. Let this boil for an hour: melt a small piece of butter, add to it about a teaspoonful of flour; stir it till it begins to color, then strain it into the above sauce, and add a little chopped parsley. Cut a large cucumber in rounds an inch long; cut each round into four quarters, remove the seeds and rind, and trim each piece to a uniform shape; then throw them into boiling water, with a little salt; let them boil until nearly cooked. Strain them, and throw them into cold water, then strain them again, and put them into a sauce-pan with a little butter, pepper, salt, and chopped parsley, to be kept covered up and warm until wanted. To dish up, pour the sauce on a dish, arrange the cutlets slanting, overlapping each other round it, and fill the hollow space in the middle with the cucumber.

Lobster Cutlets.—Prepare and beat to a paste about three-quarters of a pound of the flesh of a couple of fine lobsters; add to it when partially beaten, an ounce and a half of fresh butter, a saltspoonful of salt, and about two-thirds of one of mixed mace and Cayenne, with a dessertspoonful of the inside coral, the whole of which latter should be rubbed with a wooden spoon through a hair-sieve, to be ready for use. When all the ingredients are well blended and beaten to the finest and smoothest paste, the mixture should be tasted, and the seasoning heightened, if needful, but it should not be over-spiced. Mould the paste into the form of small cutlets, about the third of an inch thick; insert at the end of each a short piece of the smallest claws; strew the coral lightly over them, so as to give them the appearance of being crumbled with it; arrange them round the dish in which they are to be sent to table; place them in a very gentle oven for eight or ten minutes only, to heat them through, or warm them in an American or Dutch oven, at some distance from the fire, that the brilliant color of the coral may not be destroyed.

To Cure Shad.—Clean the shad nicely, place them in layers with back down, and laid open so as the inside of the fish may be up. Sprinkle each fish plentifully with ground salt, and let them stand twenty four hours. This draws out all the blood. Wipe them all dry with clean napkins. Place them in layers in a clean tub, with the backs down as before. For one hundred shad take half a pound of saltpetre, and two pounds of brown sugar. Strew plenty of rock salt over them with the saltpetre and sugar. There is no danger of putting on too much salt, as they will only absorb a certain quantity.

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Halibut.—Cut it in slices about a quarter of an inch thick; wash and dry them, season with Cayenne pepper and salt; have ready a pan of hot lard, and fry your fish in it till of a delicate brown on both sides. Some dip the cutlets in beaten egg, and then in bread-crumbs, and fry them. When done in this manner it should be cut rather thinner than according to the first method. Or heat your gridiron, grease the bars, season your fish with Cayenne pepper and salt, and broil it till of a fine brown color. Lay it on a dish and butter it.

Baked Herrings.—Take off the heads of the fish, remove the inside, wash and dry them with a cloth, sprinkle with a seasoning of black pepper, cloves, and salt, mixed; tie paper over them, put them in a pan with a few bay leaves, and bake in a moderate oven. They may be eaten either hot or cold, and will keep for many months.

MEATS.

Ragout of Lamb.—Cut the knuckle-bone off a fore-quarter of lamb, lard it with little thin pieces of bacon; flour it, and then put it into a stew-pan, with a quart of stock or good gravy, a bundle of herbs, a little mace, two or three cloves, and a little whole pepper. Cover it close, and let it stew pretty fast for half an hour. Pour off all the liquor; strain it; keep the lamb hot in a pot till the sauce is ready. Take half a pint of oysters, flour them, fry them brown, drain off, clear all the fat that they were fried in, and skim off all the fat from the gravy. Then pour it to the oysters, put in an anchovy, and two spoonfuls of either red or white wine. Boil all together till it is reduced to just sufficient for sauce; add some fresh mushrooms, and some pickled, and the juice of half a lemon, or a spoonful of pickle. Lay the lamb in the dish, pour the sauce over it, and garnish with lemon.

Breast of Veal Stewed.—Put a breast of veal into a sauce-pan, with a little stock, a glass of white wine, a bunch of sweet herbs, some mushrooms, two or three onions, some pepper and salt, and let it stew gently until quite tender; when done, lay the meat in a dish, skim, and strain the liquor, and serve over the meat; garnish with forcemeat-balls.

Slices of Lamb Fried.—Cut some cold lamb into slices, season and fry them; when done, put them in a dish, and pour over them melted butter; then put a little flour into a sauce-pan, with some beef stock and a little walnut pickle; let this boil, and keep stirring. Serve the slices of lamb in this sauce, and garnish with fried parsley.

Lamb Sauce.—Boil a piece of butter in bread-crumbs, shred parsley and shalots, and boil it in a little stock and white wine, equal quantities; a few minutes are sufficient; squeeze in a little lemon or orange-juice.

DESSERTS.

Fancy Puddings.—Take a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, beaten to a cream, add the yolks of three eggs, well beaten, a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, the whites of the eggs, well wisked, a quarter of a pound of best flour, a quarter of a pound of raisins, split and stoned; flavor with a few drops of essence of vanilla or lemon. It is equally good boiled in a cloth, or baked in a buttered mould. The latter can be ornamented with candied peel and half raisins.

Another.—Butter a mould well, take any stale bread-crusts or cake, grate or crumble it; put a layer of crumbs, an inch thick, in your mould, then strew some jam or sultana raisins, then a layer of crumbs, and so on, alternately, till the mould is full; then pour very equally over it a custard made as follows: beat up one egg, add a tumbler or breakfast-cupful of milk to it, then a tablespoonful of sugar, and a little grated nutmeg. It requiries to be poured slowly into the mould, that the crumbs may absorb the whole. Bake it about twenty minutes or half an hour, according to the heat of the oven.

Beignets Souffles.—Put about a pint of water into a sauce-pan with a few grains of salt, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and as much sugar, with plenty of lemon-peel. When the water boils, throw gradually into it sufficient flour to form a thick paste; then take it off the fire, let it remain ten minutes, and work it into three or four eggs, reserving the whites of one or two, which you whisk into a froth, and mix into the paste. Let it rest a couple of hours, then proceed to fry, by dropping into hot lard pieces of it the size of a walnut. Serve, piled up on a dish, with powdered-sugar over them, and a lemon, cut into quarters; or make an incision in each beignet, and insert a small piece of jam or jelly.

Arrow-root Blanc-mange or Pudding.—Flavor a quart of new milk with brandy, rose-water, vanilla, bitter-almonds, or lemon-peel; sweeten with a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar, and warm it on the fire. Mix in some cold milk, three ounces of arrow-root, and two eggs, beaten separately; then add the milk, strained also, and boil till sufficiently thick; when it threatens to be lumpy, drop in by degrees two ounces of fresh butter. It must be stirred quickly the whole time. It should be quite smooth. Pour it into a mould which has been wetted with cold water.

Jelly.—To make a quart, soak one ounce of Nelson's opaque gelatine in half a pint of cold water for twenty minutes, then add the same quantity of boiling water; stir until dissolved; add the juice and peel of two lemons, with enough wine and sugar to make the whole quantity a quart; have ready well-beaten, the white and shell of one egg; stir these briskly into the jelly, then boil for two minutes without stirring it; remove it from the fire, and allow it to stand two minutes, then strain through a close flannel-bag. This jelly may be flavored or colored according to taste.

Norfolk Dumplings.—Take some pieces of dough about the size of a bun, put them in a sauce-pan of boiling water, and put on the lid. When taken out of the sauce-pan, they should have become double the size. They must be served directly, and should be pulled apart with two silver forks. The proper sauce is goose-gravy; but they are also eaten with molasses or brown sugar and butter.

CAKES.

A Very Superior Pound Cake.—Beat the yolks of ten eggs very light, and sift in one pound of best flour; cream one pound of crushed and sifted white sugar with one pound of good butter; and then take half a glass of wine, and half a glass of brandy, two tablespoonfuls of orange-flower water, half a grated nutmeg; stir these into the butter and sugar; then whip to a stiff froth the ten whites, and add to the flour and yolks; lastly, add the seasoned butter and sugar; stir them well together with a broad-bladed knife. Have ready a cake-pan, well buttered; pour in the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven. Icing to be flavored with orange-flower water.

Sponge Cake.—The yolks of ten good-sized eggs, and a pint of powdered sugar, a little salt, and the grated peel of a lemon. Beat this well together with a silver or wooden spoon. Then add the whites, beaten to a stiff froth; then very lightly stir in a pint of sifted flour, and bake at once, either in flat, buttered tins, cups, or two round tins, about three inches deep. The mixture must not be stirred much after the flour is in. This will make a nice sandwich-cake, by baking it thin on round tin pie-plates, and putting preserve or marmalade of any kind between each layer. Sift white sugar over the top.

Buns.—Cut half a pound of good butter into four teacupfuls of milk, warm it, and when cool, stir in half a pound of good brown sugar, four eggs, well beaten, one pound of sifted flour, half a nutmeg, grated, one wineglass of brandy and wine, mixed, and one wineglass of yeast; mix well, and set it to rise for five hours, then make it into buns, and bake on tins

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MISCELLANEOUS.

To Imitate Ground and Figured Glass.—Cover the panes of glass with diaphanie varnish; cut some figured net to the size of the window-panes; cover it on one side with the varnish. In a few minutes after, place the net upon the glass, the varnished side of the net next the glass. When it has dried again, varnish it over, and it will bear washing as well as ground glass. In putting on the net, care must be taken to keep it quite smooth. The center of large panes, frosted in this manner, with a colored diaphanie border, is very pretty.

To Procure Ice.—Nearly fill a gallon stone bottle with hot spring-water, leaving room for about a pint, and put in two ounces of refined nitre. The bottle must then be stopped very close, and let down into a deep well. After three or four hours it will be completely frozen, but the bottle must be broken to procure the ice. If the bottle is moved up and down, so as to be sometimes out of the water and sometimes in, the consequent evaporation will hasten the process.

To Mend Broken Glass.—A much better process for mending broken glass, china, and earthenware with shellac than heating them, is to dissolve it in alcohol to about the consistency of glue, and with a thin splinter of wood or pencil-brush touch the edges of the broken ware. In a short time it sets without any heating, which is often an inconvenient process. It will stand every contingency but a heat equal to boiling water.

Waterproofing the Soles of Boots or Shoes.—This simple and effectual remedy is nothing more than a little beeswax and mutton suet, warmed in a pipkin, until in a liquid state; then rub some of it lightly over the edges of the sole where the stitches are, which will repel the wet, and not in the least prevent the blacking from having the usual effect.

To Clean Marble.—Chalk, in fine powder, one part, pumice, one part, common soda, two parts. Mix well together. Wash the spots with this powder, mixed with a little water; then clean the whole of the stone, and wash off with soap and water.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—WALKING-SKIRT OF HAVANA-BROWN SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with four graduated ruffles of silk, set on in box-plaits. The Polonaise is made of black silk. The sides are open to the waist. The back width has revers of silk set on, trimmed with guipure lace and passementerie, finished with bows and ends of silk. Bonnet to match the color of the skirt, with grenadine veil. Parasol of white silk, embroidered with brown.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS OF NAPOLEON-BLUE SILK.—The skirt has seven bands of two-inch wide white guipure, or yak inserting, set on two inches apart. The basque is trimmed with the same inserting, edged with a flounce of the same, four inches deep. Soft-crowned bonnet, trimmed with pink feathers.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF LIGHT-GREEN SILK.—[illegible] lower-skirt is trimmed with [illegible] box-plaited flounce, headed by a narrow box-plaiting of silk. [illegible] measures four yards around the edge, [illegible] a narrow, green ruffle, headed by a row of black [illegible] It is closed down the front with bows and ends of velvet, and looped on the hips with irregular loops and ends. Green and black lace bonnet, with roses.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF MAUVE-COLORED SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with two plaited flounces, with a heading of embroidery, cut in points. Loose cloth sack to match, with wide sleeves, trimmed with black passementerie. Bonnet of ruby velvet, with white flowers.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF BUFF PONGEE.—The skirt is without trimming. The Polonaise is braided with black around the throat, and down the fronts and cuffs, edged around the bottom with a fringe with a netted heading, looped with silk bows and ends. Bonnet of Leghorn, trimmed with field-flowers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—For the day-time there is no very great alteration of shape in the female costume. Although the Princess dress is once more patronized by fashion, for walking out and at home, the skirt and Polonaise are still preferred, as both more elegant and more convenient. The newest style of Polonaise, however, which is known by the name of "Montespan," is cut princess fashion, and is, in fact, a short-gored dress, worn over a skirt. For demi-toilet this Polonaise is buttoned down the front, but for more dressy costumes it remains open, to show the richly-trimmed under-skirt.

POLONAISES, made of embroidered white China crepe shawls, are gaining ground in public favor. When they were first adapted to this use the trimming was not rightly understood. These shawls, when richly embroidered, sometimes terminate with a long, straggling fringe; when this is the case, the fringe should be cut off, and replaced either by a richer and thicker one, or with lace, as nothing looks in worse taste than a poor trimming upon an exceedingly rich fabric. Polonaises of blue cashmere are also much worn over black skirts for the house.

SACKS are cut in every style—with tight sleeves and with flowing ones, tight in the back, and then again without any seams. The Dolman does not seem to take as well as at first predicted.

The fashion of ruffs on tulle or lace, is more and more generally adopted; sometimes they are lined with colors to match suits.

OXYDIZED SILVER BUCKLES, SLIDES, AND BUTTONS, are very popular on all wraps worn in the street. They are put on waistcoats, pockets, sleeves, and tunic.

THE NEW BONNETS are not bonnets, but merely round hats, with strings. They are odd, with large, square crowns, with curious brims turned-up somewhere, either back or front, one side or the other. They are worn very far back, leaving the front of the head entirely bare. Straw bonnets will be more worn than all others. There is less lace used in trimming than formerly; and no ribbon, except for strings, which are tied under the chin. Large quantities of flowers are used in masses, not in falling sprays. An English straw Rabagas has the brim faced with black, with a black silk scarf, with fringed ends around the crown, and is fastened behind by a silver clasp of Egyptian heads; under the brim is a delicate wreath of flowers.

GLOVES are worn long on the wrist, sometimes with six buttons. Those known as *Gant de Suede*, are most popular. Lace mitts come with long fingers, and are very fine.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—SUIT FOR A BOY OF FIVE YEARS.—The serge skirt is laid in hollow box-plaits, and sewed on to a belt, which is buttoned on the skirt. The jacket is made to come below the waist, with a rolling collar. Sailor hat.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A GIRL OF TEN YEARS.—The skirt is made of fine blue merino, trimmed with two flounces, set on in box-plaits. A Polonaise, without fullness or looping, trimmed with black velvet ribbon. Straw hat, with blue band and bow.

FIG. III.—SACK-COAT FOR A BOY OF TEN YEARS, belted in around the waist; made of gray cretonne, with cape of the same, trimmed with two rows of gray velvet ribbon. Sailor hat of felt, small ostrich feather, and band of ribbon.

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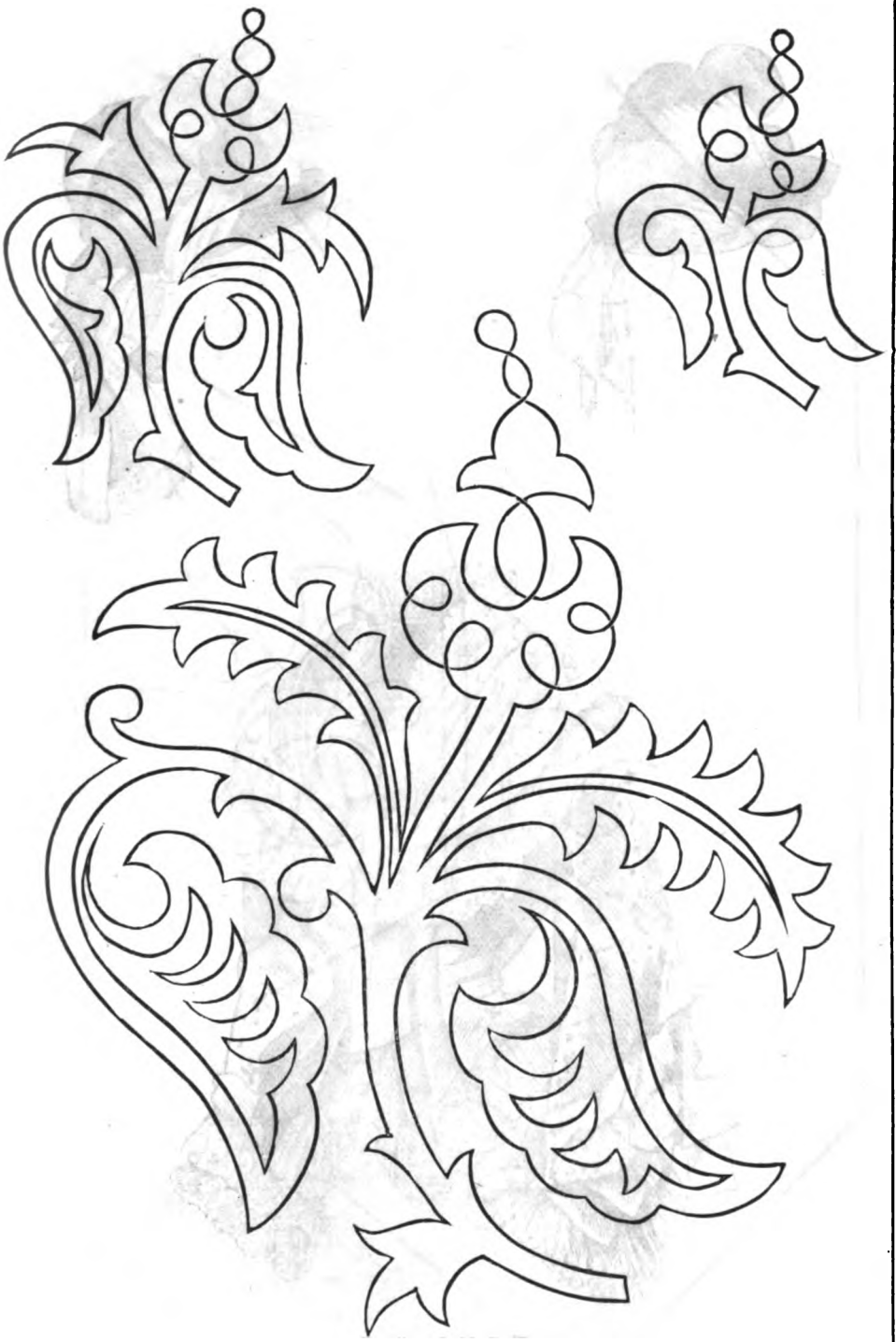

BRAIDING PATTERN.

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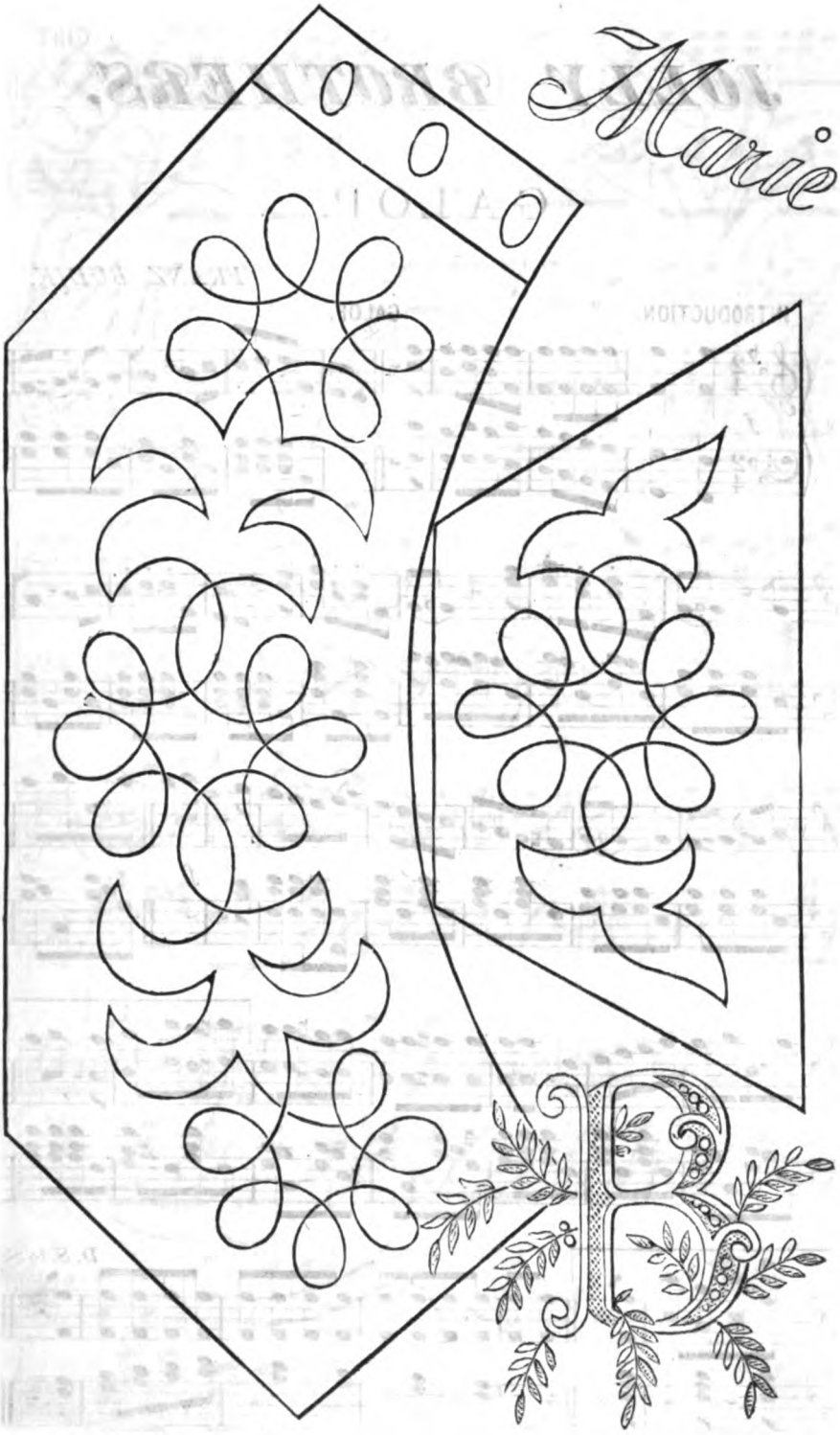

INFANT'S SHOE, IN BRAIDING. NAME. INITIALS.

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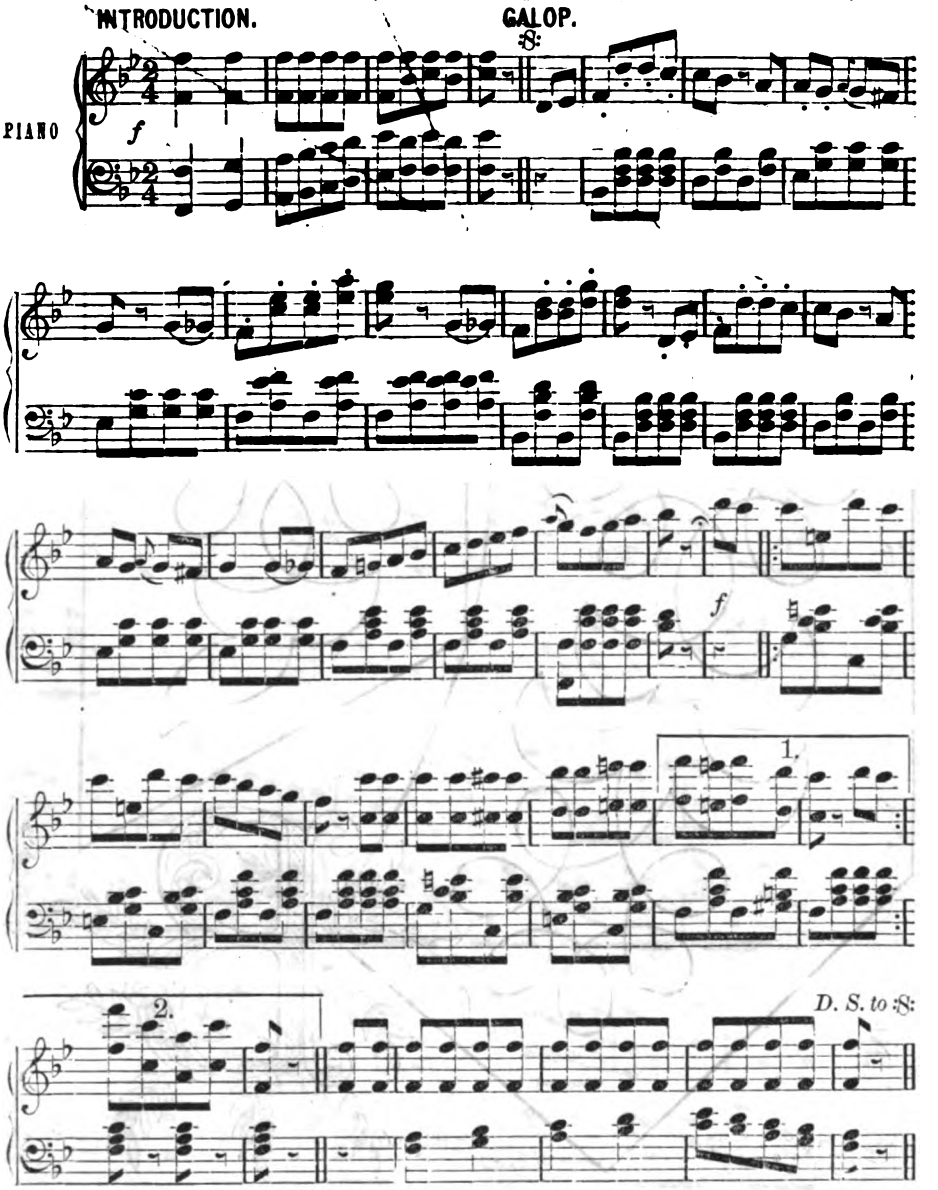
GALOP.

FRANZ BUDIK.



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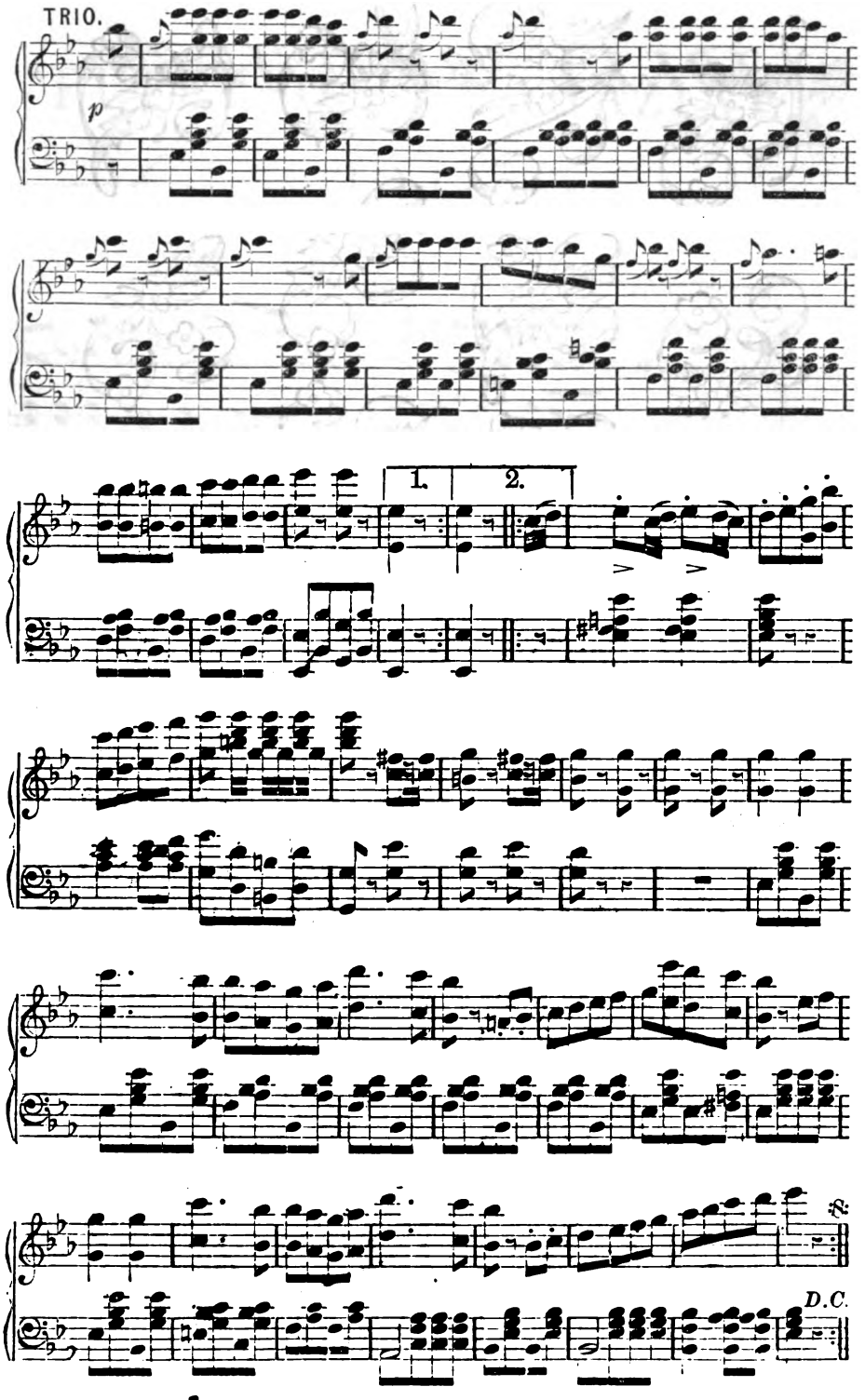

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXIII. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1873. No. 6.

THE LITTLE BROWN COTTAGE.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

"POOR Carleton is out of business again," said Edward Lee, to his wife. "I really don't see what they are to do this winter."

"What is the trouble, this time?"

"His foot slipped when he was getting off a street car, and a broken leg is the consequence. Pretty hard on a man, who gets his living by his feet. He is what John Jacob Astor would have called one of the unlucky men—a class he would have no dealings with."

"Perhaps he might have laid up more treasure in Heaven, if he had," said his wife. "But what are we to do about this matter of Mr. Carleton's?"

"That is just the inquiry I wished to make of you."

Very different were the feelings of this Christian couple, with regard to the unsuccessful people they chanced to know, from those of the world generally. They did not "pass by on the other side." They did not say of the man as other friends did, "What a piece of carelessness! I never slip getting out of a car." "What a position to put his family in for the winter! I am glad mine are not in such circumstances."

It is true in our days, as in those of the wise man, "Men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself," and the reverse is quite as true.

"Oh! people get about what they deserve in this world," said a man with a very self-satisfied air. "The deserving are prospered, and the kind and good are happy." He was sleek and comfortable, and the world had gone well with him. He felt that sympathy and respect were rather thrown away on unsuccessful people. But when, in less than a month, he stood in his singed garments, homeless and penniless, glad to satisfy his hunger from the hand of charity, the "beam was cast out of his eye." That Chicago fire brought many new revelations to men's minds.

As long as that verse stands, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," let us not be too hasty in our judgment of those who are unfortunate. We may rejoice, some day, that He gave us the opportunity of ministering to those whom He loved. It will be music in our ears to hear Him say, "Ye did it unto me." But to return to our story.

"There is that little brown cottage empty," suggested Marian.

"I know it," said her husband. "But two persons are looking after it. It pays me good rent, every year."

"It will always rent well. I don't believe it will be any loss if you let Mr. Carleton's family take it for six months. Think what a relief it would be to have a good roof over their heads, and no rent to pay, now he is laid up. The Lord will more than make it up to you in some other way. I would risk it, if I were you."

"If you say so, I will send the team down and have them moved in, next week. They are in a great worry over this rent, I know."

It was all arranged, and Marian had her own little plan for the further comfort of the poor family, which would make the burden for the winter still lighter.

No words could express the gratitude of the man, who was thus suddenly laid aside from active labor, and where the future looked most disheartening. "The blessing of Him that was ready to perish, be upon you, Mr. Lee," he said, brokenly. "We can live on almost any fare, this winter, if we can only keep a roof over our heads. When I am about again, I mean to bend every effort toward getting a house for my family, that we can call our own, if it has only two rooms to it."

"That's right, Carleton! keep it in view, when you get at work, and lay by a little every week toward it. The tide will turn, and when you are strong again, you will go to work with twice as much energy as before. I wish every work-

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ing-man would set before him the same object, and never swerve until it was attained. A home of your own is the thing to make life pleasant, and your family comparatively comfortable, even when you are laid aside, as at present. I'll sell you the brown cottage some day on easy terms, when you are prepared to buy."

With a kindly good-morning he hurried on to his place of business.

But what cheer and comfort he had left in the so lately sorrowful house of the laboring-man! What a stimulus his words had given! Something to hope for, something to look forward to. All the morning the man's mind ran on in a cheerful, hopeful channel, and his brain was full of busy plans for the future. The state of his mind was of great advantage to his body. The broken limb did better for the mental cheer. A person whom I knew came very near losing his life from a similar accident, just by his fretful restlessness and anxiety to be about again. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

It is painful to think what would have been the fate of this afflicted family, in that long, dreary winter, but for this timely, helping hand held out to them. How full life is of just such opportunities of doing good! Yet how few are ready to embrace them! What suffering there is about as every day, which a little timely help would relieve!

Generous-hearted Goldsmith was once called upon to prescribe for a sick man, and a glance around the poor room showed him the true nature of his disease. He was dying of poverty.

Cheerily saying that he would send him a box of pills that would cure him, he repaired to his lodgings, and out of his own penury put up a little box of golden guineas, with the directions attached. "To be used as occasion requires." The man was speedily restored to perfect health, and went forth to labor, with a heart overflowing with gratitude to his kind physician.

There was no idleness nor want in the home of the Carletons that winter. The mother's heart had been cheered, and her hands strengthened by kindness, so that she had been able to redouble her efforts for the comfort of her household. Mrs. Lee had kindly interested herself in her affairs, and had enabled her to procure, on easy terms of payment, a good knitting-machine. This was a new thing in the place, and by mentioning her case wherever she had opportunity, Marian soon obtained for her a good run of custom. Mrs. Carleton had now abundant work to do; and the returns were so ample that she used laughingly to tell her husband, "She could now earn more than he." Indeed, they had never been so well off before.

Mrs. Lee was always active, in this way, in the cause of those of her sex who were compelled to earn their living. Her extensive observation and information made it easy for her to give sound, practical advice to one in need of it, and her efficiency often found just the right niche for the worker.

This is, indeed, the truest charity—this helping the poor to help themselves. Indiscriminate giving pauperizes instead of lifting the receiver up.

What a blessed thing that there are so many noble women residing in "brown-stone fronts" in our cities! What a pity that this number could not be still further reinforced from the ranks of those to whom God has given abundant resources. If only our pleasure-seekers would but taste the joy which springs from this noble working for others, they would turn with distaste forevermore from the insipid pleasures which flow only from self-gratification, and leave no lasting good behind.

The Carletons, through this timely aid, were gradually enabled to recover their position of ease and comfort, and even to increase it; for, partly through Mrs Lee's help, and partly through her husband's judicious advice, they are now the owners of the "Little Brown Cottage."

PASSION FLOWERS.

BY ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON.

One night a tiny seed was sown,
  I scarcely thought it worth the while;
But day came, and a flower had grown,
  Its sweetness did the wind beguile.
And day by day, in sun or shade,
  Not chilled by any storms that fell,
My blossom grew, and, ah, it made
  A lonely heart to bloom as well.

So sweet, so fair—and can it be?
  I throve but when the Summer came;
And when the Autumn fell on me,
  My bud was lost beyond reclaim.
Thy love, as sweet as fickle, too,
  I mourn in chilly Winter hours:
Thy pledges, which I deemed so true,
  Died with the Summer's passion-flowers.

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NELLY'S STORY.

BY MARY G. WELLS.

"Is the *bona fide* New Yorker ever tired, or sick, or sorry? Does he ever stop?"

So I used to ask my sister Alice, day after day, as we took our drive through the Avenue to the Park, or went through Stewart's bewildering store-rooms in quest of a hundred things we did not want, or sat at our window in the hotel, where, in truth, I spent the greater part of my time, idly watching that busy, restless, ever-increasing, ever-changing crowd, that surges through the great city like a mighty wave, seeming to engulf and carry all before it.

"They tire me so, these people. Where do they come from, and where can they all be going? And don't you suppose that, among them all, there must be a few we should like to know?"

"Very probably," replied Alice, laughing; "but how are we to impress those few with a wish to know us? Are we to send an advertisement to the daily papers, stating, that 'Two ladies, possessing many agreeable qualities, but very few acquaintances, would like to enlarge their circle, and will receive applicants, (who must bring undoubted references as to character and position,) at such and such a time?' No, Nelly, that would hardly do. How shall we accomplish it? I am quite ready; to tell the honest truth, this hermit life of ours begins to weary me just a little. I have yielded to your wish to be in perfect seclusion; but I can see that the inspiriting atmosphere of New York has done you good, Nelly, dear, in spite of yourself; and now the sooner we come out of our shell the better. Let us look around the hotel, though we should never have the courage to make any advances to strangers, even if attracted by their appearance; and, on the whole, I think the matter will regulate itself. We have been 'alone in a crowd' long enough now, and I want to see my little Nelly in her own proper sphere once more.

And then we wandered off into a discussion, or rather a long, rambling chat, about the kind of people we should really like to have.

The day-light died away, and we looked out at the beautiful city "under the gas-light," and speculated afresh on the probable destinies of the crowd still tramping under our windows; and, with the evening papers, and our many beloved books, we ended the day.

Ours was a strange position. We were both comparatively young. Alice was now twenty-five, and I, two years younger. Without being, by any means, regular beauties, we were sufficiently good-looking, to have been known in our native town, away down among the New Hampshire Hills, as "the pretty Langdon girls." We were thoroughly well-educated, had more money than we knew what to do with, and were absolutely alone in the world. Our parents and only brother had died some years before the time of which I am writing, and Alice was a widow. Poor child! Her story is brief, and sad enough. The man she loved and married, at eighteen, proved, in every way, unworthy, and, for three miserable years, her young life was a burden to herself, and a cause of ceaseless sorrow to me, who watched her lovingly, but who was powerless to help or comfort in such a grief as this. At the end of three years, she was released. A fall from his horse, while riding home in a state of intoxication, caused the almost instant death of her husband.

After this Alice was anxious to leave the old house, where there were so many sad associations; where we had been happy children, and desolate orphans, and where my darling Alice had tasted a bitterness worse than orphanage. But where should we go? It was at the close of our short New England summer, that we held many a consultation as to where we should pitch our tent. To me, it was a matter of utter indifference, for, at that time, all places were alike to me. We knew something of Boston, and my chief pleasure, during the memorable winter I spent there, was the great organ. Never will the recollection of that first day in the Music Hall fade from my mind. It was, in more senses than one, a marked day, for from it dated my intimate friendship with Henry West. We had met at several parties; each had recognized in the other a kindred spirit; and, as he was an habitue of the house in which I was visiting, it became a matter of course that he should escort me to the various places of amusement, and show me "the lions." I loved music, but had enjoyed few opportunities of hearing it; no stars ever wandered so far out of their accustomed orbit, as our little country town; and there was very little native talent there. When, therefore, Mr. West invited me, soon after my arrival in Bos-

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ton, to attend one of the Wednesday organ concerts, I consented, little knowing what awaited me. As we turned out of the busy street into the quiet, secluded court that leads to the Music Hall, and then mounted the steep, dark, gloomy stair-case, I remarked, "If your organ is really so wonderful, why not make the approach to it more attractive? This cavern-like entrance has depressed me already. "Wait one moment," said my companion, and, as he spoke, we were within the hall; and there, in all its silent grandeur, stood the organ; so calm and strong; so like a mighty fortress, in which might be impressed the spirits of the great masters, whose harmonies should presently escape and burst upon my ear! I was spell-bound. It seemed to me as fascinating to gaze on its beautiful proportions, as it could possibly be to hear its tones. But, in a moment, the organist glided into his seat, and then arose such a concourse of sweet sounds, as had never before reached me, even in my dreams. Onward and onward they floated; louder pealed the triumphant notes; then, gently pleading to be heard, wailed forth the marvelous *Vox Humana*, its echoes sinking into my very soul.

When the first piece was ended (I remember it was the famous Tannhauser Overture) I sat quite still; the tears rained down my face, but no words would come. Then it was, I knew in an instant how perfectly sympathetic were my companion and myself; if he had, at that moment, uttered one of the commonplace or conventional criticisms one hears so often, I should have hated him forever. But he did not; he only said, very quietly, after I had recovered myself a little, "I am so thankful you heard it first, with me;" and I replied, "If only it might last forever!"

From that day, our friendship ripened fast, and, during the remainder of that memorable winter, the world was very bright to me. Every week, we went to the Music Hall, and then I studied out, with his advice and assistance, the music we had heard together. When the spring came, and Alice began to beg for my return to her, it was hard for me to think of all from which going home must separate me. And, to all appearance, he felt it too. I could not doubt that he had a very great interest in me, he had given so many proofs of it. Would he, I wondered, speak some decisive word before I left? Would he not ask permission to visit me in my country home? So I dreamed on, until the last evening came. For hours, the drawing-rooms had been crowded with guests, assembled to bid me adieu. Many a kindly greeting was spoken —many a wish expressed that we might soon all meet again. But not until very late, when almost every one had gone, did Mr. West appear. I knew, at a glance, that something was wrong, and my heart sank within me. I talked on, however, as merrily as before, giving to each a bright word, a gay good-by, wishing, oh! how earnestly, that it was all over. At last, we were alone. My hostess, wearied by the evening's exertions, begged to be excused, adding, jestingly, "If one of the *single* gentlemen had loitered so long, Nally, after all the rest, I should be rather suspicious on this last night; but there is no danger of anything serious coming to pass now—so I will say good-night. Pray, Mr. West, do not be taken with one of your musical fevers, and persuade Miss Langdon to open the piano, for she is very tired, and must set out on her journey at a most unearthly hour in the morning."

As she turned to go, Mr. West said, in a low, strange voice, "I must say good-by too, Mrs. Gordon. This evening's mail has brought me letters which oblige me to leave to-morrow for Cuba."

"What! No bad news from Mrs. West, I hope," she asked, anxiously.

"My wife is very ill, and wishes me to join her at once."

"I am so sorry; but I sincerely hope you will find her better on your arrival. Give her my kind regards and good wishes. How we shall miss you! Pray write, and keep us informed of Mrs. West's health, and let us see you immediately on your return;" and, with a few more friendly words, she left the room.

His wife! Those two words burned into my brain like coals of fire. I could not think, nor wonder, nor ask a question. My one idea was to escape without betraying my suffering; to ensure his leaving me without discovering what those two little words, spoken so calmly and unconsciously, "your wife!" had wrought for me! In that supreme moment, in the single flash of time, while he crossed from the door he had gone to open for Mrs. Gordon, back to the sofa where I sat, my woman's pride triumphed over every other feeling, and I spoke as calmly and deliberately as if no tempest raged within.

"You must let me, too, express my regret that you are summoned away on so painful an errand," I said; "and allow me, though a stranger to Mrs. West, to send a message of good wishes for her recovery."

He looked at me keenly and long; but my impassive face, and measured tones, baffled even that sharp scrutiny.

"You know, then, that I had the good fortune to be a married man?" he said. "From a re-

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mark you made yesterday, I imagined, for a moment, that you were not aware of it; and, strange as it may appear, I rather think Mrs. Gordon's mention of my wife, just now, is the first that has chanced to be made before you. I wanted you to know it before we parted. I came here to-night partly to define my position, as the politicians say."

"Very kind of you, I am sure; but you see it is quite an old story to me. Don't you know, Mr. West, that 'Benedict, the married man,' always shows his colors, in spite of himself? I hope, certainly, to have the pleasure of making Mrs. West's acquaintance on my next visit to Boston, and of telling her how much I am indebted to you for many acts of kindness and courtesy. And now, if you will not think me rude, I must ask you to let me say good-by, for I have still some packing to attend to."

"Good-by," said he. Not another word escaped him; but that piercing eye was fixed intently upon me, seeming to ask, "Is this all true?"

How I reached my home, I cannot tell, even now. The journey was accomplished, however, and, on the evening of the following day, I threw myself into Alice's arms; and when, shocked, I suppose, at the changed face that met hers, she exclaimed, "What is the matter, Nelly, dear?" I entreated, "Do not ask me any questions; only love me always."

After a few days, I opened my heart, and told her all; but begged that the subject might never again be mentioned between us.

And now my life was indeed a blank. I was not ill in body, so I said; and when it was remarked that I became thinner and paler, I attributed all to my dissipation and late hours in Boston. There was no longer anything that pleased or displeased, interested or wearied, amused or annoyed me. I dared look neither backward nor forward. I read without receiving the slightest impression from the pages I turned over, and listened to Alice's sweet voice, and the kindly chat of friends and neighbors, without understanding or caring for their words. Thus it was with me, when at last the time came that Alice decided on a change of residence, and, for a beginning, resolved on trying how we should like New York. I said, "New York will do as well as any other place, if you will not let me stay quietly at home;" and so we went, Alice and I, and a faithful old woman, who had been with us from our childhood, and loved and watched over us as if we were her very own. We established ourselves at the Everett, and had been there for several months. Insensibly, the gay, genial atmosphere of the great, live city, had stolen even into my stagnant, aimless, hopeless existence; and I was beginning, at the time when my story opened, to "awake out of sleep," and to wonder whether possibly,

> "Time's waves, despite their angry strife,
> Might yet cast on life's shores a gem for me."

Alice had been very patient with me. I often think now, how dreary the days must have been for her. She was bright and joyous by nature, and the memory of the suffering she had endured in her short married life was fading under the influence of time. She was free to enjoy life, and, with her brilliant mind and winning manner, she needed only to appear in society to become one of its most shining ornaments. But she gave up all for me, and waited, uncomplainingly, until the cloud should be lifted from my spirit.

In all this time, I had heard nothing of Henry West, but that his wife had recovered from her illness in Cuba, and returned with him to Boston in the following spring. In the semi-occasional correspondence between Mrs. Gordon and myself, his name had only once occurred, when she wrote, "Mr. West inquired for you yesterday, and was grieved to hear you had not been well. He looks himself very badly, and has lost all his spirits. Perhaps madam's society has a depressing effect; and no wonder, for, as you know, his boyish marriage was the great mistake of his life. They are utterly uncongenial, and, for years, have lived apart, at least nine months out of the twelve, though they are, nominally, on good terms. Now, however, her health is failing very rapidly, and it may be that a happy release for both is at hand."

"As you know," she wrote. Ah! if only I had known! My only consolation, in looking back on that terrible evening, was the consciousness that I had been brave and self-possessed to the last, and that he had never suspected the truth. Yes, I was daily and hourly thankful that I had told the falsehood so calmly! And yet how I have ever loved the truth from my heart!

On the very day after I had talked with Alice of the possible *materiel* that might be found in the crowded streets of New York, we made our first acquaintance there. A lady, whom we had frequently met in the halls and dining-room, and admired for her refined and dignified appearance, and who occupied, with a stately old gentleman, evidently her father, the suite of rooms adjoining our own, knocked hurriedly at our door one night, after we had retired. Our old Margaret answered the summons, and the lady begged that we would come to her assistance, her

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father having been taken suddenly and dangerously ill. Alice hastened to do all in her power, and for several days, during which the invalid slowly recovered, she made frequent visits to our neighbor's apartments, bringing back most eloquent descriptions of both father and daughter. The latter, who introduced herself as Mrs. Gray, of Boston, now came frequently to our parlor, and the acquaintance bid fair to become a real friendship. The ice was broken, and I no longer wished to continue our isolated life. On Saturday, Alice came in from a walk with our friend, and said,

"Nelly, Mrs. Gray wants you to go with her to-morrow to vespers, at St. Stephen's, to hear the Stabat Mater. May I tell her you will accept her invitation?"

Now, to tell the truth, I had just decided to try and persuade Alice to accompany me on a tour among the Catholic churches, in search of the beautiful Lenten music, of which I had so often heard; but she was a devout, ritualistic little churchwoman, who did not believe in wandering round into strange folds. She was a constant attendant at St. Alban's, where I also went for the sake of her companionship; but the services there had little interest for me. They were too like, and yet too unlike, the matins and vespers of the old Roman mother, and utterly failed to impress or improve me. So I was quite ready to avail myself of Mrs. Gray's invitation, and welcomed her even more cordially than usual, when she came, a few hours later, to repeat it in person. As she sat and talked, I found myself wondering who it was she resembled so strongly. The shape of her head, the expression of her eye, the tone of her voice, all seemed strangely familiar; yet we had never met until a few weeks previous. The conversation turned casually on a gallery of paintings we had all seen long ago in Boston; and while Mrs. Gray and Alice recalled and discussed the various pictures, my thoughts flew back to the happy hours I had passed in that same gallery with Henry West. I was lost in a sad dream when Mrs. Gray said, in answer to some remark of Alice's,

"Yes, we have fine pictures, sometimes, in Boston; but we have our magnificent organ always. Of course, you heard it, Miss Nelly, when you were there? Your sister tells me you are passionately fond of music, and of organ-music especially."

"Yes, I have often heard it," I replied. Did I not remember it? and that first day, and the Tannhauser Overture? But I could not speak of it, and Mrs. Gray continued,

"I always thought I appreciated our organ entirely; but when my brother Henry came home from Europe, the year after it was opened, his intense enjoyment surpassed even mine, and the hours he spent in the Music Hall every week, were the happiest, I believe, in his life. And this reminds me to ask if you will allow me to present this same brother of mine to you to-morrow? He will arrive here late to-night, and will be most happy to escort us to St. Stephen's, where he is a regular attendant whenever he visits New York."

I suppose Alice answered for me that I should be happy to make acquaintance with our friend's brother. I was too bewildered to speak. The strange likeness that made her face so familiar to me at first sight, the name of this unknown brother, Henry, his intense love for organ-music—what could it all mean? Was I now to meet him again? to endure afresh all the misery that the kindly hand of time was only just beginning to hide amid the flowers of resignation and contentment? I passed the rest of the day and night in a state of feverish excitement. I would ask no questions. If it were indeed he I was about to see, I should meet him as bravely as I had parted from him. He was, and could be nothing to me, after this one day; our paths might never cross again—I could bear it.

At the appointed time, Mrs. Gray called for me, but came alone! Then I realized how weak I was; how I had been hoping to see him, though I had told myself we should meet as the veriest strangers.

"My brother will join us at the church," said Mrs. Gray. "He was obliged to go first to visit a sick friend, but will not be detained long."

We reached the church just as the service was beginning, and the first strains of the magnificent Stabat Mater of Pergholese already issued from the grand organ. The aisles were very crowded; but as we approached Mrs. Gray's pew, she whispered, in a tone of relief, "How fortunate! I see that my brother has arrived before us, and kept our seats; but I must defer the introduction till after service."

The gentleman stepped from the pew to allow us to pass in, evidently listening intently, all the while, that a note of the music should not be lost. He cast a careless glance on his sister's companion—our eyes met. All I saw was a look of joy, of thankfulness, of content. In my face, I believe he could read absolutely nothing. Ah, what hours were those to me! But for the music, I could never have sat there—so near to him, yet so infinitely far away! The music, now wailing, now beseeching, now triumphant, rolled through the church like a voice from heaven,

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banishing, for the time, all thoughts of earthly trials and temptations. But it ended at last—the vesper service was over.

As the crowd slowly dispersed, we sat listening to the really beautiful march of Beethoven. Then Mrs. Gray begged us to wait one moment, as she wished to speak to some poor women who were assisted and employed by her, and were now waiting for her. She simply named us to each other, and left us. The "one moment" lengthened into a half hour; the last notes of the organ died away; only a solitary worshiper knelt here and there in the lonely aisles.

And I was listening to "the old, old story;" how, from the first day we met, he had cared for me, and me only; but, fettered by that uncongenial marriage, into which he had entered thoughtlessly when a mere boy, it was impossible for him to say one word. Yes! he had loved me from the first; and now he was free, and had come to seek me out, to ask whether I remembered him. And this time I had no need to tell a falsehood.

When Mrs. Gray rejoined us, she looked from one to the other with a bright, loving smile, and whispered to me, "I never knew, until just as I was coming for you this afternoon, that you and Henry were old friends. May I be your friend, also, Nelly, for his sake?"

Then we all walked slowly home in the twilight to Alice, who looked up, inquiringly, as we entered the parlor together. She must have seen, at a glance, that my sorrow was suddenly lifted from my heart; and when I presented Mr. West, as "an old friend from Boston," the truth flashed upon her in a moment.

When he left me that evening, he said, "I cannot wait long for you, Nelly. Say all the good you can of me to the dear sister, and persuade her to give you to me very soon."

Alice was neither obdurate nor selfish, and the next summer she joined my husband and myself in a happy wandering over Switzerland.

OUR MAPLE-FRINGED LAKE.

BY E. STANCHFIELD.

How I love this tiny lake—
Who knows why?
Every lily, fern, or brake,
That round it grows, doth take
Fresher charms, for the sake
Of days gone by!

Again I see—
Who knows who?
Golden ringlets floating free,
Fairy footsteps close by me,
Tiny hands held out in glee—
Eyes of blue!

Far we strayed—
Who knows when?
Till the sun his journey made,
Or his crimson couch arrayed,
His last purple curtain stayed.
'Twas till then.

Low we talked—
Who knows how?
Hand in hand together locked;
Whispering softly as we walked,
And the fluttering night-bird mocked,
Low—so low.

Long we spake—
Who knows where?
Near the margin of this lake,
Where the rippling wavelets break,
And the rustling maples make
Music fair.

MEMORIES.

BY JENNIE B. BROWN.

A TENDER, loving smile,
A soft caress,
A gently spoken word,
A stolen tress.

A green and shady lane,
All bright with flowers;
Beneath the grand old trees,
Such happy hours.

And down the silvery stream,
A little boat,
Past ferns, and grass, and reeds,
Doth idly float.

And in the church-yard dim,
A green, green grave;
Where wild flowers bloom and fade,
And willows wave.

Oh sad, sweet memories!
How vague they seem!
Yet kindle into light
A tender dream.

Bright days forever past;
Life's sweetness gone;
Oh, Father! help me say,
"Thy will be done!"

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A YEAR AND A DAY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 336.

CHAPTER II.

THE Doremouse had fulfilled her mission well, and in the "nick of time." The very next day the ogre came to the house, and finding Flora alone, he told his story. In order to be truthful, I must add that no sheep ever looked meeker or more frightened than this redoubtable being on that occasion.

Flora informed her secret familiar that she had much ado not to laugh, though, in fact, she was nearer crying, for his unexpected earnestness made her nervous. She demanded until the following evening to think the matter over. She must wait for her uncle's return before giving her answer, because it was necessary to overwhelm that individual by a few Iphegenia airs.

"I will wait! I will do whatever you tell me!" cried the ogre. "Only be merciful! Don't keep me long in suspense!"

She smiled on him, and even permitted him to take her hand for an instant—her cold, beautiful white hand; and the touch of it caused the silly ogre's heart to thrill and throb as tumultuously as if he had been an elder brother of Romeo's.

Before night St. John came home. After dinner Flora struck a majestic attitude, tempered by humility, and put her newly wakened spirit of self-abnegation into words.

"Uncle," said she, "why did you not tell me that if I accepted Mr. Sternhold, he would assist in setting your affairs straight?"

St. John knew pretty well all that had taken place, and perfectly understood the mood into which she had worked herself.

"My dear child," he exclaimed, striking an attitude in his turn, and entering with beautiful readiness into the spirit of his part; "my dear child, ask you to sacrifice yourself for me? Do you take me for a demon of selfishness? Oh, Flora! I thought you had known me better! No sacrifice for my sake—I could never permit that. No, no—never! Disgrace rather!"

Then Flora began to look so hopelessly obstinate, that, in his eagerness to hear the whole story, he could not elaborate his speech farther, and added, in a more commonplace, eager tone,

"Has he—has Sternhold proposed to you?"

"Yes," Flora replied, somewhat too scornfully for a martyr.

She could see through her uncle's shallow acting, and despise him, though she took her own theatricals for pure earnest, as you and I have often done when the martyr-spirit had full possession of us,

"And you—you——"

St. John fairly trembled, and his voice fairly shook; but he was not acting now. He stopped for an instant. Flora regarded this agitation as part and parcel of his histrionics, and would not help him in the least. She waited. There was less majesty and more melancholy now in her bearing; she began to wish to tease him a little.

"Did you accept, my love?" demanded St. John, at length.

"No," said Flora.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, fiercely, and sprang to his feet. Then, remembering his part, he controlled his temper, sat down again, drew out his pockethandkerchief, and waxed lachrymose.

"You had not told me what you wanted," continued Flora, sternly. "If you had been open and frank with me, I should not have hesitated for a moment—not an instant!"

"Ah, Flora!" said he, a good deal more than a match for her, though she was a woman, "if your heart——"

"My heart!" she broke in, with a shrill laugh.

"Your interests, then," he said, coldly. "If a sensible care for your own future did not prompt you to accept Mr. Sternhold's offer, I would not have you do it for my sake. I can bear ruin——" Here his voice shook appropriately. "I am a man; but, for you, for that faithful wife, yonder, it is hard to contemplate—I own that, it is hard! Oh, Flora, Flora!"

"I did not accept Mr. Sternhold," she began.

"You have already given me that information," interrupted St. John, with mingled patience and sarcasm.

"But I shall to-night," she continued, with a tragic gesture.

St. John had been certain what was to come, so had preserved his equanimity.

"I shall to-night," repeated Flora.

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"My dear child!" cried St. John.

He clasped her in his arms, and they did a very neat tableau, while the Dormouse blubbered softly in a corner. She always hid herself in corners, when there was the least threatening of difficulty between uncle and niece.

"Ah, Anastasia," said St. John, shaking his head at her in sweet reproach, "you have betrayed my secret—weak Anastasia!"

The Dormouse did not understand theatricals, and grew frightened.

"What have I done wrong now?" sobbed she. "Oh, oh! Put me to bed! You told me—she said—you——"

Fortunately she became unintelligible. They soothed her between them, then Flora made her escape, disgusted with her uncle and his pretence, but perfectly satisfied with her own conduct.

The next evening the ogre was punctual to his tryst, and went up at once into the seventh heaven of dreams. Flora determined to be perfectly truthful—she was so in a certain way.

"I can't tell you about love," she said. "I must not deceive you. I have had my lesson, and am afraid to trust that feeling."

She told him frankly enough about her old dream, and its rude awakening, but eased his pain by adding that she could see now what an empty ideal she had worshiped—a creation which had nothing in common with the man himself. Still the shock of waking, of discovering her error, had left her cold and hard—suspicious of her own sentiments as well as those of others.

"You must be patient with me," she said, and her smile would have softened a Cyclops.

He neither raved or protested, just answered quietly,

"As patient as poor humanity can be, for I love you, Flora; and you are the first woman to whom I ever spoke such words."

Somehow, unbelieving as she was, Flora felt that he told the truth, and his earnestness checked the jesting response which rose to her lips.

"Most men have their dream and romance in early youth," he continued, "but none was granted me. I used to feel that fate had defrauded me of my right; I am glad now, for I have, all at once, the dreamy passion of a boy, and the judgment and full strength of manhood added, to make my happiness perfect."

The words would have seemed dreadfully stilted, only he said them with such grave calmness that they sounded solemn. A pang of self-reproach stirred at Flora's heart as she listened, and remembered how unworthy she was of such devotion. It was easier and safer to keep within reach of the commonplace, so she said, laughingly,

"Don't put me on a pedestal, I beg; I shall be sure to disappoint you terribly if you do. I have always told you what an inconsistent, ridiculous creature I am. Remember, I have not deceived you in regard to my feelings."

It was a satisfaction to insist upon this; it put her on good terms with herself to play at believing in her own sincerity. We all do this much too often, and the harm is increased by the fact that we fool ourselves as much as others.

"I am perfectly contented to have you just as you are," he replied. "I only wish that I was more worthy."

"Oh, now, if you attempt humility, I shall certainly not believe you," she said. "Let's take everything for granted, and the poetry proper to the occasion will last all the longer."

He looked a little hurt at this speech, but did not expostulate. Flora felt ashamed, and had three minds to get into a passion, and send him off at once. But he began talking more freely than he had ever done to any human being, and she grew so much interested that she forgot to analyze her feelings, or think about anything beyond his confession.

When he was gone, she grew disgusted at having forgotten to be as miserable as she ought to have been; but she made amends for that by doing a great deal of Spartan maiden for her uncle's benefit; and he, while pretending to admire and be touched, nearly killed himself with silent laughter at the display.

"She's neatly caught," was his secret comment. "She would have thrown the fellow over but for this chance of coming out in the martyr-dodge! Now, she'll make a splendid match, and surprise herself by being very happy. Upon my word, he's a trump, too! I'd no idea he was half so fine a chap—precious verdant, though, all the same! The ogre is merely on the outside."

For, before leaving the house, the happy child-eater had held a brief interview with St. John, and asked permission to become his nephew. St. John was much too wise to attempt theatricals; he only grasped the ogre's hand warmly, and said,

"I am delighted! Flo is the best girl in the world, and I know you will make her a good husband."

The days and weeks went swiftly by, and the ogre began to beg that before the late autumn drove them away from the country he should

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claim his wife. Flora's feelings were so varied and inconsistent that she could not decide what made her unwilling to set the time. Nothing would have induced her to believe that a sense of her own unworthiness to receive the offering of his great love lay at the bottom of her hesitation; but it was the truth, nevertheless.

No woman ever tried harder to make her destiny unendurable by searching on every side for thorns wherewith to sting herself; but the humiliating consciousness would remain, that she was not nearly so miserable as she ought to be. She tried to believe the stories concerning him; tried to think he was hard, and cruel, and grasping; but so many proofs accumulated of his goodness and generosity, not to her, but in cases which he had no idea would ever come to her ears, that she was obliged to relinquish the effort.

At least she could despise him for being a *parvenu;* but gradually she was obliged to acknowledge that he thought much less about money than the noble-blooded people she had known. There was no end to her expedients for keeping him a lowly place in her esteem. If he made her few presents, she assured her familiar that he was stingy. If he did offer gifts, she attempted to call his lavishness ostentatious vulgarity; and through all, and under all, was heartily ashamed of her own meanness, yet would not retrograde from the line of feeling she had marked out.

She decided that in æsthetic matters her married life must be so solitary, that Marion, in the Moated Grange, must have led an existence of delicious hilarity compared to what hers would be in the stately gloom of the ogre's castle.

Behold, where art was concerned, he was able to be her teacher, though she had spent half her life in European capitals, and could talk volubly the unmeaning slang of so-called connoisseurs. She had always supposed that she admired nature; and it was a little surprise to her when she came to think about it, that she could not tell the name of the nearest tree, and knew no more of the habits of the song-birds that frequented the woods than she did of the peculiarities of the dodo. In poetry, and even novels, she found that it was one thing to read them for the rythm, or plot, and another to find out the hidden signification and object which every true work of art must possess. As regards heavier and more serious literature, her knowledge—upon which she had been so much complimented—appeared such a very superficial business, that it was better not to think about it.

Still she would not admit these truths, patent as they were to her comprehension. So she fell back on the sentimental side of the argument. She had dreamed her dream; there was no room in her heart for love—it was a tomb filled with coal-ashes! She was to be dissatisfied and unappreciated all her life to come; she had exhausted existence, drained her cup, trodden the burning ploughshares, (whatever that may mean,) and so on through the weak nonsense which seems so beautiful at her age.

She really believed, as the young always do, that life must hinge upon one feeling, that her mind and soul had reached their full development, while in reality she was just now getting old enough, and matured enough, to begin really to live. Romeo and Juliet are pretty and poetical, but they are babies all the same. Though their loves may be romantic, and their sorrows touching, they are not a thousandth part so pathetic or so strong as the loves and sorrows of those whom Juliet would consider old fogies, and Romeo would sneer at with the insolent assurance of youth.

The weeks drifted on to the beginning of September. St John became uneasy, and was very anxious that Flora should set a period for the wedding. Haste is usually an error, and by his unwise eagerness St. John roused Flora from a placid sort of dream into which she had insensibly fallen during the past fortnight. The ogre had been at home all the time, and there had been drives and excursions, long, pleasant walks, quiet *tete-a-tetes;* and if St. John had only remained as sage and far-sighted as he was in the commencement, he would not have disturbed the tranquillity by any unfortunate interference. But he grew too anxious to be patient or wise, and fretted Flora until her familiar began to whisper to her again, and she rose in rebellion.

The two were sitting one evening in the garden—a lovely moonlight evening, too. The Dormouse had a headache, and St. John's segar made her ill, so he asked Flora to keep him company in the arbor, meaning to take that opportunity of speaking his mind more freely than he had yet done.

He could hardly have chosen so unfortunate a moment. Flora had over-fatigued herself by a horseback expedition, and was just in the mood when expostulation or advice of any kind was enough to drive her wild. St. John thought that he was getting very artfully toward the subject in his mind; but she saw what he was at in a second, and the more he praised the ogre, the more she sneered, and did the indifferent.

St. John seldom lost his temper when there was anything to be gained by keeping it; but

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he was, probably, a little billious, and self-restraint became less easy than usual. At all events, before he knew it, he waxed angry, and blurted out,

"I'll tell you what, Flo—you are making a fool of yourself! I never knew so lucky a girl—never! and it is high time for you to stop these airs and graces!"

Now it is hard to hear the truth about one's-self, even when put in the mildest and most deprecating fashion, but it is a good deal more than human nature can bear to have relations take to plain speaking.

"Your language is terse and elegant," quoth Flora; "but I am obliged to confess that it does not convey any meaning whatever to my mind. I dare say I am stupid, but you must excuse it."

"Confound your sneers!" cried St. John, throwing away his segar, and his last semblance of self-control with it; if he had only held fast to the Havana, he might have kept his temper, and everything would have been remedied.

Oh, my brother man! do remember that, when your elder sister preaches, when your mother-in-law is inspired to point out your duty, when your wife's aunt espouses the cause of that injured creature, keep your segar fast between your teeth, and, in the classic language of Artemus Ward, "Let 'em rip!"

"Confound your sneers!" cried St. John, a second time.

"I beg your pardon," returned Flora, with stately calmness; "but please do not mistake me for your wife. You may swear at her, but you shall not at me."

(It is noticeable, that when a woman is angry, she invariably stigmatizes the mild expletives St. John had employed as profane language.)

"Oh the——" he began.

"One moment," interrupted Flora. "If you expect me to listen, be good enough to put your meaning into decent language—if you can."

"I will, and state it clearly," returned St. John, with the little, unpleasant laugh, which was a sure sign of towering rage on his part. "Your pretence of thinking that you are making a sacrifice is simply ridiculous, and has been carried far enough. You are a deuced lucky girl, and you know it! Now don't play and fool with that man any longer, for I warn you that he will put up with no nonsense! Set your wedding-day, get your clothes ready, and don't go prancing off in the air like a balloon."

"Have you quite finished?" asked Flora.

"No, I haven't! There are several more things I want to say, and now I've begun, I mean to do it. I am tired of this sort of performance; it's time you had the truth from somebody——"

"It would be a novelty indeed to hear it from you," she broke in, trying to keep calm enough to sneer, and be insolent, because she knew that would enrage him more than anything else.

"At all events you hear it now," he answered. "You are behaving like an idiot. You have the best chance for happiness ever offered a girl, and you know it, only you want to do poetry."

"This from you!" cried Flora, and was on her feet in an instant. The homethrust had cut too deeply.

"That's out of a novel," returned he; "or, rather, it is out of three hundred thousand, at least! Do sit down, and don't make yourself anything more absurd than you can help."

"You dare to talk to me in this way?" exclaimed Flora. "I knew you were the meanest and most impudent of men; but I did not think even you would venture upon such language to me."

"You see I do, Lady Macbeth, and what makes you so angry is the fact, that what I tell you is true—you are making an idiot of yourself!"

"Oh, this is too much!" cried Flora. "After the sacrifice I have made for you—after my selling myself for your sake——"

He interrupted her by whistling two bars of a waltz, and then began to laugh again.

By this time the St. John blood—never of the coolest—was up to boiling heat on both sides, and they told each other a fearful number of wholesome truths, in much louder tones than were consistent with their ideas of good-breeding in calmer moments. Finally, for the third time, Flora dashed out on her pet war-horse.

"I am selling myself for you," she cried; "selling myself, body and soul, to buy you ease and luxury! Selling myself to a man whom I hate—consenting to be eaten alive by an ogre—accepting misery for you—for you——"

Something between a groan and a curse from her uncle made her pause abruptly in her mad tirade. She followed the direction of his eyes—there stood the ogre himself. If he had risen from his grave to confront her, he could not have looked whiter or more death-like.

Flora's temples beat as if they held a score of tiny hammers; her ears buzzed; she was half blind from varying, contradictory emotions, among which shame was uppermost. She was only conscious that St. John had retreated, and left her alone with the man whom she had so vilified, and that she had, by her insanity, dealt as deadly a blow to her own peace as to his.

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"Flora!" she heard him say, and, afterward, she remembered thinking, that if he had indeed been a ghost come back to reproach her with her treachery, he would have looked as he did now, and his voice would have had the same dull, heavy beat. "Flora, I ask your pardon! I did not mean to listen—you know that. I ask your pardon for the great wrong I have done you."

There was a constriction in her throat, which checked some wild words she tried to speak, and even rendered inaudible the groan of anguish which might have pleaded for her. She could only shrink lower and lower into the chair where she had sunk, and let him go on.

"There is no need to sell yourself to the ogre for your uncle's sake, Flora. I have done for him everything that I could or should in any case. I didn't dream how he had been persecuting you! I have been such a blind, selfish brute, that I only thought of my own happiness. And I loved you so! It isn't any excuse for having tormented you, but I have no other—I—I loved you so!"

It was awful to hear his voice uttering these brief sentences, pausing between each, lest it should fail utterly, and his self-control break down.

She wanted to tell him that she had lied—lied from the depths of her soul; that day by day she had grown more clearly to recognize his nobleness; that shame of her own unworthiness had made her try to underrate him; but her horrible agony caused an absolute physical spasm, which left her helpless. It was part of her punishment that she could make no effort to undo her work—undo it, not for his sake only, but her own as well; not for his wealth, his grandeur, but because she realized that in losing him, she lost the one true friend ever granted her—the one human aid, whereby she might have been helped up out of the petty, dwarfing influences of her past life into a purer day.

But she could not speak—could not articulate a syllable. Then she heard his voice again,

"Good-by now! I think God will be merciful enough to grant me one grace—never to see your face again through time or eternity. Oh, I believe, even there, I could not endure the sight—always to love you, and to remember that I brought this pain on you."

She exerted her last strength, and flung out her hands; it was the only appeal she could offer. He had turned his head away, and did not see the gesture. Still that slow, dead voice smote, not so much on her ear as on her soul, and seemed the beginning of the remorseful echoes which must haunt her forever and ever.

"Don't hate me any more, Flora! Try not to think about me; it is the one kindness that you can shew. You have suffered so long and patiently, all these months, and I was so blind. Ah, do forgive me—try to forgive me! I ought to have known that you were sacrificing yourself, that you couldn't love me—me, every man's jest and by-word! me, the ogre! I was very mad; forgive me—it's all over now. I never shall trouble you any more—never any more."

Before the horrible spasm of nervous pain would let her jaws unlock, so that she could articulate, he was gone—gone so fast and so far that the hysterical shriek which burst from her lips did not reach him. She got out of her chair—tried to follow—to shriek again. Then came the thought, how worse than useless; as if he could be made to believe any words that she might speak! If she were to kneel to him; swear herself deaf and dumb; die before his eyes of the love which rose full statured in her soul, how could he trust her? The last hope was gone—the judgment for her sin had overtaken her.

When morning came, the ogre was far enough away. St. John heard the news before Flora left her chamber, and went frantic. He had thought that, bereaving the pair alone on the previous night, the girl's marvelous tact would right matters—and now the ogre was lost to them; before the present hour, had actually sailed for South America.

St. John knew that, if he stayed to meet Flora, he should inevitably murder her; and, as there was nothing to be gained by that summary proceeding, he wisely took the first train to New York, and remained absent nearly a week. By the time he returned, uncle and niece were alike glad to avoid a battle—they hardly spoke. St. John soon took himself off again for a fortnight, and, when he came back, Flora packed her boxes, and departed toward Albany to stay with an old friend. From there she went to make a visit at a gay country-house, and two days after her arrival, came face to face with a phantom out of the past—the man whom in her girlish days, she had believed that she loved; the man who deserted her for wealth and ease, for whom she did her best to break her heart, and, failing in that, allowed her treachery to warp and darken her life, till she had been unable to see the one real chance of happiness offered her until it was too late.

The handsome painter was a widower now, and though he had managed to work fearful inroads in the grand fortune silly Emily Jones left him, he was still rich enough to be a desirable match, according to the rules that society lays down. A

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good deal of his health had gone after the wasted money, and his reckless life left him looking good ten years older than his age.

Flora's first impulse, when she found him in the house, was to go away, but she would not yield to the weakness. To beat a retreat so suddenly would cause comment, and make her ridiculous; he might even be capable of telling people that it was because she feared to meet him. And she did fear, dead and cold as her dream was; certain that the man had not the slightest place in her heart, she dreaded to meet him lest some pang of memory should fill her with loathing and self-contempt. But nothing ever happens in this world as we expect. She had shivered and trembled in her own room up to the last possible moment, but had finally to go down into the drawing-room. There were a good many guests assembled. She was surrounded, and made much of at once, and, in spite of her anticipations, she looked Harry Tremont full in the face without recognizing him. The countenance was familiar to her, yet so changed that she had positively to ask his name, and when she heard it, only felt a sort of pity.

This unexpected triumph over her own folly, put her in good spirits, and she looked and talked her best. He did not approach her before dinner; there was the whole length of the table between them during that meal, and it was not until late in the evening that she found him standing by her side, and talking in the lazy voice which she had once thought so charming, but which now only caused her a thrill of irritation. She would have liked to shake a little energy into his face and tones.

The very next day he began to do the tender and sentimental; but she paid so slight attention that it never occurred to her he could be in earnest. He might have a wish to discover if his old power was completely gone, and she was quite willing that he should learn the truth. So he took her greatly by surprise when, the evening before his departure, nearly a week later, he came to her as she was walking up and down the veranda, and, almost without preamble, began a tolerably passionate declaration.

"I beg your pardon," said she, laughing good-naturedly; "but I have heard all this before. I know exactly what it is worth, and you don't tell it nearly so well as you once did."

He burst into a torrent of self-reproach and remorse.

"I wouldn't do that either," said she. "Really it is not worth your while to take so much trouble."

"Oh, Flora!" he cried; "can you be so hard and unforgiving?"

"I don't think I am one or the other," she answered.

He told her how he had suffered, how mean and base he had been, what a load the fortune, for which he falsified his soul, had proved; and, with the consummate vanity of a weak man, could not believe that she had ceased to care for his affection. When she found that it was useless to try stemming the tide of his eloquence, she waited patiently till he finished, then asked,

"And what reason have you for telling me all this?"

"Because I love you, Flora; because the sight of you has brought the old dream back in all its freshness."

She turned impatiently away, checked herself, and said, coolly, "And, after that?"

"I want you to be my wife, Flora! I love you! Oh, try to forget all that wretched past; come to me, and let us be happy."

"I thank you," she replied; "but to accept your offer would not make me happy."

Of course, he could not be convinced that she was speaking seriously. He pleaded and persuaded still more, and at last she told him the truth.

"I could not marry you," she said. "I did think once that I cared for you; but, since then, I have known what real love is—a very different feeling from the girlish dream that I wove with you for a hero. I don't wish to speak unkindly, but you must understand. Why, Mr. Tremont, the greatest favor you could have done me was to go off as you did in search of ease and fortune."

So he could do nothing but stare, and dimly comprehend that, in some way, she was leagues and worlds beyond the reach of being moved by any words that he could speak.

He left the house the next morning, and Flora felt a sort of mournful satisfaction in the idea that she had at least done a tardy justice to the ogre by recognizing his worth, in contrast to the man whose memory she had tried to keep between her and Sternhold's honest love.

Flora made several other visits, so that it was almost winter before she again appeared at the cottage. She learned, on her arrival, that she and the Dormouse were to spend that season in the dull little house as best they might. St. John was about setting off for Washington on some political intrigue, and he frankly told his niece that he had no money to waste; her going could not serve any purpose whatever.

"You chose to throw away your trump card, and I can't help you play a hand that has nothing higher than the deuce in it," he said, with grim humor.

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Still the two did not quarrel. Both tacitly felt that never, in the whole course of their future lives, did they wish to have another battle. St. John was furious to see how haggard and worn she looked. She had flung aside her last chance—she could neither aid him or herself any more. Henceforth, she would be only a bit of disregarded household lumber in his eyes. He would keep her out of his sight as much as possible, for he fancied that she would grow a dreadfully skinny, sharp-featured old-maid in no time; and all the religion St. John possessed was a hatred of everything ugly, so far as externals went.

So he went his way, and Flora sat down to look her life in the face. It did not wear a very cheerful aspect, one must confess; but she was brave enough not to make it worse by useless repinings.

"I don't know what you'll do here," sighed the Dormouse. "If I can't get back to Florence, I'd as soon be where I am; but I don't know what you'll do! Oh, Flora! we can have cauliflower for dinner every day, now St. John is gone. You'll not mind the smell, will you?"

Flora assured her that she would not, and the Dormouse was comforted. Indeed, that night, after dinner, at which she had devoured the savory vegetable to her heart's content, she waxed very cheerful, and told Flora she thought they might be quite happy there.

"As long as the cauliflowers last," said Flora.

"And there's a good many of them," replied the Dormouse, seriously. "We'll have one, *au gratin*, to-morrow—won't we, Flo?"

But, soon after St. John's departure, the poor Dormouse fell very ill, and remained so for a long time, while the cauliflowers lost their freshness in the cellar. Flora watched over her, and learned a good many lessons in the gloom of that sick chamber—lessons which enabled her to regard existence and its duties in a light far different from that in which she had heretofore studied them.

I think it natural enough that the memory of the man she had treated so unworthily should have grown more and more clear in her mind as time went on; that all the noble qualities, in which she had refused to believe while he was by her side, should have appeared still nobler in contradistinction to her own evil-dealing. Day and night he was in her thoughts, and she believed, at length, that she could take up life anew, and make some better use of it, if only she might be permitted to see him once again, and beg his forgiveness for her folly and sin.

The spring came—the summer. St. John vouchsafed occasional brief visits to the cottage; at length, one somewhat longer, for he was obliged to come back and bury the poor Dormouse, who faded slowly out of the world.

Flora was glad to remember the patient soul's last words, "You have been very good to me—very good! I'm not afraid now—everything seems plain! God will take care of me where I am going, and He will take care of you here."

The time had been when Flora would have smiled in scorn at such faith, or worse still, have thrust it from her soul in bitter unbelief; but it was not so now; in trying to find comfort and repose for the poor Dormouse, during those long months of suffering and pain, the priceless gift of faith had been vouchsafed her own soul—she could never again be utterly desolate or alone in this dreary world.

The Dormouse died, and was buried, and then St. John made preparations to leave the cottage.

"You will not be back here again, I suppose," Flora said.

"I should think not," returned he, with a shiver. "I may possibly go to Europe this autumn; some business arrangements promise rather well—but I've not much hope! Things go against me! I'm growing an elderly man. It's a little hard that, at my age, there's no way shown; it might have been different. You feel that, I hope—we'll not talk about it."

"No," said Flora. "It could do no good; it would only annoy you for me to say that I am sorry I have been a disappointment to you."

"A disappointment! Why, no——"

St. John stopped short. He was on the brink of a rage, and he wanted to get away, and be free of her. If he reproached her, she might remind him that he had spent her money. It was better to keep up appearances, and cling to the melancholy, suffering part.

"I have been thinking what I can do," said Flora.

"Ah!" said he, and sighed, dolorously.

"I have written to my old governess, Mrs. Manners, and I think, if we can manage, we shall open a small school together."

"When I think where you might have been," groaned St. John, beginning to perceive that he should not get off without giving her something.

"The cottage," pursued Flora, "is mine, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes!" snapped he.

"Then if, in addition to that, you can let me have a thousand dollars, I will never ask you for anything more; and I think I can get on very well."

This was an easier riddance of her than he had expected; and they arranged the matter

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amicably. That night, when Flora went up to her room, she remembered that it was just a year to the hour from the time when Sternhold had left her.

St. John was gone in the morning before she went down stairs; but she had secured a check for the money she needed, and Mrs. Manners would be with her before the end of the week.

The day went on—a year and a day since she had flung aside peace and happiness in her wicked blindness. While she sat thinking of it, there came to her news that the man she had injured was within reach. Flora felt that, if she could hear him pronounce a free pardon, a blessing would go with her in her new career.

As she wondered if she might send for him, a gossiping neighbor brought further news. The ogre was ruined—his health broken; some persons said that his mind was impaired. Flora waited no longer than to hear the dismal story. She hurried off through the sunset to the castle, and entered the gardens by a side-gate, which she knew was never locked.

A turn in the path brought him within view. He was standing by a fountain, in the centre of the garden, perhaps taking a last view of the beautiful haunt he must relinquish She saw only how pale and wasted the face was; what a hopeless gloom filled the brown eyes, that once sparkled and grew glad at sight of her. She called out; for the first time uttering aloud the name she had so often whispered to herself during the past months,

"Geoffry! Geoffry!"

He started back, putting his hand to his forehead with a gesture of pain. She ran forward, and caught his arm, saying, quickly,

"For a year I have waited to ask your pardon; night and day have prayed that I might live to hear it granted——"

"There was no need," he interrupted, looking away from her. "It was my place to receive pardon. I asked it, Flora."

"Wait!" she cried. "Don't speak. Don't make me lose my courage! I thought I could never tell you the truth, because it would sound like a lie made up to get your fortune; but now—

"But now, Flora?" he repeated, his voice quickening into wonder.

"You have lost it, and I am glad—glad! Oh, Geoffry, you asked me once to marry you. I ask you now, for I love you. I did always—I——"

Her sentence was again left unfinished; she was seized in his arms, pressed to his heart, and such a tirade of mad nonsense poured in her ears, that she could only sob in ecstasy.

It was not until the moon came up and stared at them that they remembered how late it was. Geoffry gave her his arm, to lead her home. They had talked until there was no shadow between their souls.

"I forgot one thing," he said, suddenly. "It may part us yet."

"What? what?" she asked, clinging closer to him.

"Only that I have not lost a penny of the fortune you hated. Poor Flora, you will be gobbled up by the ogre, after all!"

If she would have uttered any expression, either of reproach or shame, there was no opportunity. He was clasping her to his heart again, and his lips closed over hers in one long kiss of perfect reconciliation and love.

THE OLD VIRGINIA CHURCH

BY H. T. SWAIN.

How the whole air is filled with balm,
And earth seems lightened of her care,
As, beckoned by the fragrant June,
I wander through the fields so fair,
And pluck a daisy, or perchance
Drink from the gentle murmuring rill
That prattles forth a pleasant strain
Along the foot of yonder hill.

Scarce any sound disturbs the calm,
Which I could wish might never cease;
For one has had so much of storm
As to desire eternal peace.
The world I banish from my heart,
Whilst, sinking downward on the sod,
The spirit, swifter than the lark,
Is mounting upward to its God.

Here stands the old dismantled church,
With moss and ivy creeping fast;
There the old path up which have trod
The generations of the past—
Who held their quiet, peaceful way
Unknown of men, unknowing them,
And came upon the Sabbath-day
To hear of Him of Bethlehem.

Now I stand gazing on the graves
Where they lie still for evermore;
The fathers sleep, and soon shall we
Rest from the tempest's surge and roar
When all the suffering and the pain
Are ended, and we cease to weep,
What comfort hath the soul like this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep?"

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MRS. CRESSY'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

Mrs. Cressy was so unfortunate as always to be taken for somebody else. In two cases she so completely resembled certain other persons as to be almost unable to convince the mistaken parties that they were wrong.

"But, indeed, my dear, you must be Mrs. Sarepta Johnson, of Little Falls, married a year ago last July by my cousin, the Rev. Mr. Bigley. It is impossible that two persons should resemble each other so exactly."

"Indeed I am not Mrs. Johnson," was the reply, "for my name is Cressy; and I was not married a year ago last July, for my husband has been dead more than two years;" and the strangers passed on, marveling.

At another time she was greeted with an affectionate kiss from a slender, sentimental personage, who apostrophized her as "aunt Polly," and inquired if she had dropped down from the moon. For a moment Mrs. Cressy was too indignant to speak. Besides, the reflection upon her age, (for who could aunt Polly be but one of the ancient ones? and she was only twenty-six,) she fancied the man had purposely insulted her, though, when he apologized with all the delicacy and sincerity of a perfect gentleman, of course, she took back her unjust suspicions. Subsequently, she was shown a likeness of aunt Polly, and was obliged to confess that it resembled her, and was quite as youthful.

Mrs. Cressy was a very pretty woman, petite and graceful, much beloved by her friends, and admired by gentlemen. During the two years of her widowhood, she had lived in seclusion; but we cannot mourn forever, so, at the end of that time, she began to wear purple and violet colors, which, I believe, are esteemed sufficiently decorous for half-mourning.

Mr. Cressy was not considered a rich man during his lifetime: but he left his wife twenty thousand dollars, which, with her simple tastes, was a very respectable little fortune; and the widow would have been very happy, in spite of her loneliness, but for the multitude of unfortunate resemblances that were forced upon her.

"My face must be a very common one," she said, to an old friend, who had just been narrating to her how much somebody declared she, Mrs. Cressy, looked like somebody else, "her very living image," was the expression.

"It is a very sweet one," was the response, "and in this case gave a very great and tender satisfaction, for the person whom you so much resemble, died only a few months ago; and you may judge with how much pleasure Mrs. L—— recognized the likeness of her sister."

In due course of time Mrs. Cressy had a lover, a pleasant, quiet man, who met her at a party given in honor of her only sister, who had lately come from the West. Matters progressed smoothly, and they were to be married as soon as she should return from a visit which she contemplated making her sister in Chicago, during the summer months.

"Business will require me to remain here," said John Appleton, as they parted, "but I shall write you, often."

"Here at least I hope I shall resemble nobody," said the little widow, as she settled herself in the great rocking-chair in her sister's handsome parlor. Her sister smiled.

"It was only this morning my Biddy said your face was the very moral of one Mrs. Col. Wilkerson, the lady she last lived with; that you were as much alike as two *pays*, as she expressed it."

The widow held up her hands in despair.

"Even in Chicago!" she murmured; "my fate pursues me everywhere."

Her troubles commenced in earnest now.

One day she was summoned into the parlor to meet a gentleman, upon whose card was written, "George Augustus Fitzsimmons."

She found a tall, theatrical-looking personage, with an immense mustache, and large, melancholy eyes; quite an imposing-looking gentleman, in fact.

"I see before me Mrs. L. N. Cressy," he said, in a deep, bass voice, bowing low.

"That is my name," was the reply.

"Most happy to make your acquaintance; am myself a professional. Do you still sing at ——?" mentioning the leading theatre.

"I sing?" faltered the little widow, who did not know a note of music.

"Yes, at ——? I am commissioned by our manager, to make you a liberal offer, in case your engagement closes this season."

"A liberal offer! engagement! Why, who do you take me for?" she asked, her cheeks flushing.

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He in his turn looked surprised.

"I am certainly talking with Mrs. Cressy, the well-known vocalist, lately leading lady at Gilman's ——"

"You have made a mistake, sir," said the little woman, with dignity. "My name is Cressy, but I never sang a note in my life, and I certainly am not an actress."

"I beg your pardon," responded the gentleman, rising, and, with many apologies, he took his leave.

On the same day she received the following singular letter, or rather note:

"My Dear L.,—Since I parted from you I have been at times very unhappy; but I have at last made up my mind to pursue the path of duty, and act like an honorable man. It is true that your fascinations did blind me to a certain extent; but, thank God, it is all over, and you, at least, have nothing to complain of. Why should I wreck a happy home? why compromise those who depend upon me? I think you are a reasonable woman, and will see, like myself, that everything should be broken off—at once. Do not write me; you cannot turn my purpose. Go your way, and be content with the laurels you win.

"In haste, only your friend,

"J. G. A."

The widow read this astounding note over and over again.

"J. G. A.," she murmured. "J. stands for John, A. for Appleton; it is from New York. What can it mean?" and tears of indignation started to her eyes. Should she go with it to her sister? No. Nelly had said, only yesterday, that she never had seen so cold a lover; she should not have the opportunity of pitying her, or even of condemning John Appleton. She would think it all out herself, and then write.

She did, however, reluctantly confess to her sister Nelly, and showed her the letter.

"In all probability it was intended for the other Mrs. Cressy, your double, said she, laughing.

"I might think so; but the initials, and—New York!" replied the pretty widow, with a sigh.

"Well, at all events, you can wait a day or two. You will certainly get a letter from him today. Didn't you expect one yesterday? I wonder he has not written."

The widow took her sister's advice, and waited—two, three days, a week, still no letter. Mrs. Cressy made up her mind; she was justly indignant.

One night they went to the opera, her sister, her sister's husband, and herself. The widow was nervous and pale, but prettier than ever.

"Do you see that sweet little creature in the box with the Percivals?" asked a gentleman of Miss Ada Summers, a Chicago belle, who, with her mother, was seated on the opposite side of the house.

"Yes; who is she, pray?"

"Her name is Cressy."

"Cressy! you don't say," exclaimed Mrs. Summers, with a glance of disdain. "I heard she was here."

"Is that the singer?" queried Ada, with interest.

"Why, I don't know. Yes, I shouldn't wonder," was the reply.

"Pray, don't look at her, the horrid creature," exclaimed the matron, as her daughter levelled her opera-glass again. "I pity the Percivals; they can't help it, of course, if she is a relation; but I wouldn't have brought her here."

"She is pretty, though," said Ada.

"And a great pity she is," responded her mother.

The following day Mrs. Cressy brought three envelopes to her sister, and threw them excitedly on the table.

"There is some hoax being practiced upon me," she said. "Read them."

Her sister read them.

"A milliner's bill of sixty dollars; a letter threatening a lawsuit, and an anonymous letter. My poor Lilly, your double has become a persecutor," exclaimed her sister Nelly. "I'll get William to see to it at once. It's entirely too bad you should be troubled in this manner. We'll have a stop put to it immediately; you are actually growing thin."

In the meantime far different scenes had been enacted in New York, at the residence of Mr. John Appleton. He had not been well for several weeks previous to the little widow's departure, and when she had gone, he succumbed to the nervous prostration that had troubled him, and took to his bed.

For a week he was very ill, so ill that his physician almost despaired of his life. With returning strength, however, he began to be anxious with regard to the woman he loved. He had not written her one line; of course he could not expect to hear from her. Great was his astonishment, therefore, when, on sitting up for the first time, a letter was put into his hands. He opened it with eagerness. After all, she had waived etiquette, in the greatness and purity of her love, and here were sweet words from her own fair hands! What was his astonishment to read the following:

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"MR. JOHN G. APPLETON.

"SIR—You need not take the trouble to write to me again, even as a friend. Our engagement is, of course, as if it had never been.

"LILLY NOEL CRESSY."

The man seemed confounded for a moment. His pale cheek flushed crimson, and then faded to an ashen gray.

"Good heavens! What does this mean?" he cried. "I never wrote her." He looked the letter over, read it again, and then muttering, "what monkey has been at work here?" he fell back in his chair, sick in heart as well as body.

"You must get me well as fast as you can, doctor," he said, when his physician came in an hour after, "I have some business to attend to in Chicago, and I must go before I am a week older."

"You're not to travel for a month," said the doctor. "Why, man, your pulse has gone up to a hundred. What has happened? I told you to let business alone. Confound it, do you want to died?"

"I shall start exactly one week from to-day," said John Appleton.

"Then you are a dead man," said the doctor.

"Very well, then, I'll die," John doggedly responded.

He did start, as he had declared he would. His haggard face and hollow eyes attracted more than one pitying glance, and he did indeed look like a man whose days were numbered.

Mrs. Cressy had seen her double at last. She was a small woman, with a bold, handsome face, dressed remarkably well, and received a great deal of company. Her residence was in the same street with Mrs. Cressy, the widow, who now regularly sent the letters she received to the right number, and was troubled no more with love messages and duns.

But the pretty face of the widow had sharpened a little. The western air did not agree with her, she said, and she longed for New York again, she hardly knew why. She still grieved over the supposed faithlessness of John Appleton, though she would not acknowledge even to herself, how well she had loved him. Her sister read her secret, however, and pitied her.

One day, toward nightfall, Mrs. Cressy sat rocking thoughtfully forward and back, toying with a tiny gold pencil attached to her watch-chain, and her sister sat at the window, putting the last stitches in a bit of fancy work, and glancing now and then at Lilly's sad face.

Suddenly she looked up.

"There's John Appleton!" she cried.

The widow sprang to her feet, her face illuminated, but as quickly sat down again.

"It was he or his ghost," said her sister. "The resemblance was perfect, and there's the door-bell."

Mrs. Cressy pressed her hand upon her heart, and turned her pale face away. Presently, a manly voice was heard in the hall, a manly tread, and then John Appleton and Lily stood face to face.

"Do I look like anybody you ever knew?" he asked, with a wan smile.

"John!" her pallid lips faltered.

"How could you write me such a cruel note?"

"How could *you*?" Her voice faltered before she could finish the sentence.

"I never wrote you, dear," he said. "I have been ill."

She held out her hand. There was no need of words. Presently, she brought him the letter. He knew the handwriting.

"A cousin of mine," he said, "who has been sadly wild. I hope the poor fellow has reformed. He was, for a time, so I have heard, the dupe of some designing actress, and this Miss or Mrs. Cressy must, of course, have been the one. His initials are like my own, and he is in the same line of business.

The wedding came off in Chicago.

On the same night, Mrs. Cressy, the cantatrice, warbled in her bird-like voice, at the theatre where she nightly sang,

"Then you'll remember me!"

Mrs. Appleton remembers her, but has no pleasure in the recollection.

CHILDHOOD.

BY MRS. MIGNON IVONS.

Sweeter than breath of roses,
Just bursting into bloom;
Or tinted apple-blossom,
Yielding a rare perfume.

Fairer than the radiance,
The stars are drifting down;
Holier than the silence,
Which is night's fittest crown.

Yea, sweeter, fairer, holier,
Than aught this world hath given;
More sweet, more fair, more holy,
Than everything but Heaven,

Is childhood, with its beauty,
Its innocence, its glee,
Its trusting love and matchless faith,
And Christ-like purity.

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HOW WE THREE WENT TO SEE PHŒBE.

BY MRS. E. J. CATE, AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

JANE TO ANNA.

A——, *August* 2, 1872.

ONCE upon a time, three wild girls, who had ridden three miles from the village, and walked three, came to a school-house, when, down a lane on the left, they saw a high gate before them. They knew that was the opening to the River-et-Mountain farm, where Phœbe lived with her "old man," her cat, her two cows, her pig, and her chickens.

They went in at the gate, and swung it to after them. It took all three to do it. There they were in a track that showed faintly two cart-ruts, and the ox-path between.

After following this a few rods, looking with curiosity on the strange scene that, little by little, as they advanced to the brow of the hill, opened before them, upon river, and beautiful river-bank, upon woods, and farms, and hills, and upon the mountain, they came where it was all spread out, and they saw with what dignity the mountain rose, how gently its southern slope came down into the green field, that, in its turn, came down toward—toward Phœbe's garden—Phœbe's house!

"There's Phœbe's house! There's Phœbe's house!" they cried out, and stood stock still to see it looking so little, so low, seen from the hill—so weather-stained! "Oh, such a little, brown, modest, cozy nest," they said, clapping their hands, and laughing in their gladness.

"See! 'tisn't clap-boarded!"

When one of them said that, another, the writer of this, said, "It *shall be* clap-boarded."

The writer of this, speaking to a dark-haired man, at a dreadfully littered table in the middle of the large room, said, "And it is clap-boarded, isn't it?"

The Man, very slowly raising his eyes, that have a far-away look in them, from his book, "What has been clap-boarded? I wonder if it is this book of Dr. Hickok?" looking at the cover, "this 'Humanity Immortal; or, Man Tried, Fallen, and Redeemed!'"

The writer of this.—"No, my dear John! Phœbe's house. Hasn't it been clap-boarded?"

John, stretching his arms, yawning, coming slowly to his feet, "I suppose it has. Why?"

The writer of this.—"Who do you suppose did it?"

John.—"This little wife of mine?"

John's Wife.—"She didn't! You did every bit of it yourself. There is Phœbe's letter, written in '51—that proves it. She says here, that she doesn't have all the thanking to do; if she had, she thinks her heart would burst open. She says so, John, 'burst open', for it, that is, the thanking, is going on all the time. She even waked herself and Aaron up with it, one night, crying, she thanked you so, and saying, 'Who'd 'a thought when 'e was here that day, huntin' roun' arter rocks, that he'd be the one ter du it?' She says, when the sun rises, the sun helps her to thank you. Only think of this, John!—the sun! She says, all their corn, growing, thanks you; and the cows, she says, we can't think how the cows, both of them, especially Brindle, the one that's got such a contented face, thank you. And she wishes I could see all her chickens lift up their little stubs of wings, and run in all sorts of queer fashions, when they undertake to help her thank you."

John, clapping his palm to the top of his wife's head, not knowing that he was blessing her, perhaps, but he was, "I think we had better go up to see her. I'll take Dr. Hickok along. What will you take?"

John's Wife.—"I'll take this dear thing, my New Testament, Professor Noyes' translation. It is so dear to me!"

"It shall be clap-boarded!" the writer of this said that day. "I'll tell pa and grandpa that it ought to be. That's what made Phœbe's rheumatism so bad last winter! Great cracks, of course!"

"See her smoke!" they said. "Nobody else can have such blue, pretty smoke as that. See how it rolls and curls!. Ah, see how pretty everything is! There's her garden; we can see the rows of things. I can see her hens, where the wood-pile is! She'll have chickens! Oh, I am in such a hurry to get there! Ah! there's Phœbe herself—little, short thing, in the door-way, sewing. See her arms go—poor, diligent, hard-working arms! Bless her! Let's wave our handkerchiefs!"

One of them, the writer of this, had filled her handkerchief with all manner of curious toadstools, and the like, by the way. She held the knots into which she had tied the corners now, in her left hand, but with her right she

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doffed her white sun-bonnet, and swung that to some purpose.

The face down there was lifted and fixed toward the brow of the hill, where the girls stood, the diligent arms lying still on the work in her lap.

"She sees us! She'll guess who it is. We told her we should come, you know, and she, crying because she felt so bad to leave us, said we shouldn't. Now here we are! here we are, Phœbe! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

It echoed like magic; and one of the girls, the writer of this, said she would rather live there than in forty villages, the other two responding heartily, "So should I! so should I!"

The cart and wagon-track wound round the hill, to make the descent gradual; but the girls said, "Let's go straight down here; won't it be fun? No grass to speak of, you see. Phœbe won't care; Aaron won't."

"Let's ride the rest of the way," said the writer of this, laughing, and beginning to break a twig off the young, white birch, growing at a rock-heap close by. "Let's ride horseback."

How they laughed, catching the idea! How they twisted, and said, "Oh, it hurts my fingers!"

"Oh, so it does mine!"

"And mine! Oh!"

But they twisted and pulled, wished they had Dick's knife, or Robert's; his was always sharpest, and cried, "Oh! oh!" helping each other, and laughing, shaking the birch, stirring the rock-heap in a way they were wholly unused to, probably.

But they love it, like patient, dumb, living creatures, the writer of this thought; and, while the rest were getting their horses ready, ridding them of superfluous flapabouts, as one said, adding, "Oh, how it hurts!" she restored the stones that had fallen to their old places on the heap; and, as well as she could, closed the drapery of the birch upon the wounds she had got, saying, "Poor tree!" then turned, and was the first to mount, because she gave her horse no grooming.

You remember how they pranced; how badly one or more of the horses behaved; how Phœbe laughed until she cried—cried downright hard, and only with difficulty got over it, even when they were all at her little door, and the horses were left outside, and the bonnets were off.

She said it wasn't all the laughing that set her to crying. It was in part because she was so glad to see them; and she supposed in part, too, because she had been "kind o' lonesome" all day. And parts of a good many days she supposed she'd been kind o' lonesome, when Aaron was at work in the other field, so that she didn't see anything of 'im, from the time he went to his work, about six in the morning, until seven o'clock, and sometimes later, at night. Only when he came home to his dinner. Then he didn't stay long; went right back. No neighbors in sight, and nobody passing, they lived so far from the road; and so she didn't, all that time, see anybody but just her kitten, her pig, her hens, and her chickens. And she'd got some of the prettiest, cunningest chickens, she added, brightening, opening her snow-white table-cloth.

"I'd just made my fire, and got my tea-kettle on, and sot down to finish mendin' Aaron's pants, when I see you," her face brightening more and more. "I knew, in a minute, who it was. Or, I knew you'd be there, Jane, and you, Ann. I couldn't make out, first, whether the other one was you, Laury, or Eunice; but I thought it was you."

Through this the girls had interspersed their "Too bads!" their "Yes, indeeds!" their "I'm glad you have chickens for company—they are darlings!" their "And it is so pleasant here! it is perfectly beautiful! Why, if we had known it was so beautiful, we would have come the very next day, and kept coming. Wouldn't that have been awful?"

When, upon her opening the door, they saw the inside of her closet shining, they said, "What a neat closet, Phœbe! I knew just how it would be, you always had such nice closets at grandpa's!"

"And don't you remember, Phœbe," began the writer, (let me introduce her to you. Her name is Jane—Jane Upton, *nee* Taylor,) opening her eyes very wide, and speaking with round tones. "Don't you remember how you used to come up, and put my drawers in order, when they were something dreadful to look at? Don't you remember?"

And Phœbe was too much a lady, poor, ignorant servant-girl as she had been all her days, to say yes; too much something better than the mere ordinary lady, to say no; so she laughed heartily for an answer; then looking back at the kitchen-clock, as she stood in the door-way, between that room and "the front room," where we were, a part of the time sitting in her three wooden rocking-chairs, and a part reconnoitering, she buttoned her sleeves, saying, "Jest twenty minutes by the clock, since I took out my flour-bucket, and my biscuits are baked, and on the table. Come, Jane, you set here; Ann, you set there; Laury, you may set in Aaron's place—he won't be here until seven.

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The girls kept laughing at the sole delight of having things taste so good; biscuits with cream in them, strawberries from the field, with cream on them; cream in the tea! "Dear me!" they said. "There never was anything so good! And then it's at your table, you good Phœbe; and in such a delicious little out-of-the-way place, with a river and a mountain close by."

Their village, by-the-by, Harworth Common, became a village a hundred years before, when the power that is in water, just sang in the water, sometimes in treble and tenor duets, as, along the banks and in the still places, and sometimes in grand bass choruses, as at the Falls. Nowhere in our whole country, had it risen in its activities, entering our industries, as it does to-day in our new villages on the rivers. So the river was a deep delight to the girls.

"And we are so glad to see you; this makes it better!" they said.

"I'm glad if it does. Why, I declare! I've had so much on my mind, that I ha'n't thought of three gentlemen that were along here not long before you come."

Anna.—"Three gentlemen?"

Phœbe.—"Yes, three of 'em."

Laura.—"Young enough for us three?"

Phœbe.—"Jest about."

Jane.—"Handsome? Splendid? I'm going to ask this gentleman if—— John?"

John.—"What?"

Jane.—"Are you handsome?—splendid?"

John.—"I believe there is one woman that thinks so," wheeling round to face her, his elbows on his chair-arms, his fingers interlocking and unlocking.

Jane.—"That must be poor old Molly Kimmin, that everybody is cross to, but you and me. She thinks I shan't have you a great many years, you are so much like an angel all through."

She has tears in her eyes. She can't see whether he has or not; but she doesn't suppose he has. He has a plenty of them, but keeps them shut back mostly in the lachrymal glands.

Phœbe.—"Wall, they war. They war what I call han'some. I guess you'd call 'em han'some. They wore roughish hats an' clothes; but they warn't the kind of rough we have here. Not by any means! They couldn't be any further from another thing that had the same word for it. 'Twasn't even the village rough, such as you see in your boys, when they go a-fishin', or to a shootin'-match. Better than that. It was eeligunt, as Miss Dike's Biddy would say. One of 'em was the grandest lookin' man I ever see."

Now I am going to speak to that gentleman again, over at his table, forever reading Dr. Hickok. "That's you, John."

John.—"What's me? What are you doing there with your pen, ink, and paper, I would like to know? I'm coming to see."

Jane.—"No. I am going to cover it with both my hands, so. When it is published in the 'Columbiad'—you know what a Columbiad is, sir?—you shall see it then. You won't care anything about Dr. Hickok then; you'll read me.'

John.—"Yes."

"He was dark," added Phœbe. "That is, he was dark enough to have black hair, an' a plenty of it, an' pretty dark eyes. The next one to him was his brother, I guess; but he was a good deal lighter, an' shorter, an' was quick in all he done. He was smart, though, an' nice-lookin'—very. The other was short an' delikit, like a han'some, tender-like woman. He appeared to be tired. He set right down on the platform of the well, out there," pointing out through the open-door, before which some hens were drinking, into which a proud Chittigong was looking, "when the others were looking down into the well, drawing some water. I'd carried out a tumbler. Oh! you ha'n't got half cream enough, Jane; ner you, Ann. I want you all to eat just as much as you like on your berries. I want 'em to taste as good as they can to you. Take some more, Jane. You're such a savin' girl!—savin' of other folks' comfort, an' things. I've allus noticed that, ever sence you was a little thing no higher 'n this table. You warn't any higher 'n that when I fust went to live at your grandfather's. There, that's more like it; ain't it, Ann? Ain't it, Laury?"

"It's delicious. There never was such a good, kind Phœbe!"

"I don't know about that. I think one would haf to be pretty bad, not to be a little kind to you. The delikit one put something into his water before he drinked it—something out of a little bottle he had in a sort of a pouch slung over his shoulder."

The girls, all belonging to the temperance society, were horrified at Phœbe's looks, they made so painful an addition to her story.

"Oh, that's too bad!" they said. "Only, perhaps, it was some kind of medicine!"

"I heerd 'im tell the others they'd a good deal better have brandy in theirn, too. But they didn't have any. They didn't make any answer when he said it. He poured out considerable."

"Poor fellow!"

"I thought so. Poor feller! thought I. You've got a mother somewhere, in this world or the next, an', for her sake, let 'er be in which world

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she will, you ought to be careful what you do ter yourself."

"Yes, indeed, he ought! Yes, indeed! and especially for his own sake."

"Yes, I liked 'im. I wanted 'im ter stay here, an' be took good care of, an' sleep in my safe bed," pointing to the neat bed in the sleeping-room adjoining, "an' get strong. An' then, p'r'aps, he wouldn't need his brandy?"

"Where did they go?"

"Ter the mountain. They asked me about the best place to ascend. They used very perlite words an' manners all the time. I told 'em, and they thanked me, an' smiled beautiful. Or the two that I think were brothers did. The other jest lighted up a little. It seemed like that—a lighting up, an' then they went. I'll show you just where they struck the bushes, and went in."

Phœbe pointed, and showed them. Then, looking at the clock, and beginning to unbutton her sleeves, she told them that now she "must be doing her chores, and they could go to the river, or do anything they wanted to, and could there, where there were no books or papers, hardly, or——"

"Books!" the girls said, and with sincerity, although they were all three perfect cormorants whenever a book appeared. "We wouldn't read if you would pay us ten dollars an hour!"

They were hurrying on their beautifully-starched, white sun-bonnets, and were already outside the door.

"We'll let our horses stand here. No, we'll put them by the well; there! so—their heads the same way, toward the fence. Day-day, good Phœbe."

They waded in among the smooth pebbles and clams. They said there never was anything so delightful—so delightful! as the wading, the scenery, and the fine sunset-sky, they meant. They hunted for thin, flat stones, and sent them skipping upon the water. They looked once more round upon the scene, and were in love with it. They said they were. When, lo! on the edge of the cliff, not far above where they were, they saw a gentleman standing on the very edge, looking like a little, gray Hottentot. They said so; so high, with some heavy, white clouds for a background.

They were vexed. They said they were. He had spoiled their fun; for how could they wade and pitch stones, with him up there looking on!

One of them, Jane, thought that it made no difference, his being there. He was, no doubt, one of the strangers that called at Phœbe's. They would never see him again, or he them; what reason was there that their fun should be spoiled?"

She said this, hunting after a flat pebble; and, when she found one, she sent it skipping; and it skipped beautifully, bounding from the water four times, she believes. Seeing this, the others joined her. And, presently, Anna's courage rose high in proportion to the late sinking. She glowed; her eyes shone. She might have been a naiad, she had such grace in the water-edge. She said "it would be nice," you remember, "if she had the Hottentot down there, to give him a ducking." And then she remembered the story of Heylas, out of her mythology, and she laughed. She said, "if we had the Hottentot down here, we would serve him as a naiad did Heylas once, when the Argonauts were on their way, and he came from the ship to get some water. Wouldn't that be fun? The big one, that Phœbe thought was his brother, would be Hercules, and come to find him, and go calling, 'Hottentot! Hottentot!' Then we would let him come up, and tell him to scud. She guessed he would; didn't we?"

Looking up the river, where it gave an inward bend, not far from them, seated among the rocks and herbs, they saw a gentleman sketching. His face, which was bent, was toward them. "Dear me!" even Jane, the imperturbable, said now. And this time Anna's courage succumbed completely, and did not rise again. But her dismay rose high. And so did Laura's.

They looked so! they said. "What if he were to draw them just so!" beginning to put their locks in order. Their bonnets were hanging on bushes on the shore.

But Jane, speedily composing herself, said, "What if he does draw us? We shall never see it, or him, or he us. What if he does?" said she, turning a baby-clam over in the edge of the water, she remembers; said it without recklessness, but feeling simply that it was of no consequence.

A few moments later, a whistle-call was heard. The Hottentot had already just disappeared. The gentleman on the rocks, as soon as he could gather his materials, followed, which left the girls at liberty to put on their shoes and stockings, and make up their disheveled toilet, generally, before returning to Phœbe.

The sun was already sinking low behind the hills on the opposite shore. The shadows were thickening in the coves, and along the woody banks. Small, gray birds, only now and then speaking a few low words to each other, flitted out and in. A whippoorwill, far away up the river, commenced singing.

"Singing!" Anna said, when Jane used the

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word, "I wonder what you call crying, if you call that singing?"

Large, blue, very fine eyes we saw then, swimming in tears. Her spirits had been a good way above the ordinary level, and were now fast sinking a good way below it. She sat there with the others; wanted to, it was so beautiful; but she every now and then pressed her palms on her ears, to shut out awhile the bird's crying.

At last they rose slowly to go to the house, often turning as they went, for one more look at the fading sky, the deepening shadows along the singing river.

When they came where Phœbe sat in her door hulling strawberries, she said, "I'd 'a' given anything if you'd ben here fifteen minutes ago, or ten. There they are now. You can just see their hats goin' over the hill, where you came down. Their hosses are hitched up in the edge of the woods, they told me. They've been here agin after water; just as true as you live! They'd been where they see you. They ast about you."

"About us?"

"Yes. Fust they see your hosses, with their heads all turned one way, by the well. An' then they laughed. I guess they couldn't help it. I told 'em I guessed they see you when you come on 'em; an' the middle one said they did; they were on the mountain with their glasses."

"With their glasses? Oh, horror! What shall we do?" cried Anna.

"Yes, with their glasses. How they did laugh; but I could see they tried not to. They come back by the river, it seems; fer the middle one——"

"He's the Hottentot, Phœbe," said Anna, laughing, pouting, her eyes swimming in tears. "Don't call him anything else. I'm never going to as long as I live! What else?"

"He told the one that just brightens up, but don't laugh, the delikit one, to show me what he'd done. He looked at his bag, but seemed to be too tired, or too indifferunt to take it out; an' the Hottentot, as you call 'im, took it out for 'im, an' handed it to me. An' what do you think it was? It was what you three was doin' down there."

Anna went down on the floor at that, and bunched herself up like a chicken in despair, saying,

"They'll be the death of me yet; you see if they aren't!"

"There was the river, an' you three girls was in the edge of it, one pitchin' a stone, one tall one. I knew that was you, Ann, and told 'em so—was a makin' the lowest, perittest bow, almost down to the water, to the other two; an' you, Laury, was doin' somethin' to your hair; tryin' to put it up a little it looked like. It was you, Jane, throwin' the stone. I told them so. An' when the middle one——"

"The Hottentot, Phœbe!" from Anna.

"Wall, when he ast me how I knew, I told 'im it looked like you, all over; an' it was the way you done your hair; an' that, if there wa'n't but one pitchin' stones, it was sure to be you. The tallest one, the one that is so grand, looked at it ag'in here, I noticed, an' smiled, an' couldn't help it. The mid——"

"The Hottentot, my dear!" said Anna, gathering herself up. She had somehow found ever so much placidity down there. "Well, and then, Phœbe?"

"Wall, while the youngest one was puttin' up the pictur' an' the grand one was kind o' wipin' his fingers on a white han'kercher, lookin' at the hills an' river, the one you call the Hottentot was givin' me the tumbler, sayin' something about apoligies, when I could see that he wanted dreadfully to know who you was; for he waited, an' then said, 'The young ladies—are they your neighbors, ma'am? Do they live in this neighborhood?'

"'Oh, no!' says I. 'Two of 'em,' says I. 'The one I told you was Jane, an' the one I told you was Ann, are sisters, and are Squire James Taylor's daughters, at the Common—quite a large village,' I told 'em. 'The other, Laury,' I said, 'is a double-cousin of theirn, on her mother's side.' I told 'em 'that you was all three the gran'daughters of the man I worked for ten years before I was married—Hon. James F. Taylor; an' the gran'daughters, too, of Hon. Nathan Phelps, both of 'em livin' at the Common,' I told 'em. 'There was an uncle, in New York,' I told 'em; 'a merchant, very rich, Richard Taylor.' I noticed that they all looked at each other then, as if they knew your uncle Richard, though the grand one had been steppin' away a little toward the track."

"You told them ever so much, Phœbe," said Anna. "They didn't look as though they were tired of it?"

"No, I guess they didn't! The last I told 'em was that if they were to see you three, an' some of the girls round here together, they'd see that you an' they warn't any more alike than if they belonged to different climates."

She looked pleased at her word climates, as if she thought she had done a nice thing in using it.

"An'," pursued she, "I wanted 'em to know that you was ladies, an' the daughters an' gran'daughters, too, of ladies an' gentlemen, if you

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did skip stones, an' pull off your stockin's an' shoes——"

"How did you know that we pulled off our stockings and shoes?" asked Anna.

"Land! the one that draws had 'em on a rock in his picture. An' you war all barefooted in his picture—especially you, Jane."

Anna and Laura laughed, but with panic. The other, Jane, laughed without panic, helping Phœbe hull her strawberries.

Seeing her unconcern, made Laura say, "See Jen! she don't trouble her head."

Anna replied, "Of course she don't. That is something you never knew her to do yet. Did they listen to what you said as if they—why, as if they cared anything about it, Phœbe?"

"Why, yes! it was partly this that made me tell 'em; partly, as I told you, because I am proud of you, an' wanted 'em to know who you war. For—— Ah, bless his old soul in 'im! there comes Aaron. You go into the front-room, girls, an' let him get washed an' fixed up a little before he sees you. He'll like it better. He's proud."

When those girls went home, after two days spent at Phœbe's, the first thing they heard, before they got their bonnets off, was, that three gentlemen had been there at the tavern ever since they went away. The boys' heads were full of it. Their names were Professor Upton, of A—— college. Dr. Hill knew him; graduated in the same class at A——. The next one was his brother, Lawyer Upton, of New York. "And father says he's uncle Dick's lawyer," added Robert, his eyes big with the intelligence. "He says he's heard uncle Dick speak of him more than once. The other one, miss, is an artist. What do you think of that? A real artist! Paints things for the Academy, Dr. Hill says. He says, we see his name, Cooledge, in the papers. It's their vacation, you see, and they're running about. They went down to the gulf, to see how the rocks match; over to the Cate place to see the devil's tracks on the rocks. Ain't it strange, now, sis, that the Thomas brook could ever be up there, and strong enough, too, to have its pebbles wear those places in the rocks? Strangest thing I know of. They went to Cawley-pond fishing yesterday; brought back fish for Mrs. Lane to cook, and pond-lilies, a great bunch of them, and gave them away as they went through the village, to every child that looked at them, as if they wanted one. They've gone now. Went this morning. You'd better have been here, miss, I tell you now!"

Later in the summer, Mr. Richard Upton came to Harvorth, to visit his friends, and, when he went home, carried with him daguerreotypes of the nieces. He made a point of doing it. Another point he made was getting the promise that they should come to him before Christmas, and spend some weeks at his house. He was a bachelor; but he had, for many years, had his establishment presided over by the widow of a clergyman, who had lived and died at Harvorth, an accomplished, good woman, near seventy.

Almost as soon as he came, the question began to be asked by Robert, Dick, and others (not including the three nieces) did he—what did he know about Lawyer Upton of New York. The girls listened, in the first instance, and heard him say, in indifferent tones, without change of expression, and without looking up from the pencil he was sharpening, that he knew him; had seen him several times; employed him once or twice, adding, "He has been here?"

"Yes!

"So Dick tells me. Pretty good fellow."

Humph! Robert wanted no more of that "pretty good fellow!" just as if he wasn't a—a trump—every bit of it!

"Don't get anything here, girls," said the good uncle, drawing on his gloves to go. "Don't get anything for them, Nancy, Jeanette," speaking earnestly to the girls' mothers. "I'll see to that. I know what I want them to have."

Brown satins, lightest blue silks that would stand alone, finest of muslins and laces in the nicest French embroidery to go with them. There could no kind thing come into his heart that he did not do it for them; and he had the pleasure of seeing with what delight they wore them.

"Come," he said, one day, "I want you to go with me."

They were soon ready, and he took them to the exhibition at the Academy. Walking through one room, they came to a picture before which many persons were sitting and standing; when they came near enough to see what it was, they—even Jane, started, looking up at her uncle. As for Anna, she huddled herself down into a seat, whispering faintly to Jane, "I wish Phœbe was here; I want to get under her apron. I told you they'd be the death of me, and they will, some day."

"Dear me! dear me!" she would whisper to Jane, who had seated herself by her. "I want to go home. Tell uncle so."

Even Horace Greely doesn't wear a more placid, benevolent look than uncle did. It was capital. Jane began to laugh so, seeing the placidity, and seeing Anna's dismay, that she was obliged to almost stuff her handkerchief into her mouth to keep back an indecent explosion.

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We got away soon, for Anna kept saying, she "couldn't stand it!" but it is doubtful whether she felt much better, hearing uncle say, as soon as we touched the side-walk, "Everybody was there near that picture. I saw the artist, Coolledge in a corner; I saw Upton, my lawyer. He was almost at your elbow, Anna."

"Dear me!"

He saw nothing of the professor. He did not then know him. But he was somewhere in the room, and he thought Jane behaved beautifully.

Dear! I am desperately tired. It is hot. I shall suddenly stop—shall suddenly finish this writing when I have asked my husband one question.

Jane.—"Didn't you think I behaved beautifully?"

The Professor.—"When?"

Jane.—"Oh, dear! I am so tired, I can't tell you when. And it is so hot!"

The Professor.—"So it is. The girls will be out of school next week. Let's all go to Harxorth. Let's write to James and Anna, and get them to meet us with their children."

She went and got into his lap, and talked with him about it; about how it is twenty years since those three wild girls went to see Phœbe; how she is forty now, and is beginning to find gray hairs, and to be proud of them too, and he forty-three, with plenty of gray hairs mingling with the black. And they both said it seemed strange that all these years, (twenty years to-day, dear, since you and I, on the same day, were married, you to "the Hottentot," I to "the grand one,") that all these years, they have been growing happier and happier, here in a world where there are so many poor, unhappy ones. They said they couldn't have been so perfectly content, if it had not, all the while, been so well with you and James.

We will take some strong dresses for the girls with us. They shall run to their hearts' content, as we used to.

Adieu, JANE UPTON.

A DAY.

BY RUNE BLUFF.

A LIGHT crept up the eastern sky,
Timidly, faintly shining;
And gave to the clouds that floated by
A misty, silvery lining.

It was the dawning of the day,
The girlhood we call morning;
A simple garb of glistening gray,
Her purity adorning.

And then a glamour of yellow light,
Upward came slowly streaming;
Till soon a thousand flashes bright
Were through the tree-tops gleaming.

It was the golden god of day,
With shining train advancing;
What kingly splendor decked his way!
What lights and colors glancing!

The silvery, sailing clouds were flushed
With hues that he was flinging;
The morning pale all rosy blushed,
And earth in joy went singing.

Bright waters ran, and leapt in air,
And laughed afresh, on dashing;
The drops of dew, like diamonds rare,
Were in the sunbeams flashing.

The birds sang blithely in the trees,
The flowers were brightly blooming;
Their breath was borne upon the breeze,
The morning air perfuming.

Together now, just as of old,
The sun and morn went waning,
With red of rose and shine of gold,
To part not till the gloaming.

Then, when adown the far-off west,
Their wondrous lights were shimmering;
When just above the mountain's crest,
A star was faintly glimmering,

Across the lovely brow of day,
A purple mist came stealing;
Oh! sadly pale and still she lay,
When vesper bells were pealing.

The happy birds went singing by,
Unto their home-nests hieing;
A shadow stole across the sky—
The lovely day was dying.

The flowerets nodded on the lea,
The bees had ceased their humming;
The sunlight trembled o'er the sea,
And night was softly coming.

The sun, far down the distant west,
With gold and purple glowing,
Had sunk within the ocean's breast,
Of white-capped waters flowing.

But ere the gleam from his robes of light,
And lordly jewels glancing,
Went o'er the hills, quite out of sight,
While night was swift advancing.

He sent a kiss on the evening breeze,
That on its way was sighing;
It whispered softly to the trees,
"Another day is dying."

The day was dead—dead like the years;
Dead! beyond all recalling;
And darkness wept, its dewy tears
On her lost kingdom falling.

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THE GHOST OF WILLOWDALE.

BY A. M. DANA.

Lizzie, Edward, and Kate Armitage were fast friends, linked together by a common orphanage, and a womanly struggle for daily bread. All through the first, bright years of their youth they had toiled side by side—one as a teacher, the other as a copyist—sharing the one meagre room, which they called home, and which they managed to transform into something not unworthy of the name. Together, they enjoyed every chance good which came in the way, and, when the death of a half-forgotten relative placed Lizzie in possession of a small property, away down on "The Eastern Shore," there was no vexing question of "mine and thine," to mar their rejoicing. Those who had been partners in poverty could not be less in prosperity.

It was but a trifling legacy after all, for the estate, originally a noble one, had dwindled down to a few poor acres; but it held an old homestead, and the girls thought it would go hard, but it should furnish them with, at least, a snug resting-place for a year or two.

"We will only have to come back, and go to work again, if we find that the produce won't support us," said Kate, in one of their many talks. "And, meanwhile, we will have had time to breathe."

This was their sweetest thought. They had no idea that they were so tired till there was a prospect of rest; but now they embraced it with all the joy and abandon of unsatiated youth.

A fierce autumn storm was raging on the morning they left the city; but no merry tourists, starting forth under unclouded sunshine, ever carried lighter hearts, or chatted more gayly upon their journey.

A single friend appeared at the depot to wish them God speed. This was Mr. Carroll, a knight of the later, nobler chivalry which reveals itself in aiding women to help themselves. Otherwise, a bachelor of forty-five—a substantial tea-merchant, a school-director, a warm supporter of every social reform, and a man of weight and influence generally.

And yet the girls laughed at him. Why, it would have been hard to tell. But even as he held a hand of each, lamenting the necessity of parting, their eyes sparkled with merriment; and when, after a feint of departing, he returned to lay a huge package of cream-chocolates in Lizzy's lap, their suppressed fun threatened to burst all bounds of lady-like decorum. Luckily, anxiety as to his safe exit from the already-starting train cut short their unseemly laughter.

As the cars whizzed along through sheets of blinding rain, which shut out all view of the landscape, save an occasional corn-field, where the ripened tassels tossed wildly like funeral plumes of the dead summer, their conversation naturally turned upon this gentleman—the last link with their old life.

"Kate, why is Mr. Carroll like a cream-chocolate?" asked Lizzie, pausing with a dark-brown mound of sweetness half-way to her lips.

"Because he's soft?"

"Oh, prepesterous!" was Lizzie's indignant exclamation. "Why, Kate, I'm ashamed of you. You know he isn't; he's only demonstrative, and that is a good fault in this hard, cold world. Besides, if he were what you insinuate, I have too much of the Arab in my nature, to eat a man's salt and then revile him. And I'm sure these are a good deal better than salt," passing the bag to Kate, who, with a laugh, helped herself liberally. "No, our kind friend is like one of these comfits, because he is better within than without. That is, he has a good heart. Now, never say that I cannot make a conundrum."

"Oh, that is it!" answered wicked Kate, with mock gravity. "Pray accept my most humble apologies for the mistake. But, since you so highly appreciate the gentleman's inward virtues, may I ask how it is that you do not overlook his outward appearance, and honor yourself by becoming Mrs. Carroll? I'm sure you might have the opportunity any day."

"Ah, my dear, that's a transposition of the scale—elegant for horse of another color. I have not struggled through all these years, a slave to school-bells and committees, to lay my first taste of independence at the feet of any man. It is only the pampered bird who voluntarily returns to its cage, and my life has not had much pampering. No, thank you. We will have our fling at freedom for a while, though it be only freedom to live on bacon and corn-cakes."

"Bravo!" cried Kate, and immediately the conversation turned to the future, and the unknown home they were nearing.

Meanwhile, the storm was increasing in vi-

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lence. More and more wildly beat the rain against the windows, fiercer and fiercer raged the wind, and the garments of passengers, entering at way-side stations, were dripping with moisture. But more outward discomfort than this was needed to damp the feelings of our young travelers. Once in a while a group of fresh-cheeked school-girls came in for a few miles, rain-drops glittering upon their disheveled hair, fun sparkling in their eyes, and a perfect chorus of merry clatter issuing from their lips. But the two demure figures wrapped in water-proof, a seat or two behind, felt no envy of their buoyant youth. They, too, had been to school—at the world's hard academy, and it was with spirits in true holiday tune, that they drew near the end of their journey.

"I trust you will find everything comfortable," said the polite agent of the property, as he placed them in a carriage, in front of his office, in the little town nearest their destination. "I have taken the liberty of engaging an old servant for you; indeed," with a smile. "I could not well do otherwise, for aunt Debby seems to regard herself as a fixture on the estate. She holds strongly to the tenet that 'possession is nine points of the law,' and, even in these days of reconstruction, refuses to show her freedom by seeking another home. However, I dare say you will be able to manage her nicely."

A servant already engaged, and an attached family-servant at that! Both girls agreed that it was grand. Despite their high spirits, they were cold and hungry, and a vision of a rousing fire awaiting them, with a supper of delicate bay oysters, and crispy-brown waffles, or genuine Maryland biscuit and tender chicken, was far from being objectionable.

A straggling avenue of weeping willows, their weird branches almost sweeping the ground; a litter everywhere of narrow leaves of pale gold; an ancient brick mansion of moderate size, half-hidden in ivy, and with wood-work which had received its last coat of paint in some forgotten spring-time. This was Willowdale.

"Not over cheerful, is it?" said Lizzie, in a disappointed tone, as they stood in the porch, awaiting an answer to the summons. "I'm sure there are owls in that ivy."

"Oh, Liz, dear! you're an owl yourself," cried Kate, with assumed vivacity. "I'm sure it is a charming old place. What could look cheerful in a storm like this? Well, Poppet, here we are!" she said, as, in reply to her last vigorous assault upon the wheezy, old, brass knocker, a bright little black girl opened the door a few inches, and peeped out. "Where's your grannie?" she continued, guessing rightly the child's relation to the present incumbent. "And where's the fire?"

Granny was not far away. Her great eyes were gleaming a few feet back in the hall, and, as the shivering girls pressed in, she came sulkily forward.

"'Pears like we didn't 'xpect you, ladies, it's so stormy," she mumbled, by way of surly apology.

"'Pears not, indeed!" mimicked Kate, *sotto voce*, as they entered a room whose walls were almost leperous with dampness, and whose great fire-place held the white ashes of a long-extinct fire. Then, aloud to the little maid, "What's your name, sis?"

"Lute," answered the child, pouting her dusky lips.

"Well, Lute, see how quickly you can get us a fire made here. A rousing one, mind."

How Lizzie thanked her friend for taking command of the situation! Cold, fatigued, and depressed as she was, she felt entirely unequal to it.

Ten minutes of patient pacing up and down the long room, with their wet wrappings still on, followed, then, half-suffocated with the smoke that filled the apartment, Kate went over to the hearth where Lute was down upon all fours, making a bellows of her puffy cheeks before a forlorn hope.

"Well, Lute, what ails the fire? Why won't it burn?" she asked, cheerfully.

"Chips is wet," was the laconic reply.

"Have you no dry ones?"

A negative shake of the woolly head, and a fresh application of oxygen, was her only answer.

"See here, Lute," said the bright girl, who was not to be baffled. "I want to know what you kindle the fire with when you're in a hurry to get breakfast. Come, tell me."

The youngster glanced up quickly, and seeing something like mastery in the merry but resolute blue eyes above her, muttered the single word, "Cobs."

"Heaven knows what they are!" exclaimed the city-bred girl in an aside to her friend. "But any combustible short of nitro-glycerine will be welcome. Come, child, bring them along; the sooner the better. Here, perhaps these will hurry you," and, transferring the remainder of the chocolate to the dark, little hand, she took her turn at fanning the flickering flame.

The delicate confections, which were as unknown to the little maid as the guarded fruit of the Hesperides, had the desired effect. In a few minutes, a royal fire was blazing in the chimney roaring and crackling among the mossy logs, and

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sending forth waves of light and heat into the chilly room. Even the grateful tea, which soon after made its appearance, must have owed something to their saccharine influence.

It was while the meal was being served that Lizzie attempted to make her bargain or alliance with the reigning power.

"I did not intend keeping more than one servant; perhaps not that," she said, after some conversation concerning wages; "but, as Lute is your grandchild, I have no objection to her remaining for the present.

"'Tisn't Lute!" exclaimed aunt Debby, indignantly. "'Course, a lily baby like dat must stay with her granny. It's 'Lonzo. 'Lonzo's a mighty peart young chap, Miss. Make a splendid waiter or coachman. He kin make a dollar a day down in the oyster-beds; but I'd rather keep him at home. It's more 'spectable," and the old woman drew herself up with all the dignity of a southern matron.

"But I don't need his services," remonstrated Lizzy. "I shall keep neither waiter nor coachman."

"How you ladies gwine to get to town, then?" was her pointed question.

Both girls smiled. Glad refugees from the din and bustle of a great city, it was not likely that they would be much tempted by the mild dissipation of the little country town.

"We shall not want to go often, and, when we do, we will walk," answered Lizzie, adding, gently but firmly, "I have told you the terms upon which I will keep you and Lute. You can use your own pleasure about accepting them; but I cannot afford to engage your grandson in any capacity. You must understand that this is decided."

Either Lizzie's unflinching manner convinced her that farther pleading would be useless, or her voluntary admission of poverty astonished her beyond the power of speech, for she marched directly from the room, wearing, however, an expression of countenance which boded no comfort for her young mistress.

"Well, Lizzie, this ain't so bad, after all," said Kate, when, half an hour later, they were enjoying the light and warmth. "It seems as if we have all the necessaries and luxuries we need. Even this jingling old piano—dear me! I wonder who played on it last? I'll tighten the strings, and tune it up to-morrow, and we will have one resource more than we calculated on."

Lizzie sat upon a rug before the great fireplace, watching the hickory logs as they were slowly transformed into a bed of glowing coals, and letting the genial warmth and cheer steal through her whole nature.

"Talk about vine and fig-tree," continued Kate, giving a final run over the yellow keys; then coming and dropping down upon the soft bear-skin beside her friend; "but, on a night like this, the ingleside sounds better. Are you seeing pictures in the fire, Liz?" she asked, presently, noticing the dreamy look in her companion's eyes. "What are they—does our chocolate friend figure in them!"

The last question was asked shly, with a keen glance at Lizzy's face; but the inopportune falling of some embers, and consequent flashing up of the fire, might have accounted for the warm flush which crept to her very brow.

"What a goose you are, Kate!" she exclaimed, with a light laugh, removing her eyes from the fire. "As if I——"

She was interrupted by the entrance of aunt Debby with a bed-candle.

"Which room you ladies gwine to sleep in?" she asked, abruptly.

"Whichever is most comfortable, aunt Debby," answered Lizzie, promptly.

"Humph!" with a ludicrous shrug of her capacious shoulders. "Reckon dar ain't much choice. De room ober dis is de one Miss Ann done die in; but sperits won't stay shut up. Reckon all de house is 'bout alike."

A quick glance of amusement shot between the girls; then Kate, with twinkling eyes, but awed voice, exclaimed,

"Surely, aunt Debby, you don't mean to say that we are in anything so grand as a haunted house?"

"Dunno, Miss, an' least said's soonest mended. On'y me, an' Lute, and 'Lonzo, when he's home, we sleeps out ober de smoke-house. P'raps you white ladies won't find any illconvenience; but we couldn't stand it. Which room shall I fix, Miss?"

"The one where you carried our wrappings will do as well as any," answered Lizzie, quietly. "You can leave the light burning, and we will go when we are ready. This fire is too pleasant to leave yet awhile."

It was midnight ere they could tear themselves away from its glorious comfort.

"Now look out for aunt Debby's ghost," said Kate, with a light laugh, as they gained the landing on the way to their chamber.

"Stop, Kate," replied Lizzie, pausing, and speaking gravely. "Don't let us mention that nonsense, even in fun. It strikes me that we two girls, alone in a strange house, in a lonesome neighborhood, have enough real perils without conjuring up imaginary ones. We——"

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A wild, mocking laugh cut short her speech, ringing through the lonely passages, and fairly freezing the blood of the startled listeners.

"Great Heaven! what is that?" asked Lizzie, in a terrified whisper, clinging to her scarcely-less frightened companion.

For one awful moment they stood motionless, holding fast to each other; then Kate rallied her courage.

"Only one of your owls, I guess, Lizzie. As you say, it won't do for us to get nervous. We've undertaken this thing, and we will go through with it. See! yonder is the light in our room. Now for one brave dash along the hall. Come! Quick!"

A breathless rush of light feet over the echoing floor, and they had gained their shelter; but just as the door closed upon their retreating figures, that unearthly laugh again resounded through the house—and this time it had a tone of triumph. The girls looked silently into each other's eyes. "Oh, Kate! what is it? It is no owl!" gasped Lizzie, at last. She was standing with her back against the door, and trembling like a leaf.

"Goodness only knows!" answered Kate, with lips of ashy whiteness. "But one thing is certain—we're in an awful fix. If those darkies only slept in the house, it wouldn't be so bad. But all alone! Lizzie, you must make them move in to-morrow."

"To-morrow! Yes, if we survive to see its light."

Gradually they grew calmer, and reason began to assuage their fears, at least those of Lizzie.

"We never harmed any one who lived here," she said. "And why should they disturb us? Let us try to forget it."

"If it were only a ghost," began skeptical Kate; but she forbore to suggest her more tangible fears—those of robbers and assassins.

For a while there was no farther disturbance, and they were beginning to feel more at ease, when a rapid succession of groans, footsteps, and poundings broke upon the silence of the night. The sounds evidently proceeded from the garret—a portion of the house as yet unexplored; but both girls, now that they had had time to recover from the first shock, felt that the mystery must be explained. It would not do to be overcome by fear at the very outset of their housekeeping. Both were self-reliant women, made so by hard experience; and, though Lizzie possessed less natural courage than her friend, yet, when the latter, taking from their baggage a small but elegant pistol, said, gravely, while she carefully examined the weapon, "Well, Lizzie, this will have to be investigated, and we have only ourselves to depend on," she was ready to take the candle and follow.

Back through the long hall, and up the winding attic-stair they went. Then, just at the top, though there was no draught, out went the light, leaving them in fearful darkness. For this, however, they were prepared, and the quick stroke of a match, from the box in Lizzie's hand, awoke a sudden glow; but, ere they could get the candle lighted, there was a hasty scuffling of feet along the floor, and its first gleam revealed a white form vanishing in the distance at the end of the long room.

"Ah!" said Kate, setting her lips hard, and taking the candle from Lizzie's trembling hand. That glimpse of the intruder put her upon her mettle, and she advanced boldly to the door through which the figure had disappeared.

As it proved, this opened into a large closet; and now the girls were sure that they had the offender trapped. But, though they searched carefully, turning over and over the piles of rubbish, tangling their hair in the bunches of thyme and horehound hanging from the rafters, and raising a general commotion among the spiders, whose dusty webs festooned every corner, nothing could be found. At length they owned themselves baffled, and, returning to their room, threw their tired forms upon the bed without undressing, where, toward morning, they fell into a heavy slumber.

The autumn sun rose gloriously after the storm, and, under its cheerful beams, every corner of their scene of midnight terror was thoroughly explored, but with no satisfactory result. Plenty of old-fashioned garments, quaint furniture, and curious nick-nacks were discovered, but no trace of the supernatural. Yet no persuasion could induce aunt Debby to move her bed into the house.

"Couldn't do it, nohow, ladies," was the unwavering reply; and, pitying the abject terror she evinced, the girls at last gave it up.

That night was a repetition of the previous one, the next of that, and so on for a week. Sometimes the disturbance was confined to wild sounds of laughter; at others, a sheeted form flitted through the passages; but never, with all their vigilance, could they follow it beyond the garret closet, where it finally disappeared.

"Dat's de closet whar ole mars Godwin done hang heself," said aunt Debby, dropping her deep gutteral voice to a frightened whisper.

What was to be done? The girls were growing haggard with excitement and loss of sleep, and sadly admitted that the present state of

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things could not continue. Should they relinquish their darling scheme, and go back to a life of labor and boarding-houses? Never! There was a whole volume of ghost-defying resolution in their tones. Apply to the agent? Yes, and be laughed at, as a couple of silly, superstitious girls. Hire a man to sleep in the house? Then good-by to their boasted womanly independence. Each plan was vetoed as soon as suggested.

"I tell you, Lizzie," said Kate, one morning, when they were wearily discussing the situation, "there's nothing like the advice of an old friend. Write to Mr. Carroll."

This was not the first time that the idea had occurred to them; but, hitherto, each had felt disinclination to mention it.

"Would you?" said Lizzie. "Then you write."

"No, you," and, after some delay, with much half-merry chaffing from Kate, Lizzie wrote, giving a detailed account of their trouble, and asking his counsel as to their best course in the emergency.

It was on the second evening, as they sat upon the bear-skin before the fire, the only comfortable place in the house, wondering how many nights of terror must elapse ere they heard from their friend, and what his answer would be, that Lute, answering a stirring knock upon the door, ushered in the very object of their speculations.

How the homely, honest face brightened the lonely room! Could it be only one short week since they last beheld its well-known expression and odd angularities! "Oh!" The cry of glad surprise burst simultaneously from both girls as they sprang eagerly forward to welcome him. They did not think his greeting too demonstrative now. Kate's bright eyes were brimming with tears of joy, and Lizzie's hand lay willingly enough in his prolonged clasp.

"Now tell me all about it," he said, in a tone which somehow completely lifted the burden from their shoulders, and, drawing their chairs closer to the fireside, they began the recital.

How the mere telling of it lightened the trouble. They could almost joke about it. As Kate, who had been the principal speaker, finished her story, he said, quietly,

"I will stay to-night, and watch with you; but do not let those negroes suspect my purpose, for I imagine they are at the bottom of the mischief."

Accordingly, at ten o'clock, aunt Debby was called to bring a light, to show the visitor out, the girls following into the hall with merry good-bys.

"Be sure to come again soon," said Lizzie, with a parting smile. "You will have to walk fast to catch the train."

"And don't be alarmed if you meet a ghost in the avenue," added audacious Kate. "Willowdale is said to be haunted."

Aunt Debby glared at her. A girl who could jest upon such a subject was evidently something beyond her comprehension.

After a ten minutes walk under the leafless willows, Mr. Carroll was silently re-admitted, and escorted up stairs, to await the opening of the performances.

A room at the front of the house, half library, half dressing-room, commanding a view of the long hall, was chosen as the watch-tower. It was a strange situation Had any one, a week before, predicted such a thing, the girls would have met it with derisive laughter, But now, though they were fully alive to the irregularity of the affair, they were too grateful—had too much confidence in their friend, to make any prudish demurer. Mr. Carroll, too, though he made no allusion to their anomalous position, evidently appreciated it; he dropped entirely that air of light gallantry, which was such a *bête noir* to the girls, and spoke and acted with the gravity of an octogenarian.

But would the noises never begin? If they should fail on this one night, what a predicament would they be in! The girls became eager as they had before been fearful. But just as they were growing impatient, a slow, muffled step was heard ascending the stairs, and, like a flash, the patent lantern, brought by Mr. Carroll, was darkened, while anxious eyes peered out into the surrounding gloom. A window was at the opposite end of the hall, and, though not moonlight, enough light was admitted to reveal a tall figure shrouded in white. An instant it paused upon the landing, sending a terrific shriek through the echoing passages, then took the way leading to the attic.

"Now!" exclaimed Mr. Carroll, starting up in quick pursuit; but with all their haste they were only in time to see it vanish within the closet.

"It's always the way," said Kate. "We can follow it no farther."

"We will see," was the quiet reply, and, entering, he began a thorough investigation. Not content with overturning the ancient furniture, he examined the very walls. Panel after panel of the oaken wainscot resounded to his sharp taps. Then one sounded different from the rest —hollow.

A gleam of triumph shot into the calm, gray eyes. "Here, Kate, hold the lantern. Don't be frightened, Lizzie," he said; then, with a slight exertion of manly strength, he burst in the worm-eaten wainscot, revealing a small aperture,

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wherein, crouching upon the floor, the very picture of abject terror, with sheet thrown off, and hands upheld for mercy, was a negro youth, clearly none other than the miscreant 'Lonzo.

"You young scoundrel!" exclaimed the victor, dragging him forth, while Kate held the lantern aloft, and Lizzie stood trembling, half with joy at the ending of the mystery, and half with pity for the frightened offender.

For an instant Mr. Carroll held him there with a grasp like that of a savage conqueror; then the magnanimous Christian gentleman asserted himself, and the earnest warning and rebuke which followed, mingled with words of noble encouragement and entreaty, would have softened a harder heart than that of the ignorant black boy who, at the close, was sobbing like a baby.

The affectionate appeal touched another heart. And when, ere he left, Mr. Carroll found an opportunity to ask that little question which had been so long hovering awkwardly upon his lips, Lizzie was ready to give up the contest, and rest securely in an honest man's love, finding thus her better life.

"I have taken the chocolate for the sake of the true, sweet cream within," she said, blushingly, to her friend, after he had gone; and Kate, with a twinkle in her eyes, that was not all merriment, answered that she had done wisely.

Willowdale, with all its windows thrown open to the sunshine, with fresh paper on its mouldy walls, and half its gaunt trees replaced by flowering shrubs, is a delightful summer residence. There, year by year, the Carrolls forget the cares of the city, and there Kate, now a celebrated writer, but still, as she says, waiting for her cream chocolate, is a beloved guest. Whenever a rainy day obliges the children to take the attic for their play-ground, there is great sport in a certain closet, turning over its treasures of the past, and donning old-time finery, while a dark hole behind a shattered panel, makes a capital place of punishment for naughty dolls, or a not less capital place for hide-and-seek.

Aunt Debby still rules the kitchen, and a sprightly maiden called Lute spreads pure white linen in the breezy chambers; but the most attached servant about the place, is a young colored man, whose devotion to his master excites general observation. To the children and visitors he is known as Alonzo; but Kate and Lizzie sometimes, between themselves, designate him as—THE GHOST OF WILLOWDALE.

THE MAID AND THE RIVER.

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

SADLY she steered the drifting boat,
Over the ferry, day by day,
Watching the water-cresses float,
And the river running away,

With its great heart ever peaceful,
Swelled to joy with summer rain,
And her young soul full of trouble,
Only stirred by deeper pain,

Waiting vainly for the lover,
Who had wooed her for his wife;
As he lingered by the river,
Poisoning her pure young life.

Then what wonder that the river,
Came to be her only friend;
That at last beneath its quiver,
Her life's failure found its end.

Still the water ever rushes,
Though the maid has ceased to weep;
By the reeds its song it hushes,
Mindful of her dreamless sleep.

Heedless she of faithless lover,
Toil, or care, or grief, or pain;
See the lilies o'er her hover,
Shielding her from curious blame.

AT REST.

BY SYLVIE A. SPERRY.

SMOOTH back the tangled hair from off her brow;
She does not heed you now;
Cross the white hands upon the pulseless breast—
She is at rest.

"He doeth all things well," the Scriptures say;
We may not see the way;
Think only that in Heaven, with Jesus blest,
She is at rest.

For woman's life, at best, is one of pain,
And death is woman's gain;
And she has gone where pain will never come—
To Christ and home!

Let this one thought be solace in your grief,
And bring you sweet relief;
She is at rest—at rest for evermore—
All sorrow o'er.

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THE LOST INHERITANCE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER XIV.

"DOES Mr. Ingersoll live here?"

Maud had opened the door, and stood in front of the young stranger, blushing like a rose, while she made a futile effort to conceal the poverty of her home by blocking up the entrance with her own person.

"Yes, he is in, but—but engaged, I think."

The young gentleman did not seem in the least disposed to be sent away by this answer. He stood for a moment playing with a notty little cane which he carried in a daintily-gloved hand.

"I would like to see him, if he is not specially occupied," he said, smiling pleasantly. "It is a little matter of business, which will not detain him a moment."

"Let the young gentleman come in," said a calm voice at Maud's elbow, and the noble face of the old teacher appeared above the girl's shoulder.

Maud drew aside, blushing vividly, for she had recognized the young man, and his presence there surprised and startled her. What could Sir Charles Oakley want there?

"I have taken the liberty of calling. That is, my young artist friend, Mr. White, informs me that you are a teacher of languages."

"Yes, I teach, when pupils are to be had," answered Ingersoll. "Walk in."

The old man spoke with a slightly-hurried voice, and Maud saw that he was disturbed by the stranger's sudden appearance. She was herself almost breathless with surprise. The man, with his suave manner, and elegant attire, was a marvel to her. The table, with its red cover, stood in the center of the room, and near that was the old armed-chair. Maud observed, with a little thrill of wonder, that her grandfather went hurriedly up to the table, and removed the old Bible to a shelf of the corner cupboard, before he asked his visitor to sit down.

Sir Charles dropped into the great chair with easy grace, and rested his hand on the arm, as he cozily swung his slender cane to and fro while talking.

"I have been thinking of Mexico after I have seen your western country," he said, dropping pleasantly into the business that had brought him there. "Of course, I have studied Spanish, but have had so little practice in speaking, that I should travel at a disadvantage without some preparation. Could you give me a few lessons?"

The old man had been looking intently in his visitor's face while he spoke. For half a minute he dropped his eyes, and continued the strange reverie in which he had been wrapped.

"You were asking something of me, young gentleman," he said. "Will you repeat it? I did not quite comprehend."

The young man looked surprised, but repeated his question.

"I am a little rusty in my Spanish, and may have use for it soon. Can you give me lessons?"

Again the old man fixed his eyes on the baronet's face, and seemed to debate some question in his mind. He spoke at last with grave deliberation.

"Yes, young gentleman, I will give you lessons. How many will you require?"

The young man's face lighted up, and he smiled till you might have seen the edges of his white teeth gleam through the fair silkiness of his beard.

"I am much obliged to you, I am sure!" he said, leaning back in the great chair, as if it was his intention to prolong the interview. "About the lessons, that must depend, I fear, on the length of my stay in New York; but the uncertainty must be at my expense, of course, you know. We will arrange for a quarter."

The young man took out a portmonnaie, and was unclasping it; but Mr. Ingersoll made a swift, impatient gesture with his hand.

"Not now," he said. "We will speak of that another time."

The baronet gave a furtive glance around the room. With such evident poverty all around him, he could not understand this rejection of his money; but when he turned to urge it upon the teacher, the grave, almost stern, face that met his, checked the impulse, and, as if he had been forced to the action, he put the portmonnaie back into his pocket.

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"How often, and at what hour will it be convenient to receive me," he questioned.

"At any hour, and almost at any time," answered the old man, vaguely, as if he were thinking of something far away.

"Grandfather, you forget. Three evenings in a week you have a pupil," whispered Maud, eagerly.

"True, true!" answered the old man, passing a hand over his forehead. "Let me see, what evenings. Say twice in the week. I will reflect, and send you word."

"Thank you. I submit the arrangements to you. Would it be too much trouble to make out a list of books?"

Maud ran to the cupboard, and brought out a clumsy, glass inkstand, a steel pen, rusted at the point, and a scrap of paper. The old teacher took the pen, and attempted to write; but his hand refused to work, and lay motionless. At last he pushed the paper away.

"I will send the list," he said.

The young baronet arose: he had no excuse for a longer visit. "I will leave my address," he said, and, taking up the pen, he wrote a few words on the scrap of paper.

All this time Maud had been standing near the window, restless and disturbed. There was something in the young man's manner that brought a sort of unpleasant fascination over her. To her inexperience, he seemed a being of some other world, a creature to be admired and dreaded, but one that she found intensely interesting.

"May I ask you for a glass of water?" he said, turning to her with a sweet, differential smile.

Maud went to the cupboard, took the old glass, and, filling it from an earthen pitcher, handed it to the young man. He thanked her, and fell to examining the glass with a strange, puzzled look.

"Old Venetian, and——"

Before the young man could complete his sentence, or finish his examination of the glass. Mr. Ingersoll came forward, and took it from his hand.

"Bring another, Maud; this is too small," he said, dashing the water through the window.

Maud filled an humble little tumbler of greenish glass, and presented it, almost with tears in her eyes. She felt her grandfather's action as a rebuke, but could not understand what harm she had done in selecting an article that had been regarded with pride ever since she could remember.

Sir Charles just tasted of the water she gave him, and turned to go, a little puzzled, deeply interested, and altogether well pleased with the success he had met with. On the stairs he found little Maggie talking childish motherliness to a huge doll, composed of a cradle pillow, folded into infantine shape, with a baby's frock on, and the not over-clean pillow-case streaming down as a long under-skirt.

"How do you do, Mr gentleman," said the child, pulling down the skirts of her make-believe baby with motherly decorum.

"Ah, it is you, my little lass!" said the young man, rather pleased with the challenge to a conversation. "Well, what are you about now?"

"Tending baby. Not mar's—that's work; but my own, own child, that's just the darlingest of darlings!"

"It is, indeed, a wonderful creature," laughed the baronet, looking down upon the wild little damsel with genuine admiration, as those who love pictures feel for the children Murrillo loved to paint.

"Creature!" repeated Maggie, with high disdain. "Where do you find your babies, if this precious darling is a creature. Look at her dress now, made a purpose for mar's own baby. Then her feet—only she hasn't got none, not having shoes to put on if she had; but what's the odds, so long as she wears long skirts. Look now, Mr. gentleman, and don't call her a creature again." Here Maggie lifted up her doll triumphantly.

"Very well. What shall I call her?"

"Kitzewitzy! That's her name," answered Maggie.

"A wonderful name. Who gave it? The young lady up yonder?"

"What! Our Miss Maud? No, she didn't give it. When I asked her, she said, 'Call her Bridget, or something like that!' But mar said, 'No, babys were'n born Irish, leastwise not all of 'em: so we'd have a big poetry name, which is Kitzewitzy!"

"Then the young lady would not name your baby? How cruel of her," said the young man, adroitly leading the child back to the subject that most interested him.

"Cruel! What! Our Miss Maud? She ain't nothing whatsomever of the sort. Only you get sick, and see if she is."

"Upon my word it would be almost a pleasure to try the experiment!" muttered the young man.

"Only you get poor; have the ends of your fingers a sticking out of them lilac gloves; want your coat mended, or your stockings darned, and you'll see how cruel she is."

"Then you like Miss Maud?"

"Like her! Just you hear that, Kitzewitzy! He wants to know if we like Miss Maud. You can speak your own mind, darling—do it."

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"Is Kitzewitzy old enough to talk?"

"Yes,' answered Maggie; "but she won't, cause she thinks folks must be gooses to ask such things."

"Well, I think so, too."

"Do you, Mr. gentleman—earnest, now?"

"Indeed I do. The young lady is very handsome."

"Handsome! You hear that, Kitzy?" cried Maggie, beginning to trot her doll to Boston in high glee.

"A handsome, sweet——"

Maggie seized the word, and broke into a canter on the way to the Hub.

"Sweet as maple sugar. Hay! get along pony!"

"I have never seen a more lovely creature," continued the baronet, with more purpose than his light baby talk would seem to warrant, for he knew every word would be repeated by the little chatterbox.

"Haven't you?" cried the child, reining her steed up, with Boston in full sight, and holding the rag-baby out at arm's length. "Here, take Kitzy, while I run right up, and tell our Maudie."

The young man laughed, dropped a piece of gold into the child's lap, and hurried down stairs, feeling that he had planted his wild oats judiciously.

CHAPTER XV.

"LADY, permit me."

A gaunt, ill-clad man had advanced to Lady Oakley's carriage, and held his arm between her rich garments and the wheel, for it had rained in the night, and the streets were muddy. It happened that her footman was out of the way for a moment, and this stranger had assumed his place.

There was somethimg in the man's voice that startled the lady before placing her foot on the steps. She turned and looked at him with a keen flash of interest. He did not meet her eyes, but the face seemed to fascinate her as she gazed; there was something painfully worn and sad in it that touched her to the heart.

"You are very kind," she said, at last, gathering up her skirts, and stepping into the carriage, and, by the motion of her hand, it seemed as if she thought to offer him money, but something held her hand. She felt that this poor, shabby man had some grandeur still lingering in the ruins of his life, and respected it.

"Have I ever known you before?" questioned the lady, sweetly. "It seems so, but I cannot remember where or how."

"No, lady, you have never known me," answered the man, in a voice so lingering and pathetic that it thrilled her with strange pity. Obeying an impulse which she could neither resist or explain, the lady bent toward him, and spoke again.

"Should you need a friend, or anything that—that a friend can give, I shall be glad to thank you for this little service. My name is Oakley—Lady Oakley; and my rooms are at the Clarendon."

The man lifted his head now, and Lady Oakley saw that his great, black, almost cavernous eyes, were full of tears. Before he could answer, a young man came out of the hotel, with a slender cane in his hand. Stepping lightly down to the pavement, he approached the carriage, bending a haughty glance on the man who stood by it—a glance that took in his whole poverty-stricken appearance. Taking him for a beggar, importuning the lady against her wishes, he turned sharply upon him.

"Step back!" he said. "You are in the way!"

The man thus haughtily addressed did step back a single pace; but he halted there, and measured the young baronet from head to foot, with a pair of black eyes that seemed to burn beneath his stormy brows.

The young man, proud almost to insolence, resented the look, and, before his mother could interfere, struck the offender a light blow with his cane.

Quick as lightning, the cane was wrenched from his hand, broken in fragments, and cast under the horses' hoofs.

"I would fling you after it!" said the man. Then, all at once, his passion gave way, for an old lady, all velvet and ermine, with a long, white feather fluttering in her bonnet, came down the steps. The two men stood directly before her. The one young, with clearly-cut patrician features, handsome as a Greek statue; the other, tall, powerfully built, but gaunt, and worn with the hard passages of life. Each was the type of a class, and both were trembling with indignation.

The old lady looked from one to the other, and stopped short upon the pavement, motionless, save that her palsied old head kept shaking, and her tiny hands were flung out as if to ward off some evil. She had seen the broken cane, and the wrath that blazed in those two opposing faces. Had the blow been given her, she could not have withered under it more completely. But the dread of a greater evil aroused her

"You have not struck him! You have not dared!" she said, grasping the baronet's arm,

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while her head shook ominously, and her eyes were full of terror. "Tell me that you have not done anything to make this—this poor man angry!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the baronet, shaking off the hold she had fixed upon his arm, which was, after all, feeble as the touch of a butterfly. "Get into the carriage, and drive off. Do you wish to get up a scene here in the open street?"

"A scene! Oh, Heaven forbid!" gasped the old lady, turning to the man whose anger she seemed to dread, and speaking in a breathless way, "He did not mean it; I am sure he did not. There never was a kinder-hearted man than Sir Charles. For my sake——"

An impatient gesture from the man broke this entreaty short.

"For her sake, do be patient—be silent! And oh! if you have any mercy, leave us in peace."

"Mother!"

The poor little woman looked wearily around. She saw astonishment on the face of lady Oakley; a scornful sneer on the lips of her grandson. She knew well that neither of these persons had ever seen her interested in the weak or poverty-stricken before, and the thought made her tremble.

"For *her* sake go away. She does not know that you are living!"

"For her sake; but I warn you."

"No! no! How can you threaten a woman? Once it was not in your nature to be so cruel!"

"Nor is it yet. Go, madam, they are wondering what keeps you so long near a vagabond like me."

The man made a gesture, as if to lift his hat to Lady Oakley; but checked himself, and went away, with the old hat drawn over his forehead, and his poor, worn heart swelling with wrath and tenderness.

"Well, ladies, having edified the few people lounging near with our little war passage, I will take my leave," said the baronet, lifting his hat. "I must say that you, madam, have come out in a new character," he added, with graceful mockery. "It is the first time that any one has seen you as the defender of the down-trodden, I fancy. It must be the atmosphere."

With these words, in which there was more bitterness than the young man usually cared to throw into his speech, he walked away, while the carriage containing the two ladies swept on toward the Park.

Old Mrs. Rochester was greatly troubled in her mind. The sudden appearance of this man had filled her with absolute terror. Having forced himself upon them once, he might do it again and again, till the memory of her daughter was fully aroused. That it might even now assert itself she dreaded above all things. But for this fear she would not have found nerve to speak on the subject.

"Were you much frightened, my love?" she forced herself to say, in the softest of sweet tones.

"Frightened! No. The violence amounted to nothing," said Lady Oakley. "It was the indignity, that poor man felt most, I feel certain. A man must have sunk very far when he can receive a blow in the presence of a woman without feeling it. Charles was wrong. The poor man had only come forward to save my dress from the mud. Instead of importuning me for money, he shrunk even from my gesture, when I thought of offering it."

"Of course he would," exclaimed the old lady, with a little outburst of pride. "I mean, Americans do not receive alms like foreigners," she added, toning down the first bit of nature that had dawned in her heart for years.

"What were you saying to him, mamma? It seemed to me that you talked very earnestly," questioned Lady Oakley.

"Did I?" answered the old lady. "I dare say. The truth is, Beatrice, these American roughs, as they call them, are a dangerous class. I knew that it was useless to ask Sir Charles to conciliate the poor fellow, and I did my best. The revenge these persons take sometimes, for less than a blow like that, is frightful, I am told."

"He was very angry," said Lady Oakley; "but I should not fear him. There is no want of feeling under that rough exterior. Once, just before Charles came up, I saw tears in his eyes—such large, mournful tears; and all because I had spoken a few kind words to him."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Rochester, faint with dread.

"The man interested me," continued her ladyship. "I would not for the world have seen him wounded so. Charles was very rash. I called out, and strove to stop him; but it was all done in a second."

"Well! well!" said Mrs. Rochester, striving to speak cheerfully. "I sent him off appeased. You have nothing to fear or regret."

"Still I must fear my son's impetuous temper, and I must grieve that he has insulted an inoffensive man; but, perhaps, we may meet him again some day."

"Heaven forbid!" sighed the little lady, feeling herself strangely hemmed in and beset. "Dear me, what are you staring at so?"

"That couple on the garden-seat yonder, an

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old man and a girl, the most beautiful creature," said Lady Oakley.

"That girl in the blue merino dress?" exclaimed Mrs. Rochester, putting up her glass. "Dear me!"

"What is it? Do you know her?"

"Know her! How should I? Yes, she is pretty."

"Pretty! Why, the girl is absolutely beautiful. And the gentleman."

"Gentleman, Beatrice!"

"Yes, for poorly as he is dressed, I am sure that he is a gentleman. What a noble head he has. Strange, isn't it. But all day I have been troubled with strange faces, that seem as if they must have crossed my life before. Now, that is one."

"What—the girl?" faltered Mrs. Rochester.

"No, the man. His noble air—his mournful eyes, will haunt me," said Lady Oakley. "John," she added, to the coachman, "take a turn, and drive back this way; slowly, remember."

The coachman obeyed, and, directly, the ladies came in sight of the two persons, who had so completely enthralled Lady Oakley's attention again. They were still sitting on the garden-seat, gazing, with tranquil interest on the panorama of carriages that swept by them. They were quite alone, and seemed to be isolated from every one. Now and then, a pleasant word or two would be exchanged, then they would both sink into silence.

When the carriage passed these people a second time, Lady Oakley leaned forward, and gazed at them so earnestly, that her eyes caught a glance that almost brought a cry to her lips.

"What—what is the matter, my dear?" exclaimed the old lady.

"I do not know," answered Lady Oakley; "but something went through my heart like an arrow!"

Mrs. Rochester looked back for the cause of this inexplicable agitation. This time it was her turn to cry out.

"Heavens, Beatrice! what can this mean? Sir Charles knows these people. He has just joined them. See, there he stands, hat in hand, before that girl in the blue dress, as if she was an empress. What can it mean?"

"I do not know!" answered Lady Oakley, looking back. "It seems to me that we are all going wild!"

"Let us go home. I have had enough of the Park for one day," answered Mrs. Rochester. "As you hint, Beatrice, the place seems haunted."

"To me it is haunted," answered Beatrice, sadly; "but only as my dreams have been for years and years."

"What do you mean, child?"

"This moment, I believe my brother is alive!"

"Beatrice! What madness! After all these years!"

"Still I believe it; all the more because we have never heard from him. He was a proud, headstrong, rash man, ready to die or suffer for those he loved. Sometimes I fear he did suffer for us."

"Beatrice!" protested the old woman, and her voice was edged with a sharp cry. "You offend me—you wound me with these cruel surmises. Have you no regard for the feelings of a mother?"

Lady Oakley was scarcely so much troubled by this appeal as might have been expected. She had become accustomed to her mother's pathos, and, to a certain extent, understood its entire depth. She answered this appeal with more than usual firmness.

"Mother, where mystery exists, it is impossible to be content. Some things have happened in my life which I have never thoroughly understood. One of them is the fate of my brother. You know how he slaved for us—thought for us—gave up his life in its first prime for ours. You know also how he disappeared one night from our old home. You saw him then as I did, shaking with agitation, pallid as a ghost, pleading, as it seemed to me, for the forgetfulness of some wrong, or for love in spite of it. To me there was no need of that. He could have done nothing which his beautiful unselfishness would not have atoned for in my eyes. But what was his fate? In what way did he live, if he is alive, or die, if we must believe him dead?"

Mrs. Rochester did not reply at once. She was paralized by this burst of feeling in a woman so self-poised and calmly reticent as Beatrice had been since the day of her marriage with Sir Charles Oakley—the head of one of the grandest old families, and one of the wealthiest men in England.

At this period of her life, the half-brother who had come up with herself and her mother from the ruins of a Southern home, who had worked for them, and, as it were, by a miracle, won for them the luxuries and position which had seemed lost forever, had disappeared from his home in the darkness of the night, and disappeared forever. That night Beatrice remembered with pain through all her after life, for it was blended with another startling event in her existence. Only a few hours before her brother left his home so suddenly, she had pledged herself to become the wife of Sir Charles Oakley, knowing that he loved her with unutterable devo-

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tion—feeling that he deserved her love, and knowing, also, that never on this earth could it be given to him.

These two events, so full of pain, had gone, hand-in-hand, through all the splendor and power of her after life; and, when her husband died, she turned away from all this greatness, with a firm resolve to search out the fate of her brother, and of one person still more closely linked with her youth, whose after life was clouded with a mystery deep as that which hung about her only relative.

All this was distasteful, and fraught with anxiety to that little, old woman, who had been pampered into perfect selfishness, in the luxurious eminence of her daughter's European home, and who would gladly have put away every disagreeable thing connected with her previous life, even the fact that she was born an American. That she was the mother of an English baronet's widow, and the grandmother of the handsome young man who held the title now, was glory enough for her. Why should she help to rake up the ashes of a past life, which had been so near to disgrace, and so full of peril? She had rescued herself and her daughter from utter ruin then; was she to take up the shame now, because a man had sacrificed himself once, and was suffering now? The old lady had been a woman of calm, steady nerves once; but the possibility that these old troubles might be brought back upon her flimsy old age, shook her courage now.

CHAPTER XV.

Lady Oakley was a proud woman. She prized the power of place, and the consciousness of personal influence, more than she had regarded the wonderful beauty that had won these things for her. But she had none of those *parvenu* tastes that make extravagant luxuries the first objects of desire with many people. To her they were a part of the stale, secondary belongings of her influence, sometimes to be thrown off with a sense of relief, as we let pure air into an apartment overladen with perfumes. In coming to this country, Beatrice had sought relief from an existence absolutely overburdened with affluence. She longed for the repose of absolute simplicity, and would gladly have accepted some of the privations that had disturbed her young life, could she have taken back the freshness of heart which made them heard to bear.

But, with her mother, all was different. The highest object she had ever known in life was compassed by personal vanity, not the less intense because it was quiet, and those luxurious surroundings, demanded by a sensuous nature, absorbed in its own gratification. The pride of a brilliant mind, and ambitious longings in Beatrice, was simple vanity in the mother. Beatrice aspired to influence men and women; Mrs. Rochester was content to soothe and cajole them. Still she had a natural taste for beauty of form and color, an inordinate craving for luxurious surroundings. The highest aspiration of her nature was to astonish crowds and groups with the splendor which could never pall on her.

Thus it happened, that the rooms Lady Oakley inhabited in the Clarendon were perfect pictures in themselves. Even for a week, the old lady could not bring herself to a level in this respect with common humanity. She had sold her daughter for a price, and, so long as she had the physical power to enjoy that price, should be paid to the utmost.

Thus it happened, as I have said, that few palaces have the elegant comforts with which the old woman had surrounded herself, in less than a week after she had landed in her native country. With unrestricted command of money, she could do fairy work without limit, if it so pleased her. It had pleased her, and the most dainty boudoir of Ashford, surpassing in nothing but old pictures, perhaps, the apartments she had fitted up in the hotel.

Beatrice had looked on this arrangement with a little good-natured scorn; but she had not interfered. If this display pleased her mother, she was content with it. Thus, on the morning after that ride in the Park, the ladies and Sir Charles were at breakfast together in a little parlor hung with frosty lace, under colored silk curtains, and covered with a carpet that looked like thickly fallen snow, on which blooming flowers had been cast almost at random; china that seemed too delicate for the touch; frosted silver, and exquisitely-cut crystal glittered on the table, while Sir Charles Oakley lounged back in his chair, and Mrs. Rochester pecked daintily at a bird which a hearty Yankee farmer would have swallowed, bones and all, at a single mouthful.

"My dear Sir Charles!" said the old lady, giving a morsel of her bird to a Skye terrier, which stood watching each mouthful that she swallowed, with soft brown eyes, that roved and shone greedily under the long, yellow hair that fell over them. "My dear Sir Charles, do tell me who were those people we saw you talking with in the Park yesterday? I really am anxious to know."

Sir Charles had a quiet habit of ignoring any question which his grandmother might trouble him with in careless silence. Just now he called

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the dog to his corner of the table, and tantalized him with a piece of white meat from the breast of a spring chicken.

Mrs. Rochester's head began to vibrate so threateningly, that her mite of a blonde breakfast-cap quivered like a huge butterfly over her puffs and curls.

"Charles! Charles! Don't! You know how careful I have to be with that little creature."

"Nonsense, dear gran! You are starving him! There!"

The bit of white meat dropped; the terrier's eyes and jaws snapped, and then he was on his hind legs, with both paws hanging meekly down, begging for more.

Sir Charles cut another slice, about the size and thickness of a common wafer, and held it up. The dog gave a leap, so did the old lady, and caught him in her arms.

"There!" she said, laying the pretty animal tenderly in the arms of a servant in waiting. "Take him to my boudoir. I—I am surprised, Sir Charles, that you will peril his life so, when I have told you, over and over again, that overfeeding makes him ill."

The little lady was in earnest now. Though her heart was hard as rock, she had a tender place in it for the dog, such as granite gives to the toad, which it enfolds and buries for years.

"Did you tell me? But then I am so forgetful!" said the young man, with a careless little sneer, which left his lips the moment Lady Oakley addressed him.

"Your grandmother is not answered yet," she said. "She was asking you about some persons we saw you talking with in the Park yesterday—an old gentleman, and a young girl. Who were they?"

The color mounted slowly into the young man's face as he answered.

"It was a person to whom I have been recommended as a Spanish teacher."

"A Spanish teacher!" exclaimed the lady, evidently surprised. "Why, you have no need of one."

"That is where a mother's partiality comes in," said Sir Charles, laughing. "Now, I am getting awfully rusty in all gentlemanly accomplishments—this among the rest."

"What is the teacher's name?" inquired the lady, with a nervous catch of the breath.

"Ingersoll."

A shade of disappointment crossed Lady Oakley's face.

"I do not know the name," she said, in a sad, musing way.

The young man heard her, though she spoke in an undertone, and broke into a soft laugh.

"I did not suppose you would, my lady, inasmuch as I found him in the forth story of a tenement-house, in a room so bare of comforts that my offer was, in fact, a masked charity."

"In the fourth floor of a tenement-house—that man and the girl? Does she live with him there?"

"I really do not know, as she came into no part of our arrangement."

"She is very beautiful—dangerously so," reflected the mother, with a shade of anxiety in her look.

"Is she? I did not particularly observe," said Sir Charles, rising from the table.

Mrs. Rochester was incapable of understanding a great plan, or a noble act; but a fellow-feeling taught her to detect artifice, as no high-minded person could have done. The red flush on the young man's face, the pretence at careless ease, aroused all her own inherent cunning. She knew that Ingersoll's face was the one that had startled her on her visit to that tenement-house, and also remembered that a young girl had been mentioned, more than once, as living there, she thought, with him. A certain, vague terror, that had seized upon her then, returned with force now. Was this the man whose resurrection she dreaded? Had Sir Charles, by some evil chance, gained free access to the house which contained that other most dangerous man?"

While asking these questions of herself, the old lady watched her grandson with keen scrutiny. She saw that he was amazed by the questions that had been asked him—that his graceful ease was all assumed. Here was a new source of trouble for her, all springing out of Lady Oakley's obstinate determination to come back to her native land.

While the mother was reflecting, Lady Oakley addressed her son again.

"Where do you propose taking these Spanish lessons, Charles?" she questioned, as if her mind had been dwelling on the subject with some solicitude.

"I scarcely know. There was nothing settled about that. In fact, as I have told you, it was all a little device to help a poor, struggling family. I shall probably pay the old fellow for a quarter in advance, and be called away on something. Since you have made it of so much importance, I begin to feel the whole thing a bore!"

Lady Oakley seemed a little disappointed with this termination of the subject. It had interested her unaccountably, and, though free of the suspicions that horrified her mother, she could not cast it from her mind.

"If you should arrange to take lessons here,

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I, perhaps, might join you. My Spanish, really, is escaping me."

"Here!" cried the young man, casting a half-scornful look around the room. "You must have a taste for contrasts, when you propose it, mother. Why his garments are threadbare—absolutely darned, or patched, or whatever you call it."

Lady Oakley smiled. She was far above the petty pride of claiming any birth or extra refinement, save that of a well-bred Republican lady.

"You ought to remember, Charles, that I was married into Ashford, not born there. Darned and even patched clothes are neither a novelty or a horror to me."

Sir Charles answered, at first with a forced laugh, then in half-jeering words, the nearest approach to disrespect that he had yet dared to offer his proud mother.

"A new declaration of independence," he said. "The atmosphere of this free land is having its effect. What say you, grandmother? Shall we receive this seedy old gentleman here?"

"Here! By no means. I could not endure it!" answered the old lady, while her little hands worked nervously among the folds of her dress. "Think of him, with the odors of a tenement-house hanging in his dress, sitting on these cushions, and tramping across this carpet. Beatrice did not mean it, I'm sure."

"I must confess," rejoined the young man, "my ideas of benevolence did not extend so far. So, if my lady mother has no objection, I will drop the old man his money, and all thoughts of his lessons at the same time."

Lady Oakley made no reply. She was thinking of something so far back in her life, that words spoken close by her made no impression, The old lady was more keenly on the alert. She divined at once that Sir Charles had feigned indifference, in order to free himself from importunity.

"He is going to that house," she thought, in a panic; "and it is that girl who takes him there. Oh, if that wretched person would only take himself away."

CHAPTER XVI.

The picture progressed famously. It was a labor of love to that young artist, and, being so, the great genius which had been so long struggling for expression, blazed up, and burnt itself on the canvas. Still there was danger that the passion which enkindled his genius should baffle it also. The perfect loveliness of his chief sitter; the grace that charmed him, seemed so far above the reach of his ability, that he was in danger of working out all the original strength of his outlines; but here the old gentleman came to his aid, and checked this finishing process, while the life and power were vivid on the canvas. The old man protested, again and again, with truth, too, that he was no artist, and had only got a little knowledge of pictures at random; but he saved all the telling points in White's great work from over-polish, and, in the process, got to loving the picture almost as if it had been a living thing.

As this man got interested in the art, he gradually began to trust the artist. At first he always came to the sittings, and remained till they were over; but he had another pupil now, who occasionally dropped in at morning, and some unacknowledged feeling of caution made the old gentleman more willing that Maud should go to the studio with only little Maggie for protection, than that she should be present while Sir Charles Oakley took his fragmentary lessons.

Little Maggie liked this. She had been charged by her mother, in the most earnest way, to take good care of Maud, and liked the dignity of the position immensely.

"Don't you never leave her alone one minute," said Mrs. Thorp, to whom the delicacies of social life were unknown. "She's too harnsome for any gentleman to have a chance to tell her so, while we can help it. So you set right down at her feet, and keep back their flatterous tongues."

Maggie received these directions with her great, blue eyes opening wide, and her little fist clenched, as if she were ready to give battle on the instant. More than once she nodded her head approvingly, and resolved, in her valiant mite of a heart, to protect the beautiful girl intrusted to her so well, that no one should turn to look at her in the street, if indignant frowns could prevent it—a thing, the child told her mother, that ever-so-many gentlemen were in the habit of doing, when they two went out together. That young gentleman with lilac gloves, most of any. Somehow that man seemed to be prowling about in the streets all the time, looking at Maud. Well, Maggie couldn't tell just how he did look, but she didn't like it, nohow.

When this young gentleman's name was mentioned, Mrs. Thorp became greatly exercised.

"Look here, Maggie," said she, laying the baby in its cradle, and standing up the better to impress her words on the child, "when that English big-bug is about, just you keep every eye in your head wide open. In my opinion he's a wolf."

"What—what's that?" said Maggie, startled

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by the fierce emphasis laid on the word. "What is a wolf, mar?"

"A creature that worries and bites folks?"

"Dear me!"

"That prowls around hen-coops, as this English fellow prowls around tenement-houses, that have sich girls as Maud in 'em!"

"Oh, the wretch!" exclaimed Maggie.

"Keep your eyes—all your eyes, on him, Maggie."

Maggie put her hands up to her head, as if impelled to count up her supply of optics at once.

"Don't even let yourself wink when he's about," said the matron.

Maggie strained her eyes, till the white lids almost disappeared. Mrs. Thorp finished by a solemn confidential admonition.

"Remember, my child," she said, "we are the oldest inhabitants of this house. People look up to us."

Here Maggie let her eyelids loose for a moment, and nodded her head.

"They know that we are the only family that Mr. Ingersoll, who is a gentleman every inch of him, 'sociates with, as the equal of himself."

"Yes, they ought ter know that, cause he does," said Maggie.

"They know when gentlemen or ladies come to these premises, it's always here they stop," said the mother.

"Just so, mar. True as a book."

"Therefore, Maggie!"

"Yes, therefore!"

Maggie liked the word, and repeated it with emphasis.

"Therefore, Maggie, take wonderful good care of Miss Maud. She's innercent as a child; don't know no more of the sinfulness of this wicked world than a white lily, brought up in the shade."

"Adzacly," said Maggie.

"So remember your promise, dear, and always respect your father and mother!"

Maggie received this little digression with profound respect, and replied earnestly.

"Well, mar, I do that! Now, don't I?"

"You must, Maggie, because it's Screpter, every word of it."

"Oh, my! I never knew that! Scriptur is it?"

"So you attend to what I say, 'cause, he that doesn't obey his parents—she either, remember—is in danger of——"

"Of what?" said Maggie, terribly impressed by he mother's solemnity.

"Fire!" answered the dame, leaving out the stronger word, out of respect to Maggie's tender age.

Maggie gavs a little jump back from the stove and hurriedly turned over the folds of her dress, sniffing suspiciously, but finding neither smoke nor smell of burning, subsided into a listening attitude again.

"You can go now. I hear Miss Maud a-coming down stairs; but, remember," said the matron, impressing each word with her outstretched finger.

"I will," answered Maggie, waving her own tiny fore-finger.

"Maggie, dear—are you ready?"

It was Maud Ingersoll's voice—and Maud herself stood on the threshold, fresh and blooming as a whole armful of wild roses.

"Here I am, Maudie, all ready. Good-by, mar. I'll remember."

Maggie did remember just as long as it was possible for her to keep awake; but the day was rather warm, and the studio more than usually quiet. The constant motion of that little brush, so swift, yet so monotonous, was like a lullaby to her. At first she forgot her promise, and began to wink; then the white lids, so transparent that you could almost see a tinge of azure underneath, drooped, and their long, brown lashes curled together. By degrees the little girl settled down in a new position, that threatened to spoil the grouping.

"Shall I wake her?" said Maud, stooping a little.

"Not for the world! Poor thing! let her sleep!"

A bright rush of color swept up to the young man's face, and for a minute or two he dashed away at his canvas as if he meant to finish the picture during the next two minutes.

By-and-by the brush was laid down with the pallet, and young White stole softly toward the platform on which Maud sat, with the sleeping child at her feet.

"Wouldn't you like to take a look at yourself?" he said, softly, and blushing like a girl.

Maud looked down at the sleeping child, and shook her head a little regretfully.

"She won't wake. See, now, I will rest her down on this."

White took the cushion from a ponderous old chair, and lifting the child's head, laid her softly upon it. Then Maud softly disengaged her skirts, and went up to the easel, shrinking, and delightfully afraid that something mysterious was about to happen.

"It does not do you the least justice, of course," he said, looking into her eyes. "But no one could expect that."

"But it does, indeed! I never was half so

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lovely," she answered, in a sweet, breathless way.

Lovely! I think—— No, I will not tell you what I think."

Maud looked at him in innocent wonder, a moment, before her eyelids had drooped under his ardent gaze, now they opened wide. White seemed almost angry with himself, perhaps with her. He saw that she was startled, and took her hand so gently, that she would not have known it but for the strange thrill that went, like a flash of wine, through her veins.

"Yes, Maud, I will tell you."

The girl began to tremble, as a flower shakes when the dew falls into its heart. She could not have lifted her eyes for the world.

"Maud!"

Her lips grew red as pomegranate blossoms, and distilled a little, as they do, when honey-bees rifle them.

"Maud, am I making you angry?"

"No!" Her whisper was low and sweet.

"Should I make you very angry if—if I said, Maud Ingersoll, I love you better than myself, better than anything on this broad earth. Look up, darling, and say that you are not really angry because I love you so."

She did look up, only for an instant, the next he held her close to his heart, so close that she could feel it heaving against his breast like a bird so full of song that it pants to soar and give its music to the world.

"Do you—do you guess how I love you?"

The girl said, "yes;" but the sweet word for which he listened, was scarcely more than a delicious sigh.

"And you love me? Say it just this once, I so long to hear it."

"I—I can't—I—— Yes, I do—I do!"

"Thank God! Oh, my darling—my wife!"

Again that thrill went through her, exquisite even to pain.

"Your wife!" she said, in a soft, dreamy whisper. "How strange! How strange!"

"It does seem strange that human beings can be so happy," he answered. "You are happy, darling?"

"Very happy!"

With kisses burning on his lips he sought hers; she made a faint, trembling struggle, and then, with a little cry of distress, broke from his arms.

Little Maggie had awoke, and sitting up on the cushion, was gazing at them with all her might. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

IN THE ARBOR.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

Put aside the trailing fullness of the Summer's heavy vine,
With its prophesy of harvest, and its ruby-colored wine;
Let the crystal sunshine filter on your shoulder and your brow,
While I read from out the future, as it seemeth to me now.

From the yellow-hearted heaven all its glories westward burn,
And you follow with your fancy as your busy glances turn,
With a wordless vow upon you, where its purple curtains fold,
You will smite a triple miser, and will gather up his gold.

There is strength upon your forehead, with its fervent purpose set,
But the faintly swooping lashes with a maiden tear are wet.
And a curse that falters breathless on the lips that, voiceless, speak,
Is the mirror of a bosom woman-strong and woman-weak,

You have sworn to scathe the borders of a long-contested field;
You will bear away its trophies on your banner and your shield;
You will twine your hero-laurels in a chaplet-gift of green,
And the harvest-glow shall whiten it to lay before your queen.

Bind your fancy for a moment, for the light has crossed your brow,
And the shadows of the lilacs throw their mantle o'er us now,
As the girdle of a sorrow may unfurl its dark eclipse
E'er the wine of coming conquest shall be wet upon your lips.

Yet I say, with all the fullness of a word that cannot die,
There's a crescent for your earnest, looming up against the sky,
And before the golden billows shall be folded in the west,
It shall bear the golden fullness, like a jewel, on its breast.

A BETTER LAND.

Thank God, there is a "better land,"
Beyond the dreary tomb;
Where Sorrow's cup is never drained,
And joys eternal bloom!

There, when my weary task is done,
And life's last page complete,
Oh! shall I wander still alone
In Heaven's golden street?

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give first, this month, a pretty, stylish, and effective costume in percale. The under-skirt is

perfectly plain, and the material is striped percale—our design calls for a buff and blue percale. The over-dress is of solid blue percale, and is made in a Polonaise, rounding off short in front, like a short basque, to the waist. The long apron-front is cut entirely separate, is put upon a waistband, and worn as an apron under the Polonaise. The whole is trimmed with a plaited ruffle, four inches wide, headed with a narrow bias band of the material, stitched down with the machine. Sleeves tight to the elbow, with a plaited ruffle, six inches wide, at the back of the sleeve, rounding off to three inches on the inside of the arm The bodice is cut heart-shaped in front, and a collaret of Swiss muslin, edged with Valencia lace, is worn with the dress. On the left side a sash, made of the blue percale, is worn, consisting of one long loop, and two ends. Six yards of striped material for the under-skirt, and nine yards of plain blue will be required. Percales can be bought from twenty-five to fifty cents per yard.

Next we give a breakfast-dress, also of striped percale, one of the narrow black and white, brown and white, or any other color. So numerous and pretty are they, that it is almost impossible to select one that will not make a charming breakfast-wrapper. The trimming is of a solid color, corresponding with the color of the stripe in the material, and is cut on the bias, and

stitched on as seen in the cut. Coat-sleeves, with a deep cuff of the same, moulds covered for

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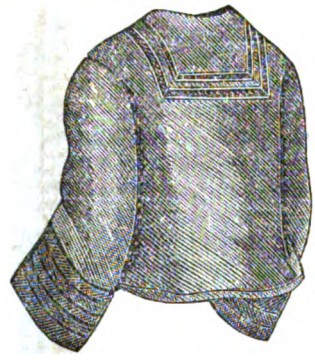
the buttons. The shape of the wrapper is gored in front, and fulled into the waist at the back. The pockets may either be entirely of the solid color or striped, as in the design, with the pointed lappet falling over. Ten yards of striped percale, and one and a half yards of solid color, will be required.

Next, we give a dress for a little girl of from ten to twelve years. It is made of a solid pink percale, trimmed with gray of the same material. The skirt is made plain, and of the pink ma-

terial, and is ornamented with a flounce, cut straight, and put on in side plaiting, with a heading, separated by a narrow bias band of the pink. The flounce is of Gray. The waist is plain, with narrow coat-sleeves. Over this waist is made an apron, with bretelles. The apron is trimmed with a plaiting of the gray, three inches deep, to correspond with the skirt. A bow and ends, of gray, are added at the back, where the apron fastens. Six yards of pink percale, and four yards of gray, will be required.

We also give the front and back view of a pretty sailor jacket, for a little boy from six to eight years old. It is of gray, or navy-blue flannel, trimmed with black braid, edged with

white. Fine white flannel, trimmed in the same way, with Knickerbocker pants, makes a handsome suit for a boy of this age.



We conclude wiih a dress of white pique, for a little miss from twelve to fourteen years. The skirt is trimmed with a goffered flounce of per

cale, six inches deep; over this is added a second flounce, scalloped on the edge, and bound with

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a soft braid, put on with a cord, forming a heading to stand-up. This second flounce is to be four inches deep, and two inches for the heading and cord; to be made of the white percale. The basque is cut quite long, scalloped and bound to match the skirt. Coat-sleeves, with a turned-back cuff; square, sailor collar, and at the back a nude of black velvet ribbon. If preferred, the binding of the flounces and of the scallops of the basque may be of black worsted braid, which washes well, or the whole may be trimmed with Hamburg-worked flouncings. Eight yards of pique, and two yards of white percale, or Victoria lawn, for the flouncing.

WALL-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER

Materials: Gray ticking or linen, white flannel, red woolen, middle-sized cord, red woolen tape, one and a quarter inch wide, red, Berlin wool, and silk.

This pocket is suitable to be hung up in a dressing or housekeeper's room. It is large enough to hold a neat ironing-board for ironing small articles, such as ribbons, collars, cuffs, etc. The small pocket at the top is to hold the iron-holder, a cloth, sponge, etc., for damping the required articles. The pocket requires three pieces of gray ticking, each eleven inches wide, the back part twenty-six inches high, the large pocket part twenty inches high, and the small one eight inches high. The corners at the upper short side of the largest part and the small pocket part are each cut off from four inches in the height to six and a half inches in the width at the upper edge; on the pocket part the upper edge is rounded out one and a half inch, and bound with red woolen tape. A like binding edges the large pocket, rounded out also one and a half inch deep. Both pockets are embroidered in red woolen cord, or narrow braid. The edges are stitched firmly together, and trimmed with a quilling of red braid. Bows of red braid complete the ornamentation. Two loops of red cord are sewn at the upper corners to suspend the pocket.

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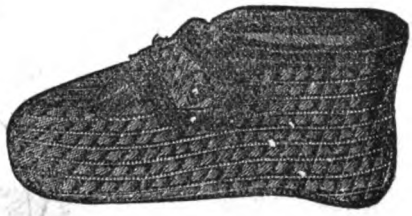
INFANTS' SHOES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



These pretty shoes may be made of quilted satin, and bound with velvet, or of plain silk, or velvet, embroidered with silk, and bordered with fur.

CAMBRIDGE JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, a pretty jacket for out-door wear. It is very short, falls square, and is double-breasted. The sleeves are very wide at the wrists. This pattern consists of front, collar *a revers*, back, and sleeve. The notch in front of the armhole, marks the place for the front

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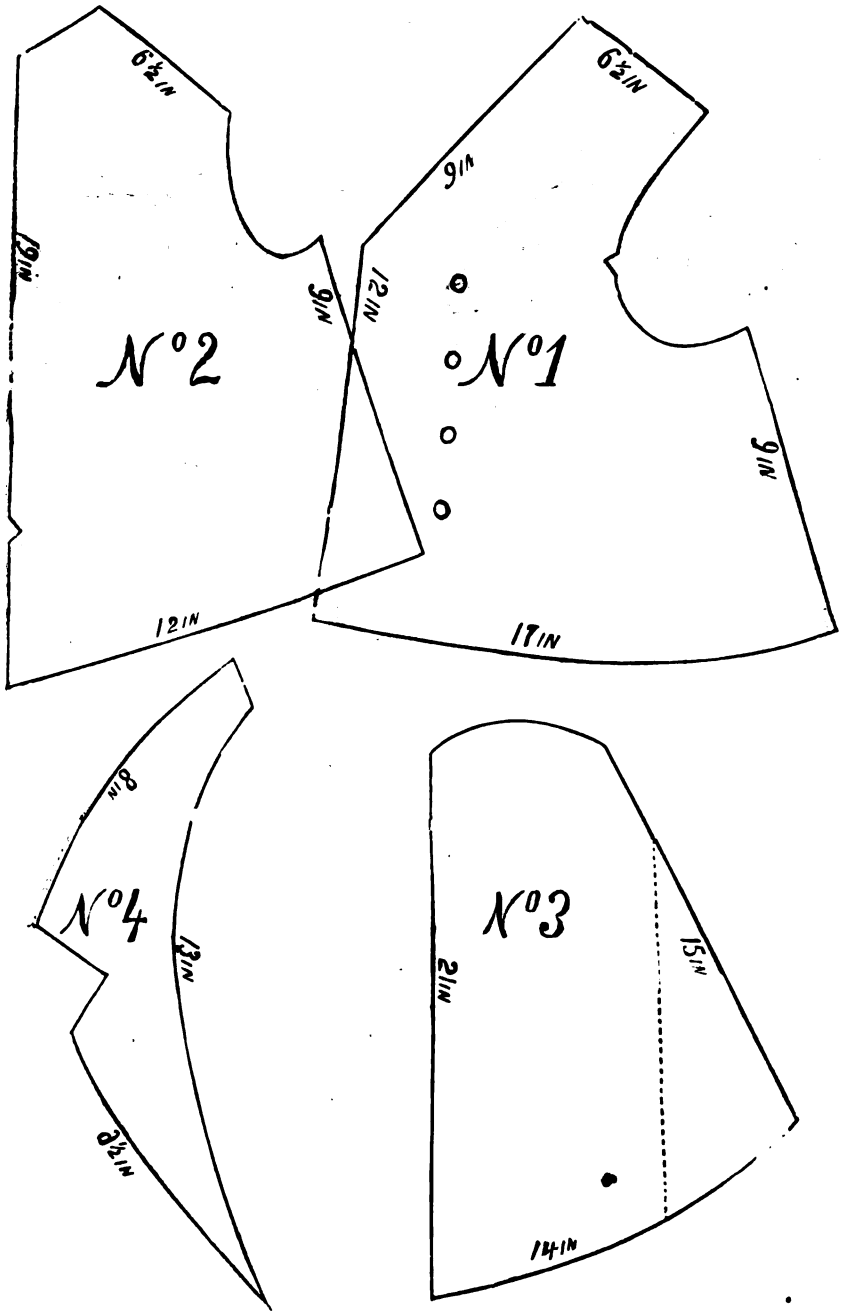
seam of the sleeve. The back is to be cut open in the middle as far as the notch. The on the sleeve by a row of pricking. This is a very pretty pattern, and the diagram which ac-



places for buttons and button-holes are all marked; and we have indicated the revers companies the engraving, will enable a lady to cut it out and fit it herself.

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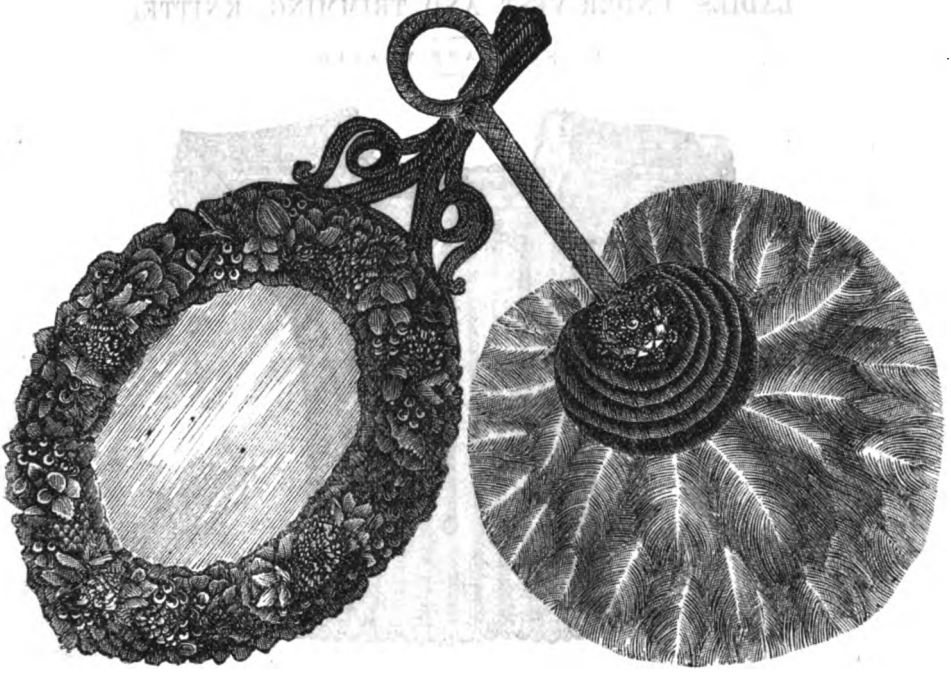
FEATHER-FAN AND HAND-GLASS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



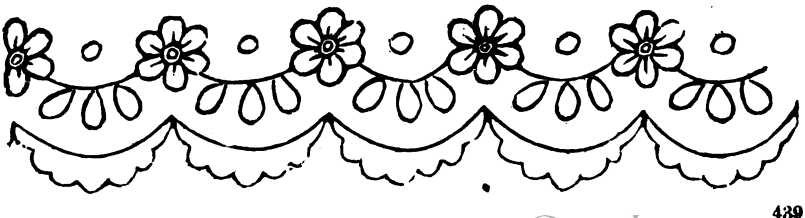
Materials for Hand-Glass: Pine cone, acorns, fir-apples.

The border round this glass is of the well-known mosaic, so much admired by some of our readers, with the new addition of juniper-berries. These are each strung on a wire stalk one and a half inch long, the end of which is bent over to prevent the berry from slipping off: the stalk is then to be twisted over with brown silk. Five or six berries give the required bunches seen. The border, two and a half inches wide, is sewn in the usual way on a cardboard frame, one and a quarter inch wide. The border, in this instance, is purely ornamental, as the glass must, of course, be firmly fixed into a strong wooden frame, upon which the border, made to the exact size and shape, is glued. The handle is of carved wood.

Materials for Feather-Fan: Cardboard, the white breast feather of a turkey, thick flower wire, glass, and steel beads.

The foundation of this fan is of two circles of cardboard, measuring three and a half inches in diameter, and covered with white glazed calico. The feathers must be washed in lukewarm soap-and-water, and dried. They are then sewn to the foundation; care being taken to choose the sizes, so as to preserve the shape of the fan. The feathers at the edges measure 5½ inches long, so that the fan, when complete, is 9 inches in diameter. The handle is of strong wire, twisted over tightly with ribbon, and again twisted over with strings of beads. Each side of the foundation is ornamented with a large rosette of quilled ribbon of two shades, finished with a button covered with silk, and ornamented with beads.

EDGING.



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LADIES' UNDER-VEST AND TRIMMING, KNITTED.

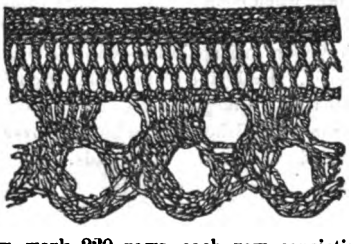
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Materials: Two ounces split zephyr, white, five small bone knitting-needles.

Cast on 300 stitches, divided equally over four pins, as for a stocking. Knit four rows plain.

5th Row: Make one, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over. Repeat.

6th to 11th Rows: Knitted plain. In knitting the last of these six rows, a stitch of the cast-on stitches must be caught up, and worked off with each stitch of the row in progress. This forms the pointed double edge.



Now work 220 rows, each row consisting of knit two, purl two, as for ordinary ribbed knitting. This reaches to the armhole. Now divide the stitches in equal numbers on two pins, and continue the ribbed knitting in rows backward and forward on each separate part, for 110 rows, then cast off all but sixteen stitches at the end of each part, and work these sixteen stitches in rows backward and forward in plain knitting, for 110 rows, then join it to the opposite side of the vest. This forms the shoulder-strap. For the sleeve cast on twenty-two stitches, and work backward and forward in plain knitting, until you have the length required for the armhole. In casting off, with every stitch, catch up one stitch of the side-edge. This will form the gusset. The sleeve may then be sewn or knitted to the armhole.

Edge—Abbreviations.—K, knit; P, purl; S, slip; M, make; KTB, knit two together at the back.

Knitting two together at back is done thus:—Put the wool in front of the pin as for purling, insert the pin through the two stitches (passing it under the left-hand pin, instead of over, as in purling) and knit them off together.

Cast on nine stitches.

1st Row: S two, K two, M one, KTB, M three, KTB, K one.

2nd Row: M one, KTB, K one, P one, K three, M one, KTB, P two.

3rd Row: S two, K two, M one, KTB, K five.

4th Row: M one, KTB, K five, M one, KTB, P two.

5th and 6th rows: Like the 3rd and 4th rows.

7th Row: S two, K two, M one, KTB, K two, M three, KTB, K one.

8th Row: M one, KTB, K one, P one, K five, M one, KTB, P two.

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9th Row: S two, K two, M one, KTB, P two, K five.

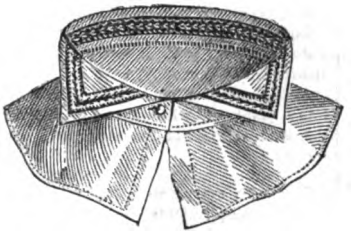
10th Row: K nine, M one, KTB, P two.

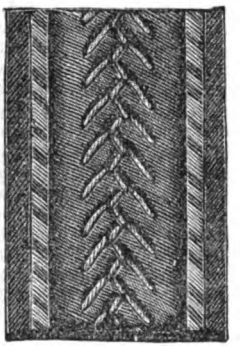
11th Row: S two, K two, M one, KTB, M three, KTB.

The five stitches remaining are to be cast off thus:—Slip three on to the right-hand pin, pass the fifth over the fourth, take the third back on to the left-hand pin, pass the fourth over it; take the second, pass the third over it, take the first, pass the second over it. The stitch now remaining is knitted plain. Repeat from 2nd row.

LADY'S LINEN COLLAR-BORDER IN FULL SIZE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

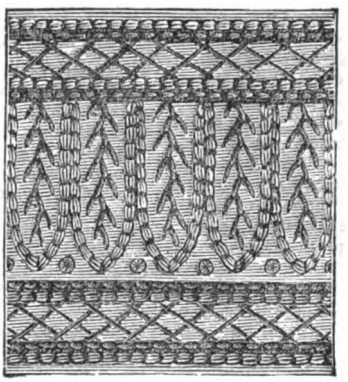




Our design shows the trimming in the full size. It is of a strip of linen, edged on either side with crossway stripes of black-and-white striped cambric, and herring-boned with black ingrain cotton. This collar is suitable for slight mourning.

BORDER IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This pattern in border embroidery is worked in two shades of purse-silk. It is very neat and pretty, and suitable for ornamenting jackets dresses, etc.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Dress and its Uses.—One of our English contemporaries begins a philippic against the manners of the age, by asserting that "the devotees of fashion may be defined as a class of would-be refined people, struggling perpetually to separate themselves from the fancied vulgar." It seems to us this is but a partial and illiberal way of looking at the matter. To make dress the supreme object of our attention, or to blindly follow fashion in her whims and caprices in our clothes, the furnishing of our houses, or in our manners, is simply to show the vain consciousness and imitative quality of the ape. But dress is as much the expression of a man or woman's character as his face or voice; and according to the nature or education will it be decent, slovenly, full of grace and beauty, or an annoyance to the eye of the passer-by. Nothing is easier than to ridicule the extravagances of fashion; but what caviler would assert that the dress-suit worn by a gentleman in the evenings of the present time, fine in texture, and faultless in fit, must cover a man meaner in culture, in spirit, or in the aims of his life, than the moccasins, breech-cloth, and hunting-shirt of his ancestor? Just as a nation has advanced in culture and knowledge of the world outside of its own boundaries, it throws aside the ancient costumes established by precedent, and shifts its fashions with each changing season. The Egyptian peasant, while he turned up his field for centuries with the plough of the days of Moses, and ground his corn as did Ruth, the Moabitess, between two flat stones, was content to wear their dress; but as soon as he heard the crinkle of a newspaper, or smelled the smoke of the steam engine, he began to long for the trousers and high hat of the European.

Change in fashion is simply the expression of an awakened intellect, groping in small things as in great for something better than it has known; and the use for a manual of fashion, such as we offer is, not to dictate to women any rule which they must blindly follow, but to afford such knowledge of varying costumes, and the manner of making them, that each may clothe herself appropriately, according to her appearance of age, or even mood.

Why should not a woman's purity of mind, her quick eye for color, her æsthetic sense of fitness, be disclosed in her attire as well as in the pictures on her walls or her garden? Very few of us will ever carve a great statue, or paint a great picture, but we all have clothes to wear; and it is a duty we owe to ourselves and those around us, to so drape the bodies God has given us, as to make no discord in this beautiful, pleasant world. All of us have friends, or, it may be, children, with whom we would have a fair and tender memory. Carelessness and bad taste in dress, so far from being indicative of strength of mind, argues a certain vulgarity of feeling, just as vanity and foppery, on the other hand, prove a weak brain. Wise men or women make their dress so thoroughly in accordance with their person and character, that nobody notices it any more than the frame of a picture; but to be clothed shabbily, in the hopes that our inner perfections will overshadow our dress, is but the extreme of vanity. There is a story told of Girard, the famous painter, who presented himself to Lanjuinais, then of Napoleon's council, in a slovenly dress, and was left a long time in the antechamber. Lanjuinais, however, after detecting his wit and talent in conversation, treated him most cordially, and escorted him to the door, giving him as benediction, this advice, "My dear boy, we take leave of an unknown person according to his merit; but we receive him according to his dress. Why should you wear a mask, and that mask a bad one?"

The Honeysuckle, as a standard, is one of the most regularly flowered climbers in cultivation. We suggest it, on that account, to our fair correspondent, Alice, in reply to her inquiry, as taking rank for effect, and surpassing in many points (odor for instance) even the gorgeously colored *clematises*, which are in every modern garden. As a standard, the Honeysuckle merits the very foremost place in our gardens. "We have seen it with thousands of flower umbels in pale yellow and pale pink, decorating villa grounds in a way that no single plant in the month of July can do," says an eminent horticulturalist. "It is scarcely possible, in words, to portray its extreme beauty and effectiveness. Buy a plant of it, train or tie it to a stout stake, as one would do a standard rose; prune it not too severely, but in the way a Hebrid China Rose ought to be done; give it a good soil to grow in, and it needs no further attention. It will grow into a plant that will astonish, by its flowering capacity, thousands and tens of thousands that have not seen it so trained."

Salt.—To every person whose diet consists largely of bread or its equivalents, common salt is a positive necessity. It is a universal constituent of animal bodies, so universal that unless an animal can acquire it in one way or another, that animal cannot live. Widely diffused all over the world, it is taken up, too, by the roots of vegetables, and may also be found in their ashes. Dietically regarded, salt is by no means in the same category with mustard, pepper, vinegar, and other condiments. These are not to be found in blood or muscle. Salt is. In one may or another, it is, in fact, the very essence of existence.

The Front Place.—The Little Rock (Arkansas) Journal says:—"Among the fashion periodicals of the world, Peterson's Magazine is entitled to a front place, not only on account of its age, but more especially because of its artistic and literary merits. The number for May has already reached us, and has one of the handsomest steel engravings we have seen for many a day. Its fashion-plate for the month is also exceptionally beautiful. In the number and beauty of its illustrations Peterson is unrivaled."

A Five Dollar Engraving is given to any subscriber, *whether singly or in clubs*, who will send us fifty cents. This is a nominal price, and hence the offer is confined strictly to friends, that is, to subscribers to "Peterson." Thus, for $2.50, any person can get either of our five dollar premiums—as well as a copy of "Peterson" for 1873; or, in a club, for even less. This is a dollar cheaper than any other periodical offers. Whatever others do, "Peterson" always does better.

A Superb Pattern in Braiding, for an evening wrap, opera-cloak, or similar garment, is our colored illustration for this month. We give the braiding in red, as the most color under the circumstances. The color of the material, we take for granted, will be white; but, of course, any other color, either in material, or braid, may be chosen. A very superb cloak, though a little too showy, perhaps, would be a black one, braided in this pattern in gold. A good deal depends on who is to wear the cloak.

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IT IS STILL IN TIME TO GET UP CLUBS for "Peterson," for 1873. Back numbers are always kept on hand, to January, inclusive, so as to supply new subscribers promptly. Additions to clubs may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club, and when enough additional names have been sent to make a second club, a second premium, or premiums, will be given. But all such additions must begin with the January number, like the rest of the club. Nowhere else can you get as much for your money as you can by subscribing for "Peterson."

"IN THE HAY-FIELD" is one of those charming representations of country life, at this season of the year, which almost justify the idea that to be out of town in June, and to help in making hay, is to live a real idyl. Ah! how well we remember, away back in our boyhood, poring over a favorite picture-book, down in the hay-field, just as the children in our illustration are poring, but stopping every now and then, to watch the older persons toss the hay, and all the time reveling in the balmy air and the sweet scents a-field. Will we ever, ever be as happy again?

OUR PREMIUM PICTURE.—An old subscriber, from the far west, writes us, to say:—"The magazines for this club, sent you not long since by me, have all come to hand, and your premium is as pretty a picture as I ever saw. Please accept my thanks for it."

THE FASHION-PLATES in this magazine continue to be the loveliest, as well as the most correct, that appear in any American monthly magazine. They are the only ones engraved on steel, and printed from the steel, and colored *a la mode*.

AT THE HEAD.—The Greenville (Tenn.) Sentinel says:—"Peterson has won a reputation that places him pre-eminently at the head of magazine publishers."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Miss Leslie's New Cook-Book. By Miss Eliza Leslie. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A complete manual of domestic cookery in all its branches, which this book is, ought to find a place in every house, and admirers and students in every family. Miss Leslie has won an enviable reputation as a writer on household economy; and the work before us, which contains over one thousand receipts for cooking all kinds of meats, poultry, game, pies, vegetables, etc., with directions for plain and fancy cakes, desserts, pickles, and preparations for the sick, cannot but add largely to that reputation. Its contents are entirely new, so far as never having been printed before; every receipt, however, has been practically tested, and its merits proved. A very excellent feature of this admirable work is an exhaustive index, by which any desired receipt may be found at once. The New Cook-Book contains nearly seven hundred pages, and is handsomely bound in morocco cloth.

High Life in New York. By Jonathan Slick, Esq. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The humors of Jonathan Slick, Esq., of Weathersfield, Connecticut, have obtained a world-wide popularity, and elicited the admiration of every reader who seeks in books for the antidote for dull care. Of Mr. Slick's several admirable contributions to the humorous literature of his country, no other is so full of his peculiar happiness of incident and expression. His letters to his father, describing what he saw, the curious characters he met, the adventures he had during his first visit to the great metropolis, make just the sort of book that one would like to read in these lazy June days. The text is illustrated by some excellent wood engravings.

Turning-Points in Life. By Rev. Frederick Arnold, B. A., of Christ Church, Oxford. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Of the many books published, there are few which may be placed among those we would desire to put into the hands of adults and children indiscriminately, but "Turning-Points in Life" is one of them; in all ways it is a good, strong, wholesome book. The subject of which it treats is grave enough, but it is treated in a manner so pleasing, and with such earnestness, that no intelligent child would be likely to be uninterested in its pages, which are brimful of anecdotes and experiences of the most eminent men, living or dead. It will serve to point youth to the way along which success lies, just as the finger post at the cross-roads point the bewildered traveler the right path to his destination. It is so excellent in purpose, so admirable in execution, and so filled with wise advice, that we can commend it altogether.

The Wishing-Cap Papers. By Leigh Hunt. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—Leigh Hunt was a man of genius of so true a type that whatever emanated from his pen was colored by that genius; and these papers, collected and published now for the first time, are very pleasant reading. They touch upon almost every thought, feeling, or experience of a scholar's life, and abound in rich and felicitous descriptions of nature, and in comments upon authors and books. They are bright, chatty, suggestive, and, like almost everything that Hunt wrote, worthy of preservation.

Partingtonian Patchwork. By B. P. Shellaber. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—Every one knows Mrs. Partington, and this, her book contains her views upon the following interesting matters: the domestic trials of a model husband; Dr. Spooner's experience in search of the delectible; Partington Papers; new gold dips from an inkstand; all being humorous and eccentric, and rhythmical, and very properly and excellently illustrated.

All For Love. By Miss Eliza Dupuy. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This striking title is the name of Miss Dupuy's new novel, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa. This firm has just issued a new edition of Miss Dupuy's eight books, with a newly-designed full-gilt back; price of each $1.75, bound in morocco cloth, or a full set, put up in a neat box, price $14.

The Fishing Tourist. By Charles Hallock. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This book assumes to be a complete guide and reference-book to the angler's gentle art. It contains the sort of information that the fishing tourist most desires to obtain, and to the inexperienced it conveys many suggestions of value. Aside, however, from the matter of it, the book is a very pleasant and gossipy one.

Godolphin. Leila, or the Seig of Granada. By Bulwer. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Bulwer, who will write no more, gave us these scholarly novels long ago, they being reprinted by the Messrs. Harpers, who are now issuing an entirely new and cheap edition of this popular author's works.

Pay Day at Babel. By Robert Burton Rodney, U. S. N. New York: D. Van Nostrand.—A volume which takes its name from the leading poem, which is in the dramatic form, and containing, in addition, a number of Odes, pleasantly and smoothly written.

Sibyl Huntington. By Mrs. Julia C. R. Door. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—An American novel, with a well-conceived plot skillfully wrought out, characters which seem real, and incidents enough thrown in to make the story a very interesting one.

To the Bitter End. By Miss W. E. Braddon. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Miss Braddon will always have a certain popularity from her novels; and while none of them take high rank, this is one of her best.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"LORD HOPE'S CHOICE," is the name of a new novel by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, which all admirers of her writings should get a copy of at once. It is fully equal to anything she has ever written, and must have a large sale to the readers of "Peterson's Magazine," as it has never appeared in its pages. It is complete in one large duodecimo volume, bound in cloth, full gilt back, price $1.75; or in paper cover, price $1.50.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers have also just issued a new, complete, and uniform edition of all of the popular works written by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. This edition is complete in nineteen volumes, bound in cloth, full gilt back, price $1.75 each, or $33.25 for a complete set, put up in a neat box. The volumes are also sold separately, as well as in sets. The following are their names:

Lord Hope's Choice.	The Rejected Wife.
The Reigning Belle.	Mary Derwent.
A Noble Woman.	Fashion and Famine.
Palaces and Prisons.	The Soldier's Orphans.
Married in Haste.	The Old Homestead.
Wives and Widows.	The Gold Brick.
Ruby Gray's Strategy.	Silent Struggles.
The Curse of Gold.	The Wife's Secret.
Mabel's Mistake.	Doubly False. The Heiress.

Copies of either, or all of the above books, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, will be sent by mail, post-paid, to any one, to any place, by the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., on receipt of price, bound in cloth, at $1.75 each; or in paper covers, at $1.50 each, or they may be had of all booksellers. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have just issued a New Catalogue of their Publications, which they will send to any person writing for one.

ASTONISHING.—The progress made by the Wilson Underfeed Sewing Machine. Inventive skill has been taxed to its utmost, and the result is the most perfect and desirable machine for general and family use yet produced. It is simple and easy to operate, is not liable to get out of repair, its work is the best, as was shown by the first premiums awarded it at the Northern Ohio Fair, and it is sold at a less price than any other machine of its rank. Salesroom at 1309 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

JUNE, OUT OF DOORS.

IN leaving spring and entering upon summer, the transition is so gradual that we scarcely know whether to class the month of June as the last of the spring months or the first of those of summer; much depends on the weather, but perhaps it is the combination of spring with summer that makes this month so universal a favorite with old and young. In the extreme north of our country, however, it is rarely warm enough to allow of what may be classed as one of the chief pleasures of summer in the garden, I mean sitting out of doors, or rather, living as much as possible in the open air. It is not merely when actually at work in the garden that this pleasure may be enjoyed; but reading, sewing, and even writing, may be carried on out of doors, and much quiet enjoyment derived from doing so. We have often wondered why people so seldom avail themselves of this luxury; they will live, year after year, in the country, and never go out except for a walk or a drive—scarcely even for that delicious indulgence, a saunter, will they move from indoors work or idleness. It must be admitted that one great charm of sitting or sauntering out of doors is, the idleness that yet feels like doing something, and that it is not always easy to think or read steadily in the open air; but for all the usual occupations that we call work, there are few more enjoyable sitting-rooms than the grassy shade under a large tree, and very little practice will enable any one to carry on many indoor occupations in the pleasure grounds.

No doubt it is still more delightful to sit out of doors and fix our tent among the rocks of the sea-shore, or on the thymy side of a hill, among the boulders, or on a fallen trunk of a tree, in the deep, cool shade of a wood, with a brook rippling at our feet; but we have it not always in our power to luxuriate in such situations; and it is wise and well to be content with such things as we have, and to enjoy the common blessings that lie at our doors. If you have but one tree, have a seat under it—if you have none, plant a bower; but whenever our changeable climate admits of it, learn to sit out of doors, to play croquet, to look after the flowers, or anything to get into the sweet atmosphere. When actually in the country, during a long walk or a short saunter, there is a power of selecting fitting resting-places, and some people seem to have a knack of finding the most pleasant nooks, while others seat themselves anywhere, turning their backs on the view, and evidently considering sitting out of doors as a rest from fatigue, not as an additional source of enjoyment.

"Beautiful!—
How beautiful is all this fair, free world
Under God's open sky!"

In thus placing being our of doors as the first of our summer enjoyments of the garden, we are not advocating idleness; what is meant is rather the carrying on of our work, when practicable, in the open air—light reading and ladies' work are as easily attended to as sketching, and do not suffer in consequence of the frequent glances of enjoyment cast around, or the interruptions caused by shy visits of inspection by birds. They who dwell in cities must often wonder that those who have garden-ground around their houses should so seldom enjoy it thus; how often, in paying a forenoon visit, do we hear the remark made that it is a sin to sit in the house on such a day, when

"All things that love the sun are out of doors."

George Herbert says, "Our Saviour made plants and seeds to teach the people. . . . And we conceive our Saviour did this for reasons: first, that by familiar things He might make His doctrines slip the more easily into the hearts, even of the meanest; secondly, that laboring people, whom He chiefly considered, might have everywhere monuments of His doctrine—remembering in gardens His mustard-seed and lilies, in the field His seed-corn and tares, and so not be drowned altogether in the works of their vocation, but sometimes lift up their minds to better things, even in the midst of their pains."

"For all that meets the bodily sense I deem
Symbolical—one mighty alphabet
For infant minds; and we in the low world,
Placed with our backs to bright reality,
That we may learn with young unwounded ken
The substance from its shadow."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. V.—INFANTILE PHYSIOGNOMY.

THIS is a subject not only of paramount importance for medical men to study, but equally so to mothers; for from the expression of a child's face a certain kind of information is to be derived that cannot possibly be learned from any other source.

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For instance, if there is a look or an appearance of heaviness about the eyes, with pallid features; if the child rolls its head, and cries out frequently, it most probably suffers from pain in the head; or if it scowls or frowns at the introduction of light, and seems to dislike it, there is good cause to believe that there is more or less difficulty in the freedom of circulation of blood in the brain.

If the muscles of the face and forehead become contracted, giving the features a *pinched* appearance, with an occasional bluish tinge on the upper lip, and about the angles of the mouth, which appears also puckered; if, with these appearances, there is conjoined a drawing up of the child's legs, and the child screams or cries "by spells," it is probably griped, and is suffering from flatulency, (wind colic, as well as from an excess of acidity in the stomach and bowels.

During the process of teething, if the lips, mouth, and tongue become dry, with a cessation of the usual flow of saliva, irritation, with pain in the gums, is then indicated, and should receive attention.

Sometimes a child is noticed to grow pale, the flesh becomes very soft, blue veins manifest themselves in an especial degree on the forehead, and a general lacking of that natural animation so peculiar to children ensues—symptoms which indicate a deficiency of red globules in the child's blood, or, in other words, the blood contains more serum than is compatible with health. Such delicate little children are apt to be attacked with *laryngismus stridulus*, a form of spasmodic croup, or crowing respiration, that sometimes causes sudden death.

The eye of a child is a good index of the state of the brain. The brain is considered to be suffering from irritation if the pupil contracts on exposure to light; but if the pupil is dilated, and exposure to light has no influence upon it, we conclude that there is congestion of the brain, from some cause, generally from imperfect circulation of blood through that organ, or from effusion through the ventricles.

The pulse is a too uncertain guide, except to those of enlarged experience and observation, to be of any benefit to the mother, and we consequently pass it by.

The skin, both as to its texture and color, is a much better guide, and can be profitably studied by the mother. For instance, if it be steadily harsh and dry, she may be concerned that there is some source of irritation or derangement existing in some vital or important organ, as the stomach, liver, or bowels; whilst if the skin be of a dirty white, the liver does not secrete and discharge the bile through its proper ducts into the alimentary canal.

There is another appearance of the skin, denominated by some authors as "pasty," or bluish-white color, that is seen in children of unhealthy condition, with most of the secretions of the body deranged, and, consequently, the blood becomes impoverished and unhealthy also.

Mothers can readily acquaint themselves with some of the most prominent symptoms of disorder in their children, and thus justly judge better whether they should summon medical aid. This important subject will afford material for another number.

"STORIES IN PRECIOUS STONES."

STONES have their sermons, precious stones their legends and poems. Not only do precious stones possess particular significations, and exercise special charms, but they are individually sacred to particular months. This latter peculiarity we do not profess to understand; but so it is, and so it always has been. Thus, according to the Persians, the Romans, the Poles, and the Arabs, the amethyst was sacred to February, and February to the amethyst; the stone in question being, as its name denotes, "a preservative against violent passions and drunkenness." That the blood-stone, signifying "courage and wisdom in perilous undertakings," should have been chosen by the four races who, among all the races of the world, appear to have been the greatest amateurs of jewelry, as the fit emblem of warlike March, is just intelligible. There is a certain outward correspondence, too, between the emerald and the verdant month of May, with which, in the lapidary calendar, it is associated. Similarly, the light transparent sapphire goes well enough with the showery, sunshiny month of April; the flaming ruby with fiery July, the deep-red cornelian with burning August. It is the inward spiritual meaning of this connection between months and stones that escapes us. Only as regards the ever-changing opal of autumnal October, denoting "misfortune and hope" can we recognize a two-fold significance in the type. As much might be said of the pearl, which suggests equally tears, and the rainy month of November. The diamond stands supreme among precious stones. The brightest among gems, it outshines all others, as the soprano outshines all other voices in a full choir. It was with diamonds that the angels tempted the daughters of men; with diamonds that Mephistophiles caused Margurito to be tempted by Faust. Indeed, the fatal light of diamonds has led so many to destruction, that, perhaps, for that very reason the most precious of precious stones is not allowed to figure among the "Zodiac stones," which, each in its own month, act benignantly on those born beneath them as beneath some happy star. The virtue of "Zodiac stones" was such that the ancients "often had them all set together in an amulet, hoping thereby, no doubt, to derive the various benefits each could confer, and thus to circumvent fate." Thus the agate gave long life and prosperity, the garnet constancy, and so on.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

Pea-Soup.—Save the water in which corned-beef or pork has been boiled. If too salt, only use one half, and the other half plain water. Into this put either some beef bones or mutton bones, to give it a relish. Take some of this broth, only a little, and after having washed them, put in a quart of split peas; simmer them for three hours slowly, and then pass them through a colander to remove the skin; mash them finely, and on them pour two quarts of the broth in which the bones have been boiling; grate two carrots and two turnips, and stir in; cut finely two heads of well-cleaned celery, and add an onion, finely chopped; stew this very slowly for an hour. When ready, fry two slices of stale bread a nice brown; cut them into small squares, lay them in the tureen, and dust a little Cayenne over them, then pour on your hot soup. Serve very hot.

Veal-Broth.—Break a knuckle of veal into two or three parts, lay it, as directed, in the soup-pot, with a lump of butter and one pint of cold water; lay in with the knuckle a bunch of thyme, and two or three celery heads; let this heat well and simmer for half an hour, then pour on two gallons of water, cover it tightly, and let it simmer slowly for four hours, then strain it through the colander; pour the broth again into the pot, and skim it thoroughly free from fat; then wash a teacupful of rice well, put it into the broth, slice two carrots rather thin, and add to the broth, with a teaspoonful of salt and a very little Cayenne; let this simmer slowly for half an hour; chop up parsley and put it into the tureen, and pour the broth on it in dishing. The knuckle is very nice sent to table with slices of lemon for a garnish, and nice drawn butter, with chopped parsley.

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Tomato Soup.—Get ready some good broth or stock as for other soup, cut a sufficient number of tomatoes in halves, gently squeeze out the seeds and watery pulp, and stew them gently with a small quantity of the broth until they are reduced to a smooth pulp; press the whole through a hair sieve, add some more of the stock, seasoned with a little salt and Cayenne pepper, some slices of lean ham, cut in dice, and some small mushrooms, sliced and stewed, (if preferred it may be thickened like other soup,) boil it up again with the whole of the stock, stirring it well for ten minutes, and serve very hot with toasted bread to eat with it. If thought too acid, a little sugar may be added.

Another.—Slice two onions, and fry them in butter until brown; then fry two dozen tomatoes just sufficiently to heat them through, and put them into a stew-pan with their gravy and the onions, adding a head of celery and a carrot, sliced; stew these gently for half an hour. Add three pints of gravy, and stew for an hour and a half; then pulp the whole of the vegetables through a sieve; season with white pepper, salt, and Cayenne, and serve with toasted bread, cut in dice.

Soup a la Windsor.—Boil two ounces of vermicelli; strain and well wash it in cold water; add it, with sufficient salt, to three pints of gravy soup. When boiling, add to it a gill of cream, and the yolks of two eggs, well beaten. Remove from the fire instantly, as it must not boil after the eggs are added.

VEGETABLES.

Tomatoes.—Tomatoes, dressed in the numerous ways with which every household cook in France is familiar, but which are very imperfectly known in America, are most valuable adjuncts in domestic cookery, rendering especial service in that difficult process, the successful dressing of warmed-up meat. A good second-day dish is made with cold beef or veal, cut in slices, and placed in a sauce-pan with the cold gravy, two onions, cut in pieces, a small piece of thyme, pepper, and salt; adding to these, when they are browned, three or four large tomatoes, which have previously been placed in hot water, and then peeled; the whole to stew for an hour.

Tomatoe Sauce.—The tomotoes are boiled for half an hour, with a little parsley, pepper, and salt, (sufficient water is contained in the vegetables themselves;) then put them into a colander, and with a wooden masher, press all through but the skin, seeds, and parsley, and place the sauce on the fire again for ten minutes, with a piece of butter the size of a large walnut, and a small pinch of flour carefully stirred into it. This sauce is eaten in France with cold meat, roast, boiled, and fried; with boiled macaroni; also poached eggs and boiled potatoes.

Spinach a la Francoise.—Pick and well wash two pailfuls of spinach. Put it into a large sauce-pan, with about half a pint of water and two tablespoonfuls of salt. When it is sufficiently boiled, strain and squeeze it perfectly dry; chop it fine, and put it into a stew-pan, with two ounces of butter, and four tablespoonfuls of good gravy. Dredge in about a teaspoonful of flour; stir it over a sharp fire for two or three minutes. Garnish with four hard-boiled eggs, cut in quarters, and sippets of fresh bread.

Asparagus, Italian Fashion.—Take some asparagus, break them in pieces, then boil them soft, and drain the water off; take a little oil, water, and vinegar, let it boil, season it with pepper and salt; throw in the asparagus, and thicken with the white of two eggs, beaten to a frost.

Fried Cucumbers.—Pare the cucumber, and lay it in ice half an hour. Cut it lengthwise, and lay in ice-water a few minutes longer; then wipe it dry; sprinkle with pepper and salt, and dredge it with flour. Fry in lard to a light brown.

CAKES.

Wafel Cakes.—Quarter of a pound of butter, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and a teacupful of milk, or sour cream is better, and a little salt and nutmeg; wash the butter well, beat it to a cream, then mix the yolks with it; add the flour by degrees, and then pour on the cream at once; beat the whites of the eggs separately to a froth, and add them to the other ingredients just before baking; rub the irons with butter, or let them get saturated with fat in the dripping-pan previously; pour in the batter, so that the holes are filled; bake them a light brown. If the irons are pushed into the fire itself, a couple of minutes will brown them, and cause them to rise.

Puffs.—Roll out puff-paste nearly one quarter of an inch thick, and with a small saucer, or tin cutter of that size, cut it into round pieces; place upon one side raspberry or strawberry jam, or any sort of preserved fruit, or stewed apples; wet the edges, fold over the other side, and press it round with the finger and thumb; or cut the paste into the form of a diamond, then lay on the fruit, and fold over the paste in such a manner as to give it a triangular shape.

Savoy Biscuits.—Take twelve eggs, and their weight of good crushed sugar, also take the weight of seven eggs of flour; beat the whites and yolks separate, add in the flour and sugar; stir into them lightly the juice of two nice lemons, and the rind of one lemon, carefully grated, or four tablespoonfuls of rose-water, if you have no lemons; stir this together, and bake on tins, in not too hot an oven.

Derby Cake.—Put into two pounds of sifted flour one pound of butter, one pound of cleaned currants, one pound of good brown sugar; beat one egg very lightly; mix all together with half a pint of new milk; roll it out thin, and cut into round cakes; lay them on baking tins in a moderately-heated oven for ten minutes.

DRINKS.

Strawberry Acid Royal.—Dissolve in a quart of spring water two ounces of citric acid, and pour the solution on as many quite ripe and richly-flavored strawberries, stripped from their stalks, as it will just cover; in twenty-four hours drain the liquid closely from the fruit, and pour it over as many fresh strawberries as it will cover, keeping it in a cool place; the next day drain the liquid again entirely from the fruit, and boil it gently for three or four minutes, with its own weight of very fine sugar, which should be dissolved in it before it is placed over the fire. It should be boiled, if possible, in an enameled stew-pan. When perfectly cold, put it into small, dry bottles, closely corked for use, and store it in a cool place. It is one of the most delicate and deliciously-flavored preparations possible, and of a beautiful color. If allowed to remain longer in the preparation than forty-eight hours before it is boiled, it commences to ferment.

Raspberry Vinegar.—Carefully pick six pounds of fine, ripe raspberries, and pour on them four pints of the very finest vinegar. Leave them thus for four days, frequently stirring but not mashing the fruit so as to bruise the seeds; then place a piece of clean washed linen or flannel in a sieve, and filter through it the vinegar; to each pint of juice add two pounds of loaf-sugar; put it into a glazed jar or pan, which place in hot water, and keep there till the juice boils thick and syrupy. Let it become cold, then bottle it. The whole process should be carried on in a glazed kettle or earthen vessel.

A Nice Summer Drink.—A cheap, wholesome summer drink may be made by pouring boiling water on cream of tartar, and sweetening to taste. The proportions are not important, as only a very small portion dissolves; the remainder can be used over again any number of times. A little lemon-peel is an improvement.

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Barley Lemonade.—Put one quarter of a pound of sugar into a small stew-pan, with half a pint of water, which boil about ten minutes, or until forming a thickish syrup; then add the rind of a fresh lemon, and the pulp of two; let it boil two minutes longer, then add two quarts of barley-water, made without sugar and lemon; boil five minutes longer, pass it through a hair-sieve into a jug, which cover with paper, making a hole in the center to let the heat through; when cold it is ready for use.

Peppermint Cordial.—To make five gallons of this cordial, take three and a half gallons rectified spirit, three pounds of loaf-sugar, one gill of spirit of wine, four pennyweight of oil of peppermint. Fill up the cask with water until the quantity becomes five gallons; shake it well and set the cask on end.

Refreshing Summer Beverage.—Take half an ounce of cream of tartar, the juice and rind of a lemon, half a pound of loaf-sugar, quarter of an ounce of bruised ginger. Pour on these half a gallon of boiling water; let it stand till cold, and strain through a hair-sieve.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

Fig. I.—Walking-Dress of Foulard.—The skirt is trimmed with perpendicular stripes of black velvet ribbon, four inches wide. The Polonaise is slightly looped on the hips only, trimmed with a box-plaiting of velvet. Wide sleeves. Tocque hat, trimmed with black.

Fig. II.—Walking-Dress of Brown-French Silk.—The skirt is trimmed with two bias bands of plain brown silk. The over-skirt and double-cape are pointed on the edges, with a design in braiding in each point. Capuchin hood, with two tassels. Brown hat, with scarf.

Fig. III.—Walking-Dress of Slate-Colored Cashmere and Silk.—The skirt is of cashmere, with a Spanish flounce, headed by a ruching of blue silk. The watteau dolman is of blue figured foulard, looped with blue bow and ends. Straw hat, with roses and ribbon.

Fig. IV.—Walking-Dress of Buff Pongee.—The skirt is plisse, from the waist down. The loose Polonaise is draped very low at the side-seams only, trimmed with black lace and passementerie heading.

Fig. V.—Evening-Dress of White Grenadine.—The skirt has smaller ruffles in the front than those at the back, and are separated by loops and ends of black velvet ribbon. The basque waist is quite deep at the back, finished at the right side by wide loops and ends of velvet. Bows and ends at neck and shoulders. Six-buttoned gloves.

General Remarks.—The toilets of the month are of polka dotted foulards or light summer silks for dressy occasions, but for morning and general wear, chintzes and wash goods. These appear in finer qualities than we have had for many years. The tissues called foulards, should be purchased at reliable houses, and the India foulards are always better than the French. The former are the most expensive, but repay first cost by their durability.

There is no absolute fashion at the present time; almost any style can be worn, providing it is becoming and in good taste; pale-blue, salmon, pale-green, and pink, are worn in the evening, but for the street, all the indescribable tints that have been worn all winter, are reproduced with startling effect.

One thing is certain, costumes are worn so as to just clear the ground, which is a sensible resolution.

Grenadines and Batiste are striped with open lace-like open work lines. India camel's-hair is the finest and lightest in woolen goods for common wear.

Polonaises are worn as much as ever; some are looped very high on the sides, then again, others are looped only in the back, whilst still another innovation is not to loop them at all, and to almost touch the ground.

Skirts are made about three and a half yards around, and are either trimmed very much, or not at all. The "soft finished" cambrics are usually untrimmed, made with a long Polonaise, as we have described. It is predicted white nansooks will be worn again this summer. For the mountains and inland resorts, there are lovely organdies in the loveliest shades of mauve, blue, green, and pink, but they will not wash, and require care to keep them looking well one season.

Jet is very fashionable. Small jet pelerines, the prettiest fancy imaginable, are worn on jackets, dolmans, and even on bodices. They are composed of fringes, one row above the other, with heading of black faille and fringe, entirely of jet. These jet fringes can also be used round Polonaises and casacques, and are already very popular.

The Giraffe Combs, which are in high favor with ladies of taste, and must have the effect of considerably modifying the form of bonnets. These very high combs, copied from ancient models, and modernized to suit the taste of the day, constitute a very effective and charming coiffure for an evening toilet, when accompanied by a Spanish mantilla of black or white lace. Those of pale shell are best adapted for dark hair, and *vice versa*. They are made in an infinite variety of models, some have three rows of detached balls, bearing resemblance to an earl's coronet.

Fans are now worn hooked on to the waistband, and some extremely elegant ornaments for the purpose have been introduced. These hooks, which have long chains suspended from them, are silver, and represent the initials of the wearer. The initial is half gold and half silver, and sometimes of two shades of gold. The chain has a small snap at one end, to this the fan is fastened.

Flowers come in great novelties this summer. Straw flowers with fern leaves of finely-cut jet, are novel. Straw and jet leaves also are mixed with roses and forget-me-nots. Oxydized leaves, which have a silvery metallic effect as foliage are seen.

Veils are now made of thread net. The shape is scarf-like, and worn below the chin, with long, floating ends. Spanish blond is losing favor. Square veils are losing ground from the fact that they crush the trimming so much.

Bonnets and Hats are worn in fine straw and chip; very few silk bonnets are seen at this season of the year. The hats are high, some seven inches in the crown, with the brims turned-up on either side, trimmed with bias bands of silk, faced with the same, and with a bow of silk or ribbon at the side, with a tuft of flowers.

Gloves in both silk and cotton, come in an improved form, that is, they are made nicer than formerly, better fitting, and the best makes have as many as four buttons.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Pink Cashmere Dress for a Girl of Three Years, trimmed with black velvet. Two rows of vandykes ornament the skirt. Square bodice with basque, bordered with the same.

Fig. II.—Sailor Suit of Blue Serge for a Boy of Five Years, trimmed with white braid.

Fig. III.—Suit for a Girl of Ten Years, made of light blue delaine. The skirt is trimmed with a flounce, headed by a band of silk. Blouse tunic, with long tablier in front. Pagoda sleeves.

Fig. IV.—Dress for a Girl of Three Years, made of white cashmere, trimmed with cluny.

Fig. V.—Costume for a Boy of Eight Years.—Black velvet Knickerbockers, bound and trimmed with silk braid.

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In the Hayfield.

WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

January number, Forty-two Engravings.
February number, Fifty-three Engravings.
March number, Forty-one Engravings.
April number, Forty-four Engravings.
May number, Fifty-three Engravings.
June number, Thirty-nine Engravings.

MUSIC.

Over the Stars is Rest.
The Dear Little Shamrock.
Beautiful Blue Danube Waltz.
Robin Adair.
"Good-By, Sweetheart, Good-by."
Jolly Brothers Galop.

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THE YOUNG HARVESTERS.

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PAUL AND MOLLY. [See the Story "That Cuff."]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JULY.

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TOILETS FOR THE SPRINGS AND SEA-SHORE.

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TOILETS FOR THE COUNTRY.

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JACKET. CAP. BONNET.

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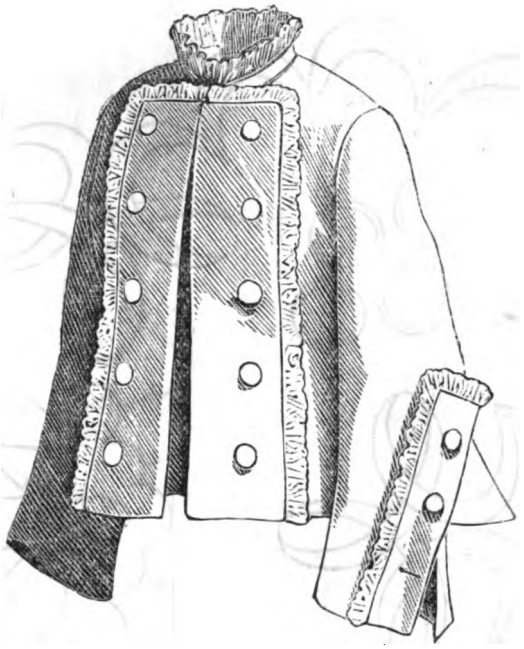

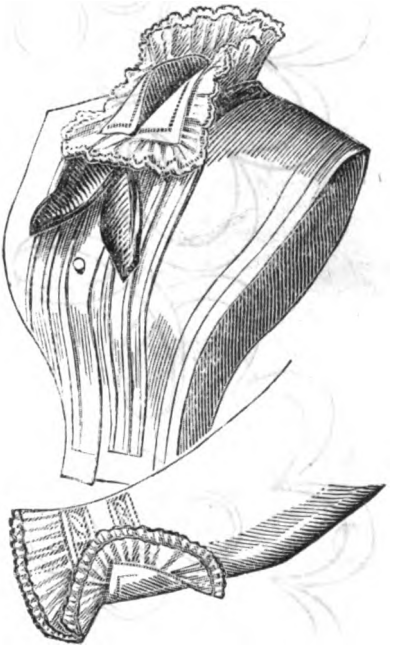

JACKET. FICHU. CHEMISETTE.

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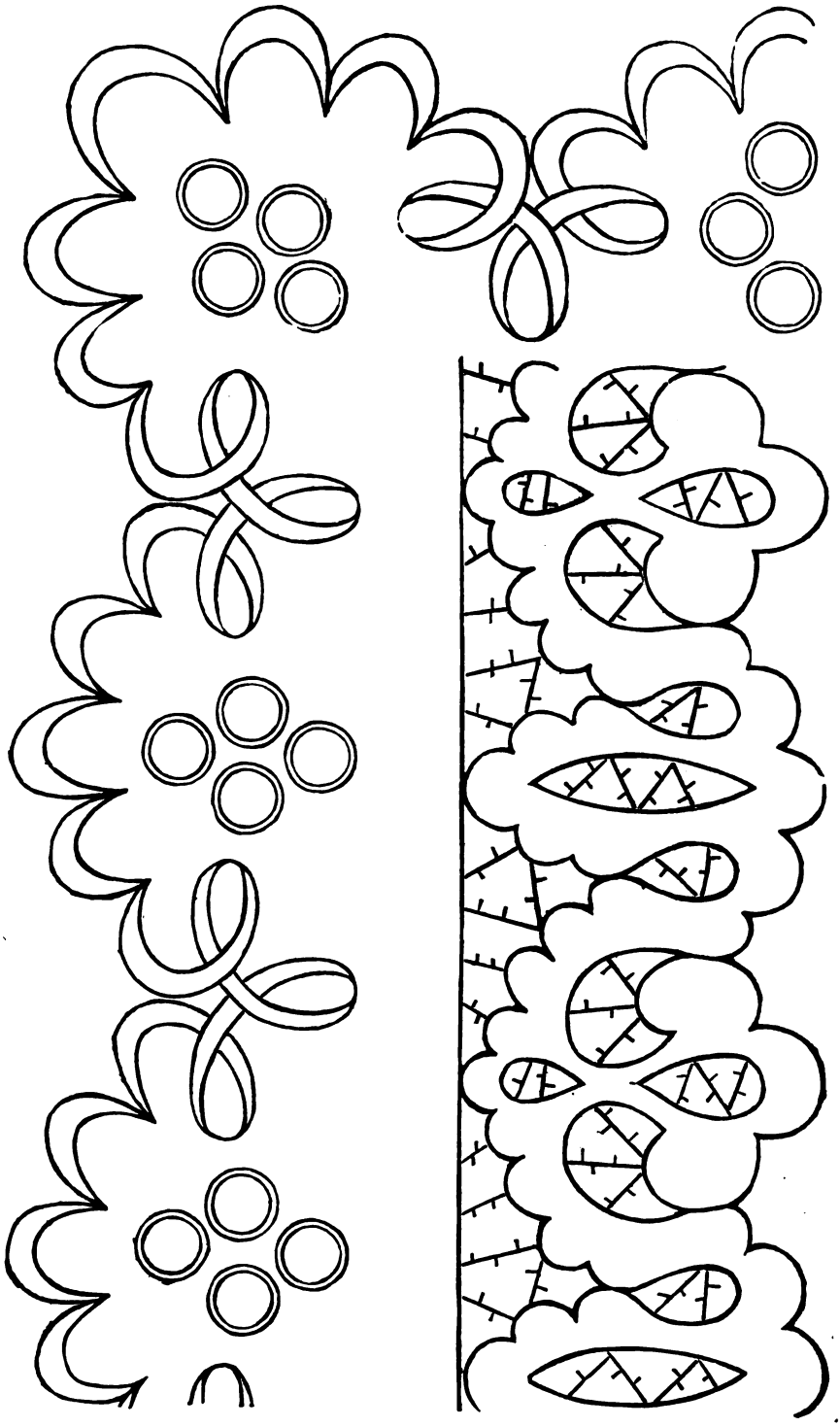

PATTERN IN BRAIDING AND POINTE DE RUSSE.

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THERE ARE

FRIENDS THAT WE NEVER FORGET.

(*SONG AND CHORUS.*)

Words by ALICE HAWTHORNE. Music by SEP. WINNER.

Moderato. *rall.*

PIANO. *p* *Ped.*

Voice.

1. There are friends that we never for - get..... There are hearts that we ev-er hold
2. There are friends that we never for - get..... Tho' the seas may di-vide us for

p

dear..... Tho' we meet with a kiss in a mo-ment of bliss, Yet we part with a
years..... Yet we lin-ger a - part with a sor - row-ing heart, In an absence that

sigh and a tear..... Oh we learn our first lesson of love, At the
on - ly en-dears..... There are friends that we never forget, There are

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by SEP. WINNER, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

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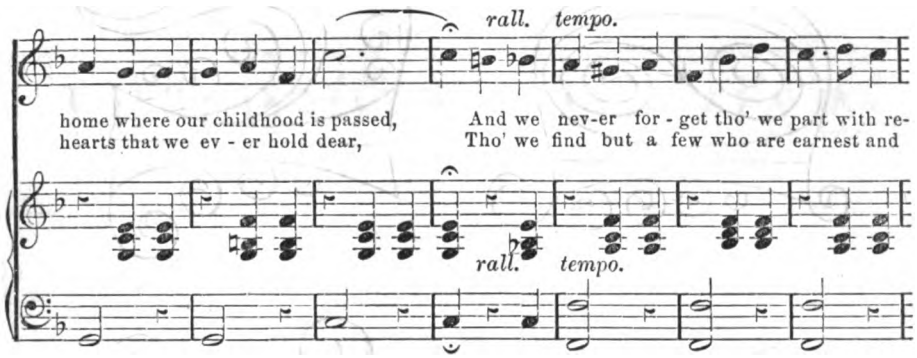

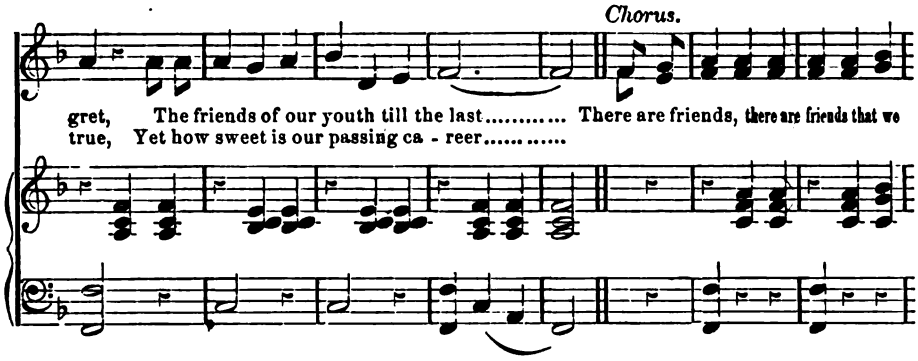

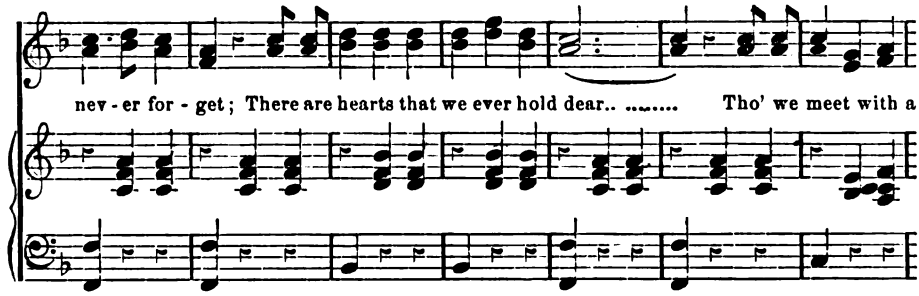

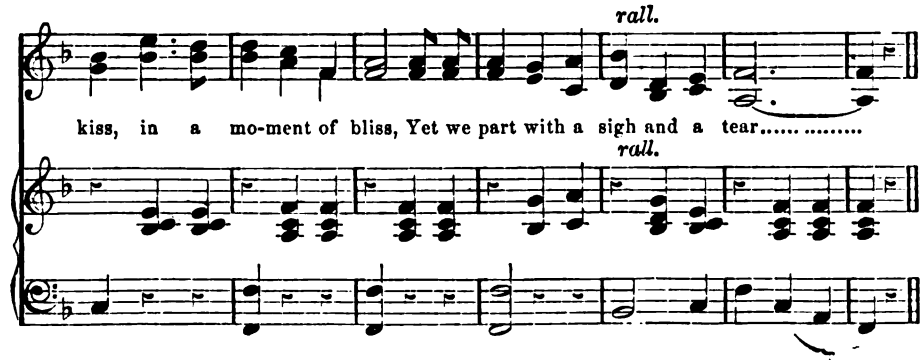

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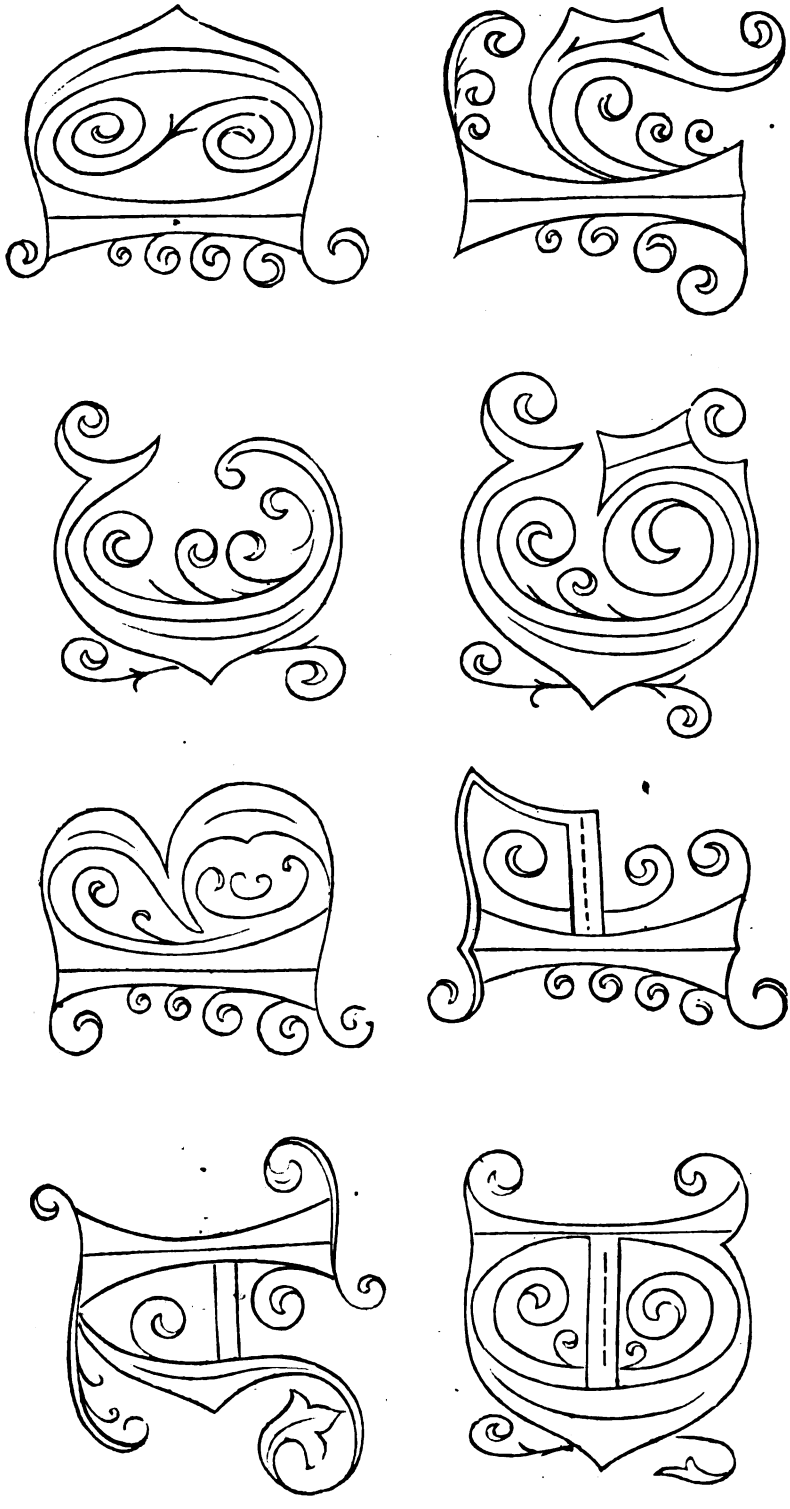

ALPHABET FOR MARKING TOWELS, SHEETS, ETC.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXIV. PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1873. No. 1.

"THAT CAFT."

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

Two young gentlemen were lounging upon the piazza of a pleasant old farm-house, waiting for their host to finish his morning's directions to his workmen. It was a very warm morning, and one of them was stretched out at full length upon a bench that run along one side of the piazza, while the other sat with his chair tilted back against the side of the house. This last named young gentleman was one of the type that school-girls would call "perfectly splendid," so rosy were his cheeks, so curly his hair, and so black his eyes and mustache. He was the only son of the wealthy principal of the academy in the neighboring city of Clifton. He had been nourished from his infancy upon the food of flattery. Refractory pupils, who wished to get the favor of the father, bent before the son with gifts of flattery and adulation. And as he grew to manhood, sentimental young ladies glorified him with soft glances, and much softer verses. This diet had proved exceedingly nourishing to his self-esteem; and if the nobler faculties, which haply might have been his in infancy, had withered beneath this regimen, why he did not know it, I am certain, for his matchless assurance was never dimmed by a doubt or a misgiving concerning his unprecedented attractions.

To a keen observer of human nature, after a long gaze into the face of this noble being, it was a relief only to glance into the face of his companion, who was only a teacher in his father's school. So noble a face it was, earnest, sincere, with something more than beauty shining out from the dark-gray eyes. Just now there is a somewhat dreamy look softening them, for they are looking far away into the depths of the western sky—deep-blue, with wonderful shifting masses of white clouds sailing over it; and he is speaking more to himself than to his companion.

"How royal Nature is to get up such free shows of beauty for us beggars below to look at, everyday changing them. Last night there was a city there flaming with castles, battlements, and banners, and now——"

But, ere he could complete the sentence, a vociferous shouting near at hand interrupted his peaceful reverie; and from the path that led through pleasantly intervening shrubbery to the barn and outhouses, came a little boy, leading a perfectly white calf. There was a harness on it, and by the way he addressed it, the care he took to hold it in and rein it up to the porch, one could not help knowing that he desired it to be recognized as a horse.

"Hallo, youngster!" said the black-eyed young man, looking down, and shouting sufficiently loud to appall the wildest Arabian courser, as the peculiarly mild-looking steed was reined in and being tied to a lilac-bush. "What have you got there?"

The small boy pushed back his little Leghorn hat, bound with blue ribbon, from his flushed, happy face.

"It is my white caft. Don't she make a beau'ful horse? I am a breaking her; and papa says he will get me a little wagon——"

"Oh, pshaw! If I couldn't have something better than a young cow for a horse, I wouldn't have any. You will have to call it a cow team. Folks will say, 'There is Mr. Willie Sprague and his cow team.'"

All the light faded out of the little flushed, eager face. His last thought the night before, and his first in the morning, had been, what the handsome young strangers would think of his best beloved treasure. He had hardly eaten any breakfast, so anxious was he to hear their words of praise concerning it. And now, to have it thus reviled, and set at naught—it was too much. His lips quivered, and his big, brown eyes began to fill with tears, as he silently turned and began to unfasten the white tape-lines from the verdant lilac-post.

Just then a tall figure, stretched on the bench,

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raised itself, and our handsome, gray-eyed young teacher stepped down by the side of the little, drooping soul by the lilac.

"Well, I declare! if this doesn't beat anything I ever saw. Isn't she a beauty? If I had such a team as this, I should feel pretty well off."

The big, brown eyes looked up to see if there were any mockery in the face. No; a child reads character better than any philosopher. This was a face to be trusted. Full half an hour Paul Norris spent by the side of this little bruised spirit, praising his horse, making suggestions for improving the harness, and, in all ways, proving so genial and delightful a companion, that all the light-heartedness returned to the child's breast, and his firm faith in the matchless excellences of "that caft."

Paul Norris was a teacher of geology, and other scientific studies, and, although so young, he had an enviable reputation in the world of science and art. He had taken this trip into the country at the request of Mr. Sprague, to examine an iron-ore deposit that had been discovered upon the farm, to see if it would pay for working, and George Bancroft had come with him for his own pleasure. The mine would pay—pay for working it, most emphatically. So Mr. Norris gave his verdict. It was a very rich mine, and would yield a fortune to its fortunate possessor. That Mr. Sprague was the owner of it, they never doubted until the last morning of their stay.

Since the morning when Paul Norris had soothed his lacerated feelings with praises of "his caft," and, by so doing, gained his heart, Willie had followed him like a shadow; and, in fact, he was well worth following, even if he were only a poor teacher, for he was one of the noblest, bravest, and most loving-hearted souls in the whole world. Willie divined all this with his unerring, childish intuitions, and he cleaved to him.

It was the last morning of their stay, and one of the young gentlemen mentioned, incidentally, that by night they would be in Clifton.

Willie was perched upon Paul's knee playing with his watch, but, at the word Clifton, he looked up quickly.

"Why, that is where cousin Molly is."

"Who is cousin Molly?" asked Paul, good-humordly.

"She is the sweetest, bestest girl I ever seen. She owns all them mines you have been making out in the lot, for papa said so; and she says she never seen so pretty a caft as mine is."

"Why, I thought your father owned these mines," said Bancroft, suddenly growing interested in the subject. "Who is this Molly, anyway?"

"She is my cousin Molly, and she is going to be an heiress, for I heard papa tell mamma she was, last night. What is an heiress, anyway?"

"They have them in menageries, for a show; something like a rhinoceros, or your caft."

Willie gave him a look of withering scorn, and continued to Paul.

"Molly is sweeter than anything you ever see. I never seen a gooder girl; and, when you go back to Clifton, you jest kiss her for me, and—"

"Hold on, young man," cried Paul, in amazement. "I guess that would be enough for me at one time to carry to a strange young lady."

"Mebby i would," said Willie, patiently, giving up the rest of his message. But he looked so dissatisfied that Paul relented, and asked him what it was that he wished so much to tell her.

"I wanted you to tell her that we had fixed a new harness for the caft. But then I can write to her about it. I can print awful big, black letters—big as newspaper letters a'most."

Willie did not give a bad description of sweet Molly Sprague, when he called her the "sweetest, bestest girl" he had ever seen. She was an orphan, and had lived, since the death of her parents, with her uncle, Willie's father, or, at least, all of the time she had not been at school. She was now spending the summer months with an aunt in Clifton. Her father had left her a goodly fortune, besides his share of the old homestead, upon which the mines were discovered.

She had a very lovely face, a good, warm heart, and a fair share of intellect, too. She was a generous, impulsive, loving-hearted little girl, well worth any man's winning, if she had not a penny of her own. But when to all her other rare graces were added the charms of wealth, and the prospect of enormous accessions in the future, we may be certain that Molly did not lack for suitors.

But the boldest of these, and the one most certain of success, both in his own estimation, and that of the world, was George Bancroft. Sir Golahed gave not such eager quest in search of the Holy Grail, as did he in pursuit of this little, brown-eyed maiden on his return to Clifton. Both he and Paul Norris met her constantly in society, and, to tell the exact truth, as an historian should, before two weeks had passed, they were both hopelessly and irretrievably in love with her. But the outward tokens of their love were widely different. Bancroft was bold, assured, and persistent in his attentions; but Paul, poor fellow, her wealth loomed up before him like the walls of Castle Despair. If she were

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only poor now, so he could work for her—guard her from all care and trials. It may be, that, quiet as he was in his attentions to her, Molly read something of the loyal affection in his manner, for she was very gentle to him. So the long, bright summer passed away. If Norris had only been bold enough to have followed up the encouragement her soft glances gave him, we could almost have prophecied that success would have been his; but, bound by the slender yet mighty links of this fastidious honor, he was silent; and Bancroft spoke such an eager, confident avowal of love, as almost took little Molly's breath away. He took her consent so for granted that it quite bewildered her. Had she indeed given him enough encouragement to warrant his calm assurance? Was it indeed her doom to wed this importunate suitor? He looked benignantly upon her flushed, embarrassed countenance; he informed her, soothingly, that he would not hurry her in so important a decision—she needn't answer him that morning. Ah, how confident was he that longer study of his perfections would only insure success.

It chanced that very evening that Paul Norris was to take them out in his boat on the river. So the sinking sun found Molly and a young lady friend, Norris and Bancroft, sailing down the limpid stream; for the evening sun, like a munificent monarch, threw broadcast upon the world he was leaving a wealth of splendor. Diamonds and opals fell from the oars at each stroke, and far downward toward the west their shining path was inlaid with mystic splendor of mosaic, jewel-strewn, such as kings and emperors never trod over in palace halls.

It was one of those heavenly evenings when the earth does not seem a remote, desolate planet, far off from a forfeited Paradise; but as if one would only have to sail down that glowing pathway but a little farther to anchor on the isles of the blest.

It was on their return homeward. Molly had been singing a sweet little German song, which Bancroft had praised loudly and eloquently, and with a certain proprietor-like air. But I fear his open praise did not reward her so much as the look of warm but silent appreciation and admiration she received from the dark-gray eyes opposite her, for, as she met it, a flush stole over her fair face like a rosy shadow.

I think Bancroft, who, from a certain peculiarity in his own nature, was blamelessly precluded from understanding any such noble ideas of honor, rather enjoyed witnessing Paul's shyness and reticence in the presence of Molly, and delighted in discomfiting him by displaying it, for he broke out suddenly, with a glance at Paul, designed to be terribly barbed with wit.

"By the way, Miss Molly, did Norris ever give you what your little cousin Willie sent you by him when we were at your uncle's?"

Willie was inexpressibly dear to Molly's enthusiastic, loving heart. "No, the little darling. What did he send me, Mr. Norris? You must give it to me; you had forgotten it, hadn't you? It wasn't the 'caft,' of course," she added, laughing, "for I don't think he would spare that to any one."

"No," said Bancroft. "But it was something exceedingly precious, for, to my certain knowledge, Norris carries it with him all the time—has never parted with it since Willie intrusted it to him. Now, if he had sent it by me, I would have given it to you long ago."

At this very moment, before Norris could speak, the boat touched the bank with a slight lurch, not enough to arouse fatal apprehensions, but enough to elicit two small, lady-like screams, and to effectually turn the subject.

The air of assured proprietorship that Bancroft had assumed toward her that night, had vexed even Molly's gentle breast; and so, as they left the boat, by a slight manœuvering known to our sex, Molly and Norris walked up to her aunt's house together, Bancroft going dejectedly in the opposite direction with the female friend.

Somehow, Norris had never talked so well as he did this night, as they walked on alone under the gracious heavens, that seemed to bend so kindly over them. Perhaps the seeming preference she had shown for his society, emboldened him; perhaps it was the language of the soft eyes that had fell so shyly beneath his on the boat. But, at all events, whatever was the cause, Molly got a truer glimpse of his noble nature than she had ever had before.

They stood on the portico, beneath the silvery moonlight; her slender, white hand was in his, for he was bidding her good-night.

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Norris, you haven't given me Willie's gift."

Her fair face was raised to his; he stooped, and—and gave it.

"Oh, Mr. Norris!" Her face was crimson, with anger, he feared.

"Forgive me!" he said, penitently, humbly; "but the sweet temptation was too much for me, and that was truly what he sent you."

But she darted through the open hall-door, and up the long flight of winding stairs, like a rosy meteor, intent on finding its home somewhere in mid heaven.

She reached her room, panting, breathless.

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That kiss thrilled her so, frightened her with such a strange, blissful fright.. She felt it yet upon her lips. Why was it so different from any other kiss she had ever dreamed of?

A letter lay upon the table, and, after a time, Molly opened it, and read it. It was from her aunt, filled with kind words, and small neighborhood news. But within it was a large sheet of foolscap, printed in bold, black letters. It was from Willie, and mostly devoted to details concerning the white calf, his only treasure, but it ended as follows,

"I never seen so niet a man as mister Norris is! He harnessted my caft his own self, and sez he never seen so niet a caft as my caft is! but mr bancroft is meen! I dispize Him from the bottom of my Hart!! He Lide to Me. He sed u was a Rinosterhorse!! I think he will come to a bad End! E i Hoap he will!!"

And then followed, in gigantic letters, as if Willie's sense of the outrage could only be expressed in the largest capitals, his crowning enormity, "He made fun of the Caft!"

Poor Bancroft, it was with him as it always is with the losing cause. Crimes were laid to his charge of which he was not guilty. For, to our certain knowledge, he had never called Molly a "Rinosterhorse." But only in his choicest vein of wit, he had used that term to confound Willie's understanding, and get the better of him.

Poor Norris, that night, upon his wakeful pillow, pictured wretched visions of Molly's righteous anger, when they should meet again. And Bancroft, upborne by his self-conceit and matchless assurance of his own worth, built glowing castles, in which he and Molly dwelt. But, alas! for those shining towers and battlements, that were wrought only of air, and vanished in the morning's light! for then a dainty little missive came to him, containing a decided refusal.

It surprised him so, that I think even his regret and disappointment were only secondary emotions. And Paul Norris, too, met with a surprise, for when, after a long exile from her presence, haunted with remorseful misgivings, he met Molly at last, expecting she would mentally frost-bite him with her coldness, or sear him with her indignation, ah! how delightfully was he deceived. No May morning was ever sweeter than little Molly, in her shy smiles and blushes

Paul Norris was wedded to the lady of his heart, the Rose of the World, as he finally thought, on one of the very brightest of October mornings. Nature had arrayed herself in her very brightest adornings to do honor to the bridal. Crimson and golden banners were fluttering out, like joyful pennons, everywhere amidst the thick green of the forests. And even the little vagrants of maple-bushes by the wayside, and little, shiftless wanderers of sumacs and willows by the brookside, even the most forforn and lonely of these stragglers had run its colors up to mast-head to tell of its joyful consent to our Molly's marriage.

On this most blessed of mornings, Willie, too, arrayed in a new suit of velvet, with the sweetest of ruffles about his neck, was in such a blissful frame of mind, that had one drop more been added to his overflowing goblet of joy, it must needs have run over. Paul had brought him, the night before, a new harness, radiant in red morocco; and when the friends gathered in the parlor to witness the ceremony, he had to be interrupted in his labors of buckling his gorgeous trappings, dusted, and brought in panting, and blissful.

During the solemn service, that snowy, meek-eyed steed stood directly beneath the open parlor window, hitched to that very same lilac-bush. And Willie, standing near the window, divided his attention about equally between this gorgeously-caparisoned steed, and sweet Molly and her manly bridegroom. Five ministers, in good standing in their respective churches, assisted at the ceremony. But I am sure that Willie was convinced in his own mind, that, in some mysterious manner, the most important agency in forming those indissoluble ties, was "That Caft."

THOUGHTS OF DEATH.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

I would not have thee think of me as dead,
  But only passed a little out of sight;
Nor say through boundless darkness I have fled,
  But moved a little nearer to the light.

I would not have thee think of me as gone;
  The white snows, when they quit the early green,
Rise up to hover in the sky at dawn,
  Or temper nearer atmospheres unseen.

My weak effulgence lost within the glow
  Of Heaven, my better self disguised from sight,
I still shall linger near my loved, I know,
  To cheer their spirits, and to guide them right.

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HER MONEY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

She thought a great deal about her money, much more than it was worth; yet she was not a vulgar parvenu. On the contrary, her father, and even grandfather, had been men of culture and wealth.

People professed to admire her excessively, though, behind her back, they called her scores of dreadful names, of which "petticoated Shylock" was the mildest, declaring that she must have been changed in the cradle, to be so different from any other Bertram that ever was heard of.

Miss Bertram had a house in Madison Avenue, and a castle on the Hudson. She was at once wickedly lavish and absurdly stingy. The very day she had thrown away ten thousand dollars, she would bully the cook to know what had become of the mutton bones.

But, for all that, she was neither ugly or disagreeable, when she chose to be pleasant. Indeed, she would have been handsome, if her constant watch, and cark, and care, had not given her a dissatisfied expression; and she could be fairly charming, when she was able for an hour to dismiss from her mind the idea that everybody who approached wanted to use or defraud her in some fashion.

Old Mrs. Tomlinson lived with her as a sheep-dog, and, about a year before the time of which I want to write, she sent for a second cousin, the only relative she had left, to come and be her companion. The young girl's father had died, leaving her to the care of a step-mother, who wished to marry again, so she sent word to Miss Bertram that Fanny Donne must either be received into her house, or go out as governess.

"Nobody was ever worried as I am," grumbled Geraldine. "But she must come; I can't have her going out as governess," though all the while she was thinking how very useful she could make her relative; besides, it gave her a new sense of power—and she craved that.

She sat down, and wrote a letter at once, made her intentions perfectly clear, saying, in so many words, that she did not pretend to tenderness for a person she had never seen; but, no doubt, affection would come in time, if the young lady did her duty, and deserved the great kindness that was offered her.

If ever an heiress was confounded it was Miss Bertram, when she received the following reply,

"My dear Lady—I thank you for your offer of a home; but trying to win affection would not be agreeable to me. I will come to you, if you will arrange fixed duties for me, and pay me a fixed salary. Then you will not be constantly in fear of hurting the feelings of a poor relation, and I shall be independent. I am not very particular what I do, only comb the lap-dog's hair, I will not. If I promised, I know the first time I tried I should pinch him. I am an admirable musician, so I can play your accompaniments, as I know you sing. I can read well. I am pretty enough to be nice to look at, and not pretty enough to be dangerous. I have a tolerably warm heart, and a very bad temper, and I am,

"Yours, truly,

"Fanny Donne."

At first, Miss Bertram was angry; then the ludicrous side struck her; and she decided that the writer of the letter would be worth knowing. She sent off her answer; Miss Fanny agreed to the proposal, only stipulating that, if, at the end of six months, the heiress was pleased, her salary should be raised fifty dollars.

A few days later she arrived, and Miss Bertram found her exceedingly pretty, very graceful and lady-like, and likely to prove a companion in the full sense of the word. Geraldine chanced to be in a bad humor that morning, however, and showed it.

"Stay!" said her cousin. "If you say unpleasant things, I shall put them in the bill—so much abuse for so much money!"

"I should imagine you must be rather mercinary!" observed the heiress, disdainfully.

"Oh, yes; I'm part Bertram!" flashed she. "I had a fancy for starting a laundry establishmen with a little money my uncle left me; but your offer came, and I thought I would try it first. I hope, if I ever do, you'll give me your custom! Fancy Fanny Bertram Donne on a sign!" and she laughed, as if it were the best joke in the world.

Miss Bertram shivered with horror; but, angry as she was, she did not venture to show it, for the girl looked willful and wicked enough to commence operations at once, if treated to anything

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in the way of lecture or temper. It was a new experience to Geraldine, this hesitating to free her mind to any human being. She was accustomed to see the greatest people receive her lectures meekly—despising them heartily therefor; but this girl was of a metal she had never encountered.

The result was that she got in the habit of treating Fanny mildly and evenly, and Fanny was really so bright and pleasant, that Geraldine grew more attached to her than she had ever been to any human being, and fell into a way of talking confidentially, which astonished herself whenever she thought of it.

If Miss Donne was requested, she appeared at dinners, or parties, or musicals; would entertain tiresome people uncomplainingly, play accompaniments, do waltzes; but she never set foot in the drawing-rooms, except when bidden. She wore her plain black silk, or simple white muslins, and looked as pretty as possible; and Geraldine grew so proud of her, that she called her cousin openly, and insisted on being addressed by her baptismal appellation in return.

The two lived together for a whole year, and got on amicably enough, and really would have been very sorry to separate.

About that time Mortimer Collins came on to New York, as counsel in some criminal case, which excited a vast deal of interest. He carried his client victoriously through the danger, and covered himself with glory. His success was such that he remained, and soon showed that he was quite able to keep up the reputation he had gained. Murray Hill has a sufficient weakness for lions, and it wanted to make one of the young man, but he was very hard to catch, and could seldom be induced to waste time shaking his mane among idlers. Miss Bertram met him, and would have liked to see him make an exception in her favor; but, to her astonishment, he was no more dazzed by her condescension than by that of ordinary mortals. One night, however, she went to some charity concert, and Fanny accompanied her. Collins was there, for a wonder, and did nothing but watch Miss Donne. Judicious inquiries acquainted him with the fact that she lived with the heiress; and, behold, a few nights after, he presented himself at one of Miss Bertram's receptions, and was properly punished by Fanny Donne not appearing.

She was confined to her room by a sore throat, Mrs. Tomlinson informed him. He did his duty in the way of being agreeable to his hostess, while he staid, and she decided at once that his former refusals had been only an affectation, or part of a deep-laid plan.

"He'll throw himself at my head fast enough," she thought, after she was up in her room. "Oh, yes! No doubt my money would make the way to position easier! Young gentleman, you are very nice, very long-headed; but I fancy Geraldine Bertram will prove more than your match—she has never been duped yet! Is there a single trick of dissimulation I've not seen tried? Faugh! The world is all alike—I hate it!"

Between her society-life and her business schemes, Miss Bertram was the most industrious woman one could find; she seldom had a moment to herself; but she did take leisure to be more interested in Mortimer Collins than she had ever been in any man, though she was now past two-and-twenty. She admired his unflagging industry, respected his indomitable ambition, and his clear, practical talk, with a vein of humor running through it, which changed at times to an earnest eloquence, acquiring a charm for her that nobody's conversation had ever possessed.

Besides, he showed no symptoms of love-making, so, for a little, she rested herself in his company, by forgetting the suspicions with which she regarded people in general. Fanny Donne watched, and began to wonder if he was laying siege to the heiress' heart or millions; and Fanny sighed, then laughed, and assured herself that it was none of her business.

Other people soon began to wonder the same things, and, doubtless, many a man repeated Fanny's sigh, without having the courage to echo her laugh. Naturally, it was not long before the reports came to Miss Bertram's ears, and roused her out of the unreflecting intercourse into which she had drifted with the gentleman. She began to watch for herself—to suspect him, and, presently, could see that his whole course of conduct, even to his courtesy to Mrs. Tomlinson, and his kindness to Fanny, was part and parcel of a scheme that had her fortune for its object.

She did not ask herself why, but she felt strangely bitter toward him. Generally, she did not take that trouble on such occasions, but she did feel very bitter now. Yet, the next time they met, she could not resist the spell of his manner and talk, and, alone in her room, she sighed too, and hated the fortune she adored, and told herself she was the most unlucky woman alive, because she could trust no human being's friendship—no man's protestations of love.

"How do you like him?" she asked Fanny.

"Sometimes very much; sometimes I hate him," cried the outspoken Fanny, clenching her pretty white teeth.

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That was quite Miss Bertram's case—but she did not say so.

"Why do you hate him sometimes?" she asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Fanny.

"Well, then, why do you like him?" she urged, hoping to get a reply that might throw some light on her own personal feelings, which were sorely perplexing from their variableness.

"Now, that's more impossible to answer than the other," quoth Fanny. "As if a woman could ever tell why she hated anybody."

"Women are fools!" exclaimed the heiress, irritably.

"My dear Miss Bertram, I've been a woman long enough to find that out," returned Fanny, laughing.

"And men are brutes," said the heiress.

"So old maids say; but you and I don't need to repeat it for several years yet," observed her cousin.

At this moment, a servant came and said Mr. Collins was below. The heiress left the room without another word, and Fanny sat still over her embroidery, singing, in a half-voice, a little plaintive melody, that sounded rather sad.

"Good-morning, Miss Bertram," Collins said, as she entered. "I have taken time to run up as you requested. Let me explain my view of the case at once, for I am a good deal hurried."

She had asked his legal advice upon some point, and he had been examining papers for her. He told her his opinion clearly, and it was in opposition to that she had formed; so she grew more irritable, as anybody would. It was the case of a man who had failed, owing to heavy losses in keeping his word, and Miss Bertram, in answer to some remark of Collins, said,

"What vexes me most is his downright ingratitude."

"To whom?" he asked, coolly.

"To me, of course! After my kindness—after all I had done!"

"I can't see the ingratitude," returned Collins.

"Not after——" And she plunged into a statement of her own unparalleled goodness. "And you don't call that ungrateful?" she added.

"You only did your duty," said he. "You are merely the steward of a great fortune. You ought to do good with it! In point of fact, you are the one who ought to be grateful to Providence for showing you the way to give help where it is needed."

She laughed ironically at the startling proposition, then grew angry. He had no time to argue, planted two or three other home truths, and departed. Miss Bertram went up stairs again in a towering passion.

"I wonder if he thinks *I* can't see what he is at!" she exclaimed, as she entered the room where Fanny still sat. The young lady stopped her plaintiff song, but did not speak. "Can't you understand the game he is playing?" demanded the heiress, hotly.

"Not in the least," said Fanny, and sighed again, though she was careful not to let her companion hear it.

"Then you must be blind!" retorted Miss Bertram.

"Sometimes I think I am," returned Fanny, in a low voice.

"I wish I could be," cried the other. "I wish to heaven I could! Oh, it is dreadful! Everywhere I turn to find deceit—always my miserable fortune! To dare to lecture me. I ought to be grateful because I saw ways of giving money! Did he think such fine sentiments would impose upon me? Did——"

She walked up and down the room, and was only brought out of her passion by her dress catching in a flower-stand, pulling it over, and breaking two rose-pots.

"Don't mention that man's name to me for a whole month!" cried Miss Bertram, angrily.

"Not for a year," replied Fanny; and, if she could have been left to herself, would have kept her word.

The weeks went on. Mortimer Collins came more frequently to the house. As often as he could spare an hour from professional duties, he presented himself, though he talked with Fanny as frequently as he did with the heiress, at least tried to do so; but Fanny avoided him more and more, and seldom went down to the weekly receptions, unless she was positively needed for something.

If Geraldine Bertram could only have believed in any human creature's truth, she would have loved this man. Indeed, indurated as her heart had grown, it had seasons of great weakness, where he was concerned; moments of quickened, joyful pulsations, followed by bitter thrills and aches, which made her hate herself—made her long to hate him, and humiliated her the worse because she could not.

At last, one night, she met him at a dinner, given by some legal magnate, and his manner, whenever they conversed for a few minutes alone, was so different from what it ever had been, so troubled, almost confused, that, in her familiarity with men's ways, Miss Bertram knew that the crisis was near at hand. She was in a sort

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of daze all the evening. She forgot to be cynical and suspicious; forgot everything, except that he had the most marvelous eyes she ever looked at, and the deepest, richest voice that ever uttered eloquent words.

"I want to come and see you to-morrow," he said, suddenly, after one of his lapses into anxious embarrassment.

"I shall be at home," she answered, and felt her heart bound.

Somebody came up. In a few moments she looked about for Collins, but he had taken his leave quietly. Fate was evidently averse to the heiress ever having a long season of quiet! While some music was going on, she heard an acquaintance, with a marriageable son, say to another acquaintance,

"He's playing a deep game where Miss Bertram is concerned. Why, he's over head and ears in love yet with——" Here she lost the name in a sudden shriek, uttered at the top of the chromatic scale, by the vocal gymnast at the piano.

"No more heart than a stone," returned the gentleman, when she could catch their words again. "He means to have her money. He'll get it, too, shrewd as she is."

Miss Bertram suddenly remembered that it was unlady-like to listen to a conversation not meant for her ears. She rose, made a sign to the patient Tomlinson, and took her departure.

"Is Miss Donne in bed?" she asked of the servant, who opened the door when they reached home.

"She's in her room, ma'am—shall I call her?"

Miss Bertram walked impatiently on. She had three minds to go to Fanny's chamber, and relieve herself by a long talk—did get to the door once, and rapped. There was no answer; she ran away, glad that she had been prevented committing a folly.

She was alone in the library the next day when Mortimer Collins presented himself. Miss Bertram had passed a restless night, but her mind was irrevocably made up. She would let him tell his story, lead him on to utter all the lies he felt disposed—let him sigh, sue, plead; then she would coolly tell him that she had known his treachery from the first, that, astute as he was, he had met more than his match in the woman he hoped to dupe.

"It was very good of you to let me come," he said, as he entered.

"You mean it was good on your part, such a horrible day as it is. No other living soul would be good-natured enough to come near me," she replied, pleasantly, determined that his reception should be as encouraging as she could make it.

"But you have your cousin," he said.

"Oh, Fanny declared her intention of not stirring out of her room—she has a headache," returned Miss Bertram, wishing to show him that he need not have the slightest fear of being interrupted.

He tried to speak on indifferent subjects. She aided him neatly, feeling a bitter pleasure in prolonging his uneasiness; all the while, something away down in her soul wept and moaned, and, at that instant, she would have given fortune, anything, everything, only to be able to believe in him—but she could not! She caught herself thinking,

"If he would only always pretend as he does now, I might cheat myself into forgetting it was not real, and I could love him so. Oh, I could love him so dearly!"

Then she grew furious with her own contemptible weakness, and eager to have him get at the errand which brought him, that she might have an opportunity to avenge the pain and humiliation he had caused her. She stopped talking. He was silent, too, for a little, then he said, nervously,

"Since coming, I almost fear that I am here on a fruitless errand."

"No, no!" replied she, playfully. "You don't think that, or whatever may be your errand, you would not have come. You are too proud of success to risk failures."

"Sometimes to win the greatest a man could have, he must risk a good deal," he said.

"Well, that's not difficult for a brave man," returned Miss Bertram. She felt her color come and go, her fingers tremble. It was so hard to sit still and listen to passionate words that she knew were feigned, when to have believed in them would be such content!

"At least I must try," he said. "I think you know what brings me, Miss Bertram. I'm a poor actor, and my attempts at self-restraint during the past weeks have been miserable failures."

She bent her head over some pretence of work she held in her hands. She had taken the precaution to seat herself with her back to the light; he could not see clearly the haughty face in its struggle between pain and wrath.

"Several times," he went on, "when I showed that I was troubled, I fancied your manner was meant to give me encouragement."

He broke down again. She let her work fall into her lap, and put her hands hard together—it was so difficult to keep from speaking too soon!

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He counted so entirely on her weakness, that he dared to believe she had encouraged him in his efforts to dupe her—that the golden prize was, beyond doubt, within reach the instant he chose to stretch out his hand and seize it!

"You don't say a word," he exclaimed. "Tell me at once if I was mistaken."

"How can I tell you?" she asked, in a voice she could hear was sweet and soft; and she triumphed to think that she should be able to hide the least trace of emotion. "Mistaken in what?"

"That you did notice—that you did mean to encourage me."

"I hope at least I have been friendly and kind," she answered. "I meant to be, for I liked you very much."

"Ah, thank you for that—you are so good! I can't wait any longer; I must know my fate at once!" He stopped an instant, then hurried on. "I have been in so many different frames of mind—one day hopeful, the next despondent; but it must be decided to-day! Oh, you are silent—you are afraid to give me pain——"

"It is that I must have direct questions before I can give plain answers," she whispered, not daring to trust her voice beyond that.

"I do ask your plainly, is there any hope? If I could lay my heart bare to you; if you could see how true and honest is the love that throbs there, you would say that it made me a little worthy, at least to hope."

Her anger at his duplicity—his needless duplicity—feigning so much more than was necessary, sighing, catching his breath, going through the whole list of histrionics, mastered any other feeling.

"Didn't you say I had encouraged you?" she demanded, this time speaking aloud, and her voice rang out ominously stern.

He started to his feet, took two or three turns up and down the room. She suddenly recollected that, if she alarmed him by any perception of the truth, she should lose half her revenge. He must tell her all that he would—plead, lie, think her softened, touched—ready to be his dupe, that she might have the memory of the fullest vengeance wherewith to solace her heart in the days which must follow.

"Come back!" she said, entreatingly. "What have I said or done amiss—have I made you angry?"

He hurried back to her side, and bent over her.

"You frightened me," he said. "That was all! Oh, you smile. I can see you—it means that I may hope! God bless you! Oh, how good you are! I thought I had not deceived myself! Oh, Miss Bertram—Geraldine! Mayn't I call you that now? You may trust me. I will prove worthy of the prize, if the warmest, truest love that ever filled a man's whole soul can make me so."

He poured out the words rapidly, tried to take her hand, then she started to her feet, and confronted him, turned her face full to the light, that he might see the awful passion which made it so rigid and white.

He stepped back, involuntarily, and stood regarding her with an expression of utter bewilderment.

"Your love—your warm, true love! your honest heart!" cried she, with a dreadful laugh; and, oh! amid all her wrath, how something struggled and hurt away down in her soul, leaving her more insanely furious than ever! "Oh, you coward—you miserable coward! Do you think I have been blind! Why, I have known from the first; watched your game—laughed at, and despised you, as you deserved!"

"Miss Bertram, are you mad?" he interrupted; and still there was more of wonder than anger in his tones.

"Not a bit!" cried she. "Too sane to be duped by you! Oh, I did think at first there was one decent man in the world; but you're worse than the rest! Why, you have overacted, sir! Too much passion—too fervent protestations! My millions will never help you on to ease and comfort! I am not weak enough, not idiot enough to be deluded into one instant's belief!"

"Miss Bertram, you——"

"Stop! I will finish—you shan't speak!" she cried.

"I will. Don't say another word, for your own sake. You will be so sorry. Don't!"

"Sorry! I? Why, do you think even yet to fool me? I tell you I have seen through you from the first—watched and laughed; waited for this moment; led you on since we began to talk, that I might have the fullest revenge——"

"For what?" he cried, after vainly essaying to interrupt her crazy tirade.

"For your attempt at theft—it's no less. You might better have stolen my money than tried to marry me for it! I tell you, sir, that the play is played out! Go away!"

"One moment;" and, hard as he tried, he could not repress a smile. "You have mistaken—what a blundering ass I am!"

She laughed again.

"I thought you knew! Oh, Miss Bertram, you would have the right to despise me were your supposition correct, for you must have seen the truth, when I love her so."

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She dropped back into her chair, and stared at him.

"I have never told her. Of late she has avoided me. I came to get you to plead my cause. Let me see her—plead for me——"

And he grew so eager that he fairly forgot the scene she had made.

"Is this more acting?" she heard herself ask.

He uttered an angry exclamation, checked himself, and went on.

"I came here to ask Fanny Donne to be my wife—to hear from you if there was the least chance of my success——"

He stopped suddenly, for Miss Bertram had leaned back in her chair, and fainted away, without so much as a gasping breath.

Collins was that marvel, a man who does not lose his head at the sight of such feminine performances. He looked about—found a bottle of smelling-salts—put them to her nose—brought a glass of water—bathed her forehead, and, presently, she came back to her senses, and sat quite still.

"I am so sorry," he exclaimed. "You are not well, and you were angry. Please forgive me all my stupidity."

Geraldine Bertram thought, when she sank fainting in her chair, that it was death. She discovered that it could not come yet, and was woman enough to remember that she need expose herself no more.

"My cousin must answer you for herself," she said, as quietly as if the conversation had not been interrupted. "Stay here—she will be down presently."

"And you'll forgive my awkwardness. Now that you know the truth, you'll not be angry?"

She got on her feet. She managed to smile. She said,

"I shall be glad of another cousin," and was gone.

She walked up stairs, not daring to stop for a second's thought, entered Fanny's room, and said,

"I've given Mr. Collins an awful scolding. Go down stairs, and make up for it."

"Indeed, I shall not meddle," cried Fanny, turning scarlet. "What have I to do with it?"

"A good deal! I thought he came after my money, and he came to ask you to marry him."

Fanny uttered a cry, and put her hands before her face Miss Bertram stood for a little, undecided. Evil impulses rose in her soul again: her first thought was to murder the girl. Human nature is subject to strange temptations. Another instant, and, for the first time, her lips touched her cousin's cheek.

"God bless you!" Fanny heard her say, and she was gone.

Fanny did go down stairs, and, entering the library, was entering Paradise, for she had loved him all the while. Miss Bertram went on to her own chamber, and, secure in its privacy, she fainted for the second time that morning; but the hours of reflection which came after, did her more good than any in which she had ever indulged in her whole life.

The young couple were to be married in two months, and Miss Bertram wanted to give her cousin a fortune, which she was not allowed to do. She changed a great deal during those weeks, but it was for the better. Directly after the wedding she went abroad, and, though she took with her a sore heart, at least its ache had the good effect of helping her outgrow the despicable weaknesses which had threatened to overshadow and blight everything that was noble in her nature.

A TOKEN.

BY ELLINER BENEDICT.

He read, who gave the little volume,
In that sweet Summer time we knew,
When crisp its leaves, and white its pages,
And bright its dainty gold and blue;
And lingered on the ancient story,
The strange, sweet story, old and new.

And shifting sunshine, warm and golden,
Through many a still, sweet afternoon,
Fell through the vine-leaves, softly swaying
To fleeting, fragrant airs of June,
Till told the tale, and closed the volume,
In purple twilight, fallen, too soon.

Ah! since he read that charmed story,
That wondrous tale of old renown,
How many a year, with faltering footsteps,
Hath laid its heavy burden down?
And perished, doubting, faint and weary,
So great the cross—so far the crown.

Yet still that Summer time immortal,
That fair, sweet Summer time we knew
Lives with faint airs, and cloudless sunshine,
Bound in this faded gold and blue;
Where still he reads the ancient story,
And still my heart believes it true.

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HARLEY TEMPLE'S LOVE.

BY HELEN MAXWELL.

"I SEND you back your ring."

That was every word written on the little slip of paper that fell out of the box as he opened it. The great diamond blazed boldly at him from its velvet bed.

"What does it mean? She *shall* give me an explanation!"

Harley stood for a moment absolutely trembling with rage, and then a pallor spread over his face, and a terrible, sickening dread seized his heart. She was false to him! Could it be true that he was going to lose her? What would life be worth to him without her? "She *shall* give me an explanation!" he muttered again. "And if it is another man, I'll——"

Harley did not say what he would do, but the fierce light in his eyes looked dangerous. He took his hat, and making some attempt to control his features, so that his excitement should not be apparent to every passer-by, he left the house.

It was a pretty house, that of Harley Temple's—a wide, generous house, built of brick which were sent from England to Virginia in good Queen Anne's reign. The bricks were of a dull red, and the quoins and string-course, and window-frames, and long, low steps, were of granite. The house stood a little back from one of those green and shady streets for which beautiful Richmond is famous, and was as pleasant a home as any man might wish for; but Harley thought of it with horror as he pictured himself living alone and unloved within its silent walls. He was not very young—a little over thirty, perhaps—and had spent most of his life in Europe. Eight months before the commencement of this story, he had returned to Virginia to find himself alone in the world. There were his old house, and a large fortune awaiting him; but Harley felt himself a stranger in a strange land. This was not for long, however, for many old friends came forward to welcome him, many pretty cousins were glad to remember their relationship. He soon fell into the ways of the place: occupied his mornings in reading law; spent his afternoons in riding his thoroughbred mare, or lounging toward evening about the club, watching the pretty girls as they strolled up and down Franklin street. Of an evening he occasionally made a visit at some pleasant, easy house, or played billiards and talked fox-hunts with his intimates.

He had no wish to marry, no thought of falling in love, till one evening, across the brilliantly-lighted dress-circle of the theatre, he saw, seated in a stage-box, a girl so marvelously fair, that, almost from the first moment he looked upon her, he loved her.

He made eager inquiries as to who she was, and at last found some one who not only knew the stranger, but was willing to present him to her.

"She is proud, Temple," said Foster, warningly, as they made their slow way through the crowd. "Poor and proud. She don't often show herself in public, though. Take care you don't commit yourself, my dear fellow; you seem awfully hard hit."

"I'll take care," said Temple.

"The old aunt is a dragon," whispered Foster, as he tapped at the door of the box. "She keeps a lynx eye on Miss Ada when she is with her."

"Come in," called a sharp voice, "and, pray, shut the door after you, young gentlemen; there's a frightful draught in this horrible place!"

"Before I shut the door, Miss Weston, let me ask if you will admit my friend with me?" asked Foster, laughingly.

"Who is he?" said Miss Weston.

"He is a—— What are you, Harley? I vow I forget. Oh! he is a lawyer, Miss Weston, and his name is Harley Temple."

"Harley Temple may come in; I knew his father. As for you, Tom Foster, you'll have to stand up; there is only one vacant chair."

"All right," said Tom, and stationed himself comfortably behind Miss Ada, leaning on the back of her chair.

Harley was forced to devote himself to Miss Weston. She seemed rather pleased to have met him, and very graciously invited him to her house.

"We are very quiet people," she said, "but if you will come and see us, Ada shall sing for you."

Harley said how glad he should be to come, and looked rather anxiously to see if the invitation were seconded by the lovely niece. But

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Ada sat calmly impassive, her great, dark-blue eyes fixed upon the stage, her pretty lips occasionally unfolding as she made some brief reply to Foster's incessant whisperings. She seemed indifferent to everything, as if nothing had the power to interest her.

Foster and Temple were obliged to make way at last for others who were waiting to pay their homage to the beautiful Ada Weston. They made their bows and left without Temple exchanging one word with her. She had murmured "Good evening," and slightly bent her head when he was first presented to her, and the same words and actions were repeated as he took his leave.

"How do you feel now, Harley?" asked his companion, derisively, when the door of the box was closed after them. "She honored you with especial attention, didn't she? I told you she was as proud as Lucifer. She is awfully pretty, but she has nothing else to be proud of—hasn't a cent."

"How does she live?" asked Temple, coldly. "Does her aunt support her?"

"No. Not that she would not be glad to do it, but Ada insists upon supporting herself. She takes in fine sewing and teaches music—Heaven knows what all!"

"Has she never thought of marrying?"

"She has had some pretty good offers, I believe; men who were infatuated by her beauty—but she would have none of them. I believe she thinks no one good enough for her, and would expect wealth, and family, and blind worship and devotion, in any man who declared himself her lover."

Harley made no response to this, but he thought it would be an easy task to adore such a lovely creature.

He went within a few days to call at Miss Weston's. The old lady lived in good old-fashioned style. A white-headed butler admitted Harley into the great sombre drawing-room. The carpets, curtains, furniture and ornaments were all of ancient date; the walls were covered with staring family portraits. Ladies in long waists and short, velvets and satins, hoops and gores, smiled and fanned themselves. Gentlemen in velvet, lace, and embroidery, in buff waistcoats and blue coats, smiled and took snuff. There was also a fine old Indian chief in plenty of paint and feathers, and a haughty olive-skinned squaw, decked with beads. An open piano, handsome and new, was the only modern thing in the room.

Miss Weston received Harley quite as an old friend, and told him how well she had known his father.

"I danced with him at my first ball," she said, "and he vowed I was the handsomest woman in the room. Ah! you may laugh, young man, but I was a fine-looking girl, and had my triumphs in those days."

Ada did not make her appearance. She had gone to the house of a little pupil, who was not well enough to come to her. "For she teaches music, you know," said Miss Weston, sharply.

"I did not know," said Harley, and wished he could take her away from her drudgery.

"She *will* do it," continued Miss Weston, almost angrily. "I have enough and to spare, but she says she won't live on charity. I persuaded her to live with me, for I am a lonely old woman. She would only come on the condition that I would allow her to teach music in order to support herself."

Harley murmured something about its being "very praiseworthy."

"Praiseworthy!" exclaimed Miss Weston, indignantly. "Fiddlesticks! The girl is too proud by half, and thinks she is very wise, while in truth she is very silly."

When Harley took his leave, Miss Weston asked him to come and dine with her every Sunday. "I like to see you," she said, with a wintry little sigh; "it reminds me of my youth. Ah, Harley!—you must let me call you Harley—no one danced a Virginia reel so well as your dear father."

Harley went away, promising gladly to eat his Sunday dinners under Miss Weston's hospitable roof, and very thankful for his own good fortune in having been son to such a father, thereby gaining easy admittance to the object of his love!

Ada at first received his attentions not only with indifference, but apparently with scorn. She pointedly refused to accept his flowers and bonbons; always declined dancing with him when they met in society, and finally asked him plainly not to join her when he encountered her in the street.

"Why must I not?" he asked, looking full into her face. "I have seen other men walk with you."

"I am sure, Mr. Temple, when you knew it is disagreeable to me, you will not insist?"

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Harley, angrily, and bowed stiffly, as he made way for Ada to pass.

He vowed to himself then that he would conquer his love. He told himself again and again that the girl hated him; and yet, perhaps, her very manner to him, in its unspoken haughtiness, instead of the calm indifference with

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which she treated other men, was a sign in his favor. He determined at last to make a bold effort to secure her; to tell her at once and unreservedly, of his violent, mad love for her, and implore her to marry him and learn to love him afterward.

The next Sunday he found his opportunity. Miss Weston was ill with a headache, and unable to make her appearance at dinner. Ada alone received him. He found her already in the drawing-room; she was seated by one of the long windows which opened on to the spacious porch, or gallery, with which almost every Southern house is provided.

She arose as he approached.

"I am very sorry aunt is not able to see you," she said, in her sweet, cold voice.

"I regret to hear that she is ill."

If he but dared now to say all that was in his heart! But that beautiful, impassive figure, dressed in white, seated so gracefully before him, looked too cold, too proud, to listen to such passionate words as were crowding to his lips.

When dinner was announced, he almost timidly offered her his arm, a ceremony always expected by Miss Weston.

"It is scarcely worth while, I think," she said, but at the same time put her hand lightly on his arm. He would have had that short walk into that dining-room last forever.

The table was laid for two. His heart beat as he looked across the flowers at the lovely woman opposite him. "So it would be every day if she were my wife," he thought, and a passionate longing possessed him. He determined not to leave the house till he knew his fate. And then he called himself a fool for supposing he had a chance; but he would try bravely and boldly, nevertheless.

After they had returned to the drawing-room, and coffee had been served, Ada evidently thought her forced duty to act as hostess was at an end. She ceased to make any effort to maintain the conversation.

"It must be now," thought Harley, desperately, and, without further hesitation, he broke into a breathless, hurried torrent of words.

"Ada Weston," he said, coming over to where she sat, and taking her hand forcibly in his, "you shall not say no to me. I love you so dearly, so madly, that you cannot help in time returning my love. I have loved you from the first moment I saw your beautiful face. I have longed for you to be always near me, to be mistress of my house. And, oh! how I have longed for one sign which might show you that you cared a little for me! You treat me with scorn. And yet I love you, and I ask you to be my wife. If you will say yes, I swear to make you happy!"

Ada had risen and stood before him, her hand still in his, her eyes sometimes fixed on his face, and then dropped to the floor.

"I think you are in earnest," she said at last.

"In earnest!" he repeated, hurriedly. "God knows how earnest I am! Will you be my wife? Tell me quickly, Ada?"

"Yes," she said, so low as scarcely to be heard, and then flushing suddenly, she tore her hand from his detaining grasp, covered her face, and burst into tears.

Harley had heard the one little word, whispered though it was. He seized her in his arms, and passionately kissed the white hands which covered her face.

"You must let me go," she said. "Oh! do not keep me now!"

"You shall go, my darling," he said, as he looked with exulting pride upon the prize he held in his arms. He bent and kissed her once upon her mouth, and then reluctantly permitted her to leave him.

And so the engagement was made. Harley found his betrothed almost as cold in her new state as she had been before. She was apparently unwilling to see him alone, and was very shy of any caress from him. But Harley was too infatuated to resent this, although he suffered when he fancied her indifference for him was unconquered. "She will love me when once she is my own," he thought, and so fretted, impatiently, till an early day was named for the wedding.

Miss Weston was in ecstasies over the match, and her niece's good fortune in securing the son of the man who had distinguished himself in dancing Virginia reels. The Richmond world had applauded Harley's disinterestedness in marrying a girl without fortune, and at the same time wondered at his having succeeded where so many had failed.

It was only two weeks before the wedding-day that Harley had secured the little case containing the engagement-ring he had taken such pride in placing upon Ada's hand.

"I return your ring," were the only words scrawled upon the slip of paper in the box. And Harley had declared, violently, that she should give him an explanation. He hurried through the streets till he came to Miss Weston's familiar door. The old butler seemed to take longer than usual in answering his ring.

"Massa Harley, Miss Ada's done gone!" he said.

The old man himself appeared bewildered by

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the news he imparted. He spoke without waiting for Harley's usual question as to whether Miss Ada was in.

"Gone! When did she go?"

"This morning, sir. My mistress said she would see you if you came."

"Tell her I am here, then."

He walked heavily into the house, a leaden weight at his heart. Ada had given him up; he had known she did not love him, but still he had felt sure of winning her love after marriage. And now his chance was gone!

Miss Weston's maid came to him as he waited in the dining-room.

"Young mistis," (it was thus she designated Miss Weston!) "Young mistis will be glad to see you above-stairs sir. She is suffering with misery in her head, and can't come down."

He followed the slow steps of the servant, whose dim eyes, set deep back in her wrinkled, black face, had looked pityingly upon the young man.

Miss Weston was seated within an immense chair, and looked like a little dried nut in its shell. She received Harley with tears.

"Oh, Harley! to think of that headstrong, self-willed girl leaving you and me! To think of her throwing away such prospects, such an establishment! And for what!"

"For what? Tell me; that is what I want to know. Explain this to me, Miss Weston."

"All I know about it is, that for several days past she has refused to attend to the preparations for her marriage, and has seemed very uneasy and unhappy. This morning she came to me early, before I was up, and said she was going to New York to be a governess; that a suitable place had been offered her, and that she had telegraphed an acceptance. I was quite dumb with amazement, as you may well believe. 'And what says Harley to this?' I asked. 'He knows nothing about it, dear aunt!' And here she took to crying and sobbing, a thing rare with her. 'He knows nothing of it,' she said; 'but you must tell him I am not worthy to be his wife!' Those were the words, Harley, and I could get no more out of her. She cried a great deal, and kissed me, but would give me no other explanation, and refused to let me send for you, or to change her plans in any way. She left in the noon train. An obstinate, incomprehensible, proud, self-willed girl!"

Miss Weston stopped for want of breath. Harley was looking gloomily upon the floor.

"Did she leave her address with you?" he asked at last.

"Yes. Mammy Lizzie put it away somewhere. Do you mean to go after Ada, Harley?"

"I don't know yet," he answered, moodily "I would like to have the address, though."

Mammy Lizzie was called, and produced the written address—No. —, West Twenty-third street, New York.

"Good-by," said Harley. "Better say nothing of this at present. Let it be supposed that she has gone to New York to buy wedding finery." He smiled bitterly here. "I will let you know what I intend to do when I decide."

He did not, however, let Miss Weston know, but took the very next train to New York. He never for a moment doubted but what Ada loved some other man, and had therefore found it impossible to marry him. He determined to know the worst at once, and, if she was false to him, to heap reproaches upon her, and take vengeance, if possible, upon his rival. He was in this frame of mind when he reached New York, and found himself upon the steps of the fine brown-stone house, No. — West Twenty-third street.

"Is Miss Ada Weston, of Richmond, stopping here?" he inquired of the footman who came to the door.

"Miss Weston is here, and at home, I believe, sir," said the man, promptly flinging open the door for Harley to enter. "What name shall I say, sir?"

"Give her this card," said Harley, and he scribbled over his name—"I must see you, but will not detain you for more than a moment."

He was ushered into the splendid blue-and gold New York drawing-room. The white carpet, pale blue satin coverings and draperies, the brilliant gilt frames to the rather questionable pictures, and the general air of wealth and newness, would have struck him disagreeably with an air of discomfort at another time, but now he stood by a window, looking through the lace curtains into the street, and the room and its furnishing were far removed from his thoughts.

He did not have long to wait. He heard no step on the soft carpet, but he heard presently Ada's voice saying, almost timidly:

"I am here, Mr Temple."

She stood there, looking pleadingly at him. Her beautiful face seemed older and sadder. He gazed eagerly into her eyes. She did not appear like one who had thrown aside a burdensome chain, and was happy in love and freedom.

"Why did you say you were not worthy to be my wife?" he asked abruptly.

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"I am not," she said.

"Why?"

"Believe me, I am not worthy," she said, earnestly. "You are so good, so true, and I am so false."

"In what way are you false?" he asked, in a hard voice. "Is it that you love another man?"

"No—oh, no!"

A great feeling of relief came upon him; he could not disbelieve that earnest negative.

"Is it, then, that you cannot love me?"

There was no answer to that, but a burning blush.

"Ah! I have guessed it," he said, sadly. "But, Ada, I knew you did not love me, and yet I asked you to be my wife, feeling in my heart that such love as mine was sure, in time, to win a return. I ask you again to marry me. I am willing to run the risk, so long as you love no other."

"Indeed, I am unworthy of your love!" cried Ada; and now she fairly broke into bitter sobs and tears. "I accepted you because I was weary of fighting my own way in the world, and because I knew you were both good and generous. And then I found I was beginning to love you a little, and with that love came the horror of my own sin, and of the fearful wrong I had done you! Am I fit to be your wife—I who would have married you for your money?"

"And if you married me now, what would it be for?" asked Harley, in a low voice.

He had taken her in his arms, in spite of her resistance, and was holding her close, looking into her face.

"It would be—not for money," she whispered, after a pause.

"For what would it be?" persisted Harley.

"For love!"

The words were breathed—not spoken.

"My little wife!" murmured Harley, and he stooped and kissed her.

There was no resistance now. She permitted the kiss, and clung closer to him.

"Harley," she said, solemnly, "if you will really let me be your wife, knowing from what unworthy motives I first accepted you, I will spend my life in loving you, and with all the strength of my heart."

"You shall really be my wife," said Harley; "and I will love you as never woman was loved before."

The story is told. Harley and Ada returned to Richmond, and the wedding was duly celebrated on the appointed day, much to the satisfaction of Miss Weston.

All the world agree that there never was so devoted a wife as Ada Temple, and loving a husband as Harley. Tom Foster says *he* made the match.

WHAT SHALL MY NEW NAME BE?

BY MRS. W. C. BELL.

What shall my new name be?
What shall it be, I wonder,
In the jasper light of that City so bright—
That beautiful City up yonder.
We call them all angels up there,
As across the dark river they gather;
But how are they known, as they stand round the throne,
To each other, and to our dear Father?

When I shall at last overcome,
And eat of the blest, "hidden manna,"
When the white stone is mine, with its impress divine,
And I join in the heavenly hosanna;
When I meet with the dear ones I love,
And we tell o'er the sweet, sacred story;
When old friends clasp hands in those love-lighted lands,
What name will be mine up in glory?

I know 'twill be precious and pure;
I know 'twill be gentle and tender;
For the dear lips of love that speak up above,
No other could utter or render.

ACROSS THE BAY.

BY ANNA CLEAVES.

A gray tower in the distance, a glimmer and a gloaming,
A flicker and a flashing of some uncertain light;
A moaning sound of waters, the booming of a bittern,
The silent march of shadows, and night-hawk's sudden flight;

A step on sandy reaches, a white hand overshading
The eyes that looked a longing, that never words might say;
A soul of quenchless hunger, a thirsting and a yearning,
For that which never came to her across the widening bay.

Far deeper than the waters, (oh! bay, that careth never
For hearts that lie abreaking along thy barren shore,)
Was love that crossed thy shallows, that overleaped thy billows,
And lodged within the gray-stone tower with yearnings evermore.

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THE CAMANCHE RAID.

BY MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

I.

"How about this house-warming, Puss?" said Edward Le Roy to his sister Julia. "Moreton thinks we ought to have one, 'a regular break-down dance,' as he calls it. Everything, you know, will be finished by Saturday."

Edward and Julia were orphans, the children of an English merchant, who had settled in New Orleans, and died there, apparently a millionair. But just as his estate came to be settled up, one of the financial convulsions which used to prevail periodically in this country, overthrew half the fortunes in the nation, and with them that of the late Mr. Le Roy. When all the debts were paid, nothing was left but some wild lands in Texas. Thither, after consulting with his sister, Edward determined to go. He chartered a small schooner, stocked it with goods, and, landing at Lavacca bay, proceeded to build himself a house and store, in the meantime residing with one of his father's old friends, Mr. Moreton, who had been an inhabitant of the place for several years. All this was a generation ago, in the early days of Texas.

Julia, though bred in luxury, and highly educated, adapted herself cheerfully to frontier life. She was a girl of spirit and sense, and frankly accepted the inevitable. It was wonderful how soon she fitted herself into this new groove. She assisted Mrs. Moreton at housekeeping, or worked with her needle, or looked after the plump baby, or played with the elder children; and all the time was as happy and merry as possible, going about singing snatches of songs and operas, as if she had not a care in the world. On the present occasion, her brother had found her sitting on the end of the wharf, helping Mrs. Moreton's two little boys to catch crabs.

"A house-warming," she exclaimed. "Oh, that'll be splendid. When will it be?"

"It will take time to get out the invitations, or 'spread the news,' as Moreton calls it. He will put up a notice at the store to-morrow; and by this day week we can have the 'break-down.' But see, there's Mrs. Moreton calling us to supper."

As they moved off, the brother resumed.

"I'm afraid, Puss, you hardly mean what you say about this house-warming. You won't like the rough company you will meet. Valcour Dupre would laugh at them."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Julia with a blush. "But, if he did, he'd better stay at New Orleans," and she gave a saucy pout, which was not unbecoming to her. "However, don't let us talk nonsense. We have come here to make a home, and the first thing we must do is to get the good-will of our neighbors. If we don't have this house-warming, the people may think we consider ourselves too good to associate with them. I intend, at first, at least, to be as out-and-out a Texan in my ways and speech as the very oldest 'Texyan' among them."

"A very sensible resolution, young lady, and nothing more than I expected of you," said a voice behind them, and, turning, they saw "Old Mr. Moreton," as he was called in Lavacca, who had been for two weeks absent, looking at a tract of land up in the interior.

"Here are two of the oldest 'Texyans' about, Miss Julia, both of whom will tell you that you couldn't do better than to carry out your resolution, and be an out-and-out Texas girl. Could she, Big Foot?"

"Well, I dun know," replied his companion, gravely. "She don't look fitten for this country, squire; it takes a pretty strong sperit to stand a 'oman's life in Texis!"

"And that's just what she's got, or I'm mistaken," replied Mr. Moreton. "Miss Julia," he continued, "this is my old friend, Big Foot Wallace, so called on account of his small feet, as you will perceive when he gets into the light; he is the greatest beau in these parts, and I've brought him here to give you a chance at him."

"Come, squire, none o' your chaff, now. It's no sich thing, young lady. I came over her to get 'nition for my tramp up to San Antone," replied the squire's companion, with an earnestness that amused both Edward and his sister.

"Not a bit of it, Miss Julia; don't you believe him; he came just because I told him there was a pretty girl here," said Mr. Moreton, who seemed to take pleasure in teasing him.

The twilight is so short in Texas, that it was quite dark now. It was not until they entered the house, therefore, where a large fire of mesquit wood was blazing on the hearth, that Julia could distinguish the features of the person who had been introduced to her as "Big Foot Wallace."

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A glance at his feet showed that he well merited the *soubriquet* by which he was known, although his tall and muscular frame, and his long limbs would have carried off a much larger foot. He wore tight-fitting buckskin pantaloons, cow-hide boots of russet leather, a vest made of calf-skin, tanned with the hair on, and a short Mexican jacket, over which was a bright-colored Mexican blanket, worn *poncho*-fashion, while the broadest of sombreros was pulled low over his bushy eyebrows, underneath which his keen, gray eyes shot rapid and furtive glances at all around him.

Fine ladies were "Big-Foot's" detestation. He growled at every one that he encountered. He "had no notion," he said, "what was the good of a woman's coming to Texis who couldn't rough it like a man. Them as kin cook, and wash, and don't mind taking a turn at the corn-field, when the weeds is a pushing off a fellow's crop, is all very well; them as can't, or won't, had better keep off'n the prairies. You ain't the sort for Texis," he said, solemnly, to Julia, after looking at her attentively for four or five minutes. "You can't work, and nothen in Texis works 'cept the women and the oxen, and they has to work harder here than anywhere else in the world."

"If Mrs. Moreton can stand it, I think I can" said Julia, laughing at his earnest solemnity.

"Don't follow," he replied, without smiling. "She was fetch up here, and knows how to 'comodate herself to circumstances; if she can't git beef, she'll do with venison."

"Well, I think venison is better than beef."

"Maybe, for a while, long's its new to you; but I'd like to see how you'd make out if the Injuns was to come down, and 'stroy all this settlement, and leave you nothing to begin on agin."

"She'd do quite as well as I would, Wallace," said Mrs. Moreton, laughing; "for I certainly shouldn't know what to do in such a case."

"Maybe not, till you was tried; but your mother did. I knowed her when Jim Powell, your father, was turnt out by the Injuns, and she had nothing but a skillet left to begin housekeeping on again. It runs in your blood, I tell ye, to souffle with hard times. You ain't of much force now; but, if you was put to it, you'd show yer grit."

"And so will Miss Julia, I'll warrant," said Mr. Moreton.

"Maybe so; but then agin, maybe not," replied Wallace, sturdily; and he arose and went out to attend his horse—a duty he never delegated to another.

"There goes the best man I ever saw for the prairie, and the worst for a settlement," said Mr. Moreton, as the door closed after Wallace. "As long as there is a drop of liquor to be had, he'll have it, if he is in the settlements; but you might send him from here to Chihuahua, with a forty-wagon train, loaded with whisky, and give him leave to drink as much as he wanted, and he would not touch a drop on any consideration while he was out. I found him down at Green Lake, and have engaged him to go up with my next San Antonio train. So he'll be here until that is ready to start, and if we don't keep him busy hunting, we'll have him drunk for a week."

The new house, which was within a stone's throw of Mr. Moreton's, and of the warehouse of Moreton, Le Roy and Co., consisted of three rooms. One, good-sized, in the center, served as parlor and dining-room, while two smaller ones, at each end, were partitioned off as bed-rooms for the brother and sister. A rough portico ran the whole length, both front and back; the ends of the back ones were boarded up, and opposite Julia's room was a little shanty, which served as a kitchen, and which she could reach without going out of doors, a thing much to be desired in the tenacious soil of Lavaca's prairie, which clings like putty, and, in rainy weather, collects on the floors, and hardens so as to require to be scraped off with a spade.

As the dancing was to be in the new house, it was decided that the furniture should not be put into it until after the entertainment.

Wallace proved an invaluable assistant in preparing for the reception of the guest. He not only brought in stores of prairie chickens, wild turkies and partridges, but was one of the most successful fishermen. As Julia marked the profuse preparations of this kind, saw the skill with which Wallace dug the trenches for the barbecues, and watched Mrs. Moreton and her old, black cook, aunt Aggy, beat up the eggs, and prepare for a grand cake and pie-baking, her doubts as to the possibility of providing refreshments vanished, and, with her old nurse, Charlotte, she rolled up her sleeves, tied on an apron, and seriously set to work to help. There were but two other families at that time living in Lavaca, and their isolation from the rest of the world drew them closer together than mere neighborhood could have done in older settlements. So all took part in the preparations.

"Don't you think I am learning to live in Texas?" said Julia, saucily, to Wallace.

She had just stuffed some turkies, and was helping him to place them over a bed of glowing coals in one of the trenches.

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"This here I call play-work, young 'ooman. I'll tell you this time two years whether yew are fit to be a Texyan. Wait till you've had a bout with the Injuns, and a spell o' fever-nager, and has a rigler fit of Texas fever on ye, that's held you six months."

"A six months' fever!" exclaimed Julia. "I thought it was healthy here."

"It's never healthy whar mesketers is," replied Wallace, doggedly. "I'll take my oath of that. Not but what you kin have Texas fever anywhar in Texas."

"What kind of fever is it? Not yellow-fever, that don't last but a day or two, and I've had it once."

"No, it's not yellow fever, nor scarlet fever; it's jest simply another name for pure laziness, which is the disease of all Texyans."

"If that's all I have to dread," said Julia, picking up the empty tray, on which she had brought the turkies. "I think I'll get along; and I'm not afraid of the Indians; they'll hardly come down on us now that Lavacca is getting to be such a settlement. At least, so Mr. Moreton says."

"Phil Moreton knows a heap more 'bout some things than I does; but there's nary a man in Texas, the States, nor Mexico, that knows more 'bout Injuns than Big Foot Wallace. You're a smart gal, I see that; but take old Big Foot's advice, and learn how to shoot, and be scary like, and mebbe George Moreton will keep better watch round these diggins than he's a doing now; for I kin tell you the Injuns is considerably riled, and they may be down on you any time."

"Then I'll learn to shoot."

"Well, ef the 'squire and your brother ain't agin it, I'm agreeable to larning of you how to shoot. I'll fix a mark up agin the boat-house door, and then if your bullets fly wide they won't kill none of the 'squire's cattle. But I must get a light fowling-piece for you; my rifle is too heavy. I'll borrow one of Mr. Moreton."

II.

Before the day appointed for the house-warming, Julia, by dint of persevering practice, had managed to hit the door of the boat-house, a feat she had at first believed to be beyond her skill. Both she and Wallace had been bantered not a little, Edward regularly inquiring every night how many pounds of ammunition she would need for her next day's practice, and whether she expected to hit the boat-house before next year.

"At the rate you are progressing, Puss," he said, "you'll be able to shoot an Indian about the time your hair turns gray."

"I'll bet she kin hit a picayune at forty steps three times out of five in less than six months," said Wallace.

"I take up your bet, Wallace," replied Edward. "If she can, you shall have the best rifle in New Orleans; but if she can't, you must keep me in game whenever you are down here."

"It's a bargain," said Wallace, and he lounged out of the room amid the smiles of all present.

The morning of the house-warming broke clear and mild, and by ten o'clock twenty or thirty saddle-horses were tied under the trees in front of Mr. Moreton's house, or turned loose on his corals, according to the time their owners intended to remain.

The heads of families generally only intended to stay until after "the barbecue," as the dinner, which was to be served under the trees, was called. But the young men and the young ladies had determined to make a night of it, and to dance until they were tired.

Mr. George Moreton, as he was generally called, to distinguish him from his uncle, Mr. Philip Moreton, had had all the undergrowth cleared away from about a dozen tall pecan-trees that stood in a damp spot two or three hundred yards from the house; for in Texas, at that time, business was always joined with pleasure, and a dance and pecan gathering were synonymous as apple-bees and quiltings in New England were synonimous with an entertainment.

Armed with poles to beat the trees and thrash the nuts down, the whole company proceeded to to the spot. There were about a dozen young ladies, and twice as many gentlemen, of all ages. Julia entered as heartily into the sport as any one present. Her beauty made her a belle at once. Among those who most regarded her was a tall, fair-haired young man, about twenty-two years old. With a laughing glance he recognized her, as, with Big Foot Wallace by her side, she stood with Fanny Ewing, one of the Lavacca beauties, watching the shower of nuts that fell beneath the repeated blows of the long poles, one of which he had just thrown aside.

"Well, Miss Le Roy," he said, "we men have stormed the trees, and now you ladies must help us gather the spoil. It's been rather hot work, and Big Foot has been shirking it; so I mean to make him mount guard and do duty for me the rest of the day."

"You mean you've thrashed the nuts down, and want Big Foot to pick them up for you," growled Wallace.

"Exactly, Big Foot; you never hit a nail with a rifle-ball truer than you hit the truth then, old fellow."

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"It's easy enuff to get nuts out of a tree when you are up it with a long pole, but rather tiresome work picking of them up after they is down. No, no! I'm too old a bird to be caught with that chaff, Mister Elliott. When I works I works, and when I plays I plays. I came here to fetch this here bucket, and I'm guine straight back to tend them barbecue pits."

Wallace set the pail down, which was full of lemonade, and turned contemptuously away. The young man laughingly ladled out a couple of tumblers full, and handed them to the girls, saying, as he did so,

"Wallace has been strengthening himself with whisky, I fear. His tongue never runs so glib unless it is oiled. But you must be tired of standing; suppose we sit down under that pecan that has been thrashed. We can rest ourselves by cracking nuts for the candy-stew. Of course, Miss Fanny, you are going to give us some pecan-candy before we leave?"

"Not unless you stay until to-morrow night," replied Fanny Ewing. "We don't intend to exhaust all our means of entertaining you in one day. To-night we are to have a dance in the new house, and all day to-morrow we will be busy fixing Julia up to go to housekeeping. When she gets in I shall have to return the house-warming she and her brother are giving us to-day. So, if you will stay, we will have plenty of work for you to do, and your wages shall be a pecan-stew at night."

"I'd like to hire myself for life on just such terms."

"Well, perhaps Julia may take you, if she likes you on trial. I know you too well to make any such bargain."

"It's very unkind in you, Miss Fanny, to be prejudicing her against me by such remarks. I did not expect it for you," and he shook his head reproachfully at the laughing girl.

"Are you an 'old Texyan,' as Wallace says?" asked Julia.

"If he isn't, he has Texas fever awfully, and is well-learned in his catechism," said Fanny, roguishly. "You don't know the Texas catechism, Julia; neither do I; but one of the first questions in it is, 'Will you work?' And the reply is, 'No, I'll die first.'"

"Miss Fanny, you slander your adopted countrymen. I shall stay here now until I convince Miss Le Roy of your falsehood. I'll hire myself to her this moment for my board, until she is fairly at housekeeping, just to show her how a Texan can work. But here comes Big Foot, with another strengthener, if I'm not mistaken."

With a solemn dignity, which whisky could alone impart to him, Wallace approached the party, and said, in the same tone in which he might have announced the most dreadful calamity,

"Ladies and gentle*men*, you is requested to barbecue."

"One would think he was inviting us to *be* barbecued," said Elliot, aside to the girls.

"Hello, Wallace!" he cried, as Wallace passed them a second time, having gone to every group in the same funereal manner. "Are you looking for Indians, that you seem so solemn?"

"I'm *preparing* for 'em, Mr. Best Elliott, and that's more to the purpose."

"You don't mean you have got all this dinner up for the Camanches, do you?" said Elliott, who dearly loved to tease him.

"No, sir, I don't. I mean I'm teaching Miss Julia how to shoot 'em herself, so as she won't have to trust to such poor sticks as these here Mategorda Bay boys is, to defend her in my absence."

"You got rather the worst of that," said Fanny, as they rose to go to the table that was spread under the trees.

Wallace, excited by his frequent draughts, proceeded to relate his bet with Edward respecting Julia's shooting; and her brother joining them at that moment, he was bantered by the merry Fanny on his skill in laying a wager. "You'll do for Texas, if Julia won't," she said; "for she will not learn to hit a picayune in two years, and she will be sure to try; so Wallace will have to keep you in game until you learn to kill it yourself, which I suspect was your design in laying the wager."

"Ah! how well you read me!" replied Edward.

"Miss Fanny judges you by herself; she always has an object in what she does," said Elliott.

"And my object now is to get my dinner before the barbecue is cold. So, come along."

"Yes, come along; and arter dinner is done, Miss Julie shall show you that she kin hit a picayune now. Or if she can't, I'll keep my part of the bet till she kin," said Wallace, marshalling the whole party to seats with drunken soberness.

Julia thought she had never tasted anything half so good as that *al fresco* dinner under the pecan trees. She entered with such zest into all that was going on, that Edward looked at her with delighted astonishment.

"Well, Big Foot, now's the time to settle your wager," said Hubert Elliott, after dinner. "Miss

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Le Roy, will you shoot at the picayune, this afternoon?"

"Of course not," said Julia. "The bet was that I could hit the picayune, three times out of five, after six months' teaching, and I have only had six days."

"Not a bit of it, Miss Le Roy," replied Elliott, gravely. "Big Foot bet you could do it in less than six months, and I insist that he loses the wager, if you don't do it now. Come, Big Foot, you need not think to get out of it in that way. I put you on your honor. Didn't you say that you'd bet Miss Julia could hit a picayune in less than six months?"

"Well, yes, Mister Bert; but I didn't say in how much less."

"Never mind that. Six days is less than six months, and if she does not hit it this afternoon, I say you've lost. Here's a bright picayune," and he took one from his pocket as he spoke. "I'm going to nail it up to the boat-house door this minute."

"No, no!" said Julia, her whole face beaming with fun. "If I am to fire at a picayune, Mr. Elliott, it must be one of my own, not one of yours. I'll agree to decide the bet now, if you'll agree that I may choose the mark."

"That's only fair," said Mr. Moreton.

"I'm clear agin it," said Wallace. "But I won't spile sport, Miss Jule, if you thinks you kin do it. Try, and if you don't hit, I stand ready to hunt for your brother till you kin."

"Good for you, old Texyan," said Hubert Elliott, slapping his shoulder. "You are true grit, and stick to your word."

"Come, Fanny," said Julia, "let's go and get the picayune. The gentlemen can measure the ground while we are gone."

"Sis, what on earth do you mean? You'll miss it certain," said Edward, as he escorted the girls to the house, leaving Elliott and Big Foot to step the distance.

"As Wallace says, Ned, 'I kin do it.' Let a woman alone to out-wit a man, when she tries."

So saying, she ran into the house with Fanny, and, when they re-appeared a moment after, both their faces were dimpled with such mysterious smiles, that Edward said,

"Well, I give it up. I don't know what it is; but if there are two girls in it, I shall make up my mind to lose a rifle to Wallace."

When they reached the wharf, they found the rest of the party collected. The distance was stepped off very pompously by Hubert Elliott, Fanny Ewing saying, with an arch smile, that he was anxious Big Foot should lose, so that Julia's pantry might be well supplied during the time he hired himself to her for his board.

"Hand out your picayune, Miss Le Roy," said he, with great gravity. "Big Foot has loaded your gun, and everything is ready but the mark."

With equal gravity, Julia drew from her pocket a newspaper, and proceeded to unfold it. "You agreed that I might choose the picayune myself, and I choose the New Orlean's Picayune, for October the 1st," she said, as she handed the double sheet to Hubert, with a merry little twinkle in her eye.

A shout of laughter burst from all the company, above which was heard Big Foot's voice, exclaiming,

"You'll do for Texis! You'll do for Texis! I give it up. If the Injuns was to come, you'd sarcumvent 'em. Or, if you didn't, you'd begin agin, true grit."

In a few moments, the paper was fastened to the boat-house door, and Julia, after deliberate aim, managed to hit it, amid the jokes of the whole party. Then the ladies retired to Mrs. Moreton's parlor and bed-chamber, to rest for the dance; and the gentlemen went to the store, that Wallace might choose his new rifle. Big Foot selected with great care, and then the whole party began to smoke.

III.

Hubert Elliott was the only son of a Scotch physician, who lived ten miles higher up the bay than George Moreton did. He had been educated by his father with great care, until he was eighteen; and then sent back to "the old country" to be finished.

"Ye'll no like living there, mayhap," his father had said to him; "but ye'll be the better for biding a couple o' years among the home folk. A prairie-chicken won't thrive on the hills, and ye'll come back with some bad, but much good; see that the bad is such as will fall off, and the good such as will stick, and I'll no fault ye for the siller ye'll spend."

He was right. Hubert did not like life in Scotland, and gladly returned to his prairie-home. But he had often wished for more congenial companions than he found among the young people of the neighborhood, and it was with feelings of unqualified pleasure that he recognised in Edward and Julia persons of his own class. He and Fanny Ewing were sworn friends and opponents; they never met without an encounter of wits; and the mistaken opinion of their friends was that their playful quarrels would end in earnest love.

He spent the whole of the day after the Pecan

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gathering, as Fanny had proposed he should, in assisting at the moving. Julia had brought her father's library with her, and this, with her piano, and the portraits of both her parents, and some linen and silver, were the only articles she had retained at the sale of their household effects. These were quite sufficient to give an air of refinement to the plain, board house, with its unplastered walls, and when, after a hard day's work, the four gathered round the supper-table, Hubert Elliott thought that life would go very pleasantly for him, even with such a home, if he could have such a woman as Julia for his wife.

Love is a plant of rapid growth in such natures as his. When Julia, in the little flutter of excitement, consequent on acting the hostess for the first time in her new home, offered him one of Charlotte's muffins, and asked if his coffee suited him, he was dreaming of the time when he should dare to offer her his hand and heart, and ask her to be his wife.

Edward, who took to him as cordially as though they had been old acquaintances, now pressed him to stay awhile with them; and Hubert, with secret joy, accepted the invitation. Julia, full of the novelty all around her, was busy with her *petite menage*, and thought of him only as a pleasant acquaintance. Days passed. One thing and another delayed Hubert's return home. Now he must stay and help Edward break in a mustang pony for Julia; then there was to be a quilting-party, at which Fanny was to redeem her promise of making the pecan-candy; and before that was over, Mr. Moreton had planned a fishing excursion, and Hubert's presence was needed at that. Every one but Edward and Julia said that he was desperately in love, and good-naturedly combined to keep him at Lavacca.

At length, there was no longer a plausible excuse for his lingering any more, and, exacting a promise from Edward to visit him soon, he departed, regretting more than ever that there was no lady presiding over her father's household, because now there was no hope of inducing Julia to accompany her brother.

Six months glided pleasantly by, and though Hubert often revisited Lavacca, and even induced his father to come down and see Julia, he feared to risk all by prematurely declaring himself. Yet he could not believe that Julia was ignorant of his passion: he felt that it was visible in all he said and did in her presence; his eyes spoke love every time they rested on her, he knew; and because hers gave no answering glance, he believed that her heart was insensible to his devotion, and so he kept silent.

Matters were in this condition when he rode down one fine May morning, to assist Mr. Moreton in a cattle hunt. He found Edward and Julia, Mr. and Mrs. Moreton, and Fanny Ewing, all at the end of the wharf, watching a schooner which was rapidly nearing port.

"Ah, Elliott, my boy, you are just in time for the news," exclaimed Edward, as he shook hands with him.

"No cattle-hunting to-day, nor to-morrow, either," said Mr. Moreton, pleasantly. "Moreton and Le Roy have a lot of goods aboard that craft, and they'll be busy for a week. It's all the better, however, for we'll have more of your company. I shan't let you off from the hunt, and it won't be worth while to go back and come again."

Hubert was very willing to remain, and, seating himself by Mrs. Moreton, began to play with the little girl she held on her lap. He had taught her to reply to the question of "Who loves Bertie?" by holding up her little mouth to be kissed. But the perverse little monkey, when he took her in his arms, on this occasion, said, "I don't wan't to kiss you; I loves Dooly, I does; don't you love her too?"

The color mounted to Hubert's hair at the question, and Mrs. Moreton's significant smile; but, before he could speak, Julia, who had that moment raised Edward's pocket-telescope to her eye, exclaimed,

"Look, Ned!—do look! There is Valcour Dupre on the deck."

Her eyes were sparkling, and her cheeks flushed—and Hubert felt his heart die within him.

The eyes of all were turned to the vessel, and no one noticed the deathly pallor that spread over Hubert's face. He knew instinctively that the stranger was his rival, but the very intensity of his despair brought him courage to meet it; the sound of the rope falling on the wharf, as the schooner was made fast, fell on his ear like the rattle of the earth on the coffin-lid that hid Julia forever from his sight; and as he marked the warmth of the reception she gave to Dupre, and saw the graceful ease with which her welcome was returned, he resolved that none should ever know what he suffered.

Julia was indeed glad to see Valcour Dupre. She had always liked him, and his presence now was gratifying to her vanity; for she was but a woman, and not above feeling flattered at his following her to Lavacca. Yet she felt that if he had really loved her, he would never have allowed her to leave New Orleans. Hence, though she received him cordially, it was as an old acquaintance. This very frankness and heartiness,

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which sent such a pang of jealousy through Hubert Elliott's heart, was a disappointment to the man of the world, who would have preferred seeing her more timid, and less demonstrative. Depre had found, when it was too late, that he loved Julia. Never had society seemed so flat and dull as the winter after she left New Orleans. By the time spring opened, he had made up his mind to follow her to Texas, and win her back to himself and civilization. He believed, even yet, it would be an easy task to do so. He counted much on her desire to escape from a frontier life. He loved her as a beautiful, piquant, and elegant woman, whom he would be proud to introduce as his wife; and that was all-sufficient for him; her love, he believed, would come after marriage; and though he would have preferred something more than this friendly welcome, he was not despondent, and so returned her greeting with the eager *empresment* of a lover.

For several days Dupre remained at Lavacca. He gave himself freely up to the enjoyment of the novel life of a Texan, and rode, hunted and fished with Edward and Hubert just enough to give him an appetite for the good things which Charlotte delighted in preparing for the table. In this old servant he had a true friend. She openly expressed her desire that "mars Ned and Miss Julia would quit a country whar ther wan't but one store, and no meetin'-house to go to of Sundays."

During all this time Hubert suffered pains indescribable.

The third day after the arrival of Valcour, the schooner dropped down to the mouth of the Matagorda Bay to take in a lot of hides deposited there; and Edward, having occasion to go to her the next day, proposed to Valcour and Hubert to accompany him in a little sail-boat, and spend the morning in fishing. They were to return by the middle of the afternoon, and Julia promised them an early tea.

They accordingly left the house about ten o'clock in the morning. Hubert felt an unaccountable depression of spirits, which he concealed, but could not overcome. The day passed off pleasantly enough, however, and they had started for home, and were about a mile from the schooner, when a sudden squall capsized the little cockle-shell in which they were. A boat was dispatched from the schooner to their assistance, and the whole party were glad enough to pull back, intending to take horses and return by land; but, on inquiry, they found that though horses were in abundance, there was a dearth of equipments, there being but one saddle and bridle to be had at the only house on the point.

"We shall have to stay all night, and go back by water, when this gale lulls. If it was not that Julia will worry, I should not care," said Edward, when he made the discovery. "Moreton will tell her, however, that we could not return with this wind, and she will probably send for Miss Fanny to keep her company."

"I'll take the horse and ride up in the morning," said Hubert. "If I start before day, I will get there to breakfast. I think, too, I had better send horses down for you; for, though the rain won't last long, it will be rather hard work getting up against the wind, which will probably blow steadily all day to-morrow."

With this understanding, after a hearty supper, they went to bed, Dupre heartily glad to escape appearing before Julia "in the character of a half-drowned man," as he laughingly said.

IV.

Edward had exacted a promise from Julia that she should never sleep alone if he was absent at night. When Mr. Moreton came to tell her that Edward could hardly return with such a norther blowing before morning, she asked him, as well as Fanny Ewing, to stay with her; for his wife had taken her three children the day before, and gone to visit her father, who lived about thirty miles up the bay; and Julia had not yet become accustomed to the northers, and always feared the house would blow away when they were violent. But, laughing at her fears, he declined, and left about nine to return home.

The girls now retired, Julia first giving her usual charge to Charlotte when a norther was blowing, "to look well after her fire, and see it was out before she went to bed." Several times during the night she started up, believing she heard her brother, and at length, finding she could not sleep, she dressed herself; and seeing by her watch that it was nearly an hour to daylight, she sat down to finish a new book Dupre had brought out to her.

She was soon deeply absorbed in it; so deeply that the wick of her candle grew long, and the light got dim, before she thought of snuffing it. As she paused to do so, she raised her eyes to the window and saw, pressed close against the glass, the face of an Indian. The horror in her countenance must have shown him that he was discovered, for before she could even draw a breath there burst on her ears the most awful sound that she had ever heard, or even conceived of; a sound which, once listened to, can never be forgotten—the terrible war-whoop.

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Her first thought was to reach Fannys. She sprang up, and, in her agitation, knocked over the candlestick, extinguishing the candle. It was well she did, for otherwise she would probably have been instantly killed by the shower of balls that dashed through the window, crushing it in like paper.

"The wharf! the wharf!" exclaimed Fanny. "Get into the boat and push off out of their reach."

Rushing out the back door, they met Charlotte coming from her kitchen. The three now crossed the garden, leaped the fence at the back of it, and in a minute more would have reached a little boat that was always kept hid at Julia's bath-house, when suddenly an arrow whizzed past them, and told them that they were discovered. Fanny's white night-dress had revealed them. A second shaft, better aimed, buried itself in Fanny's shoulder. At the same moment a third struck her hip, and she sank to the ground.

"Run, Julia, run! I cannot walk; but you can get to the boat!" she gasped.

Julia's only reply was a stern order to Charlotte to take up Fanny's feet, and placing her own hands under the wounded girl's arms, they half carried and half dragged her along until they reached the head of the wharf. But here Julia's strength gave out, and at the same instant a huge Indian came up and seized Julia as though she had been a child of five years old, and carried her off, struggling hopelessly to a clump of pecan-trees.

The savage now gave a quick whistle, which was answered by another. A moment after, Julia found herself transferred to the keeping of a woman, while her captor glided swiftly back to assist in the plunder of the warehouse.

In a little while it was not only sacked, but in flames. Julia, as she sat, closely guarded, could hear the savage shouts as house after house in in the little settlement was fired Shuddering with horror, she covered her face, at first, with her hands; then remembering Fanny and Charlotte, she looked toward the wharf, for the burning houses made the sky as bright as at noonday; but not a vestige of either could be seen. The bath-house stood untouched, however, and a faint hope began to dawn in her heart that Charlotte might have been able to drag Fanny to it and escape in the boat; but it was quenched as soon as it rose, for a party of savages at that moment rushed down the wharf, and she saw the boat glide from the house and only one person in it, and that was a man.

By sunrise the Indians had gathered all the plunder they could carry, and were ready for their march. Julia at first had flattered herself with the hope that, if they lingered into the day, she might be rescued; but as she noticed their numbers, now that they were collected together, she realized that no force large enough to oppose them could be immediately collected. When she thought of her brother, of Hubert, and of Valcour, and that they might return and fall victims to the fury of her captors, she prayed that the savages might start at once.

When she recovered, she found herself lying on a blanket, while the Indian woman stood beside her, bathing her face with water. The man who had captured her, meantime, held a horse by the bridle, and he now made signs to her that she must mount. Weak and trembling, she shook her head, and pointing to his knife, which hung from his belt, made a sign to kill her at once. His only reply was to pick her up and place her on the horse, which proved to be her own mare, Wyema. Holding her with one arm in the saddle, he motioned to a boy who stood beside him to take the reins and lead the horse. The boy obeyed, and the little party, making a detour round the settlement, joined the main body of the Indians, half a mile beyond it, and began a rapid march northwardly.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE LITTLE FEET.

BY MRS. P. C. DOLE.

"THERE are the tracks of her little feet,
And here is a tiny shred
Of her flossy frock, the roses sweet
Stole away as she fled;
And this is a knot of ribbon fair,
That bound a braid of her sunny hair.

"I have been following many a day,
The little feet in the sand;
I have been wandering all the way,
Into a stranger land;
I have been calling, yet never a word
But the echo of my sad voice is heard.

"Can you tell me aught of the little feet,
Leading beyond your door?
Can you tell me aught of the maiden sweet,
Strangely gone before?
For, oh! my questioning heart will break!
Sinking in sorrow for her sweet sake!"

"You see a footpath that climbs the hill,
Clear as a silver thread;
Beyond is a city, all white and still—
The city of the dead.
There you will find the little feet,
Resting under the daisies sweet."

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NORAH FERGUSON'S STORY.

BY FANNIE HODGSON, AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN'S LOVE-STORY," ETC.

THERE was foreign blood in her veins; anybody could see that, not only by her dark little foreign face, and big, uncanny, scornful black eyes, but by her scornful ways, and queer, high-handed fashions, that were so different from other people. I have seen a great many English, and Irish, and Scotch girls in my time, and I never saw an English, or Irish, or Scotch girl, who could flare up, and fly into a passion and out of one in a breath, as Fulvia Desmond could, and be so daring in a high-handed, scornful way. She never seemed to care for what people said, or to be afraid of anything in the wide world; and many a time since I first began to understand her, have I been thankful that I did not do the poor forlorn young creature any greater injustice than to think at times that her neglected childhood had made her something uncaring for the feelings of those about her. Yes, there was foreign blood in her veins, and I said so to myself the very first instant I set eyes upon her; and I found out, very soon afterward, that I had not been mistaken.

I am an old woman now, but I have not forgotten, and don't think I shall ever forget the night she came to Ballomuith, which was the name of Mr. Alexander Muith's estate in the North of Ireland, and where I had been living for many a year as nurse and housekeeper to Mr. Muith's nephew and niece, who were his adopted children. It's as fresh in my mind this minute as ever it was—the way that strange, young thing marched into the old dining-hall, where I was sitting with the children, before the big peat fire, in the huge old fireplace. It was mid-winter, and a bad enough night at that; and we had had no warning whatever of her coming, until we heard the stage sloughing through the mud in the road, and then stop before the door for some one to get out, and were just wondering who it could be, when the door opened, and she marched in, looking as unconcerned as if she did not care whether we expected her or not. And she didn't care either, for she told us so afterward, and certainly she did not look as, if she cared much when she walked up to Alexander, and spoke to him, looking straight into his face, with her big, scornful black eyes.

"I am Fulvia Desmond," she says to him, "and Mr. Alexander Muith sent me here to be taken care of."

Whereupon my Alexander began to laugh in his light-hearted way. (I always call the children by their Christian names, and I am not likely to do otherwise, considering that they have been like my own flesh and blood all their lives, and, though Alex was twenty-four at the time, and Cathie nearly twenty, they were always 'the children' with me.)

"And I am sure we are glad to see you, Miss Fulvia Desmond," he said, laughing as hard as he could; and we are much obliged to uncle Alexander for doing us so much honor. Welcome to Ballomuith. Cathie, this is Miss Fulvia Desmond—Miss Fulvia Desmond, this is nurse Ferguson, who has taken care of us since Mr. Muith declined the pleasurable task about twenty years ago."

She did not say a word—just looked at him, and then turned round to Cathie, who had risen to greet her.

Cathie was like Alex in her warm-hearted Irish way, and she went to the queer little creature, and would have kissed her, but Fulvia Desmond made no attempt to meet her, and there was not a shadow of any feeling but deliberate curiosity in her black eyes; so Cathie stopped half-way, blundering out a few good-natured words, and then broke down.

It was a bad enough beginning, and the rest of the evening seemed to promise a worse ending. Miss Fulvia Desmond would not talk, but sat silent, on one of the broad, old-fashioned footstools, and stared into the fire. Mr. Alexander Muith had sent no letter of explanation, and all that we learned was, that when her mother, who was a Frenchwoman, had died a month before in Boulogne, he had come for her, and sent her to Ballomuith.

Cathie was full of pity when she told us this, and she spoke out and told her so in the straightforward way I have always taught the children to have; for, as I have said to them often, it is better to risk not being understood, than risk losing the chance of saying a kind word to those who need it.

But, when Cathie sympathized with her over her mother's death, and said she was sorry, the girl looked up from the fire a minute, and stared

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at her with a queer look in her eyes, that was like a flash of fire.

"I wasn't sorry," she said, quite coolly. "I was glad. She was a bad woman."

I had my doubts from that moment about that mother of hers. It was not natural for a young thing, little more than a child, to have the hard, defiant look Fulvia Desmond had; and it was quite natural that the neglect of a bad mother should have made a neglected child reckless and bitter-natured; so, if I did not like Fulvia Desmond, after hearing her make that speech, I did not blame her much. And, when Mr. Alexander Muith took it into his crochetty head to write to us from Dublin, I found out I had not been wrong in suspecting what I did. Her mother had been the worst of bad women. She had run away from her husband with a French officer, when Fulvia was a baby, and the child had been dragged through all her shameful wanderings, more because she could not easily get rid of her, than because she had any feeling for the poor, little forsaken thing. It was not a wonder that the child was proud, and obstinate, and suspicious.

"She used to beat me," she told us once, in her deliberate fashion. "She beat me once with a horse-whip, that belonged to one of the men who used to come to see us, and she beat me till the blood was running down my back; and when I fought, and tried to strike her again, the man laughed—he laughed at me." And she stamped her vicious little foot, with her eyes all in a blaze.

Such speeches as these were the key-notes to her whole nature. The shame and misery of her childhood had left traces in every feeling she had. Baby as she had been, she had felt the full sting of her wretched, outcast life, perhaps because the degradation around her had made her overwise.

Since I first came to Ballomuith myself, when Cathie was a baby, and Alexander not more than four years old, Mr. Alexander Muith had not been to see us more than a dozen times, and, after Fulvia came, we heard nothing from him, beyond the explanatory letter, which was as short and business-like as possible. The girl had money from her father, he said, and she was to be taken good care of. Alexander was old enough to act as the head of our little family, and there the matter seemed to end, as far as the old gentleman was concerned; but he was an eccentric old fellow, and we had learned to understand him; so we did not trouble him with any further inquiries, and went on as usual, living in our quiet way. I often used to wonder how it would have been if I had not cared for the children as I did, or if some other woman had been chosen to take my place. Ballomuith was a great, barren, uncultivated estate, and the House, as the people called it, was as huge, and rambling, and barren a place as could be; so we had lived in a queer, lonely, independent sort of fashion. But Fulvia Desmond's coming made a little change. In course of time, when we began to understand her queer ways, she was a great deal of company for us. She had seen so much of the world, in her wandering, vagabond life, that nothing was new to her, and, indeed, she sometimes startled me with the odd stories she told; but she always told them innocently, I know, and I was not afraid that anything she would say could harm Cathie. Many a time after she came to Ballomuith, did we sit by the peat-fire and listen to her telling about the satins, and velvets, and diamonds, and fine things the people wore who crowded about the little tables in her mother's house, to play cards and dice (she had queer French names for the games) for piles of gold pieces. She used to creep to the door, and watch them, she said, and, sometimes, as the men came out, they would toss her money, but her mother always took it from her.

But she never told such stories before Alex, I noticed. I used to think, sometimes, that she did not like him, for though she made friends with Cathie in time, she never made friends with Alex, and never even altered her scornful way toward him. But that Alex liked her it was very easy to see. In his stay-at-home, careless life, he had seen very few women except the red-cloaked colleens, who rode to market in their jaunting cars, with butter and eggs to sell; and Fulvia Desmond's high-handed way was the very thing to take the fancy of my light-hearted, easy-natured Alex. She was so passionate and imperious, and cared so little for him that, of course, man-like, he was ready to let her trample on him if she chose, and never lose a touch of his gay good temper. And then there was an odd sort of fascination about the girl. Her mother's French blood showed itself in a hundred different ways, but, most of all, in her looks and her fondness for dress. She had never been stinted in dress, it was easy to see, for when her trunks came they were loaded with French finery of all kinds—queer little high-heeled slippers, all rosettes and big buckles, such as we had only seen in old-fashioned pictures, though they were new-fashioned enough, it seemed; queer, oddly-made dresses, trimmed, and trained, and puffed out in a way that made us open our ignorant eyes; and such boxes full

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of ribbons, and velvets, and laces, as Cathie could never have worn in a dozen years. But Fulvia wore them every day, though very few people ever saw her beside we three and the servants. And she was generous enough with them, too. She would give them to Cathie, and took as much pride in dressing the girl up to her fanciful notions as Cathie took in being dressed; but though she always was sweet and pretty enough, no dressing ever made Cathie look like Fulvia. She had not her odd, fiery ways and quick motions to begin with, and though Fulvia always looked better for her high-heeled French shoes, with their buckles and rosettes, and her grand French dresses, with their trimmings and furbelows, I always thought Cathie seemed more at home in the plain frocks I had always seen her wear.

But the sharp tongue, and black eyes, and fantastic dresses, bewitched Alex until his head was almost turned. He had been used to spending nearly all his time out of doors, shooting and fishing; but after Fulvia came he began to remain more at home, and, if he went out, never stayed long, and never came home without bringing his game to her. But she never treated him very well, and often treated him very ill. And yet she was by no means ill-natured toward the rest of us. She would quarrel with Cathie sometimes, and quarrel with me, but she was always passionately affectionate, and always ready to make sacrifices; and I never knew her to break her word in my life. She had strange, independent notions, too, though we never found them out unless by the merest accident, as it seemed, for she was very apt to keep what she thought to herself, when it was not anybody's business.

"How old is he?" she asked Cathie, abruptly, one day, making a little half-contemptuous gesture towards Alex, as he was leaving the room.

"He is twenty-four," Cathie answered, surprisedly. "Why, Fulvia?"

"I was wondering why he stays here," was her short answer.

"Stays here!" says Cathie, innocently. "Where should he stay but here? We have lived at Ballomuith ever since Mr. Alexander Muith first began to take care of us."

"Take care of you!" repeated Fulvia, with her most scornful face. "I should think he could take care of himself—he's old enough. Bah!"

Cathie opened her eyes in a sort of trouble. She was a little afraid of these scornful words of Fulvia's.

"You—you are not angry, Fulvia, are you?" she stammered. "Not angry with Alex, I mean. I don't quite understand you."

Fulvia turned her shoulder upon her snappishly, and held her bit of a slipper over the fire to warm.

"No," she said. "What should I be angry with him for? I don't care anything about him. He has nothing to do with me."

But being a little out of patience with her, I fired up a trifle myself, and spoke out.

"Then, if you are not vexed with Alex, what do you snap at him for?" I said. "Snap at those who fret you, and not at those who don't. You are too ready with your tongue, it seems to me, Fulvia Desmond."

She turned upon me like fire, with her big black eyes all in a blaze.

"Mind your own business!" she says, as vicious as you please. "I don't want you to meddle with me."

But I did not care for that, for I knew it was nothing but temper, and she bore me no ill-will; and, for the matter of that, before ten minutes were out it was all blown over. But for two or three days after she scarcely condescended to notice Alex, and was so ill-natured with him that he got quite discouraged, and came to me for comfort, as he always did.

It was the day after she had spoken to Cathie that he came to me as I was sewing, in my small sitting-room, and he threw himself on the floor at my feet, and laid his head on my lap, as he had a fashion of doing.

"Faith, but she's a vixen!" he said, in his light-hearted fashion, but I knew he was vexed in the face of it. "She's a vixen, isn't she, Norah?"

"Who?" I asked, pretending to be as careless as he was.

"Who?" says he. "Who but Miss Fulvia, to be sure. What other vixen have we here but Miss Fulvia, and isn't she vixen enough entirely for one establishment?" with a nonsensical bit of a brogue.

"Oh!" I answered, "if it's her you're talking about, I wouldn't mind anything she says. She doesn't mean any great harm, though she's sour enough sometimes."

"Aye!" says he, sharply; "and sweet enough, too."

I looked down at him in a minute, and he raised his eyes to mine, and half laughed in spite of the fret that was on his handsome face.

"Aye!" I said, sharply, too, for my heart was in my mouth, through a new thought that came to me all of a sudden. "You don't mean to say

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that you've been simple enough to take a fancy to her, Alex Muith?"

He laughed again, with the fret still on his white forehead, under the yellow curls.

"Just that simple, Norah, avourneen," was his answer. "Just simple enough to love the little vixen desperately, but not so simple as to think she cares enough for me even to be civil."

Well, this was a sort of blow to me, to tell the truth, though I ought to have had sense enough to see how things were going on; but somehow this was the first time I had thought of my boy's being more than a boy, and old enough to care for pretty faces, after man-fashion.

But though this was the first time we talked about Fulvia Desmond in such a manner, it was not the last. As time went on, Alex seemed to care for her more, and she, for her part, seemed only to care for him less. She slighted him a dozen times in a day, and sometimes treated him so badly that I could not understand it, for she was, heart and soul, fond of Cathie. Living as we did, alone in the big, old, half-empty barracks of a house, and with so few people about us, of course we were nearly altogether dependent on each other for amusement; and when she was in the humor, Fulvia Desmond could have cheered up a wilderness with her fantastic, whimsical nonsense; but she never tried to amuse Alex. She could dress, and dance, and tell stories, and chatter like a jay for Cathie and I, when we were alone together, but she was always scornful and indifferent to Alex.

"I'm out of heart to-day, Norah, acushla," he would say to me every now and then, for though I was getting to be an elderly woman, the children still held to their old pet names for me. "I'm out of heart to-day, Norah, acushla. Her ladyship is sharper than ever." And then he would laugh, but his fair face was never quite free from the fret even when he laughed the most.

But, though he bore it patiently for a long time, one day he took her to task about it.

"You don't like me, Cousin Fulvia," he said to her, half in jest, as usual. "You don't like me even well enough to be civil—asking pardon for saying so. I should like to know what I have done, if it pleases you to tell me?"

She opened her big, scornful eyes wide, and stared at him as if it would be a condescension to answer him; but she did answer him, notwithstanding.

"You don't know what you are talking about," she said, not as politely as she might have done. "You have done nothing. Nothing you could do would have anything to do with me. I don't care anything at all about you."

"Thank you," he answered, looking a trifle pale or so, and knitting his forehead, for she had raised his temper at last. "I suppose that means I'm not worth the troubling after."

"It means whatever you choose to think it means," she said, viciously, "or it means nothing at all. I tell you I don't care anything at all about it."

"Very well," said Alex. "If that's it, I won't trouble you again. I will keep out of your way, Miss Fulvia Desmond."

I was sitting on the other side of the fire, and looked up at this, and was surprised to see that she was pale, too; and I had an idea that she had turned pale all of a sudden, but she looked angry enough, and gave her little foot a bit of a stamp on the hearth-flag.

"You don't trouble me, I tell you," she said. "You couldn't trouble me if you tried."

Now I knew there was something at the bottom of this. If she had been a different girl, I should have thought that maybe she had some little spite against him; but there never was any spite in Fulvia, if she did have a temper; and so I was sure there must be a reason for her dislike for Alex, and so I watched her, but for several days I found out nothing. Alex kept out of her way, as he said he would. He began to fish and shoot again, as he used to do, staying out whole days, and never even coming home to his meals; and when he did come home he scarcely took any notice of her at all, but would go whistling by her through the house, as if she had never been about.

But one night, going accidentally into her room, as I opened the door I heard the sound of low, passionate sobbing, and advancing toward the fire, found Fulvia crouched down in one corner of a big chair, crying, with her head resting on her arms.

She started up when she saw me, and finding that she could not hide the truth, spoke to me angrily.

"What do you want?" she said. "I wish you would let me alone."

I was determined to sift the matter to the bottom, so I walked to the door and shut it, and then came back again deliberately and sat down.

"I want to know what you are crying for, Fulvia Desmond," I said.

"I am not crying," she answered, boldly.

"That's not true," I answered her back. "You are crying, or you were when I came in; and as I was put here to take care of you, I mean to know the reason why."

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"You'll have to find out for yourself, then," she said, sullenly; and then all at once she broke down, and dashed her face on to her folded arms, and began to cry again. "I wish I was dead!" she cried out. "I wish I had never been born! I wish I could die this minute!"

"You'd better not wish that," I said, dryly. "You might be sorry if your wish was granted. You are not exactly in a fit condition to die this minute."

"It doesn't matter," she said, passionately. "Who cares? Who would care if I died to-night? Cathie might for a day or so, but nobody else would."

I did not take any notice of this speech, because I thought best to let it pass; so I turned quietly to the subject I wanted to clear up.

"What made you quarrel with Alex the other day?" I said. "He is always good-natured enough with you."

"I didn't quarrel with him," she answered. "Why can't he let me alone?"

"He never troubles you," I said.

She stopped crying, all in a minute, and lifted her face up, and looked at me.

"You don't know what you are talking about now," she said. "I am not Catharine Muith; I am Fulvia Desmond."

"I don't see where there need to be a difference," I said.

"Difference!" she echoed, with her face on fire. "I don't see how the two could be alike."

"Why not?" I asked her, feeling puzzled, though I knew I was coming to the secret.

"Men don't speak to her as they speak to me," she said, flaring up. "She has not lived as I have, dragged about among bad men and women all her life. She has not the black blood in her veins that I have. Her mother was not an outcast, with a mark of shame branded on her forehead. She is Catharine Muith, and I—well, I am Fulvia Desmond, and that is saying enough."

I had got to the bottom of the secret now, and having got to the bottom of it, scarcely knew what to say. It was bitter shame, it seemed, not a girl's whim or petty spite; it was the remembrance of her neglected childhood, the burning, shameful wrong that had been done to her, that made her passionate and bitter.

"I have seen men speak to my mother," she went on, with her face buried on her arms, and her black hair hanging over them, "and I knew what their fine speeches meant, if I was a child. They used to laugh and jeer at her, when her back was turned, and sneer at the wrinkles and paint on her face; and once I saw her sit before her mirror and cry, with the tears running down her cheeks over the powder and rouge, because she heard them. It was the only time I ever felt sorry for her, but I did feel sorry for her then, and I made up my mind that no man should jeer at me, or make me listen to him. He"—she meant Alex—"knows I am not like Cathie, and I hate him for it. I hate him!"

She was shaking all over with sobs; and when I tried to comfort her, I knew very well that nothing I could say would have any effect. She had cherished her bitter thoughts too long to be reasoned out of them in a night, so I said very little, though what I did say was to the point; and at last she sobbed and raged herself quiet, with her face still hidden.

"And then what does he stay here for?" she broke out resentfully. "He is not a child, he is a man. What right has he to let Mr. Muith take care of him? He is old enough to take care of himself, and not live here, from year to year, hunting and fishing, and spending other people's money. I am only a woman; but I would not live here if I had no money of my own. I don't blame Cathie; but I only came to Ballomuith, because I wanted to hide away from everybody, and be out of the way of the world. A man has no right to live as he is doing—and that makes me hate him, too."

I did not say very much in answer to that speech either. I had determined to leave everything to Alex, and, perhaps, I was not really sorry for the last part of her outbreak. I had cared so much for the children, and so much for Alex, particularly, that I had sometimes secretly wished he was more ambitious, and less easy-natured. Not that I could blame him exactly, for Mr. Alexander Muith had taken him so completely in charge, all his life, and seemed to set aside so completely any idea of his working for a living, that it would scarcely have been natural for him to be other than careless and easy-going.

I did not even wait for the next day to tell Alex how matters were standing. I went to him in his room that very night, after I left Fulvia, and repeated to him word for word what she had said.

He turned pale then in real earnest, and began to walk up and down the floor, and walked so for fully five minutes, before he said a word, but he turned round at last, and broke the silence.

"That's it, is it?" he said. "I can't stand that, Norah. I can't stand that, upon my soul. You must help me, Norah, dear, and tell me what to do." And there were actually drops of

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perspiration on his forehead, as he dropped into his chair again, and hid his face in his hands.

It scarcely matters telling now what we said to each other during the rest of the time we stayed together. It is quite sufficient at present to say, that we made some plans of our own, and that, after I left him, he sat down and wrote a long letter to Mr. Alexander Muith in Dublin.

He did not alter his manner toward Fulvia much, though, for the next two or three days, he was not quite so indifferent to her presence, and certainly she did not alter her manner toward him at all. She was as high-handed and scornful as ever, and had as little to say. She was not even as good-natured toward Cathie, and once or twice she snapped at me more viciously than I had ever known her to do before; but I set it all down to her trouble, and passed it over.

She was in one of her worst moods one night, when we were all sitting together in the old, dining-hall, and, after making two or three vicious speeches, she stopped talking altogether, and had been sitting in silence for half an hour, staring into the fire with that queer expression in her big, black, foreign-looking eyes, when Alex, who had been out all day, came in with a letter from Dublin in his hand. He was rather pale, and the old fret was on his fair face, so he tossed the letter to me, and flung himself into a chair.

"It's done, Norah creena," he said, trying to smile. "It's as you said it would be; but I am going for all that."

Cathie looked up with a start, and I fancied Fulvia started too, but she did not raise her black eyelashes for all that.

"Going!" said Cathie. "And where is it you are going to, Alex, dear?"

Alex looked at Fulvia Desmond for a minute, and then answered her:

"To Australia, Cathie," he said. "What do you think of that?"

Cathie broke into a little cry, and sat up staring at him with a frightened face.

"You are not in real earnest, Alex," she burst out. "You cannot mean what you say. You are joking us."

He shook his yellow curls back from his forehead, still looking at Fulvia.

"Not a bit of it, mavourneen," he said. "Not a taste of a joke. I am in earnest this time. I am going to Australia, for cousin Fulvia's sake."

Fulvia did start then in honest truth, and she changed color too, but she did not look at him, and he went on talking, and the queer part of it was, that though he was talking to Cathie he was watching Fulvia all the time.

"I am going for Miss Fulvia's sake, Cathie," he said; "and it was she put it into my head to go, though she never said a word to me about it. Fulvia thinks a man has no right to live the life I have been living, and she is right. I have been an idle sort of a good-for-nothing, but I am going to try to behave myself better, because you see I care for Fulvia, though she does not care for me, and never will. I love Fulvia, though she does not love me; and I would go to the wide world's end to win a good word from Fulvia, though Fulvia would rather die than look at me this minute, and would give old Lion in his kennel, out in the court-yard there, a hundred good words, where she would not give me one if I went down on my knees to ask her for it."

If I were to live a hundred years I should never forget Fulvia Desmond's face as it was that minute. It was white as death, and though her eyes were fixed steadily on the peat fire, they were like burning coals themselves. There were little black lines on her forehead, too, and her mouth was set hard. I saw this for a minute, while Alex was speaking, and then there was a little rustle and a rush, and she had run out of the room, and banged the door after her.

Well, here was an end of that night; but, two or three days after, Mr. Alexander Muith came down to Ballomuith, from Dublin, in a towering passion. His answer to Alex's letter had shown that he was angry; but even I had not expected that he would be as wild as he was. He stormed at Alex as if he was frantic. He had chosen to bring him up like a gentleman, he said, and he should not make a fool of himself now. Ballomuith would belong to him some day, and so would his own property, and on the interest he might amuse himself as he pleased; he might travel or stay at home, but he should not throw himself away in any Australian bush, like a beggarly adventurer, or do anything else.

"You're a fool, sir!" he said, when Alex tried to reason the matter. "You are worse—you're a madman. You ought to be locked up in a mad-house, and put into a straight-jacket. I choose to have one gentleman in the family, and I am going to have one; and if you are not willing to fill the position, you can go to Australia or to the devil, and I will find some one who will fill it, for you don't get a shilling from me—so there the matter ends."

Of course, this was rather embarrassing for Alex, for he had nowhere else to look to, but his love for Fulvia had given him new ideas about life; so he held firm to his resolve, and told Mr. Muith that he meant to hold to it as a matter of conscience. And he was in earnest, too, for he

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was a brave-natured fellow, my Alex, and had only needed a touch to set his feet on the right track; and once having taken to it, he was not the one to falter before a bit of trouble.

"I *have* been a good-for-nothing, Norah," he had said to me, "but somehow I never thought of it before; and now I feel ashamed of myself, and I can't go back, even if I lose Fulvia herself."

Through all the two or three days' trouble that followed the old gentleman's coming, Fulvia had nothing to say, and kept out of the way as much as she could. But, through watching closely, I could see a queer change in her. She did not look like herself, and I noticed that she had scarcely any appetite at all, though she made pretence enough of eating. There was an odd look about her mouth, too. I always could read her moods by the way she had of setting her mouth, so that there was a little hard line about each corner, and there was this look about it from morning till night. But she took no notice of Alex, only walked about stiff and quiet, and said nothing. Between Cathie and her there was a sort of coldness, though I always thought the fault lay more on Cathie's side than on Fulvia's this time. The fact was, Cathie blamed her for the way she had treated Alex, and blamed her, too, for being the cause of his going away, for Alex had been Cathie's idol, and she could not bear the idea of losing him, and fretted dreadfully.

"It is all her fault that he is going into the world without a friend, Norah," she would say. "I used to care for Fulvia, but I shall never care for her again if Alex leaves us."

Indeed, between the four of them, I had a hard time of it, for what with the old gentleman growling, Cathie fretting, and Fulvia walking about like a ghost, there was no peace to be had.

But it was settled at last, though it was settled miserably enough for poor Alex. He was to go away as soon as he could get ready, and was to expect nothing more from his uncle, who went back to Dublin as soon as ever he found he could not frighten him out of his resolution. And so we began to make preparations between us, Cathie and I, and Alex made preparations, too, and Fulvia looked on without a word for two or three weeks.

But one night, after she had been sitting over the fire for a long time, as usual, she got up from her place all at once, and came to the table where Cathie was sewing with me.

"Let me help you," she said, abruptly. "I can sew well enough. Let me do something."

All the time I had lived there I had never seen Cathie fire up as she did at that minute.

"No!" she said. "You shall not help. You shall not set a stitch on, Fulvia Desmond. But for you we had no need to have the work to do. It's your doing, and it's you that's to blame if Alex never comes back again, and dies thousands of miles away without seeing any of us."

It seemed as if every drop of blood died out of Fulvia's face. She just stood up for a minute, straight by the table, and as still as death, and then she went back to her seat again without uttering a word. And she did not utter a word for three hours after. It was a fierce battle she had with herself, I knew, when all was over, still as she sat, and steadfast as she looked. I thought, for my part, that she was going to sit there all night. I should not have been at all surprised if she had done so. Cathie had been gone to bed full an hour, and Alex and I had been talking together for a long time, and she was still sitting there when Alex got up to go, too, and he had bidden her good-night, and reached the door before she said a word. But as he laid his hand upon the handle, I saw her face flash up and turn white, and her breast began to heave, and then all in a miunte it seemed she sprang up and turned on him like some wild, hunted thing at bay.

"Stay!" she said. "Come back! Norah, make him come back."

He was face to face with her in a minute, though he was even more bewildered than I was at first; but the moment he came back I saw what was the matter, and how it was all going to end.

"You shall not go away!" she cried out, panting, and trembling, and sobbing all at once. "You shall not go. They shall not blame me for that; they shall not dare to do it. Besides, I cannot bear it either," catching her breath and holding her clenched hand hard against her heart. "If you are going away because you love me, stay because you love me. I would not tell you before, but now—now I must tell you, because it would kill me to hide it. I love you, too. I would die for you. I will do anything you say I must do. I will give up everything. I have been bad enough, but I give up now. Only don't go away; or, if you must go, take me with you, if it is to the world's end. I love you—yes, I love you; and if you leave me I shall go mad or die!" And she fell upon her knees, burying her face in her arms upon the footstool, and trembling like a leaf.

I never dreamed of such a tempest being in the girl's nature, fiery as I knew she was. She

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had broken down utterly at last, and was more at his mercy than any other girl could possibly have been.

Alex was down on the hearth beside her in a second, and had her in his arms, and was kissing her as if he had gone crazy, and calling her all the frantic love names in the world, and coaxing her like a child; while she, poor, wronged young creature, never even tried to get away from him, but clung to his shoulder, sobbing and shaking, and taking his kisses and coaxing as if it was the breath of new life to her. I felt out of place a little, seeing that all was going right, so I crept out of the room and shut the door softly behind me, so as not to disturb them; and then I slipped up stairs to Cathie, and wakened her to tell her about it.

The girl sat up in bed and listened to me with her eyes wide open, like great violets with the dew on them, and she turned from red to white, and from white to red; and, of course, girl-like, changed her mind about Fulvia in a minute, and cried over what I said as a child might cry for joy and excitement and bewildered happiness.

"And he won't go away?" she said, over and over again. "He won't go away, will he, Norah? And they'll be married, won't they? And we will all live together, and it will be like the old times, only maybe Fulvia will be happy."

There never were three people happier than those three children were when everything was settled and straightened out, as of course it was; and there never was a girl changed as Fulvia Desmond. It seemed as if all her old scornful ways were lost in her love for Alex; and the soft, little, timid shyness which stole into her manner made her more like a young girl, and less like a hard, bitter-natured woman. And though Mr. Alexander Muith changed his mind, and came round in time, Alex held to his plans; and though, for Cathie's sake, he did not go to Australia, he went to work on Ballomuith, and fought hard, too, with the old, easy-going, careless way of the place and the people, and in enriching the estate by his labor and management, enriched himself, too; so that at this day they stand as high as the highest; and I have reason to be prouder of my children than ever, for Fulvia is the greatest lady in the country, and her handsome children have the happiest life to look forward to.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

BY GEORGE KLINGLE.

Oh! the old factory-shuttles are sleeping at noon,
Not a finger is stirred over shuttle or loom;
All the bells are as still, since the nooning hath rung,
As though bells through the bell-tower had never been swung.
But there's music that thrills through the old factory's looms,
That thrills among shuttles and cobwebbed old rooms—
Low, soft, yet as clear as the silver-mouthed bells—
There is music that whispers of magical spells.

There are lips that are parted, half blithely, half sad,
Lips palling by looms, lips once only glad;
Blue eyes, clear and thoughtful—oh! what are the dreams
Of that pure, tender face? The dingy old beams
May deal with all gladness a treacherous part;
May shadow the images traced on the heart,
But not dim the eye's glory, nor tarnish one fold,
One single bright thread of the hair's waving gold.

There are smiles that play o'er a pure, trusting face—
A face tinged with sadness, a lithe form of grace,
Crouched in a dim corner, hands clasped on the knee,
Oh! what may the dreams of the factory-girl be,
As the music throbs over the shuttle and loom;
Music wavering and soft, through the cobwebbed old room.

MUSINGS.

BY MRS. JENNIE A. GALE.

I HEAR again the robin's plaintive calling,
The bluebird's warble in the budding trees,
And all day long upon my ear is falling
The dreamy murmur of the humming bees.
And all day long the brook is singing, singing,
A merry song of Spring-time's joy and glee;
While gladsome shouts of children's ringing voices
Are borne upon the wind's low breath to me.

Oh, tearful Summer-rain, your pensive sobbing
Brings back those other far-off days to me;
With grief unspoken all my heart is throbbing,
While thinking, peaceful, happy days of thee.
Oh, soft south wind! blow gently, gently o'er
The mound they made one dreary Autumn day;
Wake the meek violet's bloom, that they may cover
The spot where one I loved is hidden away.

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MRS. RAYMOND'S ENERGY.

BY F. R. WILLIAMS.

EMILY RAYMOND was quite determined never to be a hindrance to her husband's success in life. Other wives might be indolent, extravagant, pleasure-loving, if they chose, but no such reproach should ever apply to her. During the first five or six years of marriage, this resolve showed itself in her judicious expenditure, her careful management of every household detail. After that time a new ambition awoke within her, and she decided to earn as well as to economize.

It happened thus. The evening before she had attended a large wedding, at which her own appearance had by no means gratified her. She had taken some pains with her attire, and had supposed it both pretty and becoming; but the experiences of the dressing-room altered her opinion. Really it seemed as if every one but herself, and two or three old ladies, were freshly arrayed for the occasion. Everything she wore, though good in its time, and well preserved, was a little different from the newer styles; she had felt under-dressed, and uncomfortable at being so.

Probably she would not have taken the matter so much to heart but for Louise Tallman's appearance. Louise was rather her *bete noir;* not that she was at all jealous, or had cause to be, but the facts were these. Louise had wanted Mr. Raymond, as everybody knew, and had tried her best to marry him; but, fortunately for himself, as was also well understood, he had chosen Emily Dunning. Louise, being quite free from care, and at liberty to devote time and thoughts to her own person, had kept rather younger than the busy wife and mother. All the money she could get together went to adorn herself, and, as she had both taste and ingenuity, the result was undeniably good. There was a slight difference of opinion between husband and wife with respect to this young lady. Mrs. Raymond held that it was quite absurd for a woman of Louise's age to be so given up to dress and amusement, as if she were a girl of eighteen; while Mr. Raymond exercised toward her that amiable charity which a man will feel for a woman who has shown the good taste to appreciate his merits. He never thought of comparing her to his wife, but considered that she was a stylish, attractive person, and was very ready to make himself agreeable whenever they met. And last night Louise had looked really splendid; such an elegant silk, such beautiful ornaments, and her hair arranged in a new, elaborate style, that was wonderfully becoming. And she looked so young—so fresh! Poor Emily felt it rather hard, for, when they were girls together, she had always been the prettier, and would be even now, she felt, with only a fair chance. And though she had the most perfect confidence in John, it was not exactly pleasant to see the pair together, he talking with animation, she smiling archly up into his face. How could John help admiring her, and thinking his wife dowdy and old-fashioned by comparison?

While she thus reviewed and pondered events, Mrs. Jermyn came in to talk over the wedding: she brought her little girl along to see Carrie Raymond. How that child was dressed!—velvet, and silk, and feathers, handsome enough for any grown-up young lady! Mrs. Raymond thought of Carrie's cloth sacque, made by herself, and the ostrich tips that adorned her little beaver. It was foolish to spend so much upon a child of five years old; yet Carrie would certainly be very plain by the side of Gretta Jermyn. As for Gretta's mother, Mrs. Raymond never thought of trying to imitate her.

Of course the wedding was duly canvassed, and the presents received their share of notice. Mrs. Jermyn remarked that the point-lace, though handsome, did not put her at all out of humor with her own; she always did think she had the greatest bargain in that point. And, talking of the silver, led her to mention several new pieces she had purchased lately. Well, thought Mrs. Raymond, what next? She had long wished to purchase a few plain, useful articles, but had not felt it prudent to afford the outlay. How did the Jermyns manage? She by no means belonged to the class of discontented, repining women; still she did not find it pleasant to be left so far behind in the race. What could be done to enlarge their own income, to justify on their part, some of those pleasant expenditures? She thought and thought, and by-and-by evolved a plan.

"John," she asked, rather abruptly, when the children were in bed, and they were settled for the evening. "What should you say if I tried to get a class of music-scholars?"

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"Say!" he exclaimed, in astonishment. "Why, that you were wild! What could have put such an idea in your head?"

"Just listen, John," she urged, anxiously, "and I'll tell you. You must notice—of course we've often talked about it—the way in which people spend money now-a-days, the things they indulge themselves in, which we could never dream of having. How they do it is a perfect mystery to me."

"There can't be any magic in the case, Emmy; there must be an awful amount of pinching, somewhere, where it doesn't show."

"I am not so sure of that. Look at the Jermyns. They keep an excellent table; everything about them is of the best, and plentifully supplied; yet, when we married, we would have called ourselves the better-off."

"Jermyn speculates," said Mr. Raymond. "It isn't a kind of prosperity I should care for. There may be a crash one of these days."

"Oh, no! I shouldn't want anything of that sort," his wife replied. "Let us know what we have at any rate. And I should be quite wretched if we were not laying up for the future, too. But you see, John, if I could earn something entirely outside our regular income, we should feel free to spend that exactly as we liked. It would seem to tell, if it were only a little."

Mr. Raymond did not fall in readily with the plan. His wife was not strong, and he thought the care of the house and the children were quite as much as she ought to undertake. Then his pride as head and provider of the family was somewhat alarmed. "It looks," he said, "as if I could not, or would not, take proper care of you, and you were obliged to set at work for yourself." All these objections were promptly met by Emily; she argued, she persuaded; and, if not convinced, he was at least acquiescent.

Mrs. Raymond was well-known as an excellent performer, and it was not long before three or four pupils were obtained. She was delighted with her success; so many, at so much per term; what a nice sum, and how much she could do with it! It required a little thought to arrange matters as she wished. The lessons must be given at her own house, and at such hours as not to interfere with her domestic duties, nor trench at all upon John's comfort. He had consented rather unwillingly, and she must not allow the project to become less agreeable in his eyes. By dint of careful management it was all contrived. The scholars came at such hours that Mr. Raymond never encountered them; Jack and Carrie were neatly dressed as ever; house and table showed no lack of care or comfort. Emily was indeed kept busy. The mere matter of teaching she found by no means uncongenial; her pupils were bright and industrious, and, as they were somewhat advanced, she was spared the drudgery of taking them through the rudiments. She became interested in their progress, and felt that, to a person at liberty, the employment might be quite acceptable. Of course, she was not favorably situated for it. She was often obliged to hurry through her work to be ready by lesson time; and the young children, it must be admitted, were a good deal in the way of any regular, settled occupation. She had been obliged to send them into the kitchen sometimes, when she felt that their presence was not exactly welcome there. Bridget was a good girl, and Jack and Carrie were fond of her, but when she was hurried they were an annoyance. It puzzled Mrs. Raymond, this matter of the children. Bridget was such excellent help, and knew the ways of the house so well, that it would never do to make her dissatisfied with her place. A new hand in the kitchen would sadly disorder all these plans of profit; yet there were times when she could not have the children around at lessons. Fortunately, before any serious difficulty arose, the end of the term arrived. It was a relief, for she had begun to feel a little weary and over-worked. The evenings with John, when the children were sleeping quietly, and they had the room to themselves, did not seem as delightful as they used; she sometimes felt, that to lie down and rest would be more agreeable than to talk or listen to the most charming book. This was carefully kept from her husband; she did not wish to prejudice him against her undertaking. And now the vacation would set her up again, and she should be ready to begin the new term with fresh vigor.

The bills were promptly paid, and she surveyed the little pile of greenbacks with a satisfaction that would have won the genuine contempt of those lofty-minded wives who spend as much any day on trifles, and never give it a second thought. But then Mrs. Raymond was a person of very moderate ambitions. She displayed her wealth to John, and he called her a dear little energetic woman, and entered with interest into her plans for expending it to the best advantage; only just at the last he said,

"And now suppose you call your experiment finished, and give the whole thing up."

"Oh, John! are you really serious?" she asked, in a tone of disappointment. "I thought you were pleased."

"So I am, in one sense, but I am afraid it is too much for you.

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"It hasn't hurt me in the least, I assure you, John. If I felt it injurious, I should give it up at once."

"Very well, then," he replied, yielding against his better judgment. "But take care that your energy doesn't carry you too far."

With the next term three new scholars offered themselves. Mrs. Raymond hesitated, but the temptation was great. Her object in giving lessons was to make something by it, and it would be foolish to turn away a source of certain profit. Bridget looked rather dark when she heard of the accession, and observed that Mrs. Raymond would perhaps better suit herself with some one else as soon as possible, for she had engaged for housework, and not as children's nurse. Alarmed at the prospect of such a defection, Emily lost no time, but offered at once a considerable advance in wages. Bridget was willing enough to accept the arrangement, but this hint of danger made their mother resolve that Jack and Carrie should be less than ever in the kitchen.

The household machine did not work as noiselessly as heretofore. Dinner was sometimes late, because Mrs. Raymond had been unable to make the pie or pudding in season. Occasionally, when John came in from the store, he heard a few final tinkles of the piano, or met a girl leaving the house with a quantity of sheet music in her hand. He liked punctuality, and his wife had always indulged him; any violation of it was annoying. Still, as he told himself, it was but a trifle, and did not often happen, even at that. When Emmy got tired of this lesson business, as he was sure she must before long, they would go back to their old ways.

What would he have said had he known that she was beginning to regard the teaching of music as almost her vocation, and that the little complaisances he had practiced were considered as signs that John did not really care about having everything prompt to the minute, and that it was quite unnecessary to be so particular as she had been last term in keeping every token of her employment from his sight. With the proceeds of that term she had purchased several pretty articles of table furniture; with the results of this she should have new curtains for the front parlor, and all sorts of charming summer things for Carrie; and with the next and the next—for she went on as fast as the milkmaid of yore—other pleasant novelties would appear, till after a year or two they should have everything in the house that a reasonable person could desire; and all, as it were, from nothing, for she did not count her own trouble. The children, it is true, were still a difficulty. She had been unable to hold to her resolve of keeping them away from Bridget, spite of all her efforts. And they were often such an interruption to her own employments, wanting to be amused, or to have stories told them, just when she was busiest. However, it would be easier by-and-by; Carrie would soon be six, and could go to school in summer, and with only Jack on her hands, she could manage so much better.

In the midst of these calculations appeared the prospect of an inmate who would demand yet more care and time than the obnoxious children already present. One can hardly suppose it was hailed with delight. Just as she was getting things arranged, thought poor Mrs. Raymond, and beginning to see what she could do! And to have it all broken up; it was really too bad! She could make no plans for the future now; all that remained was to accomplish as much as possible in the time that was left her. She would not say anything to John just yet, for he would be sure to urge that she should give up her class—and that she could not think of doing. Precisely at this juncture, two fresh pupils offered. She accepted them at once, and their weight was added to the burden already too heavy. Dinner was often late now; John did not particularly enjoy sitting by himself in the dining-room for half an hour, listening to the tum-tum from the back parlor, but he consoled himself with the newspaper, and waited till Emily should grow weary of her project.

As for Emily herself, how hard it was to come out and preside at the table, to talk cheerfully, and appear interested in what her husband said. She couldn't help thinking of all that must be done before the next lesson-time, and often she was so tired, her head ached, and the children's chatter worried her so. She found it quite impossible to encourage the after-dinner sitting, which had been one of the great pleasures of the day; it was essential that she should be up and doing. John did not care to linger without her; he lit his cigar, and went back to the store.

Contrive as she would, there was one difficulty she could not meet; callers would sometimes come in during lesson-time. If the pupil were sent to the dining-room to wait, as John did for his dinner, the visit was apt to be constrained and brief; or if she were told to come at a later hour, tea would very likely be delayed. As many lessons as possible were put into the morning hours, but household matters came in there; she could not save all the time. If only John felt like her, they might get up early, ever so early, and have work out of the way. She was almost

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inclined to think it rather hard that John did not feel so, when she herself was doing so much, and all for the family good. But he had never been over-friendly to her project, and she had hardly the courage to propose a six o'clock breakfast to him.

And then the sewing. Mrs. Raymond had been brought up to consider that to do the plain sewing of her family was a woman's first duty, and to this she had added, as far as possible, the making of dresses and other garments. As she could command little or no time during the day, she now began to encroach upon the evening. Work had fallen so far behind, that she could no longer employ her needle, as had been the custom when her husband was at home; the sewing-machine must be called in for greater expedition. The machine stood in the dining-room, and it was hardly worth while to remove it, with all its litter of work, to the parlor. There could be no comfortable talk, and the noise would annoy John. Better let him have the room to himself in peace.

At this point John rebelled. For three evenings he made no comment; but when, on the fourth, he found that preparations were making to leave him again to the enjoyment of his own society, he spoke, and, as often happens, said more than he intended.

"Do, pray, Emily, let the machine alone! Isn't daylight long enough that you must carry your labors into the night?"

His wife was piqued by the tone.

"You may be sure," she said, "that I do not work from choice, when I am so tired that I hardly feel able to sit up."

"There is no necessity for such a state of things," replied John; and, as he spoke, all the dissatisfaction of past weeks rose to his mind. "Home is a changed place lately; there is no ease, no comfort, not a leisure moment. You go about under such a cloud of care that you can hardly give a word or look to me or the children. You are so pre-occupied that you don't take the slightest interest in anything that concerns us."

Emily's heart swelled. She thought he was cruelly unjust.

"If I *do* work hard," she said, in a trembling voice, "I don't receive many thanks for it."

"That doesn't apply to *me*," rejoined John, hotly. "If you are overworked, it is no fault of mine. If you could have contented yourself with such a home and such indulgences as I was able to afford, there would have been no occasion for it. However," he added, "I'll not keep you any longer from your sewing, since it is so important." And taking his hat, he left the house.

Emily laid her head on her arms and cried most bitterly. How *could* John speak so to her? How could he be so unkind, when she had done, and was doing, so much, at such sacrifice to herself? Tired as she was, she had kept faithfully about, making no complaint—and this was her reward! Instead of a word of sympathy, there was only indignation because his own convenience was a little interfered with. She never could have believed that John would be so selfish—never! And to say that home wasn't like home; that she went about like such a cloud on every one's enjoyment; it was not so—it could not be! John did not care for her as he used to, or he never could have said such a thing; and at the cruel thought her tears flowed afresh.

A ring at the door! She started at the sound, hurried to her own room, and mechanically began to bathe her eyes with cold water, hoping all the time that it was a message, perhaps, or some one to see John; but there was no such escape for her. It proved to be Louise Tallman. She had come in to sit a while, and, at Mrs. Raymond's suggestion, readily laid aside her wrappings. She looked well—very well. Her complexion was always nice, and to-night she was so fair, so blooming and untroubled. Poor Mrs. Raymond grew every moment more conscious of her red eyes and jaded aspect. Louise had abundant leisure to adorn herself, and was always embellished by any little prettiness that chanced to be the mode. Her rings sparkled, her beautiful hair was *crepe* in a golden cloud; she chatted on, entirely cheerful and at ease, while Emily, in her plain home garb, with her aching head and aching heart, strove painfully to keep up the conversation, yet remembered, all the time, the wretchedness of that last interview.

"You're not well to-night, are you, dear?" Louise asked, presently. She was always extremely affectionate to her successful rival.

"Not quite. My head aches."

"I knew it. I can always tell by your eyes when anything is the matter with you! Well, you married ladies have to pay for your privileges. So many cares; so much to see to! It makes a woman old before her time."

"I suppose you will be warned by the misfortunes of your friends," said Emily, with a rather constrained smile.

"Oh, I can't say," replied Louise, with perfect candor. "When my time comes, if it ever does, I may be no wiser than my neighbors

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But, seriously, dear, it's a shame that you should work as you do. I wonder John doesn't see it. I shall give him a lecture the next time we meet.

Emily's cheeks flamed with indignation. She might be growing "old," but most people had the civility to refrain from telling her so. She wished Louise would go. But fate was not propitious; instead of Louise going, John returned. He was not more polite to the visitor than he would have been to any one, perhaps; but then his last words to his wife had not been gracious, and the contrast was far from pleasant to her mind. She became doubly aware, too, the moment he appeared, of those disadvantages in her own appearance which had been evident enough before. As the door closed on the pair—for John must of course escort Miss Tallman home—all the burden of the quarrel rolled back on Emily's spirit. She felt that she had more than she could bear, but the end was not yet. Bridget asked her to step into the kitchen, and examine her finger. Mrs. Raymond looked at it with dismay; she had no experience in such matters, but it seemed very like what she had heard of the progress of a felon. Nor did she forget the probable suffering of poor Bridget. Tired out as she was, she made a poultice, bound up the suffering member, and dismissed the girl, telling her to sleep in the morning, if she could; she herself would attend to breakfast.

Morning brought confirmation of her worst fears. The doctor, early summoned, pronounced that Bridget had a felon of the worst type, and a free use of the lancet was the only remedy. She sat by the fire, holding her hand, while Mrs. Raymond went from one duty to another, as fast as weakness and weariness permitted. She had hardly slept more than Bridget, and her spirit was heavy indeed. Ill as she felt, it was nothing to this trouble with John. The first scholar came long before she was ready, and she began to see that lessons must be relinquished, at least for the present. John was going, toward evening, to inquire about a girl, of whom hopes had been held out. If Bridget could muster courage for the operation, she might soon be around again, and, perhaps, in a week or so, all might go on as usual. But she could not tell, she felt so wretched, so utterly unable to do what must be done.

The case was speedily taken out of her hands; overwork and anxiety produced an unforeseen effect. There was a severe and dangerous illness. Mrs. Raymond's energy had almost rendered her home desolate, and her children motherless.

Almost, but not quite, a week later, the aspect of affairs had brightened. The doctor's opinion was encouraging; with time and care all would be well. Carrie and Jack came home from Mrs. Jermyn's, whither they had been taken in the first dark days. Bridget, who had been electrified to a moment's courage by the exigencies around her, was quite comfortable, and able to surprise the new girl with the utmost vigilance and volubility.

Emily's recovery had no drawbacks, unless such as might arise from the reproaches she could not avoid making herself, and which, to do her justice, were made heartily and humbly enough. She would not even allow John to assume any blame for his share in that unhappy evening. In his joy at her restoration he was willing to be either penitent or forgiving, as she chose, and cheered and comforted her in every way.

So the old life began again for them all; the children had their mother once more, and John his wife. But the music-lessons were not resumed, and the house had to wait for its adornments. Experience had convinced Mrs. Raymond that home and its duties afford an ample field for all the energy she could command, and that it was better to go without new curtains, or fine dresses for her children, than to purchase them at too high a price.

WEARY.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

WEARY of life and its many cares;
Weary of trying to avoid the snares
That beset me on every side;
Weary of heart, and weary of brain,
Trying to be strong, yet weak again—
When cometh the eventide?

Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Weary of smiles when I can but weep
At the sorrows that I must bear;
Feeling like one from the world apart,
Only at rest when my aching heart,
Is lifted in silent prayer.

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THE LOST INHERITANCE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 483, VOLUME LXIII.

CHAPTER XVII.

Little Maggie sat in the foot of her baby brother's cradle, looking very grave and thoughtful. Now and then she would give the top-heavy fabric a sudden rock, which brought her feet to the ground, and then subside into inactivity and thoughtfulness again, as if something were preying on her mind.

Mrs. Thorp was busy at her tub, splashing the suds about, and rasping fold on fold of wet linen down the wash-board with cheerful vigor. The good woman loved work, both from habit and a superfluous degree of energy which this sort of exercise worked off to considerable pecuniary advantage. So completely had the rasp of her wash-board, and the soft ripple of suds down its surface, become household music, that the baby refused to be lulled to sleep by any other sound, and grew disturbed in his dreams if the house-room became still for a moment.

Being very busy indeed that morning, Mrs. Thorp did not observe the singular thoughtfulness of her little girl, but squared her elbows, and rushed both hands in and out of the suds with unusual force, until the child lifted herself out of the foot of the cradle, and made for the door.

"Where are you going, Maggie?" said the woman, looking over her shoulder, but keeping both arms in motion.

"Just up stairs a minute, mar. I'll come back right away," answered the little girl.

"Well, see you do. That baby mustn't be left alone, for I've got my wash to get out, and can't attend to anything else; so don't let him wake up and cry."

"In course I won't," said little Maggie, who seemed greatly troubled about something. "Baby knows he can trust me. Ask him, if you don't believe it."

Maggie went out, and Mrs. Thorp turned to her work again. Perhaps she thought it scarcely worth while to arouse the sleeping heir with questions which he could only answer with baby cries that might want pacifying, to the delay of her work.

Meantime, Maggie crept up stairs, and stood for a moment with unusual hesitation at Mr. Ingersoll's door. Finally, she opened it cautiously, and looked in.

Maud was alone, sitting by the window, with some lace-work, which she was doing for the shops, in her lap. The girl was smiling softly to her own thoughts, and Maggie could see that her downcast eyes were humid, and bright with happiness, even shaded as they were by their thick, curling lashes.

"Maudie!"

The girl started, and opened her eyes in a sudden panic. It seemed as if the child had been reading her thoughts.

"Don't look scared, Maudie. It's only me," said Maggie, creeping forward. "I came to say something!"

Maud held out her hand.

"Well, little one, what is it?"

"You—you know about yesterday."

In an instant Maud's face was scarlet.

Maggie dropped her eyes, and turned red also, as if she were about to cry.

"Mar told me to take care of you, and—and instead of that, I went off to sleep."

"It was so warm and still," said Maud, blushing more furiously than ever.

"She told me to watch like a cat does a mouse—but I didn't."

A smile quivered over Maud's lips.

"If I hadn't gone to sleep, he never would have dared."

"Dared what?" faltered the girl, ready to cry with shame.

"You know. It was just wicked of him!"

Again the smile came; but with it a quick rush of tears. Maud could not endure the rebuke of those great, innocent eyes.

"Don't!" said Maggie, putting up both hands, and patting Maud's burning cheeks. I ought to tell mar; but I won't, if you feel so bad about it. Don't now!"

"You are a dear, good little girl," murmured Maud, grateful for this promise, for she shrunk from the thought that Mrs. Thorp might be-

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come the confidant of her secret. "There was no harm."

"Oh, yes, there was. I saw it with my own eyes. It makes me dreadfully uneasy, too. Mar seems just as if she was a going to ask about it every time she looks round."

"But you would not!" gasped Maud, in trembling dread.

"No, indeed. This is just what I would say. "I was a dreadful wicked little girl, mar, and Maudie couldn't help it, cause of my going sound asleep. So it was all me, and that handsome, naughty gentleman, as ought to be ashamed of himself, to make my dear, darling Maud blush so. That is what I mean to say."

"No, no, Maggie, dear! Say nothing at all."

"But I must, if mar asks!"

"Just to please me, Maggie!" pleaded the blushing young creature, in an agony of dread.

"But I want mar to give that gentleman a piece of her mind. She—she can do it!"

Maud, driven to extremities, took a knot of pink ribbon from her bosom, the only ornament she possessed, poor girl.

"Maggie, if I give you this now," she pleaded, looking sadly ashamed as she offered the bribe.

Maggie shook her head. Still her great eyes were fixed longingly on the ribbon.

"It would be so pretty in your hair, Maggie," said the young lady, coaxingly.

"No!" answered Maggie, shaking her hair loose from Maud's caressing hand. "He might be trying to kiss me the very first time you went to sleep."

Maud laughed. The little creature's earnestness was too much for her.

"What shall I give you then?"

"I'll give her this," said young White, who came through the half-open door, and, seeing Maggie standing there with such provoking gravity, snatched her up, half to hide his own embarrassment, and kissed her on the forehead and mouth, laughing and blushing through it all.

Before the little girl could struggle or protest, White had planted her on the floor again, where she stood, flushed with rosy anger, wiping her lips with both hands. After a little, she looked from Maud to her tormentor, dropped her eyes, and marched out of the room.

Maud followed her, fearful of results.

"Maggie, dear," she said, "come back a minute. He did not mean anything. Indeed he did not!"

Maggie came back shamfaced, and with drooping eyelids.

"Are you vexed, Maggie?"

The child shook back her hair, and broke into a smile.

"I—I don't think it hurts, so very much," she said, with the air of one who had made an unexpected discovery; and giving her little hand to Maud, she marched back into the room, and, ten minutes after, was sitting on White's knee, with his watch in her bosom, and the chain about her neck.

Having thus circumvented the enemy, the young people found here society a little embarrassing. The child herself discovered this after awhile and ran away. In the hall she met Mr. Burke, who still kept his room, and never passed the child without some kindly notice. The man had changed greatly since he first came to the house. Care and wholesome food had, to a great degree, restored his strength. Some vague ideas of hopefulness came back to him with the fresh air, and human sympathy had aroused many noble feelings that had slept for years.

"Oh, little one!" he said, taking the child's hand, "What have you been doing since I went away?"

"Rocking the cradle and kissing Miss Maud's beau," answered Maggie, promptly.

Burke gave a sudden start, that made the child look up inquiringly. She saw his face flush red, then turn to a slow, dull paleness, quite too deep for her to comprehend. Quick in her sympathies, she clung to his hand, mounting the stairs with him.

When they entered the room, Burke sat down on the bed like one stunned by a blow. After a little he remembered the child, and told her, with a pitiful smile, to put her hand in his pocket and see what she could find there.

Maggie thrust her plump arm deep into his jacket, and then drew out a great golden orange.

"Shall I peel it for you?" said Burke, very gently, but with such sadness in his voice, that the child stared at him in surprise.

"No; I am going to give it just as it is to our Maud."

"Is—is she alone?"

The man spoke with nervous hesitation, and almost in a whisper.

"No, she isn't."

"Who—"

The man broke off his sentence—either unable or ashamed to put the question directly.

But the child caught it, and answered,

"Who but Mr. White? You didn't think it was that other fellow, did you? He never gets in only when Mr Ingersoll is at home his own self. Maudie told me always to tell her when

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he was on the stairs, and then she runs into our room and talks to us till he goes out."

Burke drew a deep breath.

"She never does that when Mr. White comes. Oh, no! but puts the pink ribbon on her bosom, and grows rosy all over. Do you know, she offered that pink ribbon to me just now not to tell."

"What?"

"I'll never tell—never, never! I wouldn't take the ribbon, though, for all that. What would she have to put on when *he* came, if I did?"

Burke took the child on his knee and pressed her little form to his. There was something humanizing and pathetic in his love for the little creature. He had not thought much of children in his early life, but for many, many years the stone walls of a prison had shut him out from these human blossoms as completely as they had hidden all the flowers of the earth from his sight; and by this privation he had learned how sweet and dear both could be to a suffering heart.

"I'll tell you something," said Maggie, pursing up her lips, and preparing to be unusually confidential, "only you mustn't ever tell—promise."

"Yes, I promise."

"That other fellow, with the gloves and cane——"

"Well, what of him?"

"Don't be cross, now. He's always hanging about."

"Ha!"

"Looking up to the house, and asking me about things."

"About what, Maggie?"

"Oh! where she's going, and who comes here, and what she says to everybody. He thinks I don't know, 'cause I'm a little mite of a girl; but, law, now! I do, just as well."

"Does the young lady know this?" asked Burke.

Here Maggie pursed her little mouth again, and became thoughtful.

"I don't just know about that. He kind of keeps out of sight most of the time. Then there's another feller, that does just the same thing, only more sly."

"Another!"

"Yes, a feller in boots and buttons, and things, with a great wide band on his hat, and cuffs, ever so high, to his coat. He keeps mousing up and down before the house, giving me candy and peanuts, which I won't take, for mar told me not to, and I wouldn't, anyhow."

"That is a good little girl," said Burke, gently smoothing the tangled curls that flooded Maggie's shoulders. "You are a sweet darling."

"Ain't I, now?" lisped the child, with pretty affectation. "But, then, if you could only see baby. He's ever so much sweeter, he is."

"The baby!" said Burke. "For many, many years I never saw a baby, scarcely a child. They seem like angels to me now."

Here little Maggie shook out her curls, and plumed herself like a canary-bird.

"What are angels?" she said.

"Beautiful creatures! sweet, bright, and, above all, merciful!"

"Like our Maudie?"

"Yes, like our Maudie," answered the poor man; and a thrill of painful ecstasy ran through him with the words.

"I thought so," murmured the child; "for in my sleep I heard him call her that."

"Whom did you hear call her that?" questioned the man, with a pang of jealous curiosity.

"Who? Nobody—anyway, nobody particular," answered the child, remembering her promise to Maud, and closing her lips with ludicrous firmness.

Burke asked no more questions, but arose and paced the floor to and fro, wondering at the audacity of his own feelings, and bitterly angry with himself.

Of course, little Maggie was thus left to a lonely contemplation of the big orange he had given her, which was too suggestive for continued patience. She heard a footstep on the stairs, and hastily let herself down from the bed.

"It's him," she said, brightening all over. "So, I guess I'll run down."

Burke stopped short in his moody walk.

"You will tell me his name first," he said, with a nervous catch of the breath.

Maggie laughed.

"Why, you know it your own self. Didn't he come and help take care of you?"

That which had been a doubt in this man's mind settled into a painful certainty. The man who had been so kind to him was perhaps that moment looking into the eyes of Maud Ingersoll, silently asking for the love which was as far from his hope as heaven was from earth. How dared he even envy this young man his happiness? By what right did he dare to take that fair girl into his own thoughts?

"I'm going now," said Maggie, wondering at the change that had come over his countenance. "Mar said I was always to be on hand."

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Burke did not hear the child, but saw her go out unconsciously. A calamity had come upon him greater than imprisonment, more hopeless than disgrace. For the first time in his life he loved, and hated himself for it. Could he, a convict, with the shadow of a great crime forever upon him, dare to love a creature so pure and lovely as Maud Ingersoll. The very idea that there could be hope for him was a desecration he never thought of. In all her sweet ministering kindness he had thought of her more as an angel than a human being. Never once, in all the nearness of her charity, had his hand touched hers, even by accident, or his eyes sought the pity of her glance. To him she was something beautifully sacred. If she bent over him, in his worst illness, he had turned his head away, that she might be saved from even a flutter of his breath.

He had enshrined this fair young girl so sacredly in his heart, that the love that stole in with her image seemed but the religion of a contrite conscience; but when jealousy set in and revealed the passion in all its force and earthliness, he was aroused to perfect consciousness, and hated himself with unutterable loathing, for the feelings which he felt to be a desecration.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was summer now—early summer, when the tender freshness of May carried its cool dews into the warmth and flush of June. The Central Park, that paradise of the people, was glorious in its greenness and radiant bloom. Every rock blazed with flowers, or cast its shadow on waving ferns. The little lakes were blue as sapphires, and gay with bright streamers. Children came in groups from the lanes and alleys of the city, to breathe the fresh air and tread the soft grass, which was all the carpet known to their sparse lives. Those who leaned proudly and indolently on the silken cushions of their carriages, received all this as a portion of their own luxurious lives; but the poor, the hard-working mechanic, or, more mournful still, the man or woman without work, sought the shades of this lovely spot as suffering spirits turn to heaven, sought it with a feeling of equality with the rich, which no other place could give. They had a right to all this bloom—to all the shifting shadows and glorious sunshine. Had not their labor been taxed to produce it? The rich might claim much, but through their hands the toil of the working-man had been fettered, and out of it this paradise had sprung into beautiful life.

In those days Mr. Ingersoll and his granddaughter spent a great deal of time in the Park. It was pleasant to see that panorama of carriages roll by in the afternoon. It was pleasant to ramble through the clustering thickets, or rest on some isolated rock that looked down upon the water, or to hover around the lawns and see a crowd of little children at play in the pure, bright air.

Perhaps the beauty of this place reminded the old man of some earlier time in the old country, where pleasure-grounds like these belonged to some old family as an exclusive right. If so, not even the young girl who wandered by his side ever heard him speak of it; to her, as to every other person, he was reticent of the past, and seldom spoke of the future.

One day, when Maud and her grandfather had wandered away among the narrow paths that lead among the rocks which make the banks of the principal lake so picturesque in a miniature way, the old man, who had been reading aloud to the girl, closed his book and fell into a reverie, that seemed almost like sleep. Maud had left little Maggie at high play with some children with whom she had fraternized, and went in search of her, leaving the old man to his rest.

In that part of the Park there is a tangle of footpaths, some leading down to the shore, some winding among the rocks, and others cutting, with a sharp descent, down into the hollows and ferny ravines with which the shore is broken up. Down one of these paths Maud sauntered dreamily, for she was rich in pleasant visions now, and loved to be alone, for thought was a luxury which the soft, low sounds of that summer-day deepened into exquisite enjoyment. To love, and know yourself beloved, is the deepest and sweetest happiness of life; a joy open to all who know how to feel in perfection this one human foretaste of heaven.

Maud was young, profoundly inexperienced, and innocent as a child. In all the poverty of her surroundings she had been protected from evil as few girls in a higher grade of social life had ever been. With that stately and sensitive old man as a companion and teacher, she had been brought up in a state of intellectual refinement which no ordinary girl ever reaches. In his humble rooms in that tenement-house the old man had always managed to protect himself from intrusion; and his neighbors, ignorant and coarse as they were, would as soon have thought of intruding on the proudest magnate of the land as of forcing themselves into that humble domicile.

Thus combining the highest cultivation of refined life with poverty, which she only felt

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severely when it sunk into absolute want for those she loved, this girl was essentially a dreamer. With keen, asthetic tastes, and a brilliant imagination, she was enabled to escape from the humble surroundings, and live in a world more beautiful than materialism can ever give to a dull understanding.

Thus it happened that the girl forgot little Maggie, who was well able to take care of herself, and strolled off into that wild paradise of flowers, heedless of the path she took, so long as it led her into deeper solitude. The breath of violets, and a thousand tender wild flowers, came faintly to her senses. She gathered a few, quite ignorant of the law that forbade this sweet trespass, and arranged them in a tiny bouquet, as she walked slowly forward. It would have been pleasant for an artist to have watched the natural taste with which her little theft of flowers was arranged. Here a tuft of purple violets encircling a center-star of golden buttercups; then a soft spray of white, with a gleam of scarlet breaking through, all made piquant with some spears of pointed grass, whose twisted ends bound the flowers together.

"I will make one for grandmother too," she whispered, fastening the flowers in her belt. "She never gets up here to pick them for herself." With this thought in her mind, she was looking among the grass in search of more violets, when a shadow fell suddenly across her path, and she started back with a faint cry—for there, directly in her way, stood Sir Charles Oakley, with a gold-mounted riding-whip in his hand, and a flush of pleasure on his handsome face.

Another man might have been chilled by the evident dismay with which he was received; for Maud turned red and white in an instant, then waited a little proudly, as if she expected the young man to step aside, and allow her to pass. He saw this, but only smiled. Just there, two rocks sloped close together, leaving room for the path between them, and nothing more. Above, the rocks rose smooth and gray, below, they broke far enough to allow the path to wind into a deep ravine, moist with a running brook, and green with moss and ferns. She had been about to descend into this dell, where she had discovered soft glimpses of purple through the luxuriant grass, and knew there must be plenty of violets along the bank; but now her first impulse was to strike upward, and go at once to her grandfather.

"I was just going," she said, shrinking back a little, for the young man was gazing on her with an ardent, even impassioned boldness, that made her tremble.

"I know. I see that you are anxious as ever to get away from me. But why? Am I so very terrible that you cannot endure to speak with me?"

"I—I am not anxious. Only—only my grandfather is alone. It was wrong to leave him," faltered the girl.

"A few minutes more or less will do him no harm. The old gentleman is well able to take care of himself."

"Still, I must go," answered the girl, earnestly. "So please to let me pass."

"Not till you have heard what I have to say—not till you have treated me with a little more consideration," answered the young man, throwing off all restraint. "I have been seeking for this opportunity so long that you cannot expect me to throw it up."

"But you have no right to keep me here against my wishes!"

There was fire in Maud's eyes now, and her cheeks were scarlet. The native pride in her character broke forth for the first time in her life. One little hand was put out with a gesture of command. "I wish to pass, sir!"

"And I wish to speak."

"Go with me to my grandfather, then."

Sir Charles laughed, and bent the riding-whip double between his daintily-gloved hands.

"I really have not advanced so far as that yet," he said, with an insolent smile.

Maud did not understand him; but she felt that he was half-jeering at her, and the blood rushed hotly to her face.

"If you will not permit me to pass this way, I will try the other," she said, and, turning down the path, she descended quickly into the dell.

Sir Charles followed her, smiling triumphantly. As she came to the foot of the dell, where a little river-brook, the outgush of some hidden spring, was running, he placed his hand on a jag of the nearest rock, swung himself into the path just above her, and completely blocked up the way. There was no other path out of the ravine.

Maud was pale as death now. Her eyes shone, her lips were white and quivering. She came of a haughty, brave race, and the old blood told proudly, both in her look and speech.

"You must permit me to pass to my grandfather."

"I tell you, sweet one, I have nothing to say to that excellent old gentleman. It is you I wish to converse with."

Maud leaned against one of the rocks that held her prisoner, breathless and panting. She saw no way of defending herself.

"Are you afraid of me?" said Sir Charles, struck with a momentary feeling of shame.

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"Afraid of you? No. Why should I fear a coward?"

"A coward!" cried the young man, biting his lips in fierce wrath.

"That was the word I used," she answered, coldly.

"Have a care. Some insults are unendurable, even from the woman you love!"

"Love!"

Maud uttered this one word with infinite scorn. The curve of her lips, which were red as coral, now stung him.

"Yes, love! Do you not like the word, or are you so cold that it has no significance. I tell you, girl, and mark me, you shall listen and answer, too. There never was a creature so wildly loved as I love you."

Maud turned away from his burning glances, with a gesture of contempt, but he went on.

"If I had found you anywhere else, even with decent surroundings, I would have—yes, I think I would have married you."

"Married me?" cried the girl, almost fiercely. "Me! You!"

Sir Charles took her indignation for surprise, and, under this impression, answered it.

"You see to what madness this passion might have led me. You see also how impossible it is."

"Yes, I do see."

Maud answered coolly, cuttingly, with a smile on her lip.

"Therefore, you will not expect that I did not quite hope to find you so reasonable; but everything else that taste can crave, or money purchase, shall be yours. A great name belongs to a race, and cannot be given rashly, you understand, or, upon my honor, I would lay mine at your feet."

"It is a proud name," said Maud.

"One of the first and oldest in England," answered Sir Charles, deceived by her apparent calm.

"And the estates are large. I have heard so," she continued.

"So large, that there is not a luxury on earth which they cannot bring you."

"You almost mate with kings, sometimes," said Maud, still measuring her voice out evenly.

"Not almost!" answered the young man.

"Yet," said Maud, lifting her head, and drawing her slender figure to its full height, "if you were, in fact, a king, with a whole nation to give, I would not be your wife for a single hour."

"How!"

"High birth and lofty place are only grand when they go to honorable men. With all others, they are a degradation, which no right-thinking girl would share. I, for one, would rather work, as I do, for my daily bread, than hold such things with you."

Sir Charles understood the girl now, and turned white with rage.

"In the world—my world—ladies usually wait to be asked before they refuse a man. I am not aware that marriage has been a subject between us," he said, with pale insolence.

"I do not understand you."

"But you shall!" cried the young man, seizing her hands with a force that made her cry out with pain. "I love you madly—blindly! What witchcraft you have used to bring this thing about I do not know; but the love is here, and the will is here. This passion is one that you shall understand, and return too. All this scorn only makes me more determined. Why, girl, you cannot even dream of all that you would throw away."

Maud wrenched her hands from his grasp.

"I know that henceforth you must not dare to speak to me, even to look at me. Never come to my grandfather's room again, or I will tell him all that you have said."

"Indeed! And then?"

"Then he will know how to punish you."

The baronet laughed uneasily.

"You will not dare to tell him that you met me down here in this lonely place, by appointment," he said.

"No, I have never told him an untruth in my life, and that would be one."

"But, if he speaks to me, I shall tell him, was the audacious reply. "My groom, who saw you waiting among the rocks, will sanction it."

Before the last sentence was completed, a little figure came swiftly down the steep path, and halted suddenly, when it came in sight of Maud's face, which, flushed with passionate shame, terrified the child. One moment she listened—the next flew up the rocks, like a lapwing, and ran toward a solitary bench, where Burke had been watching the children at their play.

"Come, come, this minute! You are wanted awfully, you are!" she cried, in a breathless panic.

Burke started up, and snatched his hat from the bench.

"Wanted where? By whom?" he exclaimed looking up the rocks to which Maggie pointed.

"Our Maudie! He's got her penned up in the path, and won't let her move; and she's so mad, I never saw our Maudie so mad in all my life. Her eyes are big as saucers, and bright as fire. Don't her words ring though. He hasn't scared her a bit; but I'm afraid of him. The way he twists his whip about is awful."

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Burke did not wait to hear all this, but tore his way up the rocks like a wild animal, while the child ran panting and talking after him.

"This way—this path," she cried, darting round an angle of the largest rock.

Burke flung himself over it, urged on by voices that maddened him. Down the path he plunged, with a leap so swift that Sir Charles had hardly time to turn his head, when he was grasped by the arm, and flung back against the nearest rock, with a force that must have broken his limbs, but for the vines and moss that crept over it.

All this passed so swiftly, that the cry on Maud's lips was lost in the crash of Sir Charles' body against the rock. Then she recognized Burke, and, reaching out her arms to him, burst into a wild passion of tears. In his agitation the man threw one arm around her, and, for a half minute, stood trembling like a storm-beaten tree, holding her so near his heart that the breath stifled him.

"Take me away! Oh, take me away! I was mad to leave my grandfather; but I did not know—I did not know."

Burke could not speak; but the dusky light in his eyes lost its fury in that one supreme moment.

"He's a moving—he's a getting up!" Maggie called out, in alarm, watching the baronet, while he struggled up from the rock, as if he had been some wild animal. "Take care, or he'll strike!"

He did strike, wildly, furiously, for the man was in a quiver of rage—mad with the degradation that had been put upon him. He seized that delicate riding-whip by the middle, and dashed the golden handle, with all his force, into Burke's face.

With a sweep of one hand, as if he had been seeking some insect by the wing, Burke caught the whip, twisted it from the owner's hand, and tossed it, with a contemptuous gesture, into the ravine. Then, placing Maud gently behind him, he turned upon the young man, who stood white and panting with wrath, with his hands clenched, and his eyes blazing.

"This is the second time that thing has stung me. Let it lie there. Some boy may like it for a plaything. Men should fight with sterner weapons," said Burke, whose rage was just merging into contempt.

"Men!" exclaimed the baronet, quivering with impotent scorn, such as only aristocrats, born and bred to power, could feel. "Scoundrel, if I had you but one hour where such rabble are forced to know their place."

Burke laughed.

"You would perhaps dare to insult a lady with impunity," he said, "and, after that, terrify her with weak bravado. But we are here where men know some degree of equality, and I insist that you step back, and remain silent, while I conduct this lady to her relative."

There was a force of command in these words, and the gesture that followed them, which the young baronet was compelled to recognize, though he did it with a weak insult on his tongue.

"By all means. The lady knows best what company pleases her. I congratulate you on her good taste."

Maud heard the jeering remark, but did not return it, even by a look. She hurried past the speaker, much as if he had been a wild animal ready to spring on her, and fled up the path, followed by Burke. Once in sight of the open grounds, she checked her speed, and turned toward him.

"Not yet. We must not agitate grandfather. He is not well to-day, and, somehow, the very sight of this man troubles him. Do me the favor not to mention what has passed."

"But he ought to know."

Burke checked himself, and bent his head with a look of profound humility.

"Excuse me," he said. "You asked a favor, and I was about to return it with an opinion"

"It is because my grandfather feels any outrage upon his dignity so much," said Maud. "If he knew that it had come in this form, I am sure it would make him ill. Besides, in what way could he resent it?"

"True enough. He is an old man."

"An old man, who has always been respected in his deepest poverty," said Maud. "In all my life no insult approaching this has ever reached him. Nor shall it, at least through me."

"I shall not breathe a word of it," said Burke "But the child?"

"Ah, dear little Maggie! We can trust her!" answered Maud. "But were is she? Not with grandfather, I hope!"

"I fear she has already gone to him with the news. Shall I leave you here?"

Burke lifted his hat with an air of deep humility as he spoke, and hesitated, as if he feared that she might feel his escort a degradation. Maud saw this, and held out her hand.

"No, take me to him. He will think that I have been safe with you," she said, with a gentle smile.

A look of intense gratitude came over the man's face, and he walked on, keeping a little apart from her, but still within talking distance.

At last they came in sight of Mr. Ingersoll,

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sitting alone, and serenely watching the flow of life that animated the scene around him.

But where was little Maggie all this time? Perched on the very rock upon which Sir Charles had been flung, reading him a lecture, that would have been ludicrous, but for its intense and childish earnestness.

"Look a here, you naughty gentleman," she said, climbing up the rock, and lifting her tiny finger in admonition. "You just stay here, and let our Maudie alone. She don't like you one bit, and never will—no, never. You needn't look so cross—she never will. So put that in your pipe. No, I didn't mean any such thing—she says it isn't genteel; but you won't make her like you anyhow, smoke it or not. There! She never did much, and now you've gone and done it for good—you have."

Sir Charles was busy brushing his garments, and dusting the soil from his delicate gloves. The exercise, in some degree, carried off the boiling wrath that had convulsed him; but the childish prattle of little Maggie stung him again.

"Silence!" he said, with rude force, considering that it was such a tiny mite of humanity that angered him. "I have heard enough of your nonsense."

"Nonsense, is it? Well, if yon think that, just go and ask mar; she knows all about it."

"About what, you little minx?"

"Minks! minks! What's that? I never heard the name before in my born days. Nothing nice, though, or you wouldn't have said it. But you mustn't call me names, or Mr. Burke will just give it to you agin. He likes me awfully, he does; so you look out how you minks me."

Sir Charles was badly prepared to receive even this childish burst of resentment. He had just discovered that a rent had been torn in his coat, and that the linen on his bosom was soiled ignominiously. To a man so fastidious in his personal surroundings, this was a serious matter—one that was likely to make him an object of ridicule even to his own groom, who had been, perforce, to a certain extent, his confidant.

"Bad, isn't it?" said Maggie, forgetting her resentment in contemplation of his dilemma. "Orful long tear! Can see the white through nigh up to the elbow. What will you do?"

"Wring your neck if you don't stop chattering," snarled the perplexed baronet.

"Oh, no! you won't do no such a thing; 'cause I'm kind o' sorry for you. Such a slit is enough to make one cry; and mud all over your back! Now, just come here, like a good sort of a feller, and I'll do it for you. Twisting one's neck is orful. There, now. Had to do it, you see."

It was the fact. Sir Charles, after a vain effort to reach his own back, was constrained to place himself on a level with the little girl, who began to beat him with both hands, and rub down the fine surface of his coat with the skirt of her dress. She even combed out his disordered hair with her fingers, and taking the pins from her own dress, fastened the rent in his sleeve neatly together with them, growing more and more proud of her success every moment.

"There, now," she said, in the sweet forgivingness of childhood, which finds persistent anger impossible. "I reckon that's about the thing. Nobody that sees you will know about it. I'll just hop down and get your hat and that whip; only don't use it against Mr. Burke any more; 'cause I like him ever so much."

Here Maggie sprang down from the rock, which had lifted her to the level of the baronet's shoulders, and running down the ravine, brought up the whip, which had been badly twisted, and a hat with a large bruise in front.

"Don't you be scared about it," she said, thrusting her tiny fist against the hollow, and smoothing it out with demure carefulness. "There, it is good as new. Now, I want you to promise me something very particular."

By this time Sir Charles had become less irritable. The childish kindness bestowed on him by that little creature awoke a sense of self-ridicule which carried off his wrath. She had saved him from open exposure before his own servants, and, spite of himself, her demure affectations of a monitress amused him.

"Well," he said, "what is there particular that you want of me, flibberty-jibbet?"

"Now, don't call names—such hard ones, too; but listen to what I want to say. Go right straight home; say your prayers to-night—both of 'em—'now I go to sleep,' and all clear through, without skipping; skipping is orful wicked; then make up your mind to be good all over. Obey your mother, and never try to see our Miss Maud agin. I want you to promise me that."

"But if I break my promise?"

"You won't do no such a thing—'cause I mean to make you say, 'I wish I may be hung, and choked to death, if I break my word;' and after that you'll be afraid, it's so orful!"

Sir Charles laughed uneasily, while he continued to search his garments for any proof of the fray he had been in which the child might have overlooked.

"But what if I decline to promise?"

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"Decline? Well, what's that?"

"What if I say that I will not promise?"

"Then you'll be the meanest sort of a man."

'You think so?"

"Yes, I do. There isn't a boy in our building that would try to play with me when I've told him to keep away."

Sir Charles blushed crimson.

"But the young lady hasn't told me so."

"No. That's just what I stayed behind for," answered the child, gravely. "She's polite, and hates to do it her own self. But I know, and I'm a doing it for her."

"Then you really think she hates me?"

"Hates! Well, now, I don't know about that; but she looks frightened when you come, and runs off down into our room."

"That may have another meaning, little one."

"Oh, no, it hasn't!" answered the child, eagerly. "Dont I know? When you come, she grows white, and her eyes are scared. She flutters like a bird with a cat breaking into the cage; but when somebody else comes, it ain't a bit like that?"

"Somebody else! You mean——"

"I don't mean nobody—so, there," she said, screwing her lips tightly together.

"It's that man Burke—the bravo!"

"No, it wasn't Mr. Burke; and I don't know Mr. Bravo; and it ain't of no use for you to try to guess, 'cause I don't believe you ever saw him. Dear me! yes, you did. Oh, my!"

Here Maggie clapped one hand to her mouth, and seemed ready to choke back her breath, as well as her traitorous words.

A quick, angry gleam of intelligence came over the baronet's face. He remembered the scene in White's studio, and understood it.

"So, then, is the picture finished?" he asked, so suddenly that the child was taken by surprise. But, with betraying words on her lips, she recovered herself.

"Good-by. I'm going now," she said, beginning to climb the path.

"Not till you have told me," said the baronet, stopping her.

"I—I must go!" pleaded the little creature, beginning to fear that her secret would be wrested from her by force.

"Tell me all about it, and you shall," said the baronet, still holding her fast.

"Well, then, will you promise?"

"Promise? Oh, yes! anything!"

"If I tell you what you want to know?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Then let go of me, and I will."

Sir Charles released the child, who retreated a pace or two up the bank before she spoke.

"Well, then, she does hate you orfully. So, there!"

While she hurled this pleasant intelligence back upon the young man, Maggie escaped away through the rocks, and left him alone."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"GOD IS EVERYWHERE."

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

All within, and all without us,
Never-ceasing whispers tell,
That a spirit hangs about us,
Working with an unseen spell.
In the solemn hour of vespers,
In the busy hour of care,
Steal the soul-reviving whispers—
"God is everywhere."

Walk within the pleasant wildwood,
In the Spring's refreshing hours,
When the merry songs of childhood
Floateth on the breath of flowers,
There's a whisper ever stealing,
Through the young leaves on the air,
This entrancing truth revealing—
"God is everywhere."

Go beside the restless ocean,
When the breezes gently blow,
Mark the waves in their commotion,
See the eddies come and go;
Listen to the numbers swelling
Into strains of music there;
Is there not some measure telling—
"God is everywhere?"

Walk beneath the sky at even,
When the golden day declines,
And the azure brow of heaven,
With its crown of jewels shines;
There's an echo ever ringing,
Through the balmy Summer air,
This inspiring message bringing—
"God is everywhere."

All within, and all without us
Never-ending whispers tell,
That "Our Father" dwells about us
Weaving round a holy spell.
Let us then with harps and voices,
Swell our anthems on the air,
Earth with one accord rejoices—
"God is everywhere."

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give this month a new and pretty design for making up organdie muslins, Swiss, or nainsook. There is, first, a perfectly plain skirt, made just to touch, which is ornamented by a ruffle, six inches deep, cut on the straight way of the material, and put on, as seen in the engraving, just above the knee. This is headed by a band of black velvet ribbon, one inch wide. From this ruffle there is a row of velvet buttons up the front. There is a short Polonaise, open in front, and looped very much at the sides, where it is ornamented with a large bow, composed of loops of striped black-and-white ribbon, or plain black velvet ribbon, if preferred. The Polonaise is trimmed with a ruffle a trifle narrower than the one on the skirt, and headed by the same width ribbon, with a narrower one above it. Louis XV. sleeves, trimmed to match, finished with a bow at the elbow corresponding with the skirt. The trimming upon the bodice is formed by a ruffle put on heart-shape, headed by the narrow velvet ribbon. The buttons up the bodice corresponds with those up the front of the skirt. Under-sleeves and ruffle at the throat, of clear muslin. A nainsook dress, made after this design, should be trimmed with Hamburg flouncings and insertion. Twelve yards of organdie muslin, and one piece of each width velvet will be required.

Next we give a bathing costume, with the cap for the protection of the hair. It is made of dark blue, or gray flannel. The drawers are fastened

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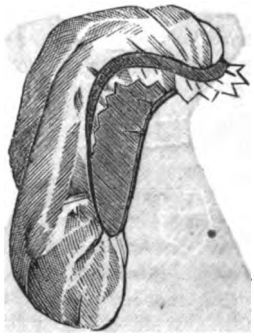
o the waist, which is plain on the shoulders, and fulled into a band at the waist, where the drawers are buttoned on after the fashion of a little boy's Knickerbocker suit. Then the skirt



is made separate, and plaited into another waist-band, which also buttons on to the under-waist. The whole is trimmed with two rows of white

worsted braid, as wide as can be procured. Large bone or pearl buttons on the front. The cap is of oil silk, bound with scarlet braid, finished with an elastic. In the water it can be pulled entirely over the hair, and should be made sufficiently large to do so, and the elastic tight. Six yards of flannel, at thirty-one cents per yard will be required, and half a yard of oiled silk for the cap, and twelve yards of worsted braid.

We give, opposite, a costume for a little girl of ten to twelve years. It is composed of one skirt,

which is trimmed to simulate two. There is, first, a plaited flounce of the material, above which is a band one inch wide stitched on, headed by a simple design in braiding. A second band, like the first, is put on four inches above. A short basque, trimmed all round with the bias band, and braided to match, is tied into the waist with a sash. Small coat-sleeves, with turned-back cuff, completes this costume. For material use pique, flounced with Victoria lawn, and trimmed with star braid, quite coarse; or else self-colored cambrics, pink, blue, or buff linen; braid with white in all cases.

We give above another bathing suit, somewhat

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different in design. Here the drawers are fastened to an under-waist, and the outside is complete and fits close to the figure. Moreen would be better for this design, as it does not cling so closely as flannel when wet. If white is used, trim with a broad band of scarlet flannel; if dark blue or gray, it will look better trimmed

with white. The short sleeves and open neck we don't advise, on account of burning the skin under the sun; but it is certainly more pleasant while in the bath. Here the hat, or cap, seems more fitted for ornament than use; but ladies who bathe much will undoubtedly protect the hair from the salt water, and the face from the blistering rays of the sun.

Lastly, we add a pinafore for a child of four

years. It may be made either of Holland or white linen. Trim with fancy braid, but a simple scallop and herring-bone stitch above it will look well, and may be done in red ingrain working cotton. The pinafore opens at the back.

BARREL TO HOLD SEGARS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The foundation is of staves of cardboard, sewn together. A round of cardboard is put in, and sewn for the bottom. Next get some large fir-cones, and pull off the separate petals, wash them, and sew them on to the barrel. When you have covered both ends of the barrel, the cone-petals must be varnished over with mastic varnish, and the embroidery is next put on. The ground of the embroidery in our model is of white cloth; the forget-me-nots are in blue. The cloth is pinked at the edges. The barrel should be neatly lined with paper which has been silvered over. This is a useful and handsome design.

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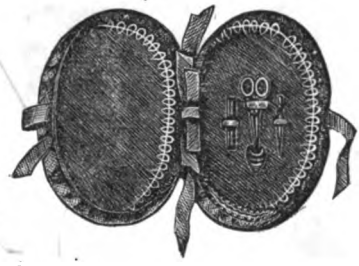
LADY'S COMPANION

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The foundation is of cardboard, covered with silk or velvet, and ornamented with lace. Small straps of silk are sewn on for holding the thimble and scissors, etc.

BASQUINE OF WHITE MUSLIN.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give here a Basquine, to be made of white Swiss muslin. We also give a diagram, by which to cut it out. It is very neat and simple, and at the same time effective. No. 1

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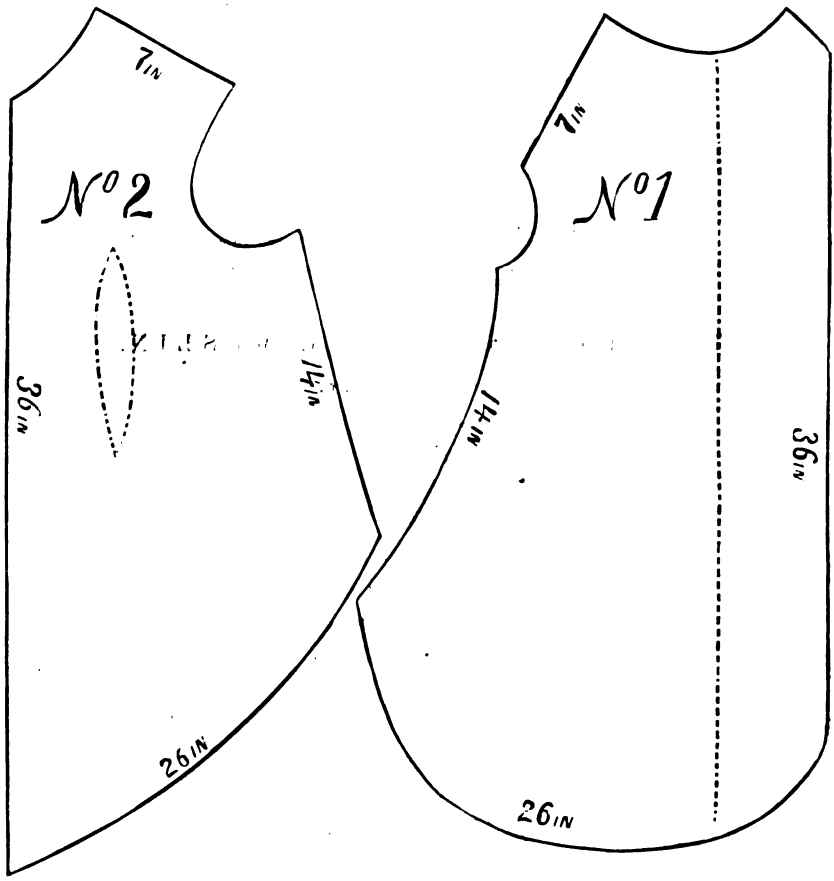
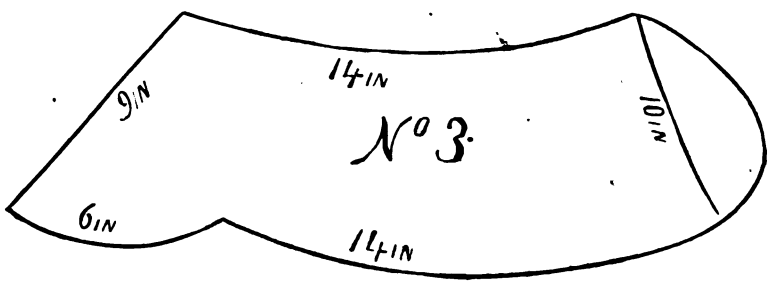
gives the half of the back, and the dotted lines show where the plait is turned back. This is to be trimmed with insertion, edged on both sides, and fastened down the back by bows of ribbon, which should correspond with the dress it is to be worn over. The edge of the basquine, sleeves, etc., are trimmed to match the other material.

No. 1. Half of Back.





No. 2. Half of Front.
No. 3. Sleeve.
Price of pattern 50 cents.

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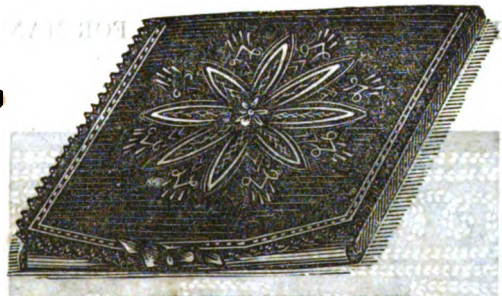
HANDKERCHIEF SATCHEL.

The foundation is of five pieces of cardboard, two being nine inches square, and the other three, the same length, are to be cut two and a half inches wide; how the separate parts are to be shaped appears above. These parts are covered with velvet, and lined with watered silk. The star ornamenting the lid, is worked in purse-silk of various shades. The separate parts are joined together with stripes of leather pasted between. The lid is edged with narrow lace, headed with an embroidered border, and fastened with ribbon-strings.



HANDKERCHIEF SATCHEL, CLOSED.

EMBROIDERY.

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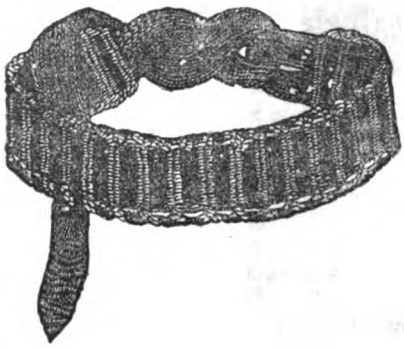
KNITTED GARTER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Materials: Scarlet and white Berlin wool.

Knit forward and backward with two colors and two needles. This work has the appearance of plain knitting on both sides, but is double, as if it were knitted round, and laid flat. Begin



with the single loop or eye at one end of the broad-striped middle part. Cast on ten stitches.

1st Row: Put the wool in front of the needle as for purling, raise off a stitch as if for purling, put the wool to the back of the needle, and knit one plain.

2nd Row: The first row is repeated in this and the following rows with one exception; the stitch you knit in one row is raised off in the next, and the raised-off is knit. Work in this way a strip measuring 3½ inches. On the same pin pick up the ten stitches; first cast on, and continue to knit the garter with the twenty stitches, always four rows red, four rows white, until it measures 8½ inches. Then follow nine rows of red, with the same number of stitches; in the next ten rows, reduce the number again to ten, by decreasing on each side, and knit the strap with red wool, 11 inches long, and terminate it in a point by decreasing at the beginning of the needle.

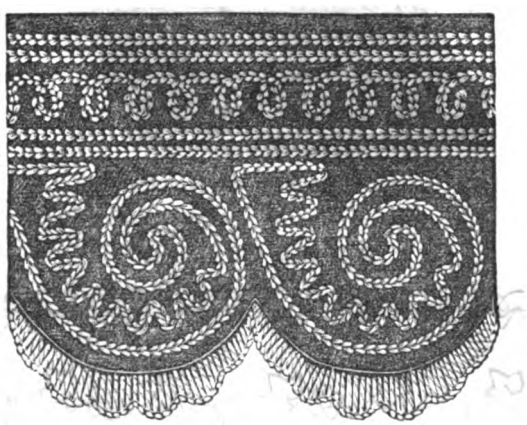
Finish with two rows of crochet round the garter.

1st Row: With white wool alternately one double and three chain, with the latter passing over three stitches of the garter edge.

2nd Row: With red wool: Two chain, one single in the three chain of the preceding row, let go the loop, and stick the needle in again on the wrong side of the work, in order to fasten the stitch: by this the two crochet rows appear like cords wound round each other.

DESIGN IN CHAIN-STITCH EMBROIDERY, FOR MANTILLAS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design is useful as it is simple. It is worked in chain-stitch with purse or embroidery silk of the same or contrasting color as the material. The edge is done in button-hole stitch.

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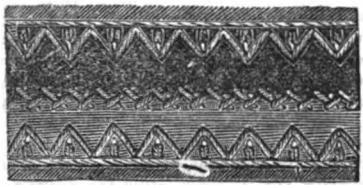
PEN-WIPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Materials: Brown or gray leather, green and black purse-silk, gold cord, gold beads, red and black cloth, etc.

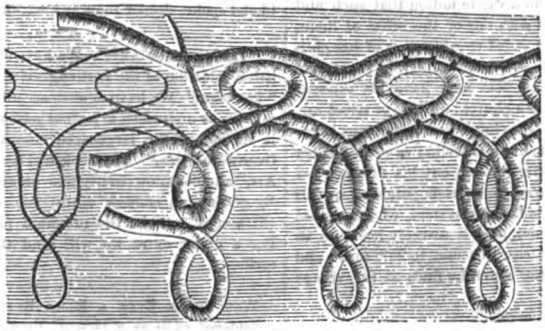
The outer covering of this pen-wiper requires



a piece of cardboard, four inches wide and three and a half inches long, pasted together at the ends. The edge border on the leather foundation is of a row of cross-bars in green purse-silk, edged on both sides with gold cord, fastened with cross stitches in black silk. Three gold beads, strung on a thread, are to be sewn on between the curve of the border. The second cut shows another border that could be substituted, if preferred. The middle part of the leather foundation is ornamented with stars worked with green purse-silk. A gold bead is placed in the centre of each star. The leather straps to buckle over, and the handle, are a quarter inch wide. The inner part, for wiping the pens on, is a strip of black cloth, four and a half inches wide and eight inches long, notched at the ends, and rolled tightly together. A narrow band of red cloth is bound round just below the notches. The middle part is well gummed, and the roll is slipped into the cover, the notched ends standing out like a brush.

CORDING DESIGN, TO ORNAMENT PIQUE DRESSES, JACKETS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER



The cord may be purchased. White cotton, if for pique, or of silk, if designed for cashmere or cloth jackets, should first be tacked upon the design, and then sewn together with ornamental stitches of the same color, or of a darker shade. See the design.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

HEALTH AND MEDICINE.—Our book-table, month after month, is crowded with treatises, from the heavy leather-covered octavo to the paper pamphlet, on the art of curing the sick. One would be led to suppose that the whole country was an hospital, and the population patients, from the crop of hygienic theories which have sprung up of late years outside of the limits of the medical profession. One authority declares that tobacco is the cause of all the ills that American flesh is heir to. Another lays the blame at the door of the ubiquitous pie; pork, tight-lacing, ambition, each have their accusers; even innocent butter, suggestive of rosy dairy-maids and clover, is declared to be deadly as the fruit of the Upas. Did we believe all these wiseacres, death lies in the pot, no matter what we put into it. Nor are the antidotes less numerous than the banes. Pellets on one side, pills on the other, await the sick man. "Throw physic to the dogs, and go into packs and sitz-baths," cries one adviser. Keep dry, but avoid meat as you would poison, urges another. This physician buries him in earth, that thumps him vigorously from head to foot; a third feeds him solely on milk; a fourth fills him with electricity; a fifth proposes to drain his veins, and fill them with calf's-blood; a sixth summons the dead as consulting physicians on the case. It is not our place to point out which of these roads to health our sick man were wise to choose; but we do suggest that to keep within that charmed circle is much easier than to find the way back. The evil begins in childhood, and the culpable ignorance, or carelessness, of parents of the laws of hygiene. A mother is usually skillful enough in dressing a child's body in fashions suitable to its age, while she is totally at a loss how to render any aid to its healthful growth and development. She knows precisely when baby should put on short clothes, and Jack be promoted from kilts to trousers, but she probably never has heard that certain kinds of food will give children both sound, enduring teeth, and save them many a day of torture. Children of different constitutions and temperaments require different nutriment; in one the blood needs strengthening, in another the muscles require food, in a third, the brain. But the ordinary mother places the same meal before all, and in many cases punishes them if "they do not eat what is set before them." Beyond a vague notion that such and such viands "do not agree" with one or the other of them, she knows nothing of the physical requirements of her children. Nor are adults much wiser, apparently, in the simple rules of health, though each man may have his especial hobby of medicine. To enter a church, theatre, or street-car, in any of our cities, is to be convinced that Americans luxuriated in foul air, and are bent on traveling *en masse* a short road to the grave. The citizen wears out his nerves, eyes and brain, in the mad hurry to be rich, patching up his abused body by means of his favorite system, whatever that may be, while his country neighbor is scarcely less wise, in limiting, as is too often the case, his diet to salt meat, and testing every quack medicine which he finds at the village store.

LIFE'S BONDS OF SYMPATHY.—Americans are forced to find so large a share of their knowledge and general culture in their hasty daily survey of newspapers, that they are apt to think the record of the world is made up of politics, histories of crime, and questions of trade and money-making. Each man knows that his own home, and individual loves and prejudices outweigh these things to him a thousand times, but he thinks it is different with that great intangible body, the public, until some chance word touches the popular heart, and he finds that this public is, in reality, only other husbands and fathers, stronger or weaker duplicates of himself. Men may be bulls or bears, Catholics or Protestants, Democrats or Republicans, according to choice or circumstance; but in the life of every man there has been a childhood to which he can turn, a woman who was dear to him, a child who loved him. It is when Nature touches these keys that the whole world is kin, not through any sympathy in trade, or accord in politics.

When the Northfleet went down, a short time ago, in the English channel, within sight of a crowded roadway, it was not the lost treasure, nor even the question of blame, which held the listening world attentive and breathless, it was the figure of one man, the gallant Captain Knowles, standing on the deck, as she sank, to save the women and children, and bidding good-by to the young wife whom he had so lately wed. "No, I cannot go, Mary," he said. "Take care of her, bo'sen. I shall never see you again, my dear." And though she cried to him from the boat to take her back and let her die with him, he stood quietly doing his duty until the ship went down. When the Atlantic a fortnight later, sank, it was not even the spectacle of six hundred souls murderously done to death in a moment of time which thrilled the people, so much as the story of the little child passed from hand to hand by the sinking men, until he reached the shore; or the mother, fastened to the rock, holding her baby with a grasp which even the cruel sea could not loosen its mouth upon her breast, both frozen and dead. And in the railroad disaster, a few days ago, men shook their heads gravely to hear the report of so many dead, so many wounded. But the tears came to their eyes at a little story told of the engineer, whose habit it was to sound a peculiar whistle at passing a certain point, by way of greeting every evening to his wife in their home, and who had just bidden her good-night, in this way, before he lay dead and cold almost at her door.

It is such simple facts as these, and not the great laws of national policy and commerce, which bring us close together, and prove that there is a brotherhood in humanity, to which Christ spoke, deeper than any self-interest.

"THE GEMS OF ART."—We have often been asked to publish a selection of the best engravings that have appeared in "Peterson." We have done so accordingly this year, and will send it, *as a premium to persons getting up clubs*, if they prefer it, instead of the large-sized engraving, "Christ Weeping Over Jerusalem." The book has been called "The Gems of Art," and contains twenty-five of our very best steel plates By getting up enough clubs, you can earn, not only an extra copy, but also the premium picture and the "Gems." For a dollar extra we will send the "Gems" to any subscriber.

WAS THERE EVER A MORE BEAUTIFUL FASHION-PLATE, considered even as a picture, than the one in the present number? Yet it is as reliable, as a guide, as if it was a mere collection of stiff, ugly figures. Our object, in these colored fashion-plates, is to combine utility with beauty. Don't you think we succeed? If you would dress according to the style, subscribe for "Peterson," and follow its fashions.

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A NEW VOLUME begins with this number, affording an excellent opportunity to subscribe. Clubs may begin with either this number, or the January one, but with no others. Single subscribers, at the full price of two dollars, may begin with any month they please. We still allow additions to be made to clubs that began with the January number, at the same price as is paid by the rest of the club. See the Prospectus for our liberal offers to clubs, and for premiums.

"PERFECTLY FASCINATING."—The Marysville (Iowa) Miner says:—"Peterson for May is before us. The serial stories are perfectly fascinating."

"BEST PUBLISHED."—The Patoka (Ind.) Independent says:—"Peterson for May is on our table. It is decidedly the best ladies' book published."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Kenelm Chillingly; His Adventures and Opinions. By Lord Lytton. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Whatever was heretofore unpublished from the pen of the great English novelist, Lord Lytton, has gained an enhanced interest from his death. We will not say that his last was his best, but it is vastly better than many of his earlier works, and altogether worthy of the fame which outlives him. He possessed all the concurring elements which combined to make the great author of fiction. He had imagination, wit, passion, humor, originality, learning, and to these a fine artistic sense was added; and into his late novels especially these excellent qualities largely entered. Kenelm Chillingly is a story of English society in its broadest sense, embracing not only representatives of that class of which the noble author was a part, but of the middle classes and peasantry as well. Though it is full of the philosophy of life, enriched by learning, it is never dull, for to relieve what else would seem heavy reading to some, there is an abundance of passion, humor, love, and romance. Its construction we think clever as anything Bulwer ever did—and he was a master of plot. The Harpers have published two editions of the work, one in cloth, and the other in paper binding.

Lord Hope's Choice. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A new novel from the strong, graceful pen of Mrs. Stephens, is as eagerly looked for, previous to its appearance, as it is afterward admired by the novel-reading public of this country. Her works are so well known that we need not praise them; every one of our readers, for whom this gifted lady has written so long, so faithfully, and so well, will do that for us, and should do so, for "praises," says Shakspeare, "are our reward." Lord Hope's Choice has its opening scenes laid in England, and a number of its most interesting characters come from there to New York, at which place the story closes. Mrs. Stephens has never written an uninteresting novel, scarcely an uninteresting page; and in this work she has been peculiarly happy in the conception and development of a most absorbing plot, in the portrayal of characters, good and bad, and in depicting scenery that will be attractive to her readers. It is our plan never to spoil a good story by giving a synopsis of the plot; and of this one we will only say, that it is in every way worthy of the reputation of its distinguished author.

The Third Annual Report of the Board of Education of Rhode Island. Providence: Press Company.—This bulky volume should prove to be interesting reading to every one interested in the New England system of Common School Education, being an exhaustive manual of the system as it obtains in Rhode Island. To teachers it offers suggestions most pertinent and valuable; and as it is published for free distribution by the State, it is probable that teachers can obtain it by making proper application therefor.

Poems. By Clara Augusta. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—We think that the author of this book has done no injustice to poetry, nor rated her works too highly by calling them Poems. A few of them may not hope to attain to that dignity, but as for the greater number, they have imagination, passion, energy, and expression. They are marred, however, as the poems of the young too often are, by their gloomy tone. Life is very much sweeter than Clara Augusta thinks it is, and the world is a very good, bright, and beautiful world, her poems to the contrary. The collection embraces a great variety of subjects, all pleasantly if not strongly treated. A fair specimen of the author's style will be found in this picture of July:

"The springs are low; the tall grass dips
Within the brook its thirsty lips,
To drink with eager zest;
In the green woods the shadows lie
So deep, the South winds' languid sigh
Scarcely disturbs their rest."

The Treaty of Washington. By Caleb Cushing. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We may seriously question the taste which permitted Mr. Cushing, who appeared at the Geneva Tribunal as counsel of one party to a legal contest, to recite the history of that contest, and to criticise freely, as he has done, judges and counsel of the other party; but there can be no doubt whatever that his exposition of the whole *Alabama* business, from its beginning to its close, is almost invaluable, not only to the historian, but to the general reader. It is an exhaustive narrative of events and incidents of everything in connection with the Treaty of Washington, and the arbitration at Geneva, and contains the full text of the Treaty itself, as well as the award and the celebrated Rules. Mr. Cushing is so able an international lawyer, that the subject is happy in having him for its exponent.

All For Love, or the Outlaw's Bride. By Miss Elisa A. Dupuy. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This attractive novel has the merit of leading the reader into a land that is to many as a sealed book—that of Corsica. The loves and hates of that peculiar and passionate people, form the ground-work of the story, which is graphically told, and abounds with descriptions of scenery that are most admirably portrayed, with delineation of character that are especially attractive in their reality to living men and women, who love and loving, suffer. There are accurate descriptions, in this novel, of the famous caverns of Corsica—which have concealed from justice or vengeance the victims to either—worthy the reader's attention. As a love story it has great merit, and is likely to prove equally popular with Miss Dupuy's former works. It is handsomely bound and printed.

Oxley. By Lyndon. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.—An American novel, fairly written, and most abundantly supplied with incidents. The reader who reads it from cover to cover, will gain from it a very good idea of the extent of the country, the author changing the scene as often as a kalaidoscope, jumping from the wilderness to the great cities, and from mountain-top to low-lying sea-beach. The characters are many, and generally well conceived, while the plot is not strikingly original, though to those who find pleasure in a hearty love story, which crowns the lovers with happiness at the end, that need not make much difference.

Text-Book in Intellectual Philosophy. By J. T. Champlin, D. D. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.—This treatise is called a text-book, for the reason, we assume, that it is thrown into the form best adapted to the class-room, instead of into that adapted to general reading. Yet it seems to be fully as original and interesting as other works upon the same subject bearing more pretentious titles.

Chapters on Philosophy. By J. T. Champlin, D. D. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.—This work is a fitting and almost necessary accompaniment to the foregoing one.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR THE WILSON SEWING-MACHINE COMPANY.—At the Seventh Grand State Fair of the Mechanics' and Agricultural Fair Association of Louisiana, held April 23d, 1873, at New Orleans, the world-renowned celebrated Wilson Shuttle Sewing-Machines were awarded a *Gold Medal* for the best sewing machines, and *five separate premiums* for the best work done on sewing-machines, thus making *Forty-one Premiums, Nine Medals, and Three Diplomas* that have been awarded to the Wilson Machines within a year. It is a notorious fact that, without a single exception, the Wilson Sewing-Machine Company has sent its machines to every State Fair and Exposition in this country and Europe, where awards were offered to the best sewing-machines, in order to show the great people of the world that the "Wilson" is not only better than all others, but that it has the ability, capital, and pluck, to defeat and humiliate the combined force of nineteen competitors, all of whom have fought the Wilson Machine, inch by inch, to prevent it from getting a foothold in the American market, and to compel the Wilson Sewing-Machine Company, by their formidable competition, to raise the price of the Wilson Machines to that at which theirs are sold for, or else go out of the market entirely. But the people of America are with the Wilson Machine, and are too intelligent to be imposed upon by misrepresentation regarding the merits of a machine which, without exception, has excelled all competitors in every contest, and been so decided by an intelligent board of arbitrators. There are, we hope, but very few people so ignorant as to be imposed upon by misrepresentation, and then pay the impostor at least fifteen dollars for his success. The Wilson Sewing-Machine Company have warehouses in every city in the civilized globe. Go and see their wonderful machines. Salesroom in Philadelphia, 1309 Chestnut Street.

"ALL FOR LOVE; OR, THE OUTLAW'S BRIDE," is the name of a new book by Miss Eliza A. Dupuy, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. It is a thoroughly good story, written in the manner which charmed the reading public in the days of Mrs. Radcliffe, and before Miss Edgeworth and Walter Scott were in the field. It is complete in one volume, bound in morocco cloth, with a full gilt back, price $1.75 in cloth, or $1.50 in paper cover.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers have also just issued a new, complete, and uniform edition of all the popular works written by Miss Eliza A. Dupuy. It is complete in eight volumes, bound in morocco cloth, from entire new designs, with a full gilt back, price $1.75 each; or $14.00 a set, each set is put up in a neat box. The volumes are also sold separately, as well as in sets. The following are their names:

All For Love.	Why Did He Marry Her.
The Mysterious Guest.	Was He Guilty.
The Cancelled Will.	The Planter's Daughter.
Who Shall Be Victor.	Michael Rudolph.

Copies of either, or all of the above books, by Miss Eliza A. Dupuy, will be sent by mail, post-paid, to any one, to any place, by the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., on receipt of price, bound in cloth, at $1.75 each; or in paper covers, at $1.50 each, or they may be had of all booksellers. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have just issued a New Catalogue of their Publications, which they will send to any person on their writing for one. All books published by them will be sent post-paid, to any place, on receipt of advertised price.

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MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. VI.—INFANTILE PROGNOSIS.

The mother need not be alarmed, generally, if her child be "fractious and cross," even though it be apparently quite ill, for in nearly all such cases, but little danger is to be apprehended.

Crying also need never excite alarm, unless for a long time, and unaccountably continued; for children, however ill they may seem to be, if disposed to cry, will seldom succumb to the existing malady. Crying, in fact, is the infant's language; and when this is absent for a length of time, there is more occasion for uneasiness, and more danger to be apprehended, than when present even to an intense degree.

Yet it is possible for a prolonged fit of crying, in a healthy child, to produce a state resembling congestion of the lungs, as it is manifested by the turning of the face to a pale color, the breathing becomes short and quick, and is attended with great restlessness—a state which continues until the circulation is again restored to its wonted tranquillity.

The position of a child is an important diagnostic of its condition, by the observance of which the mother can satisfy herself that there is, or is not, danger brewing to her child. For instance, even though the child may be thought, in her fits of fear, to be alarmingly ill, yet if it reposes upon its side, the arms easily bent, (perhaps the head resting upon one of them,) with the thighs drawn up toward the abdomen, she may safely conclude, "there is no danger to be apprehended to my darling babe;" but if it is observed to lie upon its back continuously, its legs stretched out, its arms extended, and fingers clenching the thumbs in the palms, together with more or less rigidity of the muscles of the body, then, surely, in all such cases, there is much reason for serious apprehension on account of the presence of powerful irritating causes existing somewhere in its system, and a medical attendant should be summoned without delay. Lastly, when a state of apathy or indifference to all external things or impressions is manifested by the child, owing to exhaustion, or any other cause, the mother may justly have cause for serious apprehension; for such a state, or condition, clearly indicates that the vital powers are giving way—that the strength of the little patient is gradually, but surely, sinking; that probably there is a commencing effusion within the ventricles of the brain, from a languor of circulation through it; or from "the blood being of so watery a consistence as to fail in communicating that degree of stimulus which, in its healthy state, it never fails to impart."

Hence it should ever be borne in mind that morbid irritation exerts a powerful influence over the diseases of children, and the strength of the child should not be so generally prostrated at the onset of disease, by the use of exhausting remedies. Children are very tenacious of life, and in trying to effect too much in too short a time, we often err; and too many sink under this "bold practice." The *vis medicatrix naturæ*, or healing power of nature, is very great in children; and this power should be carefully fostered and aided by remedial measures, simple in their character.

There is no question but "many children die from officiousness of the physician," (Dunglison.) whilst "many triumph over both the disease and folly of the doctor." (Mitchell.) The important subject of toething will next claim attention.

HORTICULTURE.

ARRANGEMENT OF FLOWERS.—In arranging flowers in tasteful bouquets, the more loosely and confused they are arranged the better. Crowding is especially to be avoided,

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and to accomplish this a good base of green, of different varieties, is needed to keep the flowers apart. This filling up is a very important part in all bouquet-making, and the neglect of it is the greatest stumbling-block to the uninitiated. Spiked and drooping flowers, with branches and sprays of delicate green, are of absolute necessity in giving grace and beauty to a vase-bouquet. Flowers of a similar size, form, and color, ought never to be placed together. Large flowers, with green leaves or branches, may be used to advantage alone; but a judicious contrast of form is most effective. Avoid anything like formality or stiffness. A bright tendril or spray of vine can be used with good effect, if allowed to wander over and around the vase as it will. Certain flowers assort well only in families, and are injured by mixing. Of these are balsams, hollyhocks, sweet peas, etc. The former produce a very pretty effect if placed upon a shallow oval dish upon the center-table.

No ornament is so appropriate for the dinner-table or mantle as a vase of flowers; and, if you expect visitors, by all means cut the finest bouquet your garden will produce, and place it in the room they are to occupy. It will tell of your regard and affectionate thoughtfulness in a more forcible and appropriate manner than you can find words to express. If a small quantity of spirits of camphor is placed in the water contained in the vase, the color and freshness of the flowers will remain for a much longer period. Thus prepared, we have known flowers to keep a week, and, at the end, look quite fresh and bright.

THE GARDEN FOR WOMEN.—There is nothing better for wives and daughters, physically, than to have the care of a garden—a flower-pot, if nothing more. What is pleasanter than to spend a portion of every passing day in working among plants, and watching the growth of shrubs and trees, and to observe the opening of flowers, from week to week, as the season advances? Then how much it adds to the enjoyment to know that your own hands have planted and tilled them, and have pruned and trained them—this is a pleasure that requires neither great riches nor profound knowledge. The wife or daughter who loves home, and would seek to make it the best place for husband and brother, is willing to forego some gossiping morning calls for the sake of having leisure for the cultivation of plants, shrubs, and flowers. The advantages which women personally derive from stirring the soil, and snuffling the morning air, are freshness and beauty of cheek and brightness of eye, cheerfulness of temper, vigor of mind, and purity of heart. Consequently she is more cheerful and lovely as a daughter, more dignified and womanly as a sister, and more attractive as a wife.

POISONOUS PLANTS.

Every year, and chiefly in the spring of the year, we read accounts of cases of poisoning by the eating of wild roots or plants. These cases are generally of children, who meet with roots which they take to be familiar vegetables, such as the parsnip or carrot. The roots which are the cause of these accidents are usually those which belong to the natural order *Umbelliferæ*, or to the same family as the carrot and parsnip, and some of them are easily mistaken, by inexperienced persons, for those useful vegetables.

Many of the plants of the order *Umbelliferæ* are poisonous, particularly the *Cicuta maculata*, or spotted cowbane, the *Cicuta bulbifera*, and *Sium lineare*, which are distributed over the entire United States, and a western member of the order, called *Eulophus Americanus*. The poisonous principle of these plants is powerfully concentrated in the roots in early spring, just at the beginning of active vegetation. Boiling usually dispels the active and poisonous nature of such roots, but children should be cautioned against eating any wild roots or plants without the sanction of those who are acquainted with them and know their properties.

We have two species of *Rhus*, which are poisonous to the touch. One of these is called poison-ivy, and may be met with in almost any woods, running over rocks or ascending trees. The other species is a shrub, which grows in swamps. Some persons are much more susceptible than others to the poisonous influence of these plants. Indeed, many people can handle them with impunity, while others are poisoned by a touch, and some thinks that the mere neighborhood of the plant communicates the poison. The poison-ivy vine is often confounded with the Virginia creeper, or woodbine, (*Ampelopsis quinquefolia*,) which is perfectly harmless. They may be readily distinguished by observing that the leaves of ivy are in threes, while those of the creeper, or woodbine, are in fives

A few of our native plants enjoy the reputation of being poisonous, rather from their relationship to other poisonous plants than from actual poisonous properties. This is the case with some species of *Solanum* and *Physalis*, which belong to the natural order *Solanaceæ*, where also belong tobacco, henbane, nightshade, and other poisonous plants. *Solanum nigrum*, sometimes called ground cherry, is very common in waste places, and in cultivated fields, and is thought by some to be poisonous; but we have often seen its black berries eaten with relish and without harm, and even made into pies, for which they are not sufficiently tart to be agreeable.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

VEGETABLES.

To Cook Turnips.—Pare, wash clean; if large, split in quarters, and put into boiling water, and boil till very tender. Lay them, when done, between plates—wooden trenchers, if you have them—and press out all the water; if too old to press free from lumps, pass through a coarse hair-sieve by rubbing with a wooden spoon. When free from lumps, put them into a clean sauce-pan, and set over the fire three or four minutes, till quite dry, stirring all the time. Then put in salt and pepper to suit the taste; add a tablespoonful of butter, and half a cupful of cream; simmer five minutes, and serve hot.

Fried Artichokes.—Cut the artichokes into six or eight pieces, according to their size; remove the choke and the large leaves, which will not become tender, and trim off the tops of the remainder of the leaves with a pair of scissors. Wash them in several waters, drain them, and dip them in a batter made with flour, a little cream, and the yolk of an egg. Let the artichokes be well covered with the batter, and fry them in lard. Sprinkle a little salt over them, and serve them on a bed of parsley, fried in the lard which remains in the pan.

Mayonnaise Salad Dressing.—Beat up well the yolks of two fresh, raw eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, and Cayenne to taste; mix with this, by slow degrees, four tablespoonfuls of oil, till it is about the consistence of cream, and then stir in gradually two tablespoonfuls of Chili or tarragon vinegar. This excellent sauce is frequently used for meat or fish salads; like all salad-sauces, it requires great care in mixing.

Potato Salad.—Potato salad is for all seasons, and accessible to poor and rich. It is simply made of cold, boiled potatoes, sliced, and seasoned with oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, or any nice salad-sauce. Beet-root, or any other cold vegetable, may also be added as an improvement; and for ornament, any of the herbs of the season.

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French Bean Salad.—Trim, slice, and boil the French beans, as usual; drain them, and allow them to be perfectly cold; strew over them pepper and salt, and cover with vinegar for a quarter of an hour; then drain and serve the beans with any salad-sauce you choose. Windsor beans and cold haricots are dressed as salad in the same way.

Tomato Sauce.—Scald and skin fifteen ripe tomatoes, squeeze them through a sieve to get out the seeds, put them into a sauce-pan with half a pint of good beef-gravy, a little salt, white pepper, and set them in a hot place for an hour to simmer. This is nice with beef-steak, or any made dishes.

PRESERVES, JELLIES, ETC.

Damson Cheese.—Put the fruit into a stone jar, and bake in a slow oven, or stand the jar in a sauce-pan of water, and boil on a slow fire till the fruit is quite tender, and the skin ready to burst. Pour off some of the juice, and pulp the fruit through a coarse sieve, putting back some of the juice, as it runs from it, over the top, which assists in working the fruit through. Then weigh it, put into a preserving-pan, and let it boil quickly over a clear, brisk fire, for three-quarters of an hour. Take it off, add the sugar, which should be pounded, in the proportion of half the weight of fruit, and stir it till dissolved. Then put it on the fire again, or on a hot plate, and boil, stirring it continually, till the sides of the pan candy, and it adheres in a mass to the spoon. If the stirring be not constantly kept up, the preserve will be spoilt; also, the pan must not come in actual contact with the fire, but if not placed on a hot plate must be set on a trivet, for the preserve is very liable to burn as it becomes dry, and if allowed to do so, the flavor would be entirely spoilt. Some of the stones of the damons should be cracked, and the kernels boiled in the jam. Put it quickly into earthenware moulds, and when perfectly cold, cover with paper fixed on with white of egg, and keep in a dry place.

Pineapple Preserves.—Twist off the top and bottom and pare off the rough outside of the pineapples; then weigh them, and cut them in slices, chips, or quarters; to each pound of fruit put a teacupful of water, and let them boil gently in a preserving-pan until they are tender and clear; then take them from the water by sticking a fork in the centre of each slice, or with a skimmer. Put into the water white sugar, equal in weight to the sliced fruit; stir it till it is dissolved; then put in the pineapple; cover the kettle, and let it boil gently until transparent throughout; when it is so, take it out, let it cool, and put it in glass jars. As soon as the syrup is a little cooled, pour it over; let it remain until cool, then tie down as usual.

Mulberry Preserve is not at all nice, but mulberry jelly is delicious. It should be made like red currant jelly; the fruit first stewed, by putting it in jars and setting the jars in a sauce-pan of water, and letting it simmer till the juice is well drawn; then strain it off, and to every pint of juice put one pound of loaf-sugar; boil gently for three-quarters of an hour. Two or three kernels of peaches or almonds are a great improvement.

Tomato Preserve.—Select firm, green fruit, peel as thinly as possible, and to every pound of fruit add one pound of loaf sugar; boil for one hour and a half, allow it to cool, tie down, and store away as with any other preserve. Tomatoes treated in this way form an excellent preserve, and may be likened to ripe figs, the seeds of the tomatoes bearing out still further the similitude.

Conserved Peaches.—Two pounds of sugar to six pounds of fruit; the syrup should be made of three-fourths of the sugar only, into which drop the halved peaches till clear; take them from the syrup, and spread on dishes to dry in a cool oven or the sun. Have the remainder of the sugar powdered, and strew part of it over them, changing the fruit from time to time; pour off the liquor as it oozes out; get all the sugar on by degrees, and when dry, put away in boxes.

Quinces.—They may be prepared, if of a small size, whole, or in quarters, if of large size; pare and core them, and lay them as they are pared into cold water to prevent their becoming dark; when all are pared and cored, put the cores and parings into a preserving-kettle, and cover them with cold water; let them simmer four hours, keeping the quinces in the cold water during the time; then strain off the juice from the parings and cores, and into it put the quinces to cook; let the quinces simmer in it until they are perfectly tender, then remove them carefully and lay in a sieve to drain, and make the syrup as directed; when the syrup boils, lay in the quinces, and let them cook slowly fifteen minutes and no more, or they will become hard and dark; then take them out of the syrup and lay them on dishes to cool; return the syrup to the fire and evaporate all the watery particles by a smart boil for ten minutes, when the quinces are quite cool, put them into small-sized jars, as, when large jars are used, the frequent openings to take out preserves injure the fruit; when the syrup is quite cold pour it on the quinces and fill the jars well up; cover with a cloth and cork up tightly; keep them in a cool place; then take the juice in which the fruit was cooked, and to every pint of juice add one pound of the best brown sugar; let it simmer slowly for thirty minutes, and it will become a nice jelly; is delightful with blanc-mange.

To Preserve Cherries Clear.—Four pounds white-heart cherries, or any clear sort, three pounds sugar, one pint of white currant-juice. Let the cherries be as transparent as possible, and avoid all that are blemished; cut off the stalks, and place them in syrup made as below; stir them gently while boiling for fifteen minutes; skim carefully; turn them gently into a pan, and, next day, drain them on a sieve; put the syrup and currant-juice into the preserving-pan again. Boil these together until the syrup is rather thick, then put in the cherries, and let them boil for five minutes; take them off the fire, skim the syrup, put the cherries into wide-mouthed bottles, pour the syrup over, and, when quite cold, tie down carefully, so that the air is excluded.

Apple-Jelly.—Wash the apples and wipe them dry—fine, red, juicy ones are the best; lay them in large jars, and bake till quite soft in a cool oven; then pour the fine juice from them, and put the pulp into a jelly-bag to run the remainder of the juice through. To every pint of juice add three-quarters of a pound of lump-sugar, and a little lemon-peel; boil about twenty minutes, or until the jelly sets, carefully removing the scum. This receipt takes a great quantity of apples.

Grape Jelly.—Take out the stones and wash the grapes, which must be ripe, with your hands; then squeeze them through a cloth to extract all the juice from them; boil, and finish the same as currant-jelly. Use half a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF FRENCH GRAY SILK.—The skirt is cut with demi train, and is trimmed with a gathered flounce, set on with a slight fullness, scallops bound on both edges. Full over-skirt, scalloped, looped on the sides. Plain waist. Cherry-colored sash. Tocque hat, trimmed with roses.

FIG. II.—GABRIELLE DRESS FOR A CHILD THREE YEARS OLD—The under-skirt is ruffled. Over-skirt braided.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF FRENCH MUSLIN, MADE UP OVER PINK LAWN.—Skirt is trimmed with box-plaited flounce, headed by a puffing. Watteau Polonaise, trimmed with puffings of pink. White muslin hat, with white scarf and pink roses.

FIG. IV.—FRENCH MUSLIN DRESS.—The skirt is made with a Spanish flounce, headed by a ruching of blue silk, and perpendicular puffings of muslin. The over-skirt is short and

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scant, and is trimmed to match. Gipsy chip hat, trimmed with blue and white feathers.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS—The skirt is of black silk, plaited from the waist to the edge of the skirt. The Polonaise is made of green and white striped foulard, and is trimmed with a hood at the back, with a tassel at the end of the hood, one on each sleeve, and one on either side of the Polonaise. The garment is edged with fringe. Black lace hat.

GENERAL REMARKS.—For a length of time our fashions have been stationary, and the leading milliners and dressmakers are constantly declaring that a great change—in fact, a revolution—is about to take place in *la mode*. I cannot say that I see much change; the fact is, the middle classes, who represent the majority, desire that the prevailing styles shall continue, while the upper classes desire a transformation.

For some weeks past the *modistes* have predicted the fall of the Polonaise, the abandonment of the over-skirt, sash, and pouf; but people in general seem to retain both Polonoise and over-skirt. It is difficult at this moment to say, not so much what is worn, as what is not worn. There are many parties, so there are many fashions.

CREPE DE CHINE is greatly in vogue for what may be termed "elegant mourning." It is made up as follows: Black faille skirt, with faille flounce, alternating with folds of China crepe, bordered with lace, which is embroidered with jet; China crepe tunic, forming a point in front, and very long at the back, where it describes two wide scarf-ends, which are fastened together in two different places; these ends are so hid that they form a pouf on the skirt. The tunic is ornamented with lace cherrons, worked with jet. A double row of lace borders the tunic, and the ends at the back are fringed with jet. The bodice has pointed basques in front, edged with lace; at the back the basque is also very pointed, cut up in the center and fastened together with gros grain ribbons, which likewise form a sash. A double row of lace, with insertion, describes a point in the center of the back, and forms heart-shaped in front. A lace fraise, studded with jet, encircles the throat.

There is a very pretty garment, called the *Comtesse* mantelet, and is made both of black cashmere and black Sicilienne for wearing indiscriminately over all toilets, in colored vicuna cloth it looks well over a costume of either faille or vicuna to match. The form is very novel. At the back it does not reach lower than the waist; it is cut almost straight, with a slit in the center. In front it describes two long and very pointed ends, which fall on the dress like a tunic, and are joined with ribbon bows. The mantelet is bordered either with Spanish lace or with narrow guipure, and is ornamented with leaves of gimp edged with jet. A simulated hood, and a large applique of jet and gimp ornament the back. A fraise of Spanish blond is gathered round the throat.

Another pretty and novel mantelet is called the Bramais. It is made of black Sicilienne, and is bordered with a wide crossband of black velvet, and with a Spanish fringe of black silk balls. At the back there is a large, black watered-silk bow, with floating ends. Watered-silk bows likewise fasten the mantelet in front. Around the throat there is a wide silk marabout.

Let me pause, in describing mantelets, to say a word or two of these marabouts, which are now the favorite trimmings. They may be classed among the passementeries, and are sold in bands more or less wide. The bands have the effect of colored marabout, but they are really composed of a quantity of silks, arranged like the soft hair of fur, with the same brilliant effect. These colored bands, when narrow, are much worn upon the front of tunics, and around basques; the broad bands for bordering mantelets and jackets. These marabout bands are superior to ruches, inasmuch as they do not take the dust.

As for BONNETS, there is but little hope of seeing them come to a more rational shape. The conical crown appears in most of the new models. Even straw shapes are made after this most absurd fashion. As bonnets should be matched in color to the dress, ladies who do not care to buy as large a number of bonnets as of dresses, have hit upon a middle course, which consists in having a small reserve of flowers and feathers of various shades of color, and thus they change the trimming of a black lace bonnet according to the color of the costume they mean to wear.

The prettiest form of bonnet is the Gronne, which is a copy of the graceful Breton cap. I have seen one made of black China crepe, with a large butterfly-bow of black velvet in the center, and at the top of the bow a small lappet of old Valenciennes lace. The brim of the bonnet is pale pink faille, and it turns up so that the lining only is seen. Bow at the back, but neither flowers nor strings. It looked stylish and youthful, as well as uncommon.

COLLARETTES characterize the fashion of the season; but they must not be abused. For instance, the Gabrielle collarette, voluminous and high, which we think pretty in itself, can be worn only by girls and young women of very slender proportions, and having a long neck; any other would look ridiculous thus bedecked, and would be all pretension to elegance. The Medici collarette, intended for low corsages, has not the same inconvenience, for that reason we shall see a great many of them this season. The deep lace standing-up behind, and spreading like a fan, has a very grand air; but it is one of those styles of dress that can be worn only on very rare occasions. When a lady has appeared in society two or three times with a Medici collarette, she ought not to wear it again. The same may be said of all elegant originalities. They must not be more lasting than a pretty woman's caprice, and that everybody knows is not of long duration.

IN LACES, Mechlin is quite replacing Valenciennes. It is the old-fashioned thread lace, exquisitely fine, and reintroduced in quaint mediæval designs. Standing frills of this lace are now worn around the throat, the lace being laid in plaits, and full, and not gathered as formerly. This Venetian fraise, as it is called, is very becoming to long throats; it is tacked round heart-shaped bodices, and made to stand outward in that prominent way seen in old pictures.

SILVER AND STEEL BUTTONS, that are worn on Polonaises and mantles, are greatly on the increase. The buttons are large and flat, and many are dull, like old silver.

BOTH JET AND STEEL BEADS are largely introduced into passementerie, and lace and tassel-fringes are likewise made of a mixture of steel and jet.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—WHITE ALPACA DRESS, FOR A GIRL OF SIX YEARS.—The skirt is trimmed with a flat bias band of blue silk; the over-skirt is made to match. The basque is cut quite deep, and trimmed with strips of ribbon, in groups of three, with a blue button at the lower end of each. Small linen collar, and blue bow.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A GIRL OF THREE YEARS, made of pique, trimmed with flat bands, cut bias of the same. Over-skirt and waist to match, with deep sailor collar.

FIG. III.—SUIT FOR A GIRL OF FIVE YEARS, MADE OF PIQUE.—The edge of the skirt is trimmed with plisse of the same; above that, laid on plain, is a trimming cut out in points of the same material. Polonaise of pique, slightly draped in the back.

FIG. IV.—KNICKERBOCKER SUIT OF DARK NAVY BLUE.—Summer cloth, with sailor collar.

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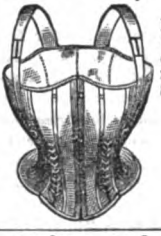

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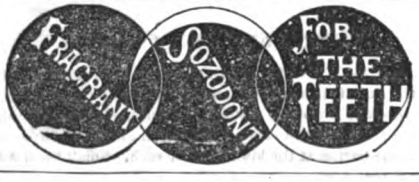

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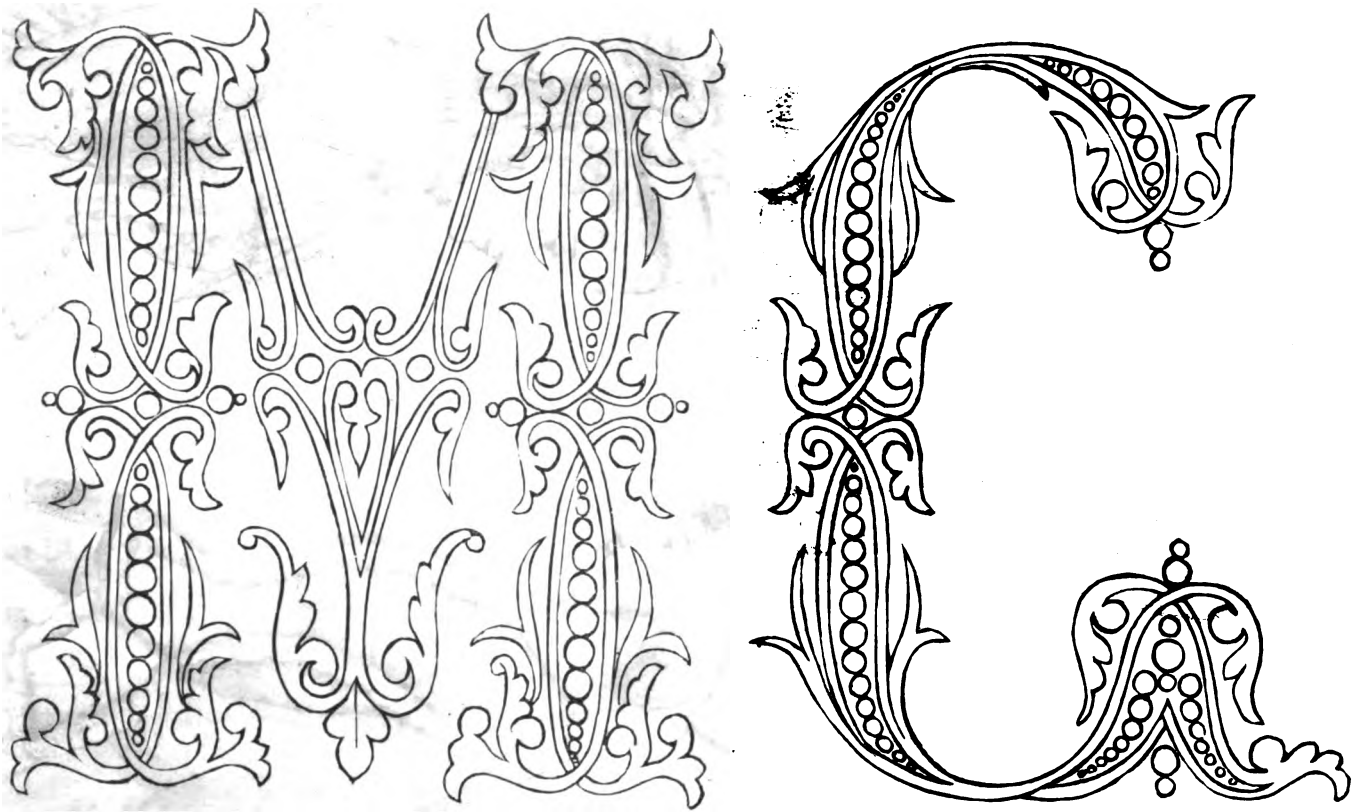

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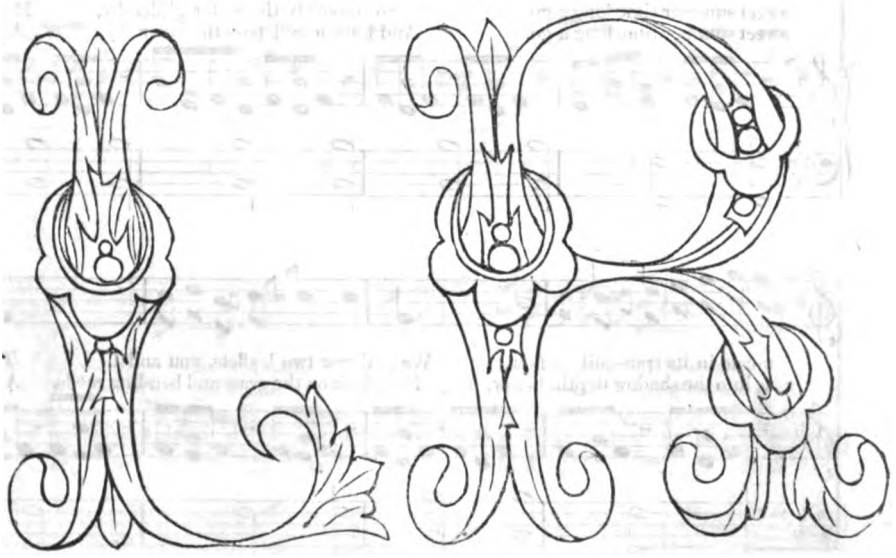

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WE SAT BY THE RIVER.

(YOU AND I.)

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CLARIBEL.

PIANO.

We sat by the river, you and I, In that
'Tis years since we parted, you and I, In that

sweet summer time long a-go. So smoothly the water glided by, Making
sweet summer time long a-go. And I smile as I pass the river by, And I

music in its tran-quil flow, We threw two leaflets, you and I, To the
gaze into the shadow depths below, I look on the grass and bending reeds, And I

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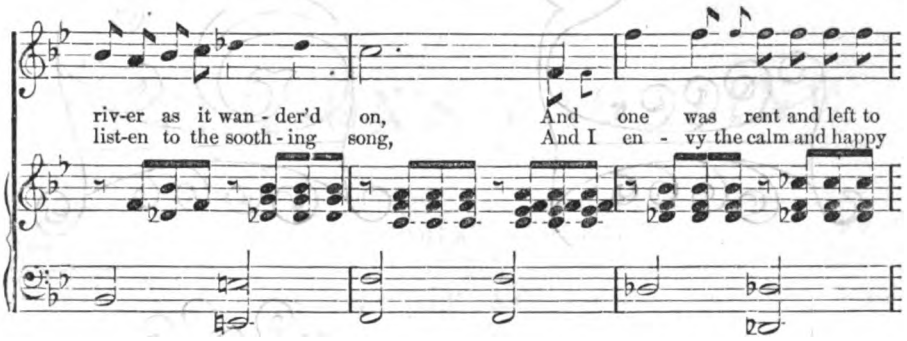

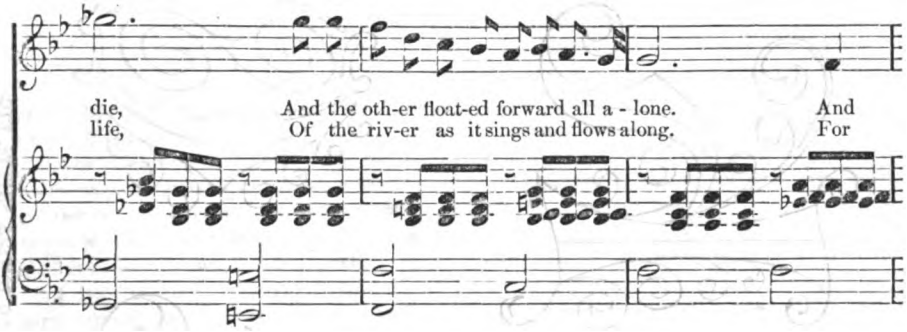

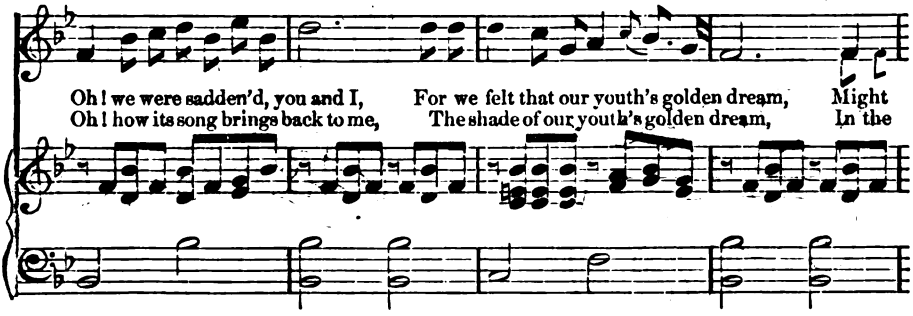

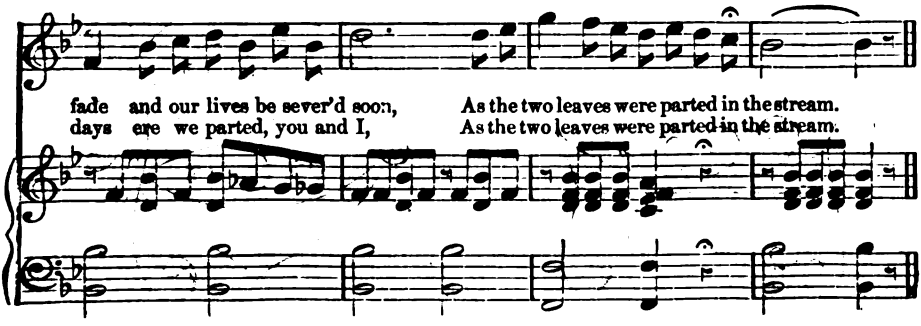

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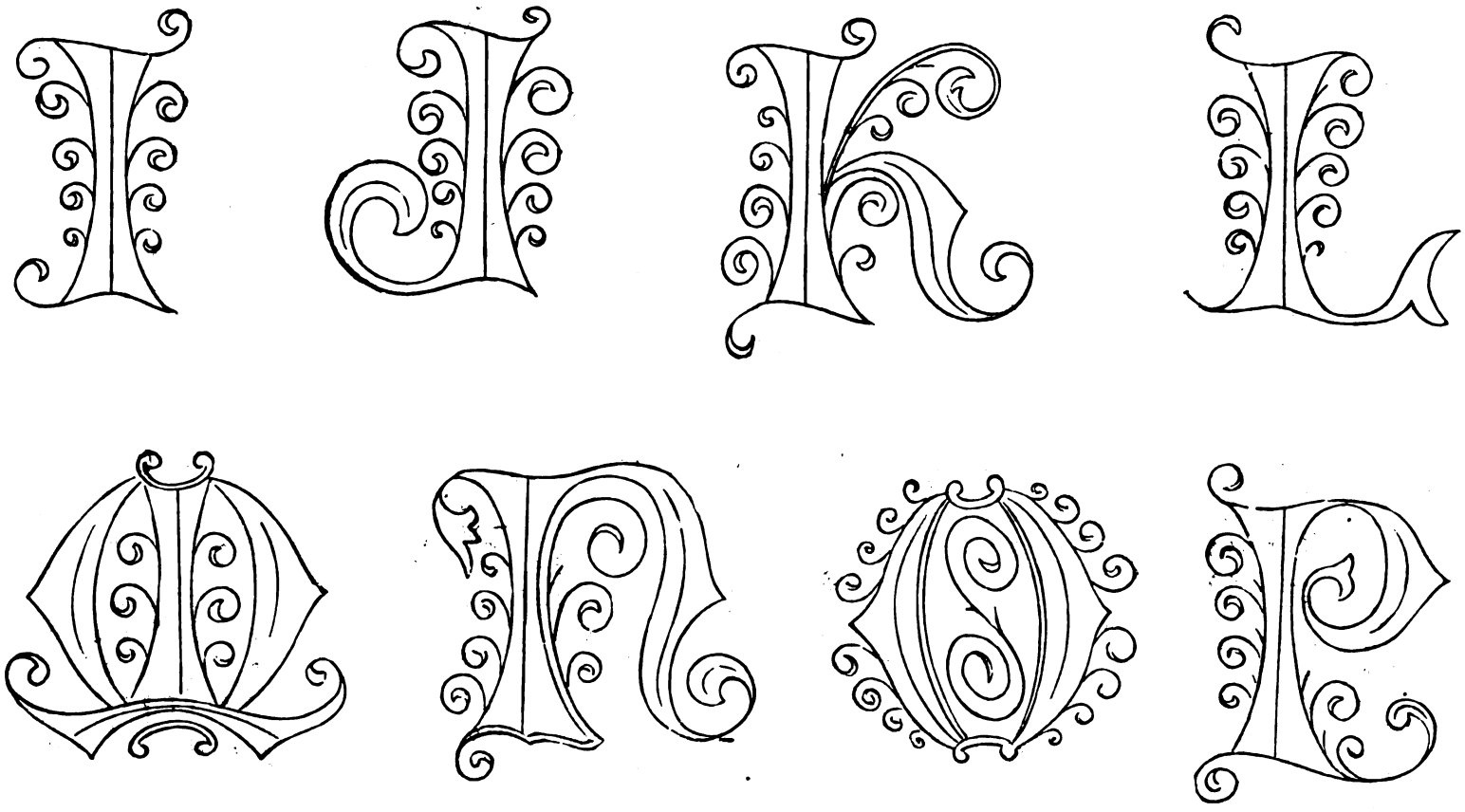

ALPHABET FOR MARKING TOWELS, SHEETS, ETC.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXIV. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1873. No. 2.

A BIT OF ACTING.

BY AMANDA W. HALE.

MRS. SARONY'S rooms were picturesque and charming that night, as they always were.

"Whatever Rose Sarony does," said Mrs. Rochefort, in a little rapturous flutter, "is always gracefully done, from a poem to a *soiree dansante*, from a dress to a dinner."

Harry Rochefort smiled, and said something courteous and complimentary. And then he forgot the fair creator in the lovely creation; for Harry was a connoisseur in entertainments, and his fine sense recognized this as perfect.

"I don't see how she does it," he said. "I suppose anybody can have flowers and music, and chocolate and ices, and everybody's friends come in their prettiest toilets. But everybody can't get such an effect as this."

"No, it's genius!" said Mrs. Rochefort, solemnly.

"For all these things," went on Harry, "are only as the colors, and the canvas, and the brushes to the painter. It's all in the mixing and the grouping;" and Harry laughed softly.

Mrs. Rochefort surveyed him with admiration, curiously tempered with disappointment; for this handsome, graceful, satirical, just a little *blase* son of hers had tried her patience sorely.

"Don't talk to me of girls," cried the poor lady, to her conclave of sympathetic friends, "I wish he had been a girl, or two girls. Such chances as that boy has thrown away! I could cry to think of them. Thirty years old, and not married. Bad enough! But, still worse, he is fast getting the reputation of not being a marrying man; and nothing is more fatal than that to a young man's hopes of matrimonial success."

It was this reflection that inspired Mrs. Rochefort's next speech.

"I do wish you would be serious, Harry, and think about Mrs. Sarony. Where can you find a more charming woman?"

For answer Harry hummed under his breath,

> "If she be not fair to me,
> What care I, how fair she be?"

"Harry! Harry! Don't be silly! She likes you."

"Nonsense! She never said ten words to me."

"Did she ever say ten words to anybody else? I tell you, Harry, she favors you if she favors anybody."

Harry was quite serious enough to please her now. But the knitting of the dark brows, and the steely light in the handsome blue eyes did not please her. Nor did his next words.

"It won't do, mother. I want something different from a woman who spends her life attitudinizing, however charming and artistic her various poses may be. I can fancy that curious reticence, and that everlasting smile of hers driving me mad."

"How childish that is, Harry," said his mother, very much vexed. "But go your own way. I shan't suggest any lady again."

"Thank you," laughed Harry. "You know that last year it was the Rutherfords. And that wouldn't have done, would it?"

Mrs. Rochefort crimsoned at this speech.

"It is not necessary to discuss the Rutherfords," she said, coldly, rising as she spoke.

Harry offered his arm.

"No, thank you. I have not forgotten that I owe something to my hostess, though you evidently haven't thought of it. If it was worth while, I might hint to you that there are a good many young ladies sitting out the evening for want of a partner," and with this Mrs. Rochefort gathered her purple silk train away from his feet, and swept in stately dowager-fashion down the saloon.

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Harry's momentary vexation quickly passed. He knew his mother's light displeasures were as transient as spring showers. And no doubt he was a trial to her. By way of doing penance he sought out the plainest girl in the room, and asked her to dance—a girl with sallow circles under her eyes, which came from late hours, and sallow patches on her cheeks, which came from too much coffee and bonbons, and long wisps of light hair hanging down her back; which were hers by the best evidence, since no reputable artist in hair would have owned to such forlorn mockeries of curls. And everybody looked and wondered that the brilliant Harry Rochefort should take out Nannie Revere.

I suppose, in society, nobody thinks that young men have little flashes of unselfishness, streaks of benevolent purpose, or of kindly whims.

Harry did his duty manfully—I was almost going to say, humanely; for why shouldn't dancing—when one doesn't want to dance—for sweet charity's sake, be counted unto one for saintliness, especially when dancing is such a bore?

I think Harry's zeal flagged when Miss Revere said, frankly,

"I hate dancing—don't you? Only it is the thing to do."

Harry looked at her and wondered if she could talk—so few girls can, to any purpose.

So, when she was taking her ice, he began with the handiest commonplace.

"How charming Mrs. Sarony's parties always are!"

"Yes; like a picture. But one gets tired of pictures, and would like a bit of real life."

"Why?" said Harry, amused. "Aren't all these fine people alive?"

She shook her head.

"Dear me, no! It's all a show, a pageant that passes before your eyes and is gone, as if you had dreamed it. People come and go, come and go. Belles strut their brief hour, and slip off the stage. Sometimes real life begins for them just then. There was Laure Rutherford," she paused.

"Well?" said Harry, with that curious smile in his eyes.

She glanced up at him.

"Oh, I remember. You were abroad then, when Laure was reigning, and you were to come home and marry her. But you didn't come!"

"No, I didn't come. I never saw her. What was she like?"

"She was a pearl, a white rose—whatever pure and lovely thing you choose to name her. And had no ancestors either. Her father sold sugar till the oil fever began—then he made millions. But every dollar went in the great gold panic, and Laure dropped out of sight as suddenly and completely as a star fades from the sky. The whole family came upon Laure—for the shock made her father imbecile, and she went upon the stage. They say she plays every night at one of the minor theatres. By-and-by she will come up higher, and then the world—our world, you know—will go mad over her, for she is a talented creature."

"She must have felt her fall terribly," said Harry.

"I dare say she did. But she is far better off, if she knew it."

"How?" asked Harry, in surprise.

"She has something to do, you see; and one gets tired of society routine."

Something very like a sigh closed this sentence, and Harry Rochefort looked at his companion. There was a flush on her sallow cheek, and her eyes had a certain wistfulness and longing in them which was pathetic. Tired of her life was she? Harry supposed that girls expected to be married after a term or two of "society's routine."

But Miss Revere was not yet engaged.

Suppose—Harry smiled as he pictured to himself his mother's despair, and the amazement of his set, if he was understood to be smitten with Miss Revere. But why not? She was clever and amusing, and it would be a charity to give her an object in life.

The fancy died as soon as born—young men are not prone to self-sacrifice; but it amused Harry, and coincided with his real kindness of heart to make him so charming that, when he left her, Miss Revere's heart was in a glow, and the wish half-formed in her mind that Heaven had made her such a man.

"I wonder whom he will marry," she thought. "I wish it could have been Laure Rutherford."

Little by little the freshness and beauty of Mrs. Sarony's evening faded, yet people lingered—Mrs. Rochefort especially.

"This is the last pleasure you will give us this season," she said, smiling on the lovely widow. "It was fit that it should be so unique in its charm."

Mrs. Sarony, standing in the draft as the doors opened and closed, drew her fleecy white shawl about her, bowed and smiled. It was her way, not to waste words; and that beautiful smile of hers did wonders. Men had gone wild about it—one at least it had driven to despair; but when Harry Rochefort made his parting

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obeisance and went away, she knew that it had been wasted on him.

It was May now, and the winter's Carnival was ended. Fresh fields and pastures now wooed the migrating butterflies of fashion. Mrs. Rochefort teased Harry to decide upon a place for the summer's sojourn, was vexed by his declaration that all watering-places were the same to him, and finally took herself and her discontent to the White Sulphur Springs.

"When you get tired of your whim, you may follow me," she said; and Harry gayly promised.

But he lingered in town. It was almost July, and everybody who was anybody was gone or just going. Amusements languished; but the under world must be entertained, though fashion flies from town, and minor theatres were still crowded.

Harry found himself one day staring at a huge placard, hardly conscious of what he read.

"Elize Bernus," said a friend at his elbow. "That is Laure Rutherford's stage name. Poor Laure!"

Harry was roused. Laure Rutherford playing here to-night? He would go and see her.

The rising of the curtain found him in his place. The play was a dramatization from a popular novel. It was melo-dramatic, overwrought, full of grotesque situations and improbable denouements. But Harry was in that state when one does not criticise. Laure had magnetized him—charmed him in the first place by her pure and noble beauty, the sweet spirit which shone in her face, and captivated him by her superb acting.

The curtain fell upon the first act, and Harry drew a long breath.

So that was Laure Rutherford, the woman whom, with a fatal perversity he had delayed to know; lingering in Paris when his mother had summoned him home; inventing excuses for delay, piling up barriers between himself and what he knew now would have been the supreme happiness of his life.

He was impatient for her to re-appear. The interlude seemed interminably long. It was, indeed, prolonged beyond the usual time. There was some disturbance behind the scenes. The house began to grow anxious. A smothered excitement was everywhere manifest. What was it? Was—and the lips that asked the question blanched—the house on fire? Nothing so tragic as that. The dailies told the story the next morning, with jocose comments. The father of the popular actress—a gentleman well-known in financial circles, who always escorted her to the theatre, had seen fit to get tipsy and knock down the manager. That was all. Not tragic at all, you see, except to those poor souls who shared the disgrace.

The curtain went up at last.

Good heavens! Was that she, just now so graceful, so composed? This white, shuddering girl, who stammered through the first words of her part, and then stood helpless, having quite lost the thread of her part, the cause of wonder, the mark for derision, which presently arose a light breath, but surely to grow into a storm that would annihilate her.

Harry Rocheford stared at her an instant with the rest. Then he partly comprehended the situation, and a great tide of love and pity swept over his soul, and, as if by a flash of inspiration, he saw that he could help her.

Among his multitude of gifts was the odd and rare one of ventriloquism—a power that had vexed and amused by turns everybody who knew him. It was quite a blessed chance that he should know the very words that had fled from her, the most natural and easiest thing in the world for him to repeat them exactly, as if they had come from her lips.

Nobody caught the sudden look of wonder and delight that crossed her face, except Harry; but the house broke into applause. It gave her time.

Laure Rutherford was herself again, and the play went on. The excitement lifted her above her level. The morning papers said that Miss Bernus, after her attack of stage fright, outdid herself.

The next day a bit of pasteboard was sent up to Miss Bernus, lettered only with the name, "Harry Rochefort."

If she was superb upon the stage, she was equally lovely at home, wearing her womanhood with a royal charm.

"I have heard a great deal about you from your mother," she said that day, when, after half an hour's talk, they were almost like old friends.

"If I had obeyed my mother," said Harry, impulsively, "I should not have seen you last night for the first time."

"Last night!" and her white cheeks crimsoned. "You saw my wretched failure?"

Harry made a deprecating gesture.

"But it was not stage fright," she said, looking up at him with her beautiful eyes full of tears. "It was what happened behind the scenes which unnerved me."

"I know. I thought so."

"And then the very words I had lost were said—somehow. I have been puzzling over it

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this morning. Was Heaven itself good enough to help me?" and looking at him wonderingly, she saw the smile in Harry's eyes.

"In an instant her face kindled. "I see," she cried. "I have heard what a wizard you are. I owe it all to you!" and her cheeks flushed to a vivid rose.

"You shall pay me then," and Harry kissed her hand rapturously.

It was Cupid's own work, I am sure. The town soon heard it. Miss Bernus was to leave the stage and marry. Mrs. Rochefort stormed, wept, and finally submitted with a winning grace.

"I always loved Laure," she said. "I believe it was my letters about her that interested him."

And Mrs. Sarony smiled

NIL DESPERANDUM.

BY STEVADSON A. HAIL.

Never give up, though misfortune o'ertake you
And a load of trouble and cares weigh you down;
Never give up, though false friends forsake you,
And leave you alone as the clouds o'er you frown;
Never give up, though dark clouds may lower,
And each vestige of sky be hidden from view;
Never give up, though loud thunder may roar,
And the light of the sun be hidden from you.

Never give up, though the friend you believed in
Prove false as a mirage on the desert away;
Never give up, though o.t you're deceived in
The vows and the words a false lover may say;
Never give up, though the green grass may wither
Before the rude touch of the dark, wintry hours,
Though the wind and the frost may h ther and thither
Scatter the leaves, the birds and the flowers.

Never give up, but trust that the morrow
May drive all the clouds away from the sky;
May bring back the flowers, and scatter your sorrow,
And the sun may be shining again up on high.
Trust that the skies may be brighter and bluer,
That the storm may be gone with its darkness and rain;
Trust that your friends may be better and truer,
And that no vows or pledges will be broken again.

No, never give up! Better be the deceived
A thousand time over than be a deceiver!
If you'd have your conduct and actions believed,
Be ever ready to be a believer.
Never give up your trust in humanity,
Though often betrayed by those that you trust;
Do not believe that all things are vanity—
The purest of gems are oft covered with dust.

So, never despair, but believe, under heaven,
That all things are good that were made by God's hand;
Disappointment and sorrow quite often are given
That the pure and the good we might understand.
Never give up! though borne down in the battle,
And no one is near their assistance to lend;
Though the missles of wrath around you may rattle,
Never give up, but be true to the end!

Never give up, but be firm to your duty!
Tho' through wild, rugged places your pathway may lead;
On each page of life there is something of beauty,
And a lesson to learn if you will but it heed.
Be true to yourself, wherever you roam!
Though joy or sorrow may fill up your cup;
When trials and temptings around you may come,
Let this be your motto—'Never give up!"

A LOVE-SONG TO MY LOVE.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

I sing thy praises, my dear,
Because my heart is thine;
My life's a golden tear,
That would on thee, love, shine,
As shines the dew on flowers,
Or shines the rain on grass,
To bless the Summer bowers,
Where bees and sunshine pass.

Thy form to me is fair;
Thou art a thing of love,
An angel, sent to bear
The soul to Heaven above.
I feel alone—I'm poor!
Like birds without a nest;
But when thy love is sure,
Like richest king I'm blest!

I look at gems and flowers,
So freely spread around;
I note the blissful hours
My early boyhood found;
But neither gems nor flowers,
Nor bliss of old I've known,
Could give me happy hours,
Unless thou art my own!

Then let me claim thy love,
And call it all my own;
Move in that Heaven above—
The Heaven for me alone!
'Tis there my heart aspires,
'Tis there my heart must be;
There sing its angel choirs,
Of fondest love and thee!

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A CARNIVAL GIFT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE two girls got out of the carriage at the great, gloomy old palace where Mrs. Thorwald had her apartment, and, after laughing adieus to that lady, ran down the street to their own dwelling—another great, gloomy old mansion only a short distance below.

They did not meet a living creature, except an unhappy dog going on three legs, and a still more decrepit, ancient female, knitting on a curbstone, and muttering so busily to herself, that she could not afford the pair even a glance.

A little one-horse cabriolet—the style of vehicle so common in Rome—had halted at the corner of the street, as Mrs. Thorwald's carriage drew up before the door. A man, masked and dressed in a rich cavalier's costume, sprang out, paid the driver, and, as soon as Mrs. Thorwald had disappeared, hurried toward the house which the girls had already reached.

It was the height of the Carnival season, and the whole Roman world was still collected on the Corso. Mrs. Thorwald, anxious about a dinner she was to give, had hastened her young friends away before the race, which closes each afternoon's wild gayety; and each of the girls privately thought, as each had often done before, that Mrs. Thorwald was a rather selfish person, in spite of her pretty speeches and coaxing ways.

For some inexplicable reason, the doors were closed when they arrived at the mansion, and Rose Sanderson pounded furiously with the ponderous knocker, which made noise enough to have roused the dead, though for several moments the racket appeared to be unheard or unheeded by old Assunta, who ought to have been seated in the porter's lodge.

While Rose hammered with all her might, Geraldine Gray, glancing up the street, became conscious of the tall man marching onward in his cavalier dress, like some phantom from mediæval days—only that his step was too firm and lithe for the comparison to hold good.

"I do believe Assunta is dead," cried Rose. "If not, I could end her miserable, old mispent existence with great pleasure the instant we get in, if we ever do."

There was no answer from her companion. For a little while she was too busy pounding and anathematizing Assunta to wonder at the silence. Then it suddenly occurred to her that Geraldine bore the delay with singular, not to say aggravating composure. She turned to discover the reason, and saw the mask close to the great doorway, in whose shadow they stood. He was holding out a rose. After an instant's pause, Geraldine took it.

"Well!" exclaimed Rose, dropping the knocker with a final bang, which sounded like the report of a small cannon.

The cavalier made a merry gesture of farewell, and darted down the street. At the same moment the door opened, and Assunta appeared, so deafening with her loud-voiced excuses, that, between her desire to get out of reach of the sound, and her determination to have an explanation from Geraldine, Rose was glad to hurry her companion on, and leave the scolding for a more convenient season. The girls mounted the first flight of steps in perfect silence. As they reached the landing, Rose pulled at her friend's dress, and held her fast.

"I do think there are limits to what is permissible, even in Carnival time," said she, with an indignant glance at the red blossom her friend held.

"Upon my word," returned Geraldine, laughing, "a lecture on prudence is something new from you, Rose. What have I done?"

"I saw him hanging about under the balcony half a dozen times to-day," pursued Rose. "You needn't think I didn't recognize him. It was that Count."

"Which one?" asked Geraldine. "Fate has favored us with the acquaintance of so many in this land of titles, that you must particularize."

"I wouldn't be deceitful," cried Rose, reproachfully.

"Persevere in that good resolution," returned Geraldine. "Dear me, puss, what have I done so dreadful in taking this pretty flower—your namesake? If it had been any other sort I might have refused."

This teasing reply was more than Rose's patience, sorely tried by Mrs. Thorwald's selfishness and Assunta's delay, could endure. She walked on up stairs with great majesty, not deigning to look behind her. Geraldine followed more leisurely, and took the opportunity to unwind a slip of paper, carefully folded round the stem of the rose, and hide it in her pocket.

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At the door of their apartment, Geraldine overtook her friend, and hastened to whisper,

"Now, don't be a cross rose-bud. I didn't wish to vex you."

"Oh, vex me!" retorted Rose, neither very intelligibly or very amiably; but her sunny temper was not proof against Geraldine's coaxing ways, and, by the time the door opened, Rose was in a better mood.

"Come and see papa," she said.

"I want to go to my room first—then I will," Geraldine replied, and went her way.

Rose passed on to a little room off the salon, where Mr. Sanderson had made his snuggery, and to which, during the last two weeks, he had been confined more than was agreeable, from having had the ill-luck to sprain his ankle in a fall on the stair-case.

There he sat now, leaning back in his easy-chair, the injured limb stretched comfortably on an ottoman; a handsome man, with marks of ill-health upon his face, a certain peevishness and weakness visible, too, and, besides that, the obstinacy which belongs to feeble natures.

"So you are back," he said, as Rose entered. "Aren't you early?"

"Oh, yes. Mrs. Thorwald would not wait for the race," replied Rose. "Papa, she's the most selfish woman I ever knew in my life."

"Then she must be a monster," said Mr. Sanderson, smiling at his own wit; and Rose, like a dutiful daughter, smiled too.

"Have you had much pain to-day?" she asked.

"No. I think not so much as usual," he replied, making the admission rather grudgingly, as people who have been ill or suffering always do. "Where is Geraldine?"

"She went to her own room. She will be in presently. Oh, papa, it is too bad that you have to stay shut up here at Carnival time!"

"My dear, that is just a specimen of my luck—just! However, I don't mind missing the Carnival much, I think. It is nothing compared to what it was when I used to be in Italy."

"Now, papa, don't be vexatious. I don't believe there ever was a finer one."

"Very well; be happy in your belief. I never wish to disturb anybody's faith. There isn't any too much to be found in this world."

"You are not to be misanthropical," returned Rose. "Wait until Lent for that. Oh, dear, I wish that tiresome ankle was well enough for you to go to Mrs. Thorwald's dinner."

"My dear, the one consolation I have found in my accident is the fact that I am able to stay away. That woman's airs and affectations are more than I can endure."

"She is dreadful," sighed Rose. "However, she has been very good-natured about taking Geraldine and me out since then."

"Because Geraldine is an heiress," he replied; "and she likes the glory. If it was not for that you might have stayed shut up till doomsday before she would have paid the least attention to you."

Rose never gave much heed to such bitter little speeches on her father's part. She was accustomed to them just as she was to his grumbling, and neither had any effect upon her happy disposition.

Geraldine entered, and the conversation took a pleasanter tone. Mr. Sanderson could be very agreeable when he could forget himself, and he was invariably kind and gentle with his ward. He had hoped once to see her united to his family by a closer tie; but since his son Charley had turned out a grief and disappointment, that idea he had been obliged to put by.

Geraldine Gray was twenty-one now, and she had come to live with the Sanderson's soon after her sixteenth birth-day. Rose was two years younger, but, from the first, they had been fast friends, and their affection had only strengthened during these years. Geraldine had been an orphan from early childhood; her home had always been with an aunt, until that period; but the lady's sudden death made it necessary for Mr. Sanderson to rouse himself sufficiently out of his accustomed indolence to take charge of her and her affairs.

Not long after her arrival—they were living in America then—came the news, which dashed to the ground the rather romantic hopes Mr Sanderson had been weaving, like the confirmed dreamer he was. Charley was twenty-one then, just raised to the rank of lieutenant in the navy, and was expected home after an absence of three years.

He did not come. In place of that came tidings that he had resigned his commission to escape dismissal. He had been mixed up in some wild affair—had challenged a superior officer, and away went the whole fabric of dreams and hopes which Mr. Sanderson had indulged over his boy's future. There ensued a brief, angry correspondence between father and son, and Mr. Sanderson could think of no better way to conduct himself under the circumstances than to cast the young fellow off, which he proceeded to do in about as harsh terms as could have been found.

More business reverses followed, and, some two years after, he brought his daughter and ward over to Europe. His means enabled him

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to live comfortably on the Continent, and, having nothing whatever to do, he was able to give full rein to his misanthropy and discontent, and make himself as unhappy as he saw fit; and, when any human being chooses that as an aim in life, he is able to become as miserable an object as one could wish to see.

It was fortunate for Rose that Geraldine was with them, as Geraldine, though gentle and amiable, had sufficient determination to insist that neither her existence or her friend's should be rendered monotonous or unbearable. Altogether the years had been very pleasant ones to them both. They had traveled a great deal, made agreeable friends, and Mr. Sanderson's complaints and misanthropy had grown too much a matter of course for either to be seriously affected by them.

This winter in Rome had been an especially gay one, as Geraldine had now come into full possession of her fortune, and insisted, if she continued to live with them, on assuming an equal share of the expenses with her former guardian. So there had been parties, and balls, and pretty new dresses for Rose; and Geraldine managed to do all sorts of obliging things for her friend in that line without exciting the father's suspicion, as he was one of those men who could grant favors readily enough, but was utterly incapable of accepting them.

The two girls sat with Mr. Sanderson while he dined, and, after they had dressed for Mrs. Thorwald's dinner, came to show themselves to him in their pretty costumes, whereat he sighed as lugubriously as possible, by way of making amends for having mentally admired them both exceedingly.

There was something odd about Geraldine to-night, Rose could not help remarking, and as she connected it with that giving of the flower by the masked cavalier, she was somewhat displeased, and would ask no questions. Rose had always held fast, during these years of silence, in which Charley's name had been a forbidden subject, to the belief that he would sometime appear, and, in her fancy, she had always reserved her friend for him. And now this Italian Count, who had haunted Geraldine's steps during the past month, became an ogre in Rose's eyes, and she hated him profoundly—worse this evening than ever, since that paltry gift of his had power to bring such light into Geraldine's eyes, and to make her so excitable and nervous that she was not like herself.

Fortunately, the Italian was not at the dinner—that was a slight comfort to Rose; though not much after all, for, whenever she had leisure to watch, she could see that her friend was somewhat *distraite* and self-absorbed, and Rose had to fear that it proceeded from the man's absence.

When they reached home, Mr. Sanderson was in bed, and Geraldine, instead of lingering for a half hour's chat with Rose, according to her habit, went off directly to her own chamber. So Rose went to bed, and to sleep as fast as possible, to get rid of herself and her disagreeable fancies.

How long she had slept she did not know. It seemed to her to be nearly morning, when some sudden sound roused her in a fright. She sat up in bed, and listened. It came again; her first thought, of course, was that robbers were trying the window; not stopping to reflect that it would be difficult for the most expert housebreaker to climb up a perpendicular wall, to the height at which they lived, she sprang out of bed, and ran to the door of Geraldine's room. It was fastened on the inside—the first time such a thing had ever happened. She lighted a candle, partially dressed herself, and crept cautiously into the ante-chamber. The door which led from there into Geraldine's room was fastened too; she knocked softly, but there was no answer. Beyond that was a door which opened into the chamber occupied by Geraldine's maid. Rose ran on to that; the knob turned in her hand. She looked in—the room was empty. She ran across it, and entered Geraldine's apartment—that was empty too.

She looked about, perceived that the noise she had heard had been made by the slamming of a shutter carelessly left ajar. She opened the window, closed the shutter, looked at the clock—it was after two; then, having done all she could, sat down and cried heartily. It never entered her mind to rouse her father; she had no thought of betraying Geraldine; but this midnight disappearance was so out of keeping with her usual staid conduct, that Rose was filled with a vague horror, and sat there shivering and crying, and wondering if her friend would never return.

"If I'd done such a thing I shouldn't be so much surprised," sobbed poor Rose to herself. "I'm such a crazy goose; but for Geraldine—oh, what does it mean?"

Then she looked about the room again. In one corner set a covered wicker-basket, which was an unknown basket to Rose. She threw up the lid, and then she knew where Geraldine had gone—to the masked ball at the Apollo Theatre! The basket still held a mask and a portion of a domino. Rose was more puzzled and pained than ever. A friend had offered to take them

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to the theatre to see the masquerade decorously from a box, and Geraldine had been the first to refuse. A masquerade where there was no dancing, would be only a bore, she had declared; she didn't care to sit and watch a lot of dominoes walk up and down and do nothing.

But she was gone, and the Count's flower had something to do with the matter. That was the only thing certain to poor Rose's mind; and then she cried more heartily than ever, quite unconscious that she made the prettiest possible picture in her careless costume, with her long, yellow hair hanging down her back in disheveled curls.

After allowing him to go peacefully to sleep, when he first went to bed, Mr. Sanderson's sprained ankle saw fit to wake him deep in the night, with a miserable throbbing pain, which put slumber quite out of the question. There was nothing for it but to get into pantaloons and dressing-gown, and sit up for awhile. Fresh liniment on the bandages eased the pain after a time, but he had lost all inclination to sleep, so he hobbled into the salon, lighted the lamp, and sat down to smoke and read till some acceptable feeling of drowziness should come over him.

The vicious-voiced little clock on the mantel was striking the half-hour beyond two, when he was startled by hearing a key turn in the door which led from the public stair-case into the ante-chamber.

With the lamp in one hand, and his stick in the other, he got across the salon, opened the door into the ante-room, and found himself face to face with two figures, and the foremost, to his unbounded astonishment, was his ward!

"Geraldine!" he exclaimed, in mingled wonder and wrath. "What on earth is the meaning of this?"

The other muffled figure made off down the ante-room, in all haste. It was Miss Gray's maid, shrouded like her young mistress, in a black domino, a woman so rigid and angular, so full of British prejudices and propriety, that one would as soon have expected the goddess Minerva to have been guilty of such a freak as the loose domino betrayed on her part.

"Marianne!" exclaimed Mr Sanderson; and Herod's voice never assumed a deeper tone of reproach in addressing the Islander's beautiful namesake.

But Marianne sped down the ante-room, regardless of the appeal, and took refuge in the secrecy of her maiden chamber.

Geraldine looked pale, a little tired too; but there was no sign of fright or confusion. If it had been broad noonday, and her guardian had met her as she returned from some lawful expedition she could not have been more composed.

"Geraldine!" he repeated, feeling himself grow stupid from surprise, and half-inclined to believe the whole scene the result of a bad dream.

Miss Gray took the lamp from his hand, and entered the salon.

"You will catch cold standing on that stone floor," she said, quietly. "I am sorry we disturbed you; the door would not open, and Marianne made a great racket."

"Where have you been?" he asked, obliged to sit down. "But I don't need to ask," and he pointed to her domino. "Geraldine, who went to the masked ball with you?"

"Only Marianne," she replied; "but we were as safe as if we had been at home—nobody recognized us."

"Where is Rose?" he demanded.

"Abed, and asleep, of course. She knew nothing about my going."

"I am glad of that, at least," he said, reproachfully.

Miss Gray was busy putting a foot-stool for the injured limb to rest on, and made no answer.

"I never was so surprised in my life," he went on. "If it had been Rose, I shouldn't have so much wondered; but a freak like this on your part——"

"Everybody one knows is there," she said, as he paused, leaving his sentence unfinished.

"But at least young ladies are there under proper guardianship," he retorted, sharply.

"Mercy!" said she, laughing. "I couldn't well have anybody more proper than Marianne."

"I wonder you could have persuaded her to go," he replied, puzzled by her composure, till he was at a loss what to say, and, remembering that, after all, she was no longer under his tutelage, "I—I am shocked," was his next effort. "I could not have believed you would do such a thing."

"My dear guardian," she answered. "Don't let's say anything more about it to-night. Marianne and I were not alone there—we had ample protection. I am very tired; can I do anything for you before I go to bed?"

"Is that all you mean to say?" he asked, aghast.

"I want you to wait till morning for explanations," she said. "Dear Mr. Sanderson, you have known me long enough not to judge me harshly! I had a good reason for going to the ball—an important reason."

"Which you refuse to explain!"

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"Just for to-night, please! Don't be vexed with me—don't think I have done wrong."

She kissed him good-night, and went away without further words, and all he could do was to take his astonishment to bed with him, and let it keep him awake.

Miss Gray passed on to her maid's room. Marianne pointed to the inner chamber in silence. Geraldine stole in. There sat Rose asleep in an easy-chair, with her poor little face all red and swollen from the tempest of tears she had shed. Miss Gray's entrance roused her, and she started up with a scream.

"In the name of goodness why are you asleep in my easy chair?" inquired Miss Gray.

"Oh, Ally! where have you been? I was so frightened! Why, it's morning—I have been scared out of my senses."

"It is only half-past two. We are often out much later at parties," replied Geraldine, calmly.

Rose rubbed her eyes, stared at her friend, who was quietly taking off her domino, and exclaimed,

"You've been to the masked ball at the Apollo Theatre!"

"Precisely so," returned Miss Gray.

"Well, I should think you must be crazy!" cried Rose.

"Opinions differ. To me it seems much more like a symptom of insanity for a young woman to go to sleep in a chair, instead of getting into bed."

"I was in bed," sobbed Rose. "I heard a noise, and I came in here frightened, and you were gone. I didn't think you'd have treated me so!"

"My dear Rose, do be reasonable! How could I possibly know that you would get a fright this night of all others, and rush into my room?"

"I couldn't get in," sobbed Rose.

"Then I suppose you are not you—just an hallucination on my part."

"I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" cried Rose, going into one of her little tempers. "I knew when you took that flower to-day there was some mischief on foot, and to go off without telling me!"

"Is that the chief ground of my offence?"

"No. I'm sure I didn't wish to go; but I hate that horrid Italian; and he'll be sure to tell of your going there to meet him. And, oh! how Mrs. Thorwald and all her set will talk!"

"I don't think the Italian will tell," returned Geraldine, with a mischievous smile.

"He will, you may say what you like; but he's a bad man; how can you like him?"

"I don't," said Geraldine.

"After taking that rose—after going to the ball. Oh, what would papa say if he should find it out?"

"He knows it already. He opened the door of the salon, and turned into a statue of horror at the sight," said Geraldine.

"What did you do?"

"Took the lamp, for fear he should drop it, and advised him to sit down."

"And he didn't insist on knowing?"

"Yes, I think he did; but I couldn't tell him to-night, so I came away," replied Geraldine, in the same matter-of-fact voice, and the same mischievous smile.

"I do think you'll drive me out of my senses," retorted Rose. "I know somebody will have seen you, and tell of it."

"I am not in the least afraid."

"Who was with you? You never went alone with Marianne. It was that Italian——"

Geraldine knelt on the floor beside her friend, put her arms about her, and whispered for a moment in her ear. Rose gave a positive shriek, and Geraldine laid her hand firmly over the pretty mouth.

"You'll bring Mr. Sanderson in," said she. "Come to your room, and go to bed this minute, you bad little thing. Will you ever scold me again?"

After this wakeful night, Mr. Sanderson slept late, and naturally the first thought in his mind was the necessity of an explanation with Miss Gray. Rose came in while he was having his chocolate, and he said,

"Tell Geraldine that I wish to see her. Don't come back, please. I want to talk to her alone."

"Yes, papa," Rose said, dutifully, kissed him, and went away.

Presently the door opened, and Geraldine entered, in the prettiest imaginable morning dress, looking handsomer than he had ever seen her in his life, and as calm as if she were not about to be brought up to judgment.

"Did you sleep?" she asked.

"Toward daylight," he answered, making the admission rather grudgingly.

"And are you in the sweetest and best possible humor?" she asked, sitting down by him.

"At least I am ready for your promised explanation," he said, gravely.

"Then you must promise not to interrupt me," she replied; "for, in the very beginning, I have to speak of matters that you have forbidden mentioned in your presence."

He grew a little pale, and leaned back in his chair, looking sternly in her face; but she held

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his hand fast, when he would have drawn it away, and began,

"Only a little while before I came to live with you, I met a young man, who was foolish enough to love me better than I deserved. I have no excuse to make for myself, except that I was very young, and very foolish; but I bothered and teased him a great deal, though I knew even then that I cared for him."

Two crimson spots were burning in her cheeks now, but she still looked fixedly up in his face, and her voice never faltered.

"I flirted with another man, a naval officer, too; then I was hurried away by my poor aunt's illness. I went to your house. The next news that came to me was, that the miserable creature with whom I had trifled, had spoken ill of me. Not content with that, had publicly accused my lover's father with gross misconduct in his business affairs. Wait, let me finish."

Mr. Sanderson leaned back in his chair again, and listened.

"The son sent a challenge to this man, and the coward, to get rid of the punishment he deserved, brought the matter before the Department, and this young man was obliged to resign his commission to escape expulsion."

"Oh, Charley!" Mr. Sanderson exclaimed. "And you have heard from him—you have seen him?"

"So he went away," Geraldine continued, weeping softly now. "He vowed never to come back to the father, and the wicked girl who had misjudged him, until he had made himself independent by his own exertions, and now——"

"My boy! my boy!" interrupted Mr. Sanderson.

The door opened, and a tall, handsome fellow entered, followed by Rose; and, for a few moments the whole group were too much excited to know exactly what they said or did. But when they were composed enough for further explanations, Geraldine insisted upon giving them herself. She told him that, from some unknown source, Charley had received ten thousand dollars—had gone to California, and had become a rich man in some of those magical speculations so rife in our country.

"Through old Mr. Moreton the money came?" Mr. Sanderson asked. "And you never knew——"

"A little better than Geraldine thinks," Charley interrupted. "Father, when I got back to New York last month Mr. Moreton told me the truth. It was Geraldine's money. She persuaded him to use it, and I was never to know. But I am glad and thankful to have taken it—proud to owe the beginning of my success to her."

So, in another instant, she was in his arms, the two girls were crying, and I think the masculine eyes were not exactly dry—and so the little romance ended.

JENNIE.

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

I stood beside the rustic bars,
And talked awhile with Jennie,
Whose shining eyes eclipsed the stars—
The fairest girl of any;
For still some flaw each beauty mars,
And I had courted many.

Gray hairs were sprinkled 'mid my locks,
Time's strokes we cannot parry;
My life had reached its equinox,
I dared not longer tarry;
And age had given me many knocks—
I felt that I must marry.

Dear Jennie! she should be my wife,
To her I'd grant this gladness;
With tenderness her looks were rife,
A touch therein of sadness;
I read the secret of her life—
She loved me nigh to madness.

The moon came out with silvery glow,
It was the time for wooing;
Of words there came a sudden flow,
I thought them all-subduing,
And bent above her hand, I know,
For her sweet favor suing.

A rosy flush swept o'er her face,
Her eyes were lit with splendor;
She paused just for a moment's space,
But, oh! her mien was tender,
And full of such a bashful grace—
I knew she would surrender.

But, horror! this was what she said;
You're far too old to marry
A girl like me! you've been misled;
Indeed, I'm really sorry;
But then I've promised, sir, to wed
Your youngest nephew, Harry.

I stand no more beside the bars,
And talk no more with Jennie,
Whose shining eyes eclipsed the stars—
The fairest girl of any;
For still some flaw each beauty mars,
I've courted far too many.

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THE CAMANCHE RAID.

BY MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 45.

V.

Two hours after this, as Hubert Elliott was riding rapidly along the beach, he saw a small boat about half a mile from the shore. A solitary man was in it, who, by violent gestures, seemed desirous to attract attention. Herbert drew his bridle, and waited till the boat neared the shore, though chafing at the delay.

"Will Holt!" he exclaimed, in surprise. "You here?" Then, something in the man's face arousing his fears, he cried, "In God's name, what is the matter?"

"Turn back! turn back!" said the man, eagerly, as if even not yet recovered from his fright. "You are riding to your death. The Indians came down on us just before day, and burnt the settlement——"

"Burnt the settlement!"

"Aye! and murdered every soul in it—that is, excepting me," he added, "and I just escaped by the skin of my teeth. You can see the marks of the cursed arrows on the boat."

"And Miss Le Roy," said Hubert, thinking, in this crisis, only of Julia. "You don't mean to say, you cowardly villain, you left the women to perish." And he clutched the man by the collar, and shook him violently.

"I—I did my best," stammered the man, reeling back. "I say, mister, let go. What could I do? There were three or four hundred yelling devils after me alone."

"Pshaw!" cried Hubert, recovering from his momentary frenzy, and flinging the man away from him. "But stop. You can be of use even yet. Take my horse, gallop to the Point, and tell Le Roy to come up with all the men he can rally. I will go up the river in your boat and reconnoitre, and then meet you at the first bend below the settlement. Ride for your life; and hark," he said, as Holt swung into the saddle, "be sure you bring back a horse for me."

"All right," cried the man. "But I say, next time don't be so hard on a fellow. You don't know the Indians——"

Hubert did not wait for him to finish, but sprang into the boat, saying, as he pushed out into the stream, "Tell Le Roy to bring all the ammunition he can. His sister has probably been carried off, and we must follow them?"

Hubert said this, thinking thus to break the blow to Edward. But, for himself, he had no doubt that Julia was dead, and now he was only intent on revenging her death. He rowed with all the rapidity he could, till he neared what had been Lavacca settlement, and then went on more cautiously, straining his ears to catch every sound. But nothing broke the fearful stillness; not a creature was seen moving among the ruins. The tide was going out, and the boat could not get up to the shore; but as Hubert cautiously advanced, he descried, underneath the wharf, or rather pier, for it was built out on piles, and was open below, something white, like a woman's dress. Drawing the boat under the pier, and securing it where it would be out of sight, he waded carefully up to the shore, still keeping under the pier, so as to shield himself as much as possible from observation. Suddenly his ears were gladdened with the sound of Charlotte's voice, exclaiming, in tones of suppressed joy,

"My Lord, it's Marse Elliott! Oh, Marse! I thought, at fust, you was an Injun, and he had found me out," and, bursting into a fit of hysterical weeping, she alternately rejoiced over his arrival, and lamented the fate of "poor Miss Julee."

It was some time before she was composed enough to tell her story to Hubert. Sad as it was, it yet brought a ray of hope to his bosom.

"You see, honey," said she, at length, "me and Miss Julee fotch Miss Fanny as fur as the head of the wharf, arter she was shot, and then we both gine out, and afore we could ketch breath enough to go furder, a great, big Injun just kotch up Miss Julee, and run off with her. And then, arter that, Miss Fanny she moaned, and said something I couldn't understand, and the light flaring up that minute, I seed this here hollow under the wharf, and managed to drag her inter it, and get afore her, so they couldn't see her white gownd. Arter a while, I seed Mr. Holt swim out, and get inter our boat, and I motioned and made signs, and hollowed to him at last; but just as I did so, a whole troop o' the devils charged over the wharf, and I was so

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feared they'd hear Miss Fanny a moaning, that I kept my hand over her mouth till she stopped. I haint heard a sound from mortal for nigh on two hours, and I'm feard the poor thing's dead."

Hubert drew the poor girl out from her hiding-place, and, finding she still breathed, gave Charlotte directions as to taking care of her, and then proceeded to search for some sign of Julia. But he found nothing that threw any light on her fate, nor did he meet a living soul. George Moreton lay dead and scalped in front of his own door. He had apparently been attempting to get to Julia, as he had turned in the direction of her house; his wife and children were saved by their absence. The ground around the place, where the houses had been, was strewn with their contents, and those of the warehouse.

Hubert picked up one of Julia's pocket-handkerchiefs, and a little further on a large sun-hat; but neither gave him any assurance that she had let them fall; they might, and probably were, taken from the house by the Indians, and accidentally dropped, or cast away. But his heart grew calmer as he failed to discover her body. If she had been carried off, as Charlotte declared, it must have been for the purpose of making a prisoner of her; and the short stay that the Indians had made, convinced him that they feared to encounter opposition, and were retreating rapidly. He now bitterly regretted having sent back the horse on which he was mounted. Had he retained it, he could instantly have followed on the track of the Indians: and he shuddered to think to what Julia might be exposed before she could be rescued from their hands, even if rescued at all.

Returning to Charlotte, whom he found still in attendance on Fanny, even the faint comfort derived from not finding Julia's body, was taken from him by the old servant's lamentation, that "her poor young Miss had been flung in the fire by the owdacious raskels." Hubert had not thought of this; her body might indeed have been burned; and he ground his teeth with impotent rage and despair at the thought of it.

"Marse, jest help me to carry dis poor child yonder, under the shade of the pecan trees," said Charlotte, as he walked impatiently back and forth, utterly forgetful of Fanny.

It was the work of a few moments to bear the wounded girl to the spot where Julia had been carried. Charlotte had drawn the arrows out, and staunched the wounds, as she best could; and, reproaching himself for his neglect, Hubert now gave his whole attention to reviving Fanny. He was suddenly interrupted by Charlotte, who, laying her hand on his arm, said, in a whisper,

"There's something moving behind that thare clump o' bushes: I seed a man dodge his head just as you rise up, marse."

Hubert looked in the direction to which she pointed, and whispering her to keep quiet, and lie down beside Fanny, crawled, with his gun in his hand, to the edge of the pecans to reconnoitre. He was sorry that he had not put Fanny at once into the boat, and pushed off with her and Charlotte: and he determined now to do so. But before he could do this, a man cautiously crawled from the dense clump. One glance was sufficient to show it was not an Indian. Supposing it might be some one who had escaped the massacre, he called out,

"Come on, if you are a friend; there are none but friends here."

To his surprise, Hubert was answered by a voice, that he recognized at once to be that of Big Foot Wallace.

"Ah! Mr. Bert, are you there? I thought I saw a squaw scouting round under them trees."

So saying, he advanced to where Hubert stood, adding, as he shook him by the hand,

"I was afeard on it; I was afeard on it; them cussed cowards in Victoria knowed the devils was down, and narry a one of 'em had spunk enough to come and give the Lavacca folks warning. I fotch a train in from San Antone, last night; and when I heard as how the Injuns was out, and had bore away to the left o' Victoria, I knowd they was a striking for this place; and so I put right off to warn George on 'em. Whar is he—whar is he?"

Hubert shook his head sadly. "Dead," he replied.

"And the rest on 'em—the wimmen and chilern; and Miss Julee; the devils aint never got her? Don't tell me they have. I tried to get down here in time—cuss them Victoria boys."

Hubert told all he knew, related his unavailing search for Julia, repeated Charlotte's story, and, finally, showed him Fanny, still alive, but senseless. Wallace bent over her, thoughtfully, for a few moments, and then gave Charlotte some directions as to the dressing of her wounds. Under their united care, Fanny gradually revived, but was too feeble to speak at first, and when she did speak at last, she was evidently out of her mind.

"It's my opinion, Mister Bert," said Wallace, at length, "that the raskils has carried Miss Julee off a prisoner; that fellow would never have ketched her up, and run off with her, if he meant to kill her. General Felix Huston is out arter this here very gang of Injuns; they've got news on it, it's evident, or they wouldn't 'ev cut

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stick, and cleared out from here so soon. They hant left narry a beast behind 'em, and mine is pretty well done up for the present. I left him staked yonder, in the long grass, behind them bushes. My judgment is, that we git what traps we kin start up together, and when he's sorter rested, I'll mount and be off on their trail, and you kin follow arter, and bring as many more of the boys, as you can git together."

"No, Wallace, I am going with you; if you think she has been carried off, I'll never rest till I find her, dead or alive. Holt has reached the Point by this time, and Le Roy will be here as soon as possible, with horses and ammunition. We will make what preparation we can, and start as soon as he arrives; the Indians are not all mounted, probably, and must travel slowly."

"Well, I'm agreeable to your going, ef you can get a horse in time; but I'll not wait for you; as soon as mine is rested, I'm off."

"No," said Hubert, determinately. "If only one can go, I mean to be that one; she is more to me than she is to any mortal living; and I have the best right to go after her."

"I won't dispute you, if you put it on that foot, and the Lord grant ye find her," said Wallace.

He and Hubert then proceeded to collect the bodies of those who had been murdered, of whom there were five, beside George Moreton; Fanny Ewing's father and mother could not be found; they lived at the end of the settlement, farthest from that on which the attack had been made; and, as their boat was missing, Hubert hoped they might have escaped. And so they had. Mr. Ewing had hurried his wife and two other children into his boat, and was stooping over to cast it off, intending to return and look for Julia and Fanny, while his wife waited for them at a safe distance, when an arrow struck him on the head, and he fell senseless into the boat, which was swept by the tide from the shore; fortunately, he was only stunned; but when he recovered, it was to find that there were no oars in the boat; so they drifted down the bay, till seen from the deck of a schooner, and picked up by a boat sent out for them.

Big Foot and Hubert had completed their sad task, and returned to the pecan-trees, where Charlotte had managed to cook a couple of chickens, shot by the former, which, with a little coffee, gathered from the quantity scattered over the ground, furnished a breakfast which Hubert forced himself to eat, that he might keep up his strength; they had just dispatched it, when Big Foot pointed out a boy on horseback, and leading another horse. Hubert immediately recognized both horse and rider as belonging to his father, and, advancing to meet the astonished boy, heard with delight that his own horse had reached home about an hour after sunrise, with a terrible cut on his shoulder, and a strange bridle on his neck.

"Oh, master said as how I'd better come down, and fetch another to you, Mars Bert; he 'lowed as how Big Black warnt fiten for you to ride, and you mought want one. He said as how he didn't like the looks o' that cut no how, and I was to come down and tell you, if Big Black had got away, he was safe at home, and fetch you the young bay."

Hubert wrote a note to his father, telling him what had occurred, and begging him to come down at once, in his boat, and take Fanny and Charlotte to his house, and see if he could render Edward any assistance, stating that he, with Big Foot Wallace, would start at once on the Indian trail to rescue Julia and any other captives. He also wrote a second to Edward, telling him of his hopes of recovering Julia, and, leaving that with Charlotte, he mounted his horse, and, after telling Dick to stay with Charlotte till Edward arrived, set out, accompanied by Big Foot, on the trail of the Indians. They had not been gone an hour, when Edward Le Roy and Valcour Dupre reached Lavacca, accompanied by one or two men on foot from the Point. Edward handed Hubert's note to Valcour without speaking, and, throwing himself on the grass beside Charlotte, who still sat at Fanny's head, wept, not like a child, but as only a strong man can weep, when his heart is wrung by an agony of doubt and fear.

Valcour Dupre read the note which Hubert had written to Edward, and then crushing it in his hand, turned quickly away, with a sparkle in his eye, and a flush on his cheek, which spoke of some new emotion. He had believed, from the first, that Julia was dead; so, indeed, had Edward; for the more Holt was cross-questioned, the less likely did it seem to them that she could have escaped; but while Edward, after seeing Charlotte, and reading Hubert's note, felt a faint hope spring up in his breast, Valcour was positively certain, not only that Julia was alive, but that Hubert loved her; and, for the first time, a doubt of the success of his wooing crossed his mind. He determined that Hubert should not alone have the pleasure of rescuing her, and, therefore, left Edward, overcome with grief, and hastened to see that all was in readiness to pursue the Indians. His Creole blood was on fire with rage, jealousy, and love—the two first just at that moment preponderating over the last.

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Edward would not leave until he had given Charlotte strict injunctions respecting Fanny. The men from the Point promised to remain with them until Dr. Elliott arrived. Hastily rigging up an awning for the poor girl, they then proceeded to dig graves for the burial of the bodies; while Edward and Valcour, having heard from Dick in what direction Big Foot and Hubert had departed, struck into the same trail, which was broad and unmistakable.

They had ridden about ten miles, when the trail parted. Here, stuck on a stick, placed upright, was another note from Hubert, informing them that he and Big Foot had taken the right hand at a venture, and advising them to follow the left; thus, should Julia not be in the one which they were following, her brother might find her on the other.

Edward immediately resolved to adopt this advice, and though Valcour would have preferred following Hubert, he could offer no good reason for doing so, and was obliged to submit.

We must now go back to Julia and her captors, leaving her brother and two lovers to follow in her track.

VI.

For two hours after leaving Lavacca, the Indians kept in a body. They moved but slowly, however, as they were heavily loaded with plunder. Julia inferred, from several little things, that they feared pursuit, but could not understand a word that was said.

She soon discovered that her captors were different from the rest of the Indians; the man was much taller, and of a brighter copper color, while both he and the woman were cleaner and better dressed than the majority of the others.

While she was making these observations, she was startled by hearing a voice exclaim,

"Lord God Almighty, if dar aint Miss Julee Roy! Bless your soul, honey, I'se glad and sorry both to see you."

"Aunt Aggy!" said Julia, recognizing Mr. Moreton's old cook.

"Yes, honey, it's old Aggy, sure 'nuf. This here's the third bout I've had with the Injuns, and seems like to be the last; for I'se most gine out now; I can't walk like I used to could."

Then, coming close to Julia, she laid her hand on the pummel of the saddle, and said, in a low tone,

"Don't look at me, honey, but listen to what I tell you, and ten' like you's thinking bout something else. I understands some o' ther lingo, and they don't know it; so I'se kep dark, and bin er listening. They's hurrying up to git out'n the way of somebody that's on their track, and they's gwine to 'wide forces soon. Now, if we don't git cast together, you mind what ole Aggy tells you, and don't anger 'em none ef you kin help it, 'cause they's tuck you to hold till they gets something they's arter, out 'n the white folks. They has a notion as how you's kin to ole Mars Phil, and that he'll stir round to git you back; they knows he is 'monstrous powerful with the white folks. So make out, if you has a chance, that he sets a sight by you; and if we is parted, you manage to leave signs of yourself as you goes 'long, so as Mars Ned can trail you. Oh, Lord sakes! ef Mr. Big Foot was only 'long o' him!"

Aggy was here interrupted by a jerk from one of the Indians, and an intimation that she was to follow him; and, shortly after, the party separated, as she had told Julia they would, and our heroine saw with regret that Aggy was taken one way, and she the other.

Julia was, however, much comforted by Aggy's words, and began to think how she could give her brother an intimation of her presence. She thought, at first, of tearing off little bits of her dress; but she saw so many articles of her wardrobe in possession of the Indians, that she felt this would be no guide.

They had gone some miles, after the separation of the party, before she could devise any way, when, accidentally putting her hand in her pocket, she felt a small memoranda-book, which she knew contained a pencil. It was now nearly night, and she felt it would be better to wait for darkness. The horses showed such signs of weariness, that she was sure the Indians would not go much further, without stopping to let them graze and rest. She was right. An hour after sundown they halted and made a fire, and Julia, by the light of it, managed to write, on a leaf torn from her book, a short note to her brother, stating she was well. She kept it in her hand till she could think of some good place to deposit it; and she was glad she had done so, when she saw how carefully the Indian, who had her in charge, looked round, before starting again, to see that nothing was left which could show she was with them. The fire was put out as soon as they had cooked something for Julia to eat, and, after resting half the night, she was again lifted on her horse by Matteo, for so she heard her captor called, and the whole party prepared to move on.

A small bush stood close to Julia's horse's head, and as he pulled at the branches to bite off the young pods, the thought crossed her of

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sticking her paper on one of its thorns. She had hardly done so before the party moved on.

Hubert and Wallace, after leaving the note for Edward at the fork of the trail, followed rapidly on that taken by Julia's captors. It was by Big Foot's advice that this was done.

"You see, Mister Bert," he said to Hubert, "Injuns know more of white folks' doing than we give 'em credit for; and it's my 'pinion that these here raskils knows as how Felix Huston is arter 'em; and they have parted here so as to git ther captyvies out o' reach; so I'm for taking this here trail, 'cause it's the smallest, and, for that reason, Miss Julee is most like to be on it."

Hubert agreed, but it was with an aching heart that he did so. What if he should be leaving Julia, instead of following her? Actuated by this fear, he wrote the note to Edward, and placed it in a conspicuous place, and then pushed rapidly on with Wallace.

They were obliged to halt at dark, as they could not see the trail. Wallace said, too, that their horses would travel better the next day for the rest and food. But Hubert's impatience could not be controlled, and he spent the greater part of the night in bitter reflections as to what Julia might be undergoing; while Wallace slept the cat-like sleep he always indulged in, in times of danger. They were on the way, however, as soon as they could see the trail; and by ten o'clock had reached the place where the Indians had halted. Wallace's quick eye soon detected the spot where Julia had rested. He pointed it out to Hubert, saying,

"They wouldn't ev tuck time to ev fixed up that ther grass for theyselves; 'pend upon it ther's a captyvie 'long, and it's my 'pinion it's Miss Julee."

While he was speaking, Hubert noticed the paper sticking on a thorn of the bush, and, drawing the branch down, detached it. His heart gave a bound of delight, and he read Julia's hastily-written note. It was some minutes before he could command his voice. When he did, it was to say, simply,

"Yes, here is a note to her brother, written last night," and, placing it carefully in his pocket-book, he started forward on the trail, with renewed hope.

Julia, meanwhile, was fearing that her strength would soon fail her. She shuddered to think of the fate that was probably before her, should she be unable to keep up with the Indians. To her great relief, a halt was made about the middle of the afternoon. The squaw having arranged another couch of grass, Julia sank down on it, too faint and weary to partake of the food that was offered her.

She was roused from the deep slumber of exhaustion, to re-mount, as she supposed, her horse, and continue the flight. But, instead, she was hurried by Matteo down the bank of the stream, on which they were encamped, to a thicket of wild plumb-trees, into which the squaw crept, making signs to her to follow. Matteo now ran back. In a few moments the dreadful war-whoop once more burst on Julia's ears. But this time it was mingled with shouts, followed by the sound of fire-arms; and her heart, which had sunk at the first yell of the Indians, rose as it was answered; for she knew, from the firing, that friends must be near. The Indian woman, after listening to the sound of the conflict for a few moments, made a sign to Julia to remain quiet, and herself crept out of the thicket. But she had no sooner disappeared in one direction, than Julia started in the opposite one. Crawling out from the plumb branches, she found herself close to the water. Here, crouching down in the long grass, that grew rankly on the edge of the stream, she determined to remain concealed until the fight was over, resolving, should the Indians be successful, to attempt to escape as soon as it was dark, and return on foot by the way which she had been brought.

Leaving her, crouching in the grass, we must follow her brother and Valcour Dupree, on the other trail.

VII.

NEITHER of the two young men were wanting in courage, endurance, or intelligence; but, unfortunately, both were ignorant how to hunt Indians. More than once Edward regretted that he had not insisted on Valcour's remaining at Lavacca, and allowing one of the men from the Point to take his horse. He almost made up his mind to return, and follow the other trail, in company with Wallace, in order to secure his assistance; but the thought that Julia might be before him, with the certainty, that, if Hubert and Big Foot failed to find her, they would follow after him, kept him from doing so.

The sun had set, and they were just thinking of halting for the night, when Valcour pointed out a slight smoke rising from behind a clump of trees a little to their right. They determined to ride up to it, in hopes of finding assistance. They were halted by a sentinel, before they reached it, and heard with joy that General Felix Huston was camped just ahead, at a water hole. He had been hunting the Indians for two days, and was uncertain whether the trail he

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had just struck was the one they had made on their advance, or on their retreat. He knew they had turned off about ten miles to the left of Victoria, and were probably striking for Lavacca, as they generally extended their raids to the sea-coast, unless intercepted.

Edward and Valcour were conducted immediately to the general, whom they found lying at full length on the grass, his head resting on his saddle. Edward assured him that the Indians had left Lavacca, and having related the story of the massacre, and his object in following them, was advised to remain with the company, under the general's command.

"To-morrow morning," said Huston, "we will push on as rapidly as possible, and, doubtless, will overtake them before night."

This appearing the most feasible plan, they tethered their horses, and shared the camp fare of the general. The next day, as he had supposed, they surprised the main body of the Indians, retreating rapidly toward Plumb Creek. Those of our readers, who are anxious to know the particulars of the battle of Plum Creek, will find it well narrated in the History of Texas. We assure them, that neither that, nor the massacre at Lavacca, nor carrying off of our heroine, are fictions of our imagination.

Meantime to return to Julia. While she lies crouching in the grass, afraid to stir, her brother and one lover are vainly seeking her among the captured Indians, and the other, accompanied by Big Foot, is riding rapidly forward to the same spot, having heard the report of the guns, and rightly guessed what had occurred.

Bitter indeed was Edward Le Roy's disappointment, when, after a careful search, he failed to find Julia. Nor was it much lessened, when he heard from old Aggy, whom he found curled up under a plum-bush, convinced that her last hour was at hand, that Julia had been carried off on the other trail. It was indeed a comfort to be assured she had escaped the massacre; but when he thought that it might be only to die on the plains from exposure and exhaustion, if not to be brutally murdered, when her captors found her unable to go further, he felt that her recovery was almost hopeless.

Valcour, on the other hand, ground his teeth, at the thought of the advantage Hubert would have over him, should he rescue Julia. He earnestly entreated Edward, therefore, to procure, from among Gen. Huston's men, a small picked body, who would ride with them back to the point where the trails parted, and then pursue the other. His heart absolutely bounded with joy, when their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Hubert and Big Foot without Julia. But Edward's was horrified when he found that the Indians had only separated to avoid being followed from Lavacca, and that the party with the captive Julia had been tracked to within two hundred yards of the spot on which the battle had been fought.

"They have carried her off from here," he said; "or she has already been murdered by them."

Big Foot said nothing, but his face showed that he feared the worst. At length he said,

"They w'ant like to have murdered her, arter bringing of her this far, of she was able to go furder. It's too dark to follow a trail now, and our beasts is too used up; but I'll circle round the prairie, and see if I can find whar ther trail starts off from this, so we kin start yearly in the morning. Are ye hit, stranger?" he said to Valcour, whose face had been growing paler and paler for the last five minutes.

"It's nothing to speak of," said the young man, raising his hand, which was dripping with blood. "I was grazed by one of their cursed arrows, and tied my handkerchief round it, but——"

He tottered as he spoke, and would have fallen, but for Hubert's arm.

"Lay him down, and strip up his sleeve," said Big Foot; and Hubert, having gently deposited Valcour on the grass, proceeded, with Edward's assistance, to do as he was ordered.

"It's nothing much," said Big Foot, as the blood spouted out, when the clothing was removed. "Only too much blood dreened from a man will kill him sometimes," and putting his finger on the wound, he ordered the young man to tie a handkerchief above it. In a few moments he had done it up as securely, if not as neatly, as a surgeon.

"He'll do now, with a little sperits and water to fetch him to. Mr. Bert step down thar to the creek, and fetch up a tin of water, while I go and get the sperits from one ev Huston's boys."

Hubert took up the cup, and ran quickly down to the stream, and was in the act of dipping up the water, when, from the opposite side of the creek, he heard a shriek of joy, and Julia's voice, exclaiming,

"Hubert! Hubert! don't you know me?" And, rising from the grass, where she was crouching, she held out her arms to him, as a child would have done to its mother.

To dash through the stream, and seize her in his arms, was but the work of a moment: and as, overcome by conflicting emotions, Julia dropped her head on his bosom, and sobbed hysterically,

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the long, pent-up flood of tenderness in his heart burst forth, and flowed in words of passionate affection from his lips.

"Oh, my darling! my darling!" he exclaimed, "I thought I had lost you forever." Then, feeling her tremble, he seated her on the grass, and, still supporting her head on his bosom, smoothed the tangled locks back from her brow, and soothed her tenderly. Soon her hysterical fit had passed away, and she lifted her head, blushing as she did so; but she did not withdraw from his embrace, only she said, with the confidence of a child,

"I knew you would come after me."

"Come after you! I would have died on the trail, if I could not have found you! And now that I have found you, you shall never leave me again." And, stooping over her, he printed a long and tender kiss upon her unresisting lips.

"I don't think I left you this time," said Julia, with a smile, and a flash of her old wit. "But I thank God," she continued "that *you* left *me*. Had you and Edward been at home, none of us would be alive now. But where is Ned? I must go to him, for I know he is with you."

"Yes, and Big Foot, too. By the way, that poor fellow needs water to recover him from his faint. I forgot all about him, and everybody else."

"What? Big Foot in a faint? He is not wounded, is he?"

"No, no! not Big Foot, but Dupre."

"Valcour Dupre wounded? Not badly, I hope."

"No, it's a mere trifle. He fainted from loss of blood, and I came down here to get some water for him; and found the happiness of my life. Have I not?" he asked, timidly.

"Wallace would probably tell you you had found the torment of your life, if you asked him," replied Julia.

"So be it. My torment shall be my happiness, if I only have both in my wife." And, lifting her in his arms, he waded across the stream: then setting her down, when he had reached the other side, he filled the cup, just as Big Foot, alarmed by his continued absence, descended the bank in search of him.

"I thought you'd hit a trail, and forgot the water," he said, as he distinguished Hubert's tall figure in the twilight.

"I've found something better than a trail," was the reply, in a voice that made Wallace start, and exclaim,

"What! Not Miss Julee?"

"Yes! Just Miss Julee, herself," said Julia, advancing as she spoke "And you'll never dare to say again that 'I'm not the sort for Texas,' Wallace."

"Gee-himiny! Yes, thar you are, as perk as ever for all. Mister Bert's bin a fretting of hisself to death 'bout ye. I knowd, ef you had 'scaped the massacre, you'd hold out on the march; and so I told him, arter we found that thar scrap of paper you was cute enuff to stick up a tree for us; but I am powerful glad to see ye, and that's jest the truth."

But, in spite of her "perkness," Julia tottered so when she attempted to walk, that Hubert handed to Wallace the cup of water, and again taking her in his arms, he carried her to the tree under which Edward sat by the side of Valcour. The latter, opening his eyes, after the first faintness had passed, caught sight of the radiantly-triumphant expression of Hubert's face, as the blaze of the camp-fire fell on it. At the same moment, he saw Julia's head, resting tranquilly on his shoulder.

"It was worth while to get shot through the arm to see that," he muttered, ironically, to himself; and as Edward clasped his sister in his arms, Valcour once more sank into insensibility.

It was Julia's touch that again revived him, and as he felt her fingers pass gently over his forehead, and heard the tone of anxiety with which she inquired of Wallace whether he was much hurt, hope sprang up once more in his breast, and he determined to make the most of the situation. Drawing her hand to his lips, he pressed a faint kiss on her fingers, and murmured his pleasure at seeing her once more, declaring he only needed her presence, and the touch of her hand, to bring him to life.

Big Foot, with the assistance of some of Gen. Huston's men, soon prepared a rough shelter of blankets, under which Julia fell asleep, with old Aggy curled up at her feet. The sense of Hubert's protecting presence was with her, as she slept, and made her slumber as happy as that of a child.

Wallace's horse, spent by his rapid night-march to Lavacca, had given out entirely, and he and Hubert had followed the trail for the last six miles at a slow walk, which was the reason that they did not reach the battle-ground until the fight was over.

VIII.

When Julia awoke, the next morning, Hubert Elliott was miles away, having left the camp in company with one of Huston's men, who lived about ten miles off, and who had pressed Edward to take his sister and wounded friend to his house to recuperate.

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Hubert and Wallace both strongly urged the acceptance of the invitation.

"Miss Julee won't be able to ride horseback agin for some time," said Wallace. "She'll find all the tire come upon her at wonst, and it ain't guine to leave her soon; so, ef you's agreeable, we'll jest ride over, and git some kind ev vehickle to haul her and the ole darkey over in. That thar young chap 'ill be all right, and ef he shouldn't, we kin haul him too."

Wallace was right, for, when Julia awoke next morning, she felt as if all the fatigue of the whole march was concentrated in the dull langor that hung over her. Old Aggy had managed to cook a tolerable breakfast out of the supplies of Huston's company, who had dispersed at daylight, some to their homes, and some on their march back; and feeling unable to move, Julia lay all the morning on the rough couch that had been prepared for her. Valcour Dupre reclined at a little distance from her, pallid from the loss of blood, but, with the exception of the weakness consequent on that, and a stiffness in his wounded limb, which only rendered him interesting, was none the worse for his accident.

That Hubert loved her he knew, but that she returned his love seemed doubtful; she had rested so calmly in his arms, the night before, from pure weariness and fright; and though she might eventually be won by Hubert, if the field was left clear to him, there was no danger of her yielding herself easily. Now was his time; Julia had probably had quite enough of prairie life. He would speak at once to Edward, and urge him to return with his sister to New Orleans, and abandon all idea of living in Texas.

He accordingly spoke to Edward.

"You must have known, Le Roy," he said, "that nothing but love for Mademoiselle Juliet could have induced me to come after you. This is no place for her, even if you still had a home to carry her back to. Come, therefore, with me. If you wish it I will not speak of marriage to your sister, until she is quite recovered; but I cannot consent to leave her here, exposed to a recurrence of these horrors."

"Julia must decide the matter, Dupre. I thank you for the honor you have done her, and frankly tell you that I hope she will consent to become your wife. I shall tell her so, but I cannot urge her against her wishes; you know we Americans do not regard marriage as you Creoles do: with you the parents and guardians arrange them—with us it is different. I cannot take Julia back to New Orleans, without letting her know of your offer, and it rests with her to accept or decline it. If she accepts your hand, I will return with her at once, and stay until you are married. I am not utterly ruined yet, though nearly so, and I am not prepared to say that I shall give up living in Texas; but Julia's happiness is the first object of my life."

Sitting beside his sister, waiting for the arrival of Hubert and Wallace, Edward told of Valcour's offer. Valcour himself had purposely strolled to a little distance, to allow the opportunity, for he was restlessly anxious to know her decision.

Julia heard her brother in silence. She saw he wished her to accept Valcour, but when Edward rose and said, "I shall leave the rest to Valcour to say, "she put out her hand to stop him, trembling so violently that he feared he had been too hasty in speaking to her.

"There, darling, there!" he said, soothingly. "Don't tremble so; you should not have heard a word of this yet, had it not been necessary for you to decide whether we shall go back to New Orleans in the vessel that lies at the Point, or whether Valcour shall return in it alone. He came out here to tell you he loved you, and to ask you to be his wife. Lie still and keep quiet—nothing shall be done against your wishes."

At this moment, Wallace and Hubert unexpectedly returned, having met a wagon, that they immediately pressed into their service. In half an hour Julia was borne leisurely and gently along, by four yoke of oxen; and soon fell into a sweet sleep, from which she did not wake, until lifted out by her brother and Hubert, and carried into the house. A motherly old lady, in a cap and apron as white as snow, welcomed them as heartily as if they had been her best friends.

They had met her son about five miles back, and Valcour, still feeling weak from the loss of blood, was easily persuaded to enter the vacant cart, which was the only conveyance that could be found to send for Julia. He did not, therefore, see the bright blush, and the smile with which Julia gave her hand to Hubert, and allowed him to lift her from the wagon; but Edward did. Soon the old lady left them alone, while she hurried to welcome the others in their turn. Then Julia, putting both her arms round her brother's neck, pulled his head down on the pillow where her own rested, and said, with a smile and a blush,

"Ned, you can't deceive me; you are in love with Fanny Ewing; and this is just a fine scheme of yours to dispose of your little sister, and take a wife yourself. I don't love Valcour Dupre, and I can't marry him."

Her brother kissed her, and said, mischievously,

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"But you do love Hubert Elliott, and will marry him, and, like a true woman, knowing your own weakness, you attack mine by way of getting the advantage of me first."

Julia did not reply directly, but, nestling close to him, said, in a whisper,

"You like him, Ned, don't you?"

"Who? Valcour?" he replied, smiling. "Yes, very much. But, since you like Hubert best, I believe I do too; you won't go so far from me as if you married Valcour; and I believe you will be happier for that."

Valcour Dupre was more deeply hurt by Julia's refusal than he had supposed possible. But his instincts, as a man of the world, led him to conceal the wound he had received. He always cherished a tenderness for her, which, while it did not prevent his eventually marrying a wealthy and beautiful Creole, was never entirely extinguished.

Hubert was off the next morning, before Valcour was awake, and, when they next met, both were fathers of families. Valcour parted with Julia gracefully. On the plea of catching the schooner before it sailed, he took leave of her directly after breakfast.

Hubert returned with his father's carriage to take Julia to the doctor's house. He brought such good accounts of Fanny and Mr. Ewing, both of whom had been carried there; that Julia was able to tease Edward, when he came, to her heart's content, respecting his lady-love, a process which he called, "Carrying the war into Africa!"

Mr. Ewing's wound was but a scratch, and he and Edward were busily engaged in planning how best they might recover their loss, and rebuild their houses. Wallace attached himself to Edward, vowing he would never leave him till Miss Julee had another house over her head, for she was a "real Texyan, and no mistake; she could hit a picayune three times out 'n five, had had a bout with the Injuns, and was ready to begin agin with nothing but a skillet."

It was decided that the new houses should not be built on the same site as the old ones, but two miles lower down, where the present town of Lavacca stands. There was no hope of getting plank to build with for some months, so all hands set to work cutting pickets. The ladies and children remained at Fern Lea, with the old doctor, the gentlemen returning every Saturday night, and remaining over Sunday. In three weeks, Mrs. Ewing's house was ready to receive her, and she removed to it, leaving Fanny, who was still too lame to walk, with Julia and the doctor.

Hubert worked as hard to build Edward's house as though it was to be his own, and Julia its mistress; but he had fully determined she should never return to Lavacca to live. Dr. Elliott seconded the proposal, for he said, having once been accustomed to Julia's presence, he could not give her up. It was not hard for Edward to win Fanny's consent to share his lot, and preside as mistress of the picket-house that was being built next door to her father's. So it came about, that, when Julia next stood under the pecans, where she had first seen Hubert Elliott, she had been three weeks his wife. She was now on a bridal visit to Fanny and Edward, who had been married at the same time that she and Hubert were.

Mrs. Moreton remained with her father, who was a widower, and gladly welcomed her and her children to his home; she could never be induced to return to Lavacca.

All this happened, years and years ago, before Texas had become part of the United States.

TRIFLES

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

A TRIFLE, is it? Take thou heed,
A word, a simple look unkind,
Will often leave a sting behind,
And hearts thereat sore-wounded, bleed.

'Tis little things that make up life,
Not great events; an echo slight,
The utterance of petty spite,
Can stir up mountain waves of strife.

Too oft, with careless touch, we jar
Some gentle nature, fine-toned, sweet,
Make all its chords tumultuous beat,
Its harmony, unthinking, mar.

E'en those we love we often grieve
By cruel thrusts, nor ever know
How sharply fell the sudden blow,
Until a like one we receive.

Why add unto the weight of care
Each heart groans under? Why not seek
Some loving, cheerful word to speak,
And sharp reproaches, pitying, spare?

A trifle, is it? Take thou heed;
Thou knowest not what depths 'twill reach,
That lightly uttered, careless speech,
What fruit may ripen from that seed.

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AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

"WHAT a nonsensical boy you are, Fred; I should be out of soundings, quite. I'm too old for parties. I was forty-seven last December."

"What of that? You look ten years younger at the least. I'm only twenty-nine, and though you're my uncle, you might pass for my brother. I hope I may be half as handsome when I am in the forties."

They were a fine-looking pair, those Vanes, as they stood side by side on the hearth-rug, and the warm attachment existing between them was palpable enough, even to a casual observer. Navy officers, both; with the same frank, sailor-like ease, mingled with much courtliness of manner—tall, powerful figures. But, however much alike the two faces were in feature and coloring, their expression was totally different. Fred Vane's long mustache differed as much from his uncle's silky, English-cut whiskers, as his careless, merry blue eyes did from the other's steady, soft gray ones. Reginald Vane's was a quiet face, and, putting aside all its manly beauty, it was a grand face, because of its look of latent strength, and because you felt instinctively that it was a true face. His had been rather a lonely life. I think that Capt. Vane would have been willing to give up half his large fortune to feel his mother's arms around his neck again, or to see the merry flash of his only brother's blue eyes. He loved Fred well, for his own sake; but, best of all, perhaps, for the memory of his father. They were very closely intimate, this uncle and nephew, and their tastes, in many things, were similar; but, in some mysterious way, Reginald Vane had kept his heart so true, pure, and manly, that the younger man often felt worn and worldly-wise beside him.

Fred had been cruising in the Mediterranean, and his uncle in the China seas; and they had not met in two years, until now, when, being ordered home unexpectedly, with a long leave of absence, Reginald Vane went direct to his sister-in-law, upon landing, and there, to his great delight, was warmly welcomed by Lieut. Fred. The latter was now urging his uncle to go with him to a sort of *musicale*, and if Reginald Vane confessed to the weakness of a passion of any sort, it was for music.

"My best argument for you going," said Fred, at last, "is that there is one woman to be present whom you will like to see, Katherine St. Orme."

"Whom?" said his uncle, the peculiar name catching his attention.

"Miss St. Orme, the author of that volume of poems which I saw you reading before dinner. Her singing, too, is something worth hearing."

"The woman who wrote those poems ought to have a voice," said the uncle. "Some of them were exquisite. I don't know when anything has moved me so much as the pathos of that little gem, which she calls 'Unforgotten.'"

"I haven't read as far as that," said Fred, with a shrug; "it doesn't do to confess it, however; for every line she writes is the rage in society just now. And lately she's written music for her own words."

"I think she must be interesting," said Reginald Vane, thoughtfully.

The nephew saw he had won, and the two gentlemen went up stairs to dress. Reginald Vane particularly despised the ordinary evening costume, and, therefore, put on his uniform. He looked, notwithstanding a thread of silver here and there among his light curls, the very beau-ideal of a sailor. As I have told you, there was an atmosphere of old-school courtesy about him, that invariably pleased the few women who knew him; and it surely was his own fault, or that of adverse circumstances, which had kept him so long a bachelor.

Fred had made an offer of introducing his uncle to any, or everybody, which the captain had quietly declined, and after a few commonplaces with Mrs. Clendening, the hostess of the evening, the pair drifted off in opposite directions. Reginald Vane soon chanced upon an old navy acquaintance, and the two chatted together for half an hour. Then the singing began. At first it was simply execrable. It was with a sensation of deliverance that Vane, at last, saw a well-known professional artist take his position at the piano, and strike the opening chords of one of Chopin's lovely impromptus. Vane stepped aside, into a sort of alcove, formed by a bay-window and a succession of curtains, where the light was more subdued, and where one might hope to listen in peace. A gentleman passed out as Vane went in, and he had ensconced himself in the corner, leaning up against the window,

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before he discovered that a lady was standing quite near him, evidently listening to, and enjoying Chopin, for she did not move, or even seem to see him. So Vane gave himself up to a pleasing reverie, until disturbed by the rather noisy, not quite well-bred tones of two ladies, who had paused in their onward progress, near enough to the curtains to be distinctly overheard.

"It will be the best fun imaginable to watch her," said one, with a malicious laugh. "I am pretty certain that Spencer Carew has not seen her since he brought his bride home. A pretty pill for Katherine St. Orme, is it not? No wonder that she can write such pathetic verses!"

"You don't mean that he jilted her?" asked the other lady, eagerly.

"Jilted! my dear creature, it was clear as possible; but then I was behind the scenes, and knew for fact what the world only guessed at. The Carews came home suddenly; nobody expected them to appear to-night; and I fancy that Katherine will have a sensation before long. I have just dropped a hint, here and there, to one or two others; I wonder how Miss St. Orme will get through her song to-night?"

A sudden, stifled sound, partly between a gasp and a cry, drew Reginald Vane's attention from this delectable gossip, which, to say the truth, he had listened to only because the name of St. Orme caught his ear. He turned hastily, and saw that the strange lady was staggering against the window, and he moved a chair toward her just in time to prevent her from falling. She did not faint, although he thought that she would; the hot color rushed suddenly back, dying even her white throat and neck, while Vane, in his quiet, deferential way, threw open the window, and admitted a sudden whiff of air.

"Can I get you a glass of water?" he said, gently.

A pair of brown eyes, with the peculiar, startled softness of a hunted deer's eye, were lifted to his, and a low voice, with a tremble running through it, said, gratefully,

"Thank you, no! The fresh air was all I needed; one feels half-stifled after an hour in these crowded rooms."

He was about to continue the conversation, for there was something irresistibly winning in her manner; but the gentleman who had left her, returned at that moment, and rising, she took his extended arm, and, with a graceful bow to Vane, passed out into the parlor.

Vane's curiosity had been a good deal excited by the snatch of ill-natured gossip he had overheard, and, at the conclusion of the music, he wandered out of his hiding-place, resolving to find Fred, and ask an introduction to Miss St. Orme. The rooms seemed more densely crowded than ever, and he finally caught sight of Fred bending very devotedly over a small head, crowned with golden braids. Not wishing to interrupt the pair, he turned away; but Fred, in his turn, spied him, and presently was introducing Capt. Vane to Miss Percie.

"Where have you been hiding?" said Fred. "I fancied your torture during the amateur singing. My uncle, Miss Percie, is a critic worth listening to upon all matters musical."

Meta Percie had lovely, soft eyes, and an innocent child's face; and both glowed now with her pretty smile as she answered,

"You cannot enjoy amateur singing in general, then," said she; "but one song from Miss St. Orme is enough to redeem the evening. Ah!" as a softly-played prelude stole down the room, "that is she, now. I wonder why her very touch of the keys is totally different from that of every one else?"

A long, delicious note swelled out on the heated, perfumed air, and, for the first time that evening, the murmur of tongues was hushed into almost entire silence. Not an Italian cavatina, but the "Liebes Bitte" of Reichardt, sung as no other woman in New York, off the stage, could sing it; not only in strictly technical style, but with a pathos that was purely her own.

> "Stay with me, my darling, stay,
> And like a dream thy life shall pass away!"

Something in the tone struck Reginald Vane familiarly, and as the crowd in front of him moved slightly, he leaned forward to see the singer, giving a start, and a half-uttered exclamation, as he recognized the lady who had been with him in the alcove. He possessed tenderness of feeling, almost like a woman's, for any form of human pain, and his heart throbbed with keen pity as he remembered the cruelly-cutting conversation that she must have overheard. He had not for a moment connected the strange lady's emotion with the remarks concerning Miss St. Orme; now he had discovered the clue to it all.

"There!" said Fred, triumphantly, as the song ended, and a hum of admiration went up from the crowd. "Did I say too much? Come right along and be presented. I have already told her that the infliction was in store for her:" and before Reginald Vane could even open his lips for an objection, his impetuous nephew had hurried him up to the piano, and the brown eyes were looking up at him as he bowed gracefully before her.

"I want to thank you for the greatest plea-

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sure I have enjoyed in years," he said, simply; and the color that lit Miss St. Orme's face as she recognized him, died away when she heard that grave, true voice.

She looked gratified, and began to make a reply, rising as she spoke. Suddenly, a voice, behind them both, said,

"That sounded like old times; surely you are not going to leave the instrument just yet?"

Not six short months ago that voice had the power to make Katherine's heart throb; but now her most malicious enemy could not have detected a trace of emotion in the quiet dignity with which she replied,

"My other song is not to come before supper, I believe. Capt. Vane, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Carew."

"Checkmate!" thought Vane, as he saw the handsome, dark eyes sink under her steady, slightly-contemptuous gaze.

But Katherine was not permitted to leave the piano so easily, for her portly hostess sailed up just then, upon the arm of the Prussian minister, and that dignitary mumbled enthusiastic compliments in execrable English, until Katherine came to his relief in very good German, which so enchanted the plethoric little man that he was in danger of bursting a blood-vessel on the spot. And the other men who crowded up began to implore, and uttered stale compliments, until Katherine, who hated nothing quite so much as an appearance of requiring to be urged, quietly yielded, and took her seat again.

"Capt. Vane," turning toward her new acquaintance, "will you hand me that manuscript music just beside you?"

"One of her own songs," murmured somebody behind Vane, as he put the music on the stand.

For the next ten minutes he was entirely absorbed in the song and the singer, wondering what manner of woman she was, who, under such circumstances, could sing such words without failing one iota in her perfect rendering of both the spirit and the music of her song.

"Only a broken thread!
Dropping out of life's tangled skein,
Soiled with anguish and fever-pain,
Trodden down in the careless strife,
The bustle and weariness of life.

Only a broken thread!
Hopes, perchance, of a happy past,
Drifting away on a wintry blast;
Dreams, from a distant, golden shore,
Kisses, one's lips will feel no more!

Only a broken thread!
Far in the future's dim expanse,
Over the shadows the sunbeams glance.
The broken threads we trample down
May be the stars of a victor's crown."

Reginald Vane studied her face as she sang. It was not a handsome face. Most women would have scouted the idea of Katherine St. Orme's pretensions to beauty. And yet, he thought, there were points of beauty about her; her eyes and brow were wonderfully fine, but the face was too thin and pale; the mouth a trifle weary, when in repose, almost sad. She had beautiful hands, and her neck was like satin; the round dimpled shoulders lovely. But she was in miniature style throughout, barely reaching Vane's shoulder when she stood erect, and he smiled to see those mites of hands grasp the chords. He thought he read both heart and intellect in her face, and, resolving to know her better than as a mere ball-room acquaintance, he stood by her side until the song was finished.

She did not disappoint him, for when she rose, she laid her hand within his arm, and went down the room with him, into the crowded hall, until they found a nook with two chairs to rest themselves in.

They had such a pleasant talk! About music, first, and then, somehow, they slipped off into another vein, and the captain found himself dipping into metaphysics, and quoting Emerson, and then they got around to Stuart Mill, and the "Country Parson," and heaven knows what! ending with a spicy bit of American politics. Queer topics for a Murray Hill party. They don't often offend in that way; but you must remember that I am talking of Katherine St. Orme, and that she was like no other girl under the sun; and, when the right influences were brought to bear upon her, could be witty, epigramatic, and interesting upon almost any subject, and that without a particle of pedantry. They were actually fighting over Carlyle, whom Vane enjoyed, and she detested, when supper was announced, and thereby brought them down to oysters and champagne.

After supper, however, Capt. Vane's enjoyment came to an end, for Mrs. Clendening bore down upon Katherine, holding tightly by the arm an insipid-looking English lordling, the two reminding Vane of a frigate under full sail with a tiny corvette alongside, and the sole thing left for him to do was to offer his hostess an arm for her return voyage to the drawing-room, and leave Katherine to her fate of being politely bored. Vane did his duty. After depositing Mrs. Clendening at her post under the chandelier, he let Fred introduce him to three different girls, who rattled over the most vapid nothings possible, and caused him to wonder what style of stupidity had become the fashion in New York since the days when he was a party-goer. He did his duty, but his quiet eyes were quick to

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discern Miss St. Orme as she made her adieux, and when she descended the stairs Vane was waiting to hand her to her carriage.

"Not gone home yet?" she said, as she took his arm, and sprang lightly and gracefully into the coupe; then, putting her pretty white hand through the open window, she said, "We must finish our quarrel about Carlyle some day, if you have time to come and see me."

The light from the gas-lamp shone full upon him, and she saw the grave face kindle with pleasure.

"Thanks! Be very sure I shall come soon."

Vane made his call in due time, and that was the beginning of a series of other calls—of drives, walks, and dinners. Vane's leave was for six months, and he had intended to spend part of it in Washington; but the end of the second month found him a well-contented lingerer in New York, although it was then the first of June. For the first time in his life he had found a girl who could very nearly meet him on his own intellectual stand-point, and was yet—oh! rarest, subtlest charm of all—a womanly woman. A dangerous something stirred his lonely heart in the brief seconds when Katherine's little hand touched his, were it ever in so careless a greeting; and the pathos of her voice won him as surely as ever the fabled Lurlie of the Rhine beguiled the unwary boatmen of that picturesque river.

And Katherine—what of her?

I have called her a genius. If not one, she had, at least, a versitility of talent seldom met with. But she had had much to bear. Her colorless face, and the weary droop of her curved lips, were the outward evidence that her twenty-three years had not been rose-colored ones. For seven years, home had been the scene of an incessant and pitiful persecution; for she had a step-mother, and I beg leave to state that step-mothers, where they are disagreeable, are an abominable race! So Katherine endured tempests, and petty pin-thrusts, which Mr. St. Orme, good, easy, indolent man! could never comprehend, if they were delivered under his very nose. From these home-worries, too numerous for classification, Katherine glided into a golden dream; she loved Spencer Carew, and the world grew suddenly bright again. But some men's code of honor is wonderfully elastic; he slipped out of his "scrape," with the self-congratulation that his had been rather actions than words; that no pledges had passed between them! A wealthy heiress, who literally flung herself at his feet, was too great a temptation for Spencer Carew's rather weak nature to withstand, so he married Emily Walton, one summer morning, and Katherine's love died at a blow. She was not a girl to love after her respect was gone; and the keen emotion which Vane had seen her display was caused by the mortification of hearing the ugly word "jilted" applied to herself. It hurt her cruelly, but she met the ordeal of curious eyes bravely as I have told you.

But that reception of Mrs. Clendening's left its impression behind, upon Katherine as well as Vane. She could not forget that he had heard the sneering comment upon herself and Carew, and it was balm to her wounded pride to see that so distinguished a man paid her the compliment of seeking her society constantly. She enjoyed his earnest, half-argument conversations, and she dearly loved to sing him into the land of dreams; for Katherine was a very woman, and knew her power instinctively, as well as the rest of us.

So matters stood, when Mrs. Clendening took it upon herself to assist fate! She had a nephew whom she wished to marry.

Leslie Lathrop was a pleasant, harmonious fellow, very handsome, very kindly-hearted, and very indolent. He was just the sort of man who would be passive in the hands of an energetic aunt, and glide into matrimony complacently, provided she would go through all the preliminaries for him. Now Mrs. Clendening cared not a rush for money. She classed our American fondness for Mammon among the vulgarities of the age, and, rich as she was, placed her wealth far below her old Knickerbocker blood in her scale of personal belongings. And she adored talent—good soul! Let her have a literary lion to parade, and she was content. Katherine St. Orme was one of her favorites, and she had made up her mind that Leslie Lathrop's house wanted just such a mistress, and that, (given propinquity, and plenty of summer lounging,) the match must be made this summer.

So Capt. Vane began to feel vaguely annoyed, when he encountered Leslie, time and again, hanging over Katherine's piano; and the first jealous pang he ever experienced, was when he discovered that his rival had a remarkably good tenor voice.

Mrs. Clendening came over one evening, as usual, escorted by her obedient nephew, to set before Mr. and Mrs. St. Orme a plan for taking Katherine to some newly-discovered summer resort. Katherine and Vane were in animated discussion, in a cool corner, when they were thus interrupted,

"Now, Katherine," said Mrs. Clendening, good-humoredly, "I've found just the place for

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you—cool, retired; no invasion from Mrs. Choddy and Co.; nice, clean house, kept by the husband of my old treasure, Margaret; I'm going to carry you off there."

"Musquitoes, gnats, and stupidity," laughed Katherine.

"Saucy girl! Go out and talk with Leslie on the balcony—your father will yield to my coaxing for you, I'm sure."

Vane resolutely declined making a third in the party outside, and rolled his chair up to Mr. St. Orme; but sat where he could see Katherine's white dress in the moonlight.

The dowagers talked animatedly on. Mrs. Clendening, by sheer persistence, gained her point of a month's trip for Katherine; and Vane discussed stocks with Mr. St. Orme, or, rather, he let the old gentleman talk on, while he listened with grave attention.

"Miss Katherine," said Leslie, out on the balcony, at the end of a half-hour, during which he had been rather nettled to perceive that her thoughts were elsewhere. "Miss Katherine, if you will come back from dreamland into my reach, I have——"

She started, colored, and interrupted him.

"You must lay all vagaries on my part to the warmth of the evening. You have—what?"

"I have undertaken what I fear may appear rather a singular mission," and his languid voice was ruffled a little; "I saw an old friend of yours last night at the club, and he asked me to take charge of these." He laid a small packet of letters on her lap as he spoke.

Katherine looked down, astonished. Distinctly, in the moonlight, she saw her own bold, characteristic chirography. They were her own letters! All she had ever written to Spencer Carew. Her face grew cool, to the verge of contempt, as she took the little package in her hand.

"How considerate! May I ask if Mr. Carew gave any reason for his curious way of selecting a messenger. It might have been as easy to trust to the post-office."

"I haven't deserved that," he said, warmly. "I know no more of the matter than if I were the carrier you refer to."

"I beg your pardon," retracted she, repentantly.

As she moved, a photograph slipped from the package, and fell at his feet. He picked it up.

"Pray don't," she said, kindly.

His handsome face was flushed with annoyance. "Dismiss the question, Miss Katherine, and, in token of the renewed peace between us, won't you give me this trophy of war?"

She hesitated. She did not want to give him anything; but, after a moment's pause, she handed it back to him.

"As you will," she said, lightly. "It was taken some time ago, but I doubt if I ever get a better."

Before she could prevent it, he had taken her hand with the picture, and kissed it, tenderly.

"Miss St. Orme," cried a voice. A shadow darkened the window, and Vane's tall figure appeared before Katherine so abruptly that she started, and drew her hand quickly away from Leslie. How angry she was at herself, for her awkwardness, three seconds after, you may imagine!

"Come and enjoy the moonlight," she said.

"Thank you. I must say good-night," answered Vane.

He had seen, then. The short, half-stern sentence grated on her ears very unpleasantly. She could have beaten Leslie for choosing to be absurd at such a moment.

"Good-night, then. Do not forget the concert," she said.

"I am afraid it is 'good-by' as well. Unfortunately, since we made the engagement, (oh, Vane, Vane! I hope the recording angel forgave you!) I have found that important business carries me to Baltimore to-morrow, and I fear you will be out of town when I return."

Katherine was proud, and this sudden departure gave her just enough annoyance to make her answer, coldly,

"What a pity! If you have time, pray come and see us in September, before you sail."

Leslie Lathrop, looking half amusedly on, wished that Katherine's voice would take that impatient ring to him! But the players in such a game as this are almost invariably blind bats, and Vane only thought he had awkwardly given offence, and his honest heart grew a good deal heavier. So he murmured something indistinct about "leaving a card;" took the little fingertips in his for a second, and, with a bow to his rival, found his way to the door, and then down the avenue homeward.

Katherine went to the sea-side, a week later, more irritated than she had ever been in her life. It was ungrateful in her, for Mrs. Clendening was the jolliest of chaperones, and the party of ten was judiciously selected. But Katherine was out of temper with the world in general. She had thought more about Vane since he went away, than she had during the time she saw him constantly; and she snubbed Leslie unmercifully, because she had an instinct that he was the cause of her discomfort. But after ten

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days of this sort of thing, Mrs. Clendening announced, one morning, with a meaning glance toward Katherine, that Spencer Carew and his wife were just arrived. Katherine experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling on the spot. She turned, and gave Leslie the sweetest smile she had bestowed upon him in a month; and, as he was handing her a hot roll at the time, he, very naturally, wondered what benign influences lurked in bread and butter!

I do not pretend to justify Katherine for her conduct. But I do say that you cannot blame her too severely for taking pleasure in handsome Leslie's attentions, when they were pointedly bestowed in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Carew. She hated herself for it all the while. She told herself a hundred times, that she was flirting where she had no right to do so. There was not one lingering trace of affection for Carew in her heart, and she missed Vane, sorely.

She got away from them all one afternoon, and started off for a walk on the cliffs. Down, two miles away, she came upon a fisherman's hut, in front of which were playing two children—a boy and girl. Katherine stopped, attracted by some flowers of a peculiarly bright blue, which the little girl was playing with. She was an enthusiastic lover of flowers, and no mean botanist, and she asked the children where they had found such pretty flowers?

The boy stared, put his finger in his mouth, and edged away from her. But the little girl, catching a smile from the soft, brown eyes, said, shyly,

"Down to the cliffs, ma'am; 'long the rocks. Have some?"

"No, I won't take yours," said Katherine, smiling; "but I'll walk down, and get some myself. Will you keep my book till I come back?"

"'Ess," lisped the child, with baby importance, seizing the book, whose bright red covers pleased her eye.

Now the cliffs pointed out were at least a mile distant, although, looking across at them, they appeared much nearer, and Katherine found that it was sunset when she got to them. Sure enough, there were the curious blue flowers hanging in clusters below her, but the sunset was too lovely to pass by; so she stood there, looking at it, the fresh, salt air blowing cool in her face, for some moments. Then, remembering that she must have walked three miles at the least, she bethought her of the flowers. Katherine was a skillful climber; she had a steady head, and a light foot, else she would never have ventured over the edge of the cliff. The first two clusters ought to have contented her, but, unfortunately, she saw some tempting ones still further down, and proceeded cautiously after them. She did not notice that the rocks just there were green and slippery. When she stretched her hand out to grasp them, her left foot slipped on the wet boulder. She threw herself forward, in desperate effort to recover her balance. One awful, sickening thrill of terror followed; then the horrible sensation of falling—falling through space; then she felt her hand strike against water, and, opening her eyes, found herself upon the sand below!

She sat still on the beach, helpless and faint, and it was some time before she could collect her thoughts. But when the color came back to her face, and her limbs grew steady enough to support her, she glanced about to see what her exact situation was. Above her were the cliffs. She shuddered as she looked up to the spot whence she had slipped, realizing, for the first time, as she stood beneath them, their height. In front of her was the ocean. But the sandy ledge on which she stood appeared to curve around the rocks, and suggested a way of escape. At any rate, there was no time to lose. So she walked around the base of the cliffs. Yes, she was right in her conjecture; the beach stretched out, a narrow line, connecting with the mainland. But, as she stood calculating how far out of her way it would probably carry her, her eye caught an ominous sight. For some hundreds of yards the beach was clear before her; but, beyond that, the tiny white caps of breakers were visible, each one creeping up further than the last. The tide was coming in! To try that path was certain death!

At first, she was almost paralyzed. Then she rallied her senses sufficiently to return to the spot where she had fallen, and look for the water-line. As she had feared, she saw it upon the rocks several feet above her head. Oh, God! must she perish thus; die a hundred deaths in sight of land? A strength, born of despair, seized Katherine. Just above the water-line, she saw a jutting corner of rock, a sort of natural niche that the waves had worn away; if she could but reach it she might be saved. She tied her plaid about her waist, lest it should impede her movements, and crawled up, step by step, fighting for her very life. Her little hands bled, torn by the sharp rocks, but at last, faint and almost exhausted, she finally sank down in the coveted post.

She sank down unconscious, at first. Even when her head grew less dizzy, she dared not trust herself to look below. Then she summoned all her resolution, and tried to think. Her best

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chance of rescue was the children; they might grow tired, and come to look for her. It was barely possible that Leslie might have followed her from the house. She could hear the splash of the waves as they came, and she shuddered every time she heard it. What if she had to sit there all night long? What if, growing stiff in her cramped position, she fell down into that awful chasm again? Then a softer, sweeter thought came over her; she hid her face in her plaid, and moaned, "Vane! Vane! oh, my darling!"

The fisherman's children played on for a long, long time, very good-naturedly at first, until there arose a furious dispute on the subject of the book, which the boy worried his sister to give into his own possession.

"Me won't," cried the child, at last, as he snatched at it. "Me go tell daddy," and she began to run down toward the shore But an unlucky stone lay in the toddler's path, and she tripped over, falling flat on the sand. Somebody picked her up, as she began to roar, and said, cheerfully,

"Have you hurt yourself? Don't cry!"

"Lady's book!" sobbed the little one, pointing to it, where it had fallen in a pool of water. The gentleman fished it out with his cane, and, taking it in his hand, saw on the fly-leaf, written in beautiful, flowing characters, "Katherine St. Orme."

Just then the fisherman came up from the beach, dragging his nets after him. Seeing a gentleman, dressed in the unmistakable navy blue, standing talking with his children, he stopped.

"My man," said the stranger, in a slightly agitated voice, "can you tell me what this little girl means by talking of a 'book,' and a 'lady?' I see here the name of a friend whom I did not know was within miles of this place."

"It must be sum'at from Holly's hotel," said the fisherman, turning to question the boy. Then, with an appearance of great alarm, "Lord! Tommy, you don't mean to say that any one's gone down to pick flowers on the cliff after sunset? Why, sir, you and me'd best go and see fur ourselves; the rocks be dangerous slippery, and the tide's in!"

An inarticulate exclamation of horror burst from Reginald Vane's lips; then he said, with forced calmness,

"You know the yacht 'Fearless?' She came into your port this afternoon. I came aboard her, on my way to Newport. Go back to the bay, and desire Capt. Lovering to come down himself immediately, with men and ropes, in case any accident has happened to the lady. Give him my name, Capt. Vane, and you may have to go to the hotel to find him."

"Best let me send the boy," said the man. "I know the cliffs."

"No," said Vane, hastily thrusting money into his hand. "I am a sailor, and can scale pretty dizzy places. Run! No one knows what hangs on your speed and mine!"

He was off, and Reginald hastened down toward the cliffs, with a dreadful horror at his heart. The summer twilight was fast deepening into night when he reached the spot which the man had pointed out. Close to the edge, looking down, strong man that he was, he shook from head to foot; then, a glad throb of exceeding joy, as, below him, he saw the crouching figure, wrapped in its plaid. He meant to climb cautiously down, but a stone loosened itself under his foot, and Katherine raised her head. He felt the pebble roll, and spoke, instantly, in a voice husky from emotion,

"Katherine! don't be frightened; courage, I am coming!"

Her answering cry thrilled him.

"Not that way! Oh, my God! you don't know the danger. Wait! Send for help. Don't come to me! I'm not frightened now."

Her entreaty was of no avail. Nothing could have stopped him now. She could not look at him, as he hung, it seemed to her, in mid-air, swinging with cat-like agility from rock to rock. She hid her face again, and prayed, in agony, and it seemed hours to her before she felt a clasp that drew her close to his wildly-beating heart. Then, very low——

"Katherine, my little one! look up at me. How came you here?"

She twined her fair, soft arms around his neck, she felt his tears on her face, and knew—oh, happy Katherine! that out of her pain, her life's great joy had come to her at last.

I think she told him all her heart as they sat there, and scarcely daring to move in their narrow resting-place, with the "cruel, crawling foam" rising nearer and nearer. And, with the slight form close in his arms, he asked, half-fearfully,

"You are sure, quite sure, Katherine, that all these years, across which I have dared to look and love you, are not a barrier to you? I think, dear, I shall be almost an old man while you are still a young woman? Would not handsome Leslie be a fitter mate for you?"

She laughed, a little, low laugh of contentment.

"What would you do if I said yes? Your heart is younger than mine now, Capt. Vane."

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"Say 'Reginald,'" he ordered, playfully. "And my going away in that awkward fit of jealousy worked all this miracle? Happy mistake!"

"No! (bend down your tall head; I can't reach you.) I have loved you ever since that night at Mrs. Clendening's, when your grave sympathy for me looked out of your eyes so plainly."

Well, we all of us know that the old story is a sweet one, however it be told; and I think that Vane and Katherine would have been willing to stay in their cramped corner even longer than they did; but, in due course of time, there came a "halloo" from overhead, and nearly the whole party from the hotel were there.

But Katherine did not essay the rocks again, for Capt. Lovering had gone around the point in a boat, and contrived to get near enough for Vane, by aid of ropes, to swing Katherine's little figure on board. For himself, he plunged into the water, and swam alongside, though Katherine had not gotten over her fright to watch the feat with any appearance of composure.

Mrs. Clendening wept copiously over Katherine's escape, and made such a hero of Vane, that she was partially consoled for the failure of her plans regarding Leslie. Leslie himself had been harder hit than he was willing to admit; but he was too kindly hearted to really cherish a grudge about it; and he admitted, that, "for once, a man and woman had come together who were really noble enough for each other."

So Leslie was groomsman, when the wedding took place that autumn, and merry Fred danced the German with Meta Percie on that occasion. There was a report that Fred and Meta meant to follow Capt. Vane's example. I should not be surprised if it were true.

Katherine says, laughingly, when she climbs her husband's knee, that happiness will not be fully complete for her until the government place Admiral Vane on the retired list, for then (when she has not the fear of a cruise before her eyes) she expects to realize what it is to be "An Old Man's Darling."

MABEL.

BY JENNIE JOY.

Softly, brightly, bathed in glory,
Sank the day-god in the west,
With his banners flung about him,
Like a chieftain to his rest;
One by one the stars stepped slowly,
To their lonly watch on high,
And the gentle, pale-browed Luna,
Walked majestic through the sky.

But the shadows grew and deepened,
'Round a low-built, vine-wreathed cot;
'Neath whose porch the maiden, Mabel,
Murmured at her joyless lot;
Heedless of the silver moonlight,
Creeping through the tangled spray,
Dancing, flirting, all around her,
Like bright fairies at their play.

Heedless of a form, and manly,
'Neath the drooping linden's shade,
Lost in love's deep adoration,
As he gazed upon the maid.
He had looked on lovely women,
In all lands beneath the sun;
But not one had power to move him,
Like this sad-eyed pensive one.

Years before, ere yet his smooth lip
Gave a sign of man's estate;
He had left a wee, sweet maiden,
Weeping at the cottage gate;
She so small, her form on tip-toe,
Scarce could reach for parting kiss,
O'er the low, white garden palings,
Was that rose-lipped, blue-eyed miss.

He was wondering if this Mabel,
Yet remembered those sweet vows,
Given in childhood's lisping treble,
'Neath those drooping linden boughs,
Ever thought of wandering "Willie,"
When the night-wind stirred the deep—
Laid awake, as she had promised,
Just to pray for him and weep.

She was thinking of the future—
The long future and it's pain;
Wondering if her childhood's lover,
Ever would come back again.
She had shrined the love he gave her,
In her bosom's holiest urn,
Waiting with a calm devotion,
For the bliss of his return.

'Till slow years had come and vanished,
'Till the hope which made them bright,
Oft-deferred, had left a shadow,
O'er her eyes' transcendent light.
Then from 'twixt her lip's red parting,
Came this solacer of pain,
"Willie, darling, brown-eyed Willie!
Surely will come back again!"

Softly fell the silver moonlight,
Sweet the wind sang through the boughs,
But fair Mable only listened
To the music of love's vows;
Only saw the glorious love-light,
In her Willie's earnest eyes,
Knew the pain had gone forever,
Felt that earth was Paradise.

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ROPES OF PEARLS.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

"I wish Miss Scrimegour was well; she keeps us all alive," said Miss Susie Davis. "Don't you think so, Mr. Badeau?"

"Really, Miss Davis, I've never noticed her much. Viewing the matter psychologically, her vacant place has excited more interest in my mind, than it ever did when filled."

There was a general laugh at the table of the large boarding-house in Twenty-third street.

Mr. Badeau left the table, feeling that he had been successful, socially.

That evening, sitting by his Cannel-coal fire, reading his elegant edition of Schiller, by an Argand burner, he heard a distant cough. It plagued him. He could not read in peace. "Confound it!" he muttered. "Why can't such girls take care of themselves. No flannels, I suppose."

More days—a week passed, and, "Where is the schoolmistress?" asked Mr. Badeau, of the landlady, whom he met on his way to the sky-parlor.

"Ill, very ill."

"No doctor?"

"No. I fancy she can't afford one; but she needs one."

Mr. Badeau had a nephew just beginning practice as a physician. "I'll go down-town, and send Dick up," he said. "It'll give him experience."

That afternoon young Dr. Dudley knocked at the door of the fourth floor-room. After a long pause, he was told to enter in a stifled voice.

The patient lay on her pillow, her face stained and swollen with crying.

"My uncle, Mr. Badeau," he said, "has sent me to see if I can be of use to you as a physician."

"I am very glad to see you," she said, frankly. "I beg your pardon for keeping you waiting; but I have been sick so long, and it seemed to me I was getting worse, and I could not help crying. Did you say Mr. Badeau had sent you here?" with an accent of surprise.

She was very ill. Many visits were necessary. Luxuries became necessaries—delicate food, fruit, cordials.

"My uncle is an old gentleman, past fifty," said Dr. Dudley; "you must not think anything of letting him do all this. He has nothing else to do with his money. He is always kind to—"

He stopped, rather confused.

"Kind to poor people, you mean to say," finished Eveline. "I'm poor enough in money, I cannot help myself. Will you tell him how grateful I am? That if he will let me, I will repay back all his kindness?"

After a fortnight she got better. She asked to see Mr. Badeau. I wonder what he looks like? she soliloquized, the morning she had requested his presence.

Staid, reserved, precise, but with an intellectual face, her visitor entered. He was not at all the man she had tried to recollect.

"Don't speak; don't think of obligations, Miss Scrimegour," said he, in his suave, self-contained manner, when she tried to thank him. "If I have been the means of any good to you, that more than repays me."

He was a puzzle to her. She thought over it all day.

"What did he do it for?" she said.

"What did I do it for?" thought Mr. Badeau.

The first day Eveline went out, as Mr. Badeau was about to dress for dinner, he heard her voice at the front door as she returned. "Is Mr. Badeau in? Is Mr. Badeau in?" and, in a second, she rapped at his door.

"Confound the girl!" he muttered, hastily getting himself into his dressing-gown, and opening the door.

"Oh, Mr. Badeau," said Eveline, hardly waiting for an invitation to enter, with eyes full of tears, "I have just found it out: This is the first time I have been to the school, and, of course, I supposed my situation was gone, and they told me it had been kept for me through your influence?"

She had come close to him, laid her hand on his arm, was looking up in his face with eyes streaming with tears.

Mr. Badeau felt very uncomfortable.

"Why, yes, Miss Scrimegour, I happen to know one of the school committee, and I thought of you one day when I met him, and I spoke of it. The thing was purely accidental."

"Oh, Mr. Badeau! Accidental! All your kindness——"

Mr. Badeau grew stiffer than ever. "Miss Scrimegour, if I might—would you come in, that is to say, further in—and take a seat."

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Eveline walked in without hesitation, seated herself in her favorite chair, and poured out her impetuous heart, Mr. Badeau sitting upright and ceremonious on a straight-backed chair opposite. At first he took alarm lest she supposed his kindness personal to herself, but he was soon re-assured on that point, and listened quietly. His fastidiousness was a little offended by her coming to his room so unreservedly, and then he began to wonder when she intended to go away. "Can't the girl remember I've got to dress for dinner?"

"I owe everything to you," she concluded. "What should I have done when I got well? I have no friends here; my home is far away, and I've few friends there. Where could I have turned? What can I do to prove my gratitude?"

"Get well and strong as soon as you can," was the reply, with a polite bow. "That is the very best thing you can do."

"I should call him a prig, if he had not done so much for me," murmured Eveline, as she walked up stairs.

"Deuced pretty girl," soliloquized Mr. Badeau. "Not when she cries, though. I never could bear women when they snivel. How did I come to do it though, that's the question?"

He could not avoid thinking of her. She began to haunt his dreams, as well as his day visions. His books no longer interested him. The letters faded from the luxurious page, and her face rose before him. "Am I in love, and at my age, for the first time too?" he said to himself. Yes! he was in love—he could not deny it.

He was a brave man, however, and did not flinch. He would put all on the hazard of a die. He well knew how little he could expect this young and beautiful girl to return his affection. Yet there was a chance. Women as young and lovely had married men as old as himself. He could, at least, try. He chose for the occasion an evening when they were walking home together from a concert.

Eveline listened in unqualified amazement. She had never imagined this! She had devoted herself to him, studying his whims, seeking to win him out of himself, listening always when he spoke, because he had, as it were, saved her life, because she owed everything to him.

She looked aside at him. "And he loves me," she said. "I have, I fear, misled him." She noted his trembling lips and working face. "He will suffer so if he is disappointed in this! And I can make him happy! If he will prize the gift, he must have it. And my love, too, for without that he would not care for the other," thought the loyal, warm heart.

No idea of sacrifice! She never thought of their difference in years. "I am glad," she said, "that I am such as he values!"

All this time she was walking on silently. Now she looked up again, and at that look Mr. Badeau stepped into a new world, that "new world which is the old."

Of course, there were congratulations and jests. Eveline was considered to have "done surprisingly well," for Mr. Badeau's circumstances were comfortable, and his position unexceptionable; but she admitted no idea of condescension into her mind. She looked at herself in her opulent beauty, her radiant health, and felt that she was riches in herself.

Mr. Badeau was pathetic in his ingenuity to please her. He was a mine of knowledge, but had not the habit of expression; so he was sometimes clumsy in conversation even when alone with her. But Eveline was quick to devine, and with her, sitting on a low stool at his feet, looking up in his face, helping him with hints, half-words, and, above all, sympathy, Thomas Badeau passed some of his happiest hours. She was proud of his preference, and, touched with his hungry need of her, and had a firm determination to give true affection in return.

What pleasant little excursions they made up, as the spring-time advanced—off to where the dog-wood blows down in the woods of Long Island, carpeted with anemones as thick as ever Roman Campagna. All things of hope and promise had a tale to whisper to Mr. Badeau. He was free of the guild now. Generally, youth only can go in and out of that domain of pleasure, but now the way was opened also to him, who was no longer young.

No more *tete-a-tete* parties, for Eveline was more shy now. Mr. Badeau's nephew, Dr. Dudley was almost always with them, and one or two others, not to make him Monsieur de Trop.

I have said nothing about Dr. Dudley since he left Eveline's sick-room; but all winter he had shared in the gayeties of Eveline and her friends; indeed, been one of the most important personages in them—lively, talkative, never abashed. Now he was invaluable with his ever-present tact—the facility with which everything yielded to him, and he became a part of Eveline's life more than ever before.

She was gladder than she had expected in being planned for, watched over, guarded as something precious, like other girls. Heretofore she had led rather a combative life, though her gay, strong spirit had ridden her over rocky places. How easily her head dropped on the pillow of luxury and affection!

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Thomas Badeau was only a man, after all. He had one great fault—he was of a jealous nature. All at once, this jealousy was aroused. A picnic had been planned for the morrow. Before she said good-night, Eveline pressed close to him, and whispered to him to manage not to let Dr. Dudley go with them the next day.

"What! Dick not go!" he exclaimed. "I thought you always liked him along."

"Well, I do generally, but not always, not to-morrow," replied Eveline.

"Why not?"

"Oh, no reason! I just don't. He jokes so, and——"

"Does he annoy you? He doesn't mean it. I'll speak to him about it."

"Oh, no, no! I don't mean that; but—— I've just taken a fancy that I don't want him. He needn't always go."

"I don't think we'll do half so well without him. I'm afraid you'll miss him," said Badeau. "However, if you can do with only me for a gallant——"

He bent down to look in her face for the shy smile he expected; but she wouldn't raise her eyes.

They parted for the night, but Mr. Badeau was left with an uneasy impression, a wonder.

But this wonder, this questioning grew. Days passed on, and they took shapes unto themselves.

I suppose he acted like all jealous men—no weaker, no more irritable, no more unjust. Once he had said that with him the first moment of suspicion would see the fond dropping of all hopes, all efforts; but now he watched Eveline and his nephew, eager, keen, almost like a spy. He laid plans to entrap them. Once he heard their voices in the parlor, as he came through the hall, and he listened at the closed door, with bowed head and glaring eyes. Then he started. "God have mercy! I'm getting to be an eaves-dropper," he said, and he groped weakly up stairs.

Eveline grew feverish, restless, impatient. Sometimes she cried for hours in her own room, but she never faltered before a human eye.

Summer's hot foot was on the hills. It had been Mr. Badeau's idea to form a party for a summer sojourn of nice people, each having a speciality. They were to have a cottage on some tawny sands, and all the eating and work in another near by, to remove sordid cares and needs, and, after a summer idyl of red-barred sunsets, reflected in glassy pools, and

"Tender curving lines of creamy spray,"

they were to be married in September.

"I must settle about this soon," said he to Eveline, one day, "and I must know if you really like the plan or not. It was devised for your pleasure, and every little addition made that could be thought of. I was only too glad to do it, and yet I have been all along at a loss to know if you wish it carried out. You don't enter into it with much enthusiasm. Shall I go on or not?"

"I am afraid we should get tired of each other," said Eveline.

"I beg your pardon," returned Mr. Badeau, curtly, "that is not an answer to my question."

"Oh! it is yes or no, then, is it?" said Eveline, hastily. Her eye sparkled. "He need not be cross to me," she thought. "I am doing my best."

"Both are words easily said," answered Mr. Badeau, in his coldest tones.

"Yes, words easily said," returned Eveline, falling into an uneasy reverie. Then she half-reached out her arms. I believe she would have thrown them round Mr. Badeau's neck, if he had looked like anything but cast-iron at that moment.

"Mrs. Sherman has invited me to go to Saratoga with her for a little while," resumed she. "Perhaps that will be enough. You know I am used to spending hot weather in town. I am sorry to interfere with any plans."

"There is no occasion for regret," said Mr. Badeau, loftily. "I am only glad I have said nothing definite to anybody. I was on the point of inviting my nephew this morning."

"I thought you had invited him," said Eveline.

"No. He was talking this morning about a trip to the Adriondacks."

Eveline looked thoughtfully out of the window. "Well, suppose you—— Could you give me a day to think about this party? Suppose you don't make up your mind quite yet."

"Suit yourself, and that will suit me best," said Mr. Badeau, bowing stiffly. "It seems to need a ponderous amount of consideration," he concluded, sarcastically.

"Dr. Dudley shall go to the Adriondacks, and we will go to the sea-shore," was Eveline's conclusion, as she walked up stairs. But all her plans were rendered useless, by Mr. Badeau's climbing to Dudley's sixth-floor the next day, and inviting him to go to the sea-side for the summer.

"Thank you! thank you, uncle!" said Dick, coloring, and looking off over the roofs and chimnies; "but I have about made up my mind to go fishing in the Saranack lakes. In fact, I've promised to go."

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All Mr. Badeau's jealousy flashed up. He lost control of himself. Here was proof that Dr. Dudley loved Eveline, and was afraid to trust himself with her. And Eveline? Did she not show the same fear?

He broke out.

"It is time that this should stop," he cried, hoarsely. "It has gone on long enough. You have driven me nearly crazy, you two."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"You know well enough what I mean. If she loves you, take her. I don't want her then. But don't think you are deceiving me. I've seen it all along."

"If you refer to the lady you expect to marry——"

"I do refer," said Mr. Badeau, mimicking his manner, "to the lady I did expect to marry. Oh, God forgive you."

"Uncle, neither I nor she have ever spoken a word, or given a look. There is nothing—absolutely nothing!"

"Have I imagined all this then?"

"I don't know what you mean by all this. If Miss Eveline has any such feeling as you attribute to her, I do not know it."

"What made you refuse to be of the summer-party, then?"

"I had my own reasons," said Dudley, looking away.

"What made her do the same, when she thought you were to be one?"

"Did she?" exclaimed Dudley, and his face lit up in spite of himself.

Badeau groaned.

"Uncle, uncle!" said Dudley, hastily coming over to the old man. "You make too much of all this, whatever you call it. We are both loyal to you. Wait six months, and see if you do not say so."

"We both?" repeated Mr. Badeau, bitterly. "And one will go east, and one will go west, and so you will conquer your feelings, and, in six months, all will be smooth again. You are very kind!"

Dick Dudley was silent. Mr. Badeau dropped into a chair, and sat there, looking very grave and weak.

His mind was made up. He had begun with jealousy—he had met certainty. He was a brave man, as we have said; and now that he knew the truth, he acted like a hero. He gave up Eveline.

Six months afterward, Eveline sat alone, thinking, with the summer's pomp and the summer's love-making all behind her. She did not look so sunny and tranquil as might have been expected, considering she was soon to marry Dr. Dudley. Many things in him had disappointed her—a little bluster, a lack of delicacy, above all, of consideration for her. "That old-fashioned, painstaking manner, you were used to with my uncle," he had once said, "is out of date now!" She had never forgotten the words. And the mouth that spoke them was—was thin, and, sometimes, she thought, cruel-looking.

But the old brightness woke up when Dudley came in with a magnificent present. The "ropes of pearls," that D'Israeli describes Lothair presenting to his inamorata, were, shall I say imitated? Not that, exactly, but reflected, in this superb necklace. It was a moonlight reflection, most elegant and charming.

"These for me!" exclaimed Eveline, springing up. "Oh, Dick! how did you get them? They must be immensely valuable."

"Well, you'll find it out in the end, and I don't know why I should keep it from you? My uncle gave them to me for my bridal gift to you. Handsome in him, wasn't it?"

Eveline admired them—examined them. She looked up in the bright, shallow face of her betrothed, then down at the gems. All at once, it seemed to her, she saw there the wistful love that so often, earlier in the year, she had beheld in another face. She thought of his wrecked, disappointed life. His need of her had always been the strongest spur of her love. And the soulful, gentle radiance of the pearls, by some subtle affinity, recalled his fond love of her.

She started up, never heeding Dick. "I must—I will go to him," she cried. "I will tell him!" But, before she reached the door, she hesitated. What could she tell him? She could not swear continued love. Many a man, a good man, could, and keep his oath; but a good woman cannot begin with a lie. Only she felt now, that, in fancying she loved Dick, she had been mistaken. She had thought him, at first, as tender-hearted, as true as his uncle, with the additional advantage of youth. Now she realized that she had made to herself a false idol.

She finally went up stairs with the pearls in her hands.

"He told you then," said Mr. Badeau, looking at her with a little sneer in his face. It was habitual now. It seemed like a sneer at himself at having expected anything good from the creatures around him. He was colder than ever, and two disdainful to be angry.

"I made him tell me," answered Eveline. "Of course I knew he had no money to buy such things. And you, I know—you——"

"Yes, I meant them for—I bought them for—" and he too stopped.

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"You are so kind, so generous," said Eveline, "so good to me."

Mr. Badeau waved his hand feebly.

He looked very old that night, shrunken, spiritless, like an old man who had done with love, and hope, and ardor. Eveline looked down upon him as she stood by his chair, then suddenly seated herself on his knee, put her soft, white arms around his neck, and kissed him.

"Stop! stop!" exclaimed Mr. Badeau, pushing her roughly away. "What do you think I am made of, girl? Do you think I am not human?"

Eveline stood up, frightened, while he walked the room in excitement.

"How much you did love me!" said she, at length, in a low voice.

"Did!" said Badeau, stopping by her side. "But go, child—go!"

"Did you love me as much as he does?" continued Eveline, half to herself.

Mr. Badeau smiled bitterly. "Yes, certainly, as much. But you love him!"

"Love him!" repeated she, mechanically. Then she walked to the door, gravely and abstractedly. Then she suddenly turned, looked excitedly at Mr. Badeau, ran back, and threw the pearls on the table beside him.

"I will not take them," she cried. "I will never have them, unless you give them to me, yourself."

"Eveline, child! What do you mean? They are not my present. Dick Dudley gave them to you. Where he got them is no matter. If you return them, it must be to him. But why should you do that?"

"Because—because I will not have them, except from the one I love, and I—I did not know before whom I loved. I know now," and she sunk down on a foot-stool, and hid her face.

Mr. Badeau's cheek flushed scarlet. He stood in perplexity.

"I do not understand you, Eveline. Speak plainer."

"I cannot say any more. I have been wrong, blind, silly. I have injured two people, but you most of all. But if—if you could—even now——"

"I am slow, perhaps," said Mr. Badeau. "I am getting old, it is plain. A younger man, perhaps, would—— Eveline, is it possible you mean me to understand that you love me now?"

"Yes! yes!" faltered Eveline.

But Mr. Badeau stood still. "These sudden changes—I do not understand them."

"It is not sudden, or not as sudden as you think, only I did not know it till I came up here."

"You are not trifling with me?"

"Do you think I would?" asked Eveline, reproachfully.

"I don't understand it at all," said Mr. Badeau, "and—and I can't bear much more of it," he added, as he put his hand to his heart.

"Then," said Eveline, her face covered with blushes, "then I must ask you to forgive me at once, and let me love you, if you can, with my whole heart. And if you can," she continued, rising, "you need only take these pearls, and give them back to me as *your* present to your bride."

For a full minute Mr. Badeau regarded her, and then opened his arms.

A half hour thereafter they were both laughing heartily, as he threw the pearl necklace over her neck, saying,

"Now, isn't this cool, to take another man's gems, and deck my bride with them?"

"He won't want them any more," returned Eveline, saucily.

"But you must give them back to him," he said.

"Well, he'll return them to you."

"Possibly."

"You'll see! I'll have them yet. If I didn't think so, I wouldn't—— There! how easily you are teased?"

Eveline was right. She kept the "Ropes of Pearls," and Mr. Thomas Badeau no longer sat at life's feast as one who

"Had seen the wine flowing by himself, untasted—
Heard the music, and yet missed the tune!"

SUNSET COMPLETENESS.

BY OCTO.

I FLING me down in the clover,
For the shadows are many and deep,
And I want to ponder over
What puzzles me, ere I sleep.

But the birds in the poplars sing madly,
And a laugh with the south wind's blown,
And this red and white bloom vexes sadly—
Nothing will let me alone!

Can one think 'neath love's eyes adoring?
Ponder 'midst music divine?
Linger for weighing and scoring,
While sipping Falernian wine?

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ONLY THE MUSIC-TEACHER.

BY MARY W. CABELL.

"ONLY the music-teacher," said Mabel Ainslie, in reply to an inquiry from her companion, as the door-bell rang.

She sat *tete-a-tete* with Russell Sydney, a handsome, high-bred, wealthy young man, on whom the haughty belle turned her eyes with a softened lustre.

"The music-teacher! Are you taking lessons, Miss Ainslie?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "and this is my hour. If you have nothing special to do, however, you may stay here and look over the pictures, and read till I return. I generally get tired, and wind up my lesson in about half an hour."

"I love music so well that I would gladly stay, even to hear you practice," he replied.

"Very well, but you must stop your ears when I come to the scales," said Mabel, laughingly, as she left the room.

Russell Sydney admired Mabel's beauty and elegance, with sufficient warmth to have his sentiments for her kindled into love, if no adverse fates interfered; and his regard had now reached a critical point, at which the scale must soon be turned. He listened eagerly for the sound of her voice, for music formed so important an element in his existence, that he wished the woman whom he might choose should possess a fine voice. Mabel's, however, disappointed him. It was correct, but cold and lifeless. The electric spark did not glow in its tones.

But ere long another voice broke on the air, so warm, so full of sympathy, and of airy, exquisite sweetness, that he felt himself carried irresistibly along in the tide of melody. The song was Gounod's delicious "Fruhlingslied," (Spring song.) and as the singer went on, it seemed to Sydney that he could see the fragrant green and tender violets springing around him. Snow and sleet lay on the ground. The wintry breeze sighed through the bare trees; but all this passed from his consciousness, in the bright vision of spring, which this beautiful voice called up. He drew a long breath of regret when the song came to a close; but when Mabel repeated it after her teacher, although she did so very well, as far as the execution was concerned, yet the spell was broken—the snow, sleet, and wintry wind were no longer conjured away.

"Who is your teacher?" asked Sydney, eagerly, when Mabel returned. "As the Mohammedans say of the angel Israfel, 'Her heart-strings are a lute, and she has the greatest voice of all God's creatures.'"

Rash young man, to speak thus to one woman in unreserved praise of another. But Sydney was free from envy and jealousy himself, and knew not the shoals on which he was touching.

"She is Miss Alice Leslie," said Mabel, coldly. "She is quite a good teacher, I think, which is very fortunate for her, in her reduced circumstances."

"Is her music all her livelihood?" asked Sydney.

"Yes! She is an orphan, and has a little brother and sister dependent on her. Her father was a dissipated man, and made a complete wreck of his property; but, fortunately, gave this girl some advantages of education, before he totally squandered his estate."

Russell Sydney seemed disposed to question Mabel further, about the young music-teacher; but her replies were so brief, that, after awhile, he could not avoid seeing that the topic was unwelcome, and so dropped it.

Some weeks after this conversation, Mabel gave a musical soiree.

"I don't wish to have Miss Leslie here at all," said she to her mother; "but no one else plays my accompaniments so well. But, remember, mother, I do not wish her asked to sing."

When the guests were all assembled, there was one who looked strange amongst the gay company, a young woman dressed with lady-like refinement, but perfect simplicity; the face lit up by clear, gray eyes, and shaded by waving black hair, that rippled on her temples.

The first song Mable sang was Schubert's Gondola Song, one in which the effect of the song is greatly heightened by the weird, rich beauty of the accompaniment. So exquisitely did Alice Leslie render all the gradations in this accompaniment, that the majority of the hearers listened more eagerly to this than to the song, and after Mabel had finished singing, a lady standing near begged Alice to sing, adding, that one who accompanied the singing of others so beautifully, must surely sing well herself. This request being seconded by a large circle, Mabel and her mother were forced to let Alice comply.

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Russell Sydney was one of the circle of listeners, and he reveled in a sea of delight as she sang. Her *repertoire* suited his taste admirably. Leaving the beaten track of opera selections, she sang detached songs and ballads by Gounod, Abt, and Kucken. When she arose, he led her to a seat, and entered into conversation with her. Poor Alice had had a weary lot. She had to buffet with the world for a scanty living, and now, when she met with this high-bred man, who treated her with a courtesy as deferential as if she had been a queen, and who listened with interest to every word she spoke, it was as though a pilgrim, walking through arid sands, had suddenly come on a clump of palms and a sparkling spring.

Never had Mabel's beauty shone with a brighter lustre than on this night; but her haughty, jealous heart chafed, as she saw Sydney bending over Alice, in long and earnest conversation. She resolved that never again should he see Alice, if she could prevent it, in which case she felt sure that her own attractions could speedily eradicate any impression the insignificant music-teacher might have made on him.

But fate defies all human calculations. Not long afterward, Mabel went to a concert, with a party of friends, Sydney being of the number. Who should enter, and take the seats in front of them, but Alice and a lady friend, who had brought her thither, knowing her passionate love for music. Alice was sufficiently near for Sydney to readily enter into conversation with her, and, gradually, he transferred his attentions almost entirely to her, as the concert went on, and he found that no one in his party could enter into it with the keen delight and subtle appreciation that Alice showed. Her beautiful eyes kindled, her cheeks glowed, her breath came quick and short. There was a greater beauty in her face, for the time, than in Mabel's. She and Sydney enjoyed, with kindred rapture, Beethoven's immortal seventh symphony, filled with such unearthly, mysterious beauty that it sounded like angels talking together. They entered, with keenest enjoyment, into each note of Mendelsohn's wonderful "Capriccio Brilliant," into the heavenly, sweet Kreuzer Sonata, and all the selections from the grand masters. Seldom were two persons gifted with a finer musical intuition. The concert had but one alloy to them, which was that it must come to a close. To Mabel, the close was a relief. Her jealousy and chagrin had so mastered her as to make her forget common good-breeding. She threw scornful glances on Alice, and whispered derisive remarks on her dress and appearance. Sydney could not help overhearing some of these, and they had the effect of making him more deferential and attentive to Alice than he was before; and he wondered how he could ever have thought Mabel so beautiful, when her expression was so haughty and arrogant.

That night two different pictures might have been seen. One was of a young girl, sitting in a chamber, full of every appliance of luxury. Her elegant opera-cloak was thrown carelessly down, her jewels scattered over her toilet-table, as she sat musing, with a look of deep unrest and bitterness. The other picture was of a young girl, in a plain little attic-room, whose surroundings were of the humblest sort; but her face was filled with a dreamy joy. She had been lifted from her narrow, daily life, into an atmosphere of wondrous brightness, into a lovely fairy-land. Though she had to go forth again, next day, to struggle for her bread, she carried some bright memories that, for the time, raised her out of the dust and turmoil. Beautiful strains of melody, and kindly tones of voice, still rang through her brain.

So, for weeks, she went bravely and hopefully about her work. But at length, a day came when she could no longer go. She had never been very strong, physically, and exposure to the weather, and insufficient food and clothing commenced to tell on her frame. She struggled bravely against the inroads of sickness, but, at length, she had to yield and lie prostrate. It wrung her heart to see the little boy and girl, who were dependent on her efforts. They did all that childish care and skill were capable of, but thoughts of them increased her malady, for the terrible idea would flash over her, that she might die and leave them destitute.

In the first stages of Alice's illness, she had written, with tremulous fingers, to all her employers (and they were not many, in this great city, where there was so much competition,) and had explained the reason why she temporarily discontinued her instructions, but assured them that she would be at her post as quickly as possible. When she commenced a note to Mabel, she paused, for Mabel's rudeness had been such that she recoiled from holding any communication with her. When she looked at her little brother and sister, however, she compelled herself to put aside her pride and write.

During her illness, Sydney asked Mabel several times, "Where is your teacher? She seems never to come here now." Every time he asked, Mabel made the same reply—she was fortified in her resolve never to have Alice there again.

It was in the first flush of spring, when Alice

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crept forth from her sick-room. A faint hint and whisper of the coming sweetness and bloom lurked in the air. Still weak and faint, her strong resolve bore her up, as she wended her way along. Beside the necessity there was for her to gain their daily bread, she had to work too for the past, as her illness had brought her into debt. She was not able to give lessons that day, but wished to fix on the hours for future lessons. At the first house to which she went, her reception was discouraging. The young lady either was, or fancied herself, too delicate to prosecute the study of singing. It gave her a sore throat, she said, so she had concluded to stop her lessons. At the next place Alice was startled to observe, that the whole house was shut up, and looked silent and gloomy as a tomb. After ringing repeatedly, a servant came forth from the alley, and informed her that scarlet fever had broken out on that street, and that her mistress had gone away with all the children, to stay, she did not know how long. Alice had had four pupils in this house, and she turned away with a sickening feeling at heart. She had a more cheering reception at the next house, and then she thought she would go to Mabel's, before her strength entirely ebbed away.

It was early twilight when she ascended the steps; the first pale stars were just beginning to gleam in the sky. After she had waited for some time, a servant came to the door to inform her that she need not come again, as Miss Ainslie had provided herself with another teacher. Stung to the heart with this fresh blow, Alice grew deadly pale, and turned away. But, just as the servant had commenced to deliver his message, a young man came up the steps, and, as the poor little teacher descended them, a kind, gentle voice greeted her. It was Sydney, whose indignation had been aroused by the unfeeling message, and whose compassion had been excited by Alice's pallor and feebleness.

"Take my arm," said he, turning back with her. "You do not seem strong enough to go alone."

Alice felt her strength ebbing away to such a degree, that she was thankful for the support of his arm; and the support of his presence was greater still. She could nerve herself against indifference and unkindness, but not against gentleness and consideration. Her blended emotions, joined with her physical weakness, made her burst into tears.

"Oh, Mr. Sydney, pray excuse me," she sobbed out, after awhile, "and do not think strangely of my conduct. I have been very ill, and am still weak, which makes me act childishly."

"If tears are a relief to you, I am very glad for you to weep," said he, veiling his concern and sympathy under a light, cheerful tone.

"Deeds, not words," was the motto of Sydney's life; so now he set to work to find a delicate, yet efficient way, of helping Alice, and, unknown to her, this zealous friend was exerting himself for her, while she was toiling on with her few remaining pupils to gain a bare subsistence. Sydney sought unremittingly for some good employment, and, by dint of keeping constantly on the alert, he at length discovered an admirable opening for her. The soprano in a fashionable choir became fired with ambition to go on the stage, and so deserted the choir. Sydney succeeded in procuring this vacant place for Alice, and so she waked up one morning, and found herself rich, as Byron found himself famous. And, to crown her satisfaction, Sydney attended the church in which she was to sing. Never before had he been so devout in his attendance there—never had the thought of heaven, eternity, and the angels seemed so near and so real as when this beautiful voice sang of them.

When he came to know her better, he saw that her lovely harmonies were not confined to outward embodiment, but that there was a music breathing in her true, pure, and womanly heart; and so Mabel found, that instead of choosing her, he chose for his wife the woman whom she had introduced to his notice as being "ONLY THE MUSIC-TEACHER!"

LOVERS' VOWS.

BY ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON.

FIND me a flower that will not die,
A bud which blooms not to decay;
Show me an even-tranquil sky,
A stream which flows an even way;
Then I'll believe a downcast eye,
And trust what lovers say.

To-day, sweet girl, he loves but thee;
Swears 'twould be death thy heart to lose;
To-morrow, hence this trembling he
Goes, from a wider field to choose;
While thou art neither bound nor free,
He fondly to another sues.

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THE LOST INHERITANCE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67.

CHAPTER XIX.

"WHAT is all this about—landed estate? An old mansion, within reach of the city. Really I had no hopes of falling heir to an American estate. Pray, where does this vast property lie?"

Mrs. Rochester dropped her pale-blue eyes, and cast a side-long glance at her daughter, in which there was a swift hint at caution. But Lady Oakley had really nothing to conceal. If she had been reticent and haughtily silent in England, regarding her former life, it had been from a delicate regard to the high-born prejudices of a husband, to whom she owed everything; but here, in her native land, responsible to no one, the independence of her character came back, and she felt a gleam of republican pride in speaking frankly of her origin and youthful antecedents. Perhaps the arrogant pride of her son, so different to the calm, self-poise of the father, led to this somewhat. Perhaps she deemed frankness necessary to the object she had in view. At any rate, her answer to the young man's question was frank and prompt.

"It is an old house I speak of—at any rate, it must be old now—which was our home for a year or two before I was married to your father. It belonged to my half-brother."

"Beatrice!" called out the quivering voice of the old lady, who for once sat upright among her silken cushions, which her feeble little hands grasped with a quick spasm of dread.

"A half-brother, that I never heard of before!" exclaimed the young baronet. "So I am to find a Yankee uncle, and an estate at the same time. Upon my word these developments are startling! Where is my uncle, if I am permitted to ask?"

"He is dead," broke in Mrs. Rochester, sharply. "Why don't you tell him that your brother died long ago?"

"Because I have no proof of it," answered Lady Oakley, with deep seriousness. "Because I must have a certain knowledge of his death before I believe it."

"But you know—you cannot help but know! Oh, Beatrice! what has come over you? Do you mean to kill me, with such wild, wicked talk?"

"I mean to find my brother James, if he is living, or his grave, if he is dead," answered Lady Oakley. "When we were poor and helpless——"

Here Mrs. Rochester broke in.

"Poor, Beatrice! How can you say such things before Sir Charles? Do you call a plantation, such as we owned in the South, stocked with slaves, and—and—— Sir Charles, my dear boy, don't believe it. The war made us exiles; but no one can say that we ever wanted for anything!"

"Thanks to the most generous brother that ever lived, we never did," said Lady Oakley, with generous warmth. "He even worked with his own hands upon the farm we were speaking of, my son, rather than see us want a luxury to which we had been used."

Mrs. Rochester fell back among her cushions with a groan of dismay.

"Why are you ashamed of this, mother?"

"There it is again! Even her language has changed since she came back to this horrid country! When did you ever hear her ladyship call me mother at home?" exclaimed the old woman, throwing up her hands.

"Well, mamma, then, if it pleases you better," answered the lady, smiling. "But why is it that my brother's name never passes your lips. Surely you should remember him with gratitude, if not with affection?"

"We do not always talk of the things we feel deepest," answered the little woman, clasping her hands. "It is because my darling son was so good, so beautiful, so thoroughly a Southern gentleman, that I shrine his memory here in silence."

At this point Mrs. Rochester pressed her clasped hands over what would have been a heart in other persons, and turning her face to the cushions, seemed to weep piteously.

Sir Charles shrugged his shoulders, and walked up and down the room once or twice, a little impatiently. He was not so deeply touched at his grandmother's sensibility as a stranger might

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have been. After awhile he came back and leaned over his mother's chair. For some reason he took unusual interest in the subject which Mrs. Rochester wished so much to avoid.

"As the mention of this new uncle of mine seems to bring so much disturbance, I suggest that we confine ourselves to the farm, and that old house. Tell me all about it?"

"Oh, dear! Why can't you let the whole thing alone!" cried the old lady, beginning to beat her cushions, and deliberately plunging into the first stages of hysteria. "I shouldn't wonder if the old house is burned to the ground by this time."

"But who owns it?" questioned Sir Charles, with cool persistence.

"I—I own it, now that my poor son is dead," sobbed the old lady. "No one else can claim it; and I don't see who can want to. There never was a more lonely place."

"Indeed! On the Jersey coast. I think you said that?" questioned the young man.

"Yes; and that is like going out of the world—a bleak, barren place, within hearing of the ocean, that seems to roar and rage close to the house, when a storm comes up. I shuddered to think of our hard, gloomy life there."

"Is the house inhabited?"

"I—I don't know. It was at first, but I haven't cared about it since. There was a man on it, that paid taxes, but he died more than a year ago, and I shall not trouble myself about it again. I don't know what the dreary old subject was brought up for."

"It was associated with my brother," said Lady Oakley, in her calm voice, which was not the less determined because of its gentleness. "I named it as the last place at which he was ever seen, feeling that all inquiry must start there."

"Oh, Beatrice, will you never let me have a moment's rest?"

"I do not wish to disturb you, mamma."

"But you do—you do!" half sobbed, half snarled the old lady. "Dear Sir Charles, if you don't want to see me die, persuade her to let by-gones be by-gones. I cannot endure this constant allusion to them."

Lady Oakley arose and left the room, shocked and hurt by this opposition to what she considered a solemn duty.

Sir Charles seated himself by the couch, and took the little withered hand, which lay quivering on the cushions, in his. At times he could be serious and gentle enough; but it was usually when he had some selfish object to obtain.

"There, there, don't distress yourself. Her ladyship will forget all about it," he said, patting the hand with his soft palms.

"But it is so ridiculous. The idea of going down to that wretched old place, and asking questions among the people. I did not think she would descend so far—nothing but a lot of wreckers and fishermen. Oh, Sir Charles, stop her! Stop her!"

"I only see one way, and that is to go down myself."

"You! You!" cried the old woman, with fresh terror in her eyes. "Why should you care to find a person that you never heard of before to-day?"

"I do not wish to find this person, or any other American relation, be assured of that. Don't start, and ruffle your dear old Yankee feathers. This neither includes you or my mother."

"Oh!" sighed the little lady, appeased.

"But I do wish to keep my lady quiet, without contradicting her. Do you understand?"

"I—I don't know. A little, perhaps."

"If this search is to be made, I am the proper person to enter upon it."

"Oh, no, no!"

"Oh, yes, yes! Do be quiet while I explain. I have no wish to find this man, living or dead."

"But she has."

"I know that; but it seems difficult to comprehend why, if he left nothing but this old place, of which no one disputes your ownership; the proof of his death will be of no earthly consequence. If he is living——"

"But he is not, I tell you—he died long ago."

"Then, of course, there is little use in looking for him; so I assure you there will be no search in that direction."

"But how can you tell? She is so determined."

"How can I tell? Because I mean to take all the duties on myself, like a good, dutiful son."

"I really do not understand, Sir Charles. For you to go among those rough people would be dreadful. I would rather she did it a thousand times."

"But she might work in earnest. I should only pretend. While she thought me vigilant as a detective, the fish might suffer, but nothing else."

The old lady's eyes brightened. Her low cunning seized upon his meaning at once.

"And would you?"

"I would do anything rather than have my lady mother degrade herself by an hour's association with such people as you describe to me."

"My own dear boy! You are in earnest?"

"Of course I am; but we must seem to drop

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into her wishes, not oppose them. I will offer to make all the inquiries she desires. You must be quiescent."

The old lady smiled knowingly. She liked the part awarded to her, for, by this time, deception had become second nature with her.

"Now tell me all about the place," said the young man, confidentially. "Is it inhabited?"

"No. Since the agent's death it has been closed."

"A lonely place, you said, I think?"

"Very lonely. There is no house in sight."

"On the highway?"

"No. On a cross-road, full half a mile from the beach, along which the turnpike runs."

"Turnpike! What is that?"

"No matter. I mean the highway."

"So that is out of sight, and along the other road there is but little travel. Did you not say so?"

"Yes, it takes a sweep back to the main road, which is more direct. Oh, it must be a terribly lonely spot now."

A strange, sinister expression swept over the young man's face.

"Tell me," he said "just where I may find it."

Mrs. Rochester rose up on her elbow, greatly relieved. Half her apprehension had been swept away. With Sir Charles for an accomplice, she might hope to escape this keen search into her previous life. In a few words she described the house, and the means by which it could be reached.

"You will not stay," she said, anxiously. "Less than a week will be sufficient to satisfy her that nothing is to be learned in that horrid place."

"Not unless the fishing is remarkably good," answered Sir Charles, with the same crafty smile on his lips. "But here comes my mother."

Lady Oakley came into the room looking a little disturbed. Her high nature was constantly receiving shocks from the selfishness and craft of the mother she could not help loving, and would gladly have respected. When she saw Sir Charles sitting with the old lady's hand in his, a swift look of surprise swept across her features. He saw it, and gently dropped the hand from his clasp.

"I have been arguing with the dear old lady," he said, "and she is getting tranquil. There is every reason why she should be glad to learn something positive of her son's fate, and she begins to see it now. Her objection was, after all, a very natural one. You, my lady mother, are quite unfit for an investigation like this."

"Still it must be made!" answered the lady, with increased positiveness.

"Of course it must; but I am the only proper person to undertake a duty of this kind."

"You, Charles!" exclaimed the lady, astonished. "I did not expect this!"

"I fear you seldom do expect any good of me," answered the young man, with a flush of rather unpleasant consciousness on his cheek. "But in this you will find me very much in earnest."

With a swifter motion than had been observed in Lady Oakley for years, she came forward, her face radiant, her eyes luminous, and, bending over her son, kissed him on the forehead.

"Oh, Charles! you look like your father now," she said, with tears in her eyes. "He would have helped me in this, if I had ever had the courage to tell him of my doubts."

"You had no right to doubt," broke in the old lady. "I told both him and you, from the first, that James was dead."

"He believed it. I never did," answered the lady, gently; "but my son here will soon put the question to rest."

Lady Oakley was too full of the subject for any possibility of dismissing it from her mind at once, as Sir Charles most earnestly desired, for he was so little accustomed to the restraints of deception, that they hung upon him like iron fetters. Still he listened patiently to all that she had to tell him of the goodness, the grace, and wonderful generosity, which had made this half-brother so dear to her in that season when life had been a hard struggle to them all. She told him of one night when he had come to her room, while she was asleep, and softly kissed her on the forehead, with lips that awoke her with their cold quivering. Either in her dreams, or in reality, she had heard sobs in the room, and felt the quaking of a strong form as it leaned against her bedstead. Then she had heard footsteps and low voices outside the room, and, wondering what they meant, fell asleep again.

In the morning her brother was gone, and never from that day onward had she heard one syllable from him—nothing to convey a certainty that he lived, or a proof that he thought of her when dying.

Lady Oakley wept like a child when she gave these pathetic details to her son. The memory of this man had been so long locked up as a sacred thing in her heart, that it gushed forth like water from a smitten rock, at the first touch of sympathy from a source to which she had turned hopelessly till now. In the sweet trust which his words gave her she besought him to

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lose no time in searching out the history of this lost brother.

The young man promised with far too much enthusiasm of sympathy for the satisfaction of a cool observer; but Lady Oakley was for once blinded by intense feeling, so she accepted his offer of help gratefully, and with perfect faith.

All this time Mrs. Rochester lay on her couch, with a scent-bottle of crystal and gold held to her nose, and such crafty gleams of intelligence breaking through the indolent droop of her wrinkled eye-lids, as we may observe in a waiting cat when a mouse is creeping toward a trap.

"Ah!" she said, inhaling the pungent odor from the glittering little flask in her hand, "this is all that I ask. No one can imagine how my poor nerves have been shaken. When Beatrice has lost a son, as I have, and mourned his death almost at the expense of her own life, she will understand how cruel it is to drag the old sorrow back into one's existence. I do not blame you, my dear—far from it. No mother was ever more patient; but you should remember that the feelings which we never speak of are always most painful. Think how that poor Spartan boy must have felt when the fox was exposed tearing at his heart."

Lady Oakley was walking up and down the room. It was seldom that she gave much heed to her mother's sentimental complaints; but just now she was softened into tenderness by this unexpected sympathy from her son, and bestowed some undeserved compassion on her own mother. Seating herself on the couch, she took the little woman's hand.

"Forgive me, mother!"

"Mother!" interrupted the suffering parent, using the crystal flask with pathetic haste. "Mother again!"

"Well, mamma! It may be that we shall learn that dear James is alive. It will be a mournful satisfaction if we are made certain of his death even."

"Satisfaction! Oh, how can you use such words to his poor mother. I cannot stand it—indeed I cannot," cried the little lady, and, gathering herself from the cushions she went, weeping, from the room.

CHAPTER XX.

A RUINOUS old house stood within sight of the ocean, far down on the Jersey shore—a large house, with a foundation of brick, and a superstructure of wood. Around it lay a neglected farm, the soil worn out with rough tillage, the fences broken, and in places torn away from continued neglect.

The farm had been owned years before by a young man from the south, who passed out of life, so far as any one knew, about the time that his relatives had abandoned the property, and gone to Europe. About this time the mother of this young man had put in her claim to ownership as heir to her son; but, after that, had left the property to the care of an agent, who tilled it for his own advantage, rolling the soil greedily, while time crept, with a slow progress of decay, over the house.

Some fine old forest-trees were still on the place, bushes of ragged shrubbery struggled with grass and weeds in the deep front-yard, and a sturdy vine or two still threw its foliage over the long veranda in front of the house, from which the white paint was worn, and beaten off until you could hardly tell what color it had been.

Sometimes this old mansion had been inhabited; again, it had stood empty for years together. A little care had been taken to protect the interior from the weather, and that was all.

At present it stood amid its exhausted grounds, bleak and empty, so far as could be seen through a broken window from the veranda, for there a man stood looking in, pale and anxiously, as if the desolation without and darkness of the interior troubled him.

For awhile this man walked up and down the veranda, with his face drooping to his breast, and his hands locked behind him. His footsteps, heavy and slow, sounded loud in the stillness, so loud that he sometimes checked them, and stood motionless, lost in thought, or looked around cautiously to make sure that no one was watching him.

At last he saw a man coming from the neighboring village, and turning quickly toward the door, thrust a key, which he took from his pocket, into the lock. Rust had gathered thickly around the iron, and it was only with a powerful wrench that the bolt was shot back, grating sullenly as it moved.

With a shake of the solid wood, and a dash of the foot, he forced the door open, and hastily shut himself in the hall, where he found himself standing between two empty rooms hung with cobwebs, over which a gleam a sunshine broke here and there through the fractured glass. Most of the windows were darkened with shutters, but enough of light broke into the house to make its nakedness inexpressibly dismal, and to reveal the stern, rugged face of the man as he stood still and grim in the midst like some haunting ghost driven there by fate. After

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a little while he began to move from room to room as if he expected to find some traces of habitation more than had yet presented themselves. He wandered through the ground-floor, pausing to open a shutter cautiously here and there while he took a survey of the empty rooms.

As the light fell upon this man's face it revealed hard, stern features, that once had been handsome, no doubt, and which were capable of great mobility of expression even now, while a cloud of pathetic sadness passed over them.

"How dreary it all is," he thought, looking around with his sad, heavy eyes. "Still it is better than that crowded tenement-house. The air is fresh from heaven, and there must be some vitality left in the land, enough for food, at any rate. But how can all this nakedness be covered? It seems a hopeless plan at best. If we only had a little furniture now. Something must be left, no matter how little, it would be enough."

With these wandering thoughts in his mind the man mounted a second flight of steps and reached the attic. Here a locked door intercepted his explorations, and raised the vague hopes that had been growing fainter and fainter in his mind. With sudden impatience he shook the pine boards of which the door was made until the rusty bolt bent inward; another thrust, and a vigorous dash of the foot, left a dark opening through which the intruder saw a heap of dust-laden furniture, which had probably been lying there for years.

"Ah, here it is!" said the man, aloud, and his face brightened all over. "If there ever was a special Providence, this is it. Why not? It is to be expected that the Good Lord will take care of his own angels, wherever they wander."

The man disturbed nothing, but closed the door again with a lighter heart than he had felt for years. After wandering over the house again, he looked cautiously through the front-door to make himself certain that no one was in sight, and then stole into the veranda, and stood where a great straggling honeysuckle, heavy with flowers, hid him from view.

"I remember planting it," he said, allowing his eyes to run lovingly over the great masses of foliage that climbed in wild freedom over the veranda and up to the second-story windows. There should be an old-fashioned white rose-tree—but that is dead, no doubt. Oh, I see a gleam of mountain-pinks in the borders, and some yellow lilies, that will be in flower some day. I wonder if any white ones are left. There should be white lilies where she lives. Ha! there is an old prairie-rose tangled up with that clump of weeds."

With all the pleasure that a child feels in some new discovery, this man sprang down among the weeds and tenderly lifted the rose-bush, branch by branch, and fastened it to the veranda; then he strolled outside into the fields, which were barren enough, but some portion of them had been lying waste, and gathering strength for new crops, which might yet be put in, late as the season was.

After all, it is difficult to check all that is beautiful in nature by any effort of man's toil or neglect. Back of the house an old apple-orchard was laden down with blossoms, and by the fence a lilac-hedge tossed its purple plumes to the wind with breezy freedom. In the garden he found an asparagus-bed, that had run out of bounds, and tufts of strawberry-vines, scattering the snow of their flowers among the weeds.

All these things were a God-send to this strange man. They gave him a sense of ownership—a power of giving to others inexpressibly sweet. A feeling of self-respect came back to him—he might yet be of use to his fellow men. Hours and hours he wandered around the old place, cautiously keeping at some distance from the house, but growing bold as he tramped over the outlying fields, where all the world might come.

After awhile he leaped a broken stone-wall and walked down the road, firmly and with a quick step, altogether unlike the drooping, heavy-shouldered gait with which he had approached the old house.

"Do you live about here, my fine fellow?"

Burke lifted his head as he heard himself thus suddenly addressed, and saw a young man, mounted on a much better horse than might be expected in that part of the country, who leaned toward him from the saddle with an air of superiority that might have impressed a man born and bred upon the coast, but it only brought a smile to the pedestrian's lips.

"Yes! I belong here."

"Um! Ha! Perhaps you could give me some information."

"Perhaps. Well?"

"Is there any place to let? Any unoccupied house in the neighborhood?"

"Not that I know of."

"But I was directed to take this road."

"It will take you to the village in a roundabout way; but you have left the direct road."

"Have I? Thank you! That is what I want to know."

Here the young man touched his hat, as if from habit, and rode on, rising and falling in his saddle with all the dash of a thorough-bred English groom.

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Burke looked after him with a puzzled and anxious expression of countenance.

"Some gentleman's groom! What can he want down here?" he muttered, uneasily. Then his countenance relaxed, and he walked on muttering, "Why there is nothing in it. A hundred strangers swarm along the coast now where it was given up to fishermen in my time. The fellow belongs to some family looking out for a home in the hot months. I shall never comprehend the changes that years have made."

With these thoughts Burke flung the subject from his mind, and walked quietly on.

Now the road drew toward the coast. A broad expanse of the ocean rolled between that and the zenith, on which the sunshine was showering diamonds, that rose and swelled in rifts as a light breeze swept the water. Burke stood still and drew his breath, with a great heave of the chest. When he last saw the ocean come rolling in with such majestic brightness, the warm blood of youth was in his veins. How much suffering had brought down his strength since then? Still that bright breeze from the ocean brought vigor to his limbs and power to his brain. To him there was great happiness in the sense of freedom that it brought. Never had the prison-manacles really dropped from his spirit before.

"How broad it is! How grandly beautiful!" he cried, reaching out his arms as if he had been a little child, and the great, heaving ocean his mother. "Surely, surely, there is water enough to wash away deeper sins than mine. While God gives so much glory to the just and unjust alike, he gives hope too."

The man walked on. He had expected that these scenes, which brought memories of shame back to him, would be full of bitterness and gloom. But that had only been true so far as the old house was concerned. The desolation and solitude there had, indeed, chilled him to the soul; but a single view of the ocean, a broad burst of God's blessed sunshine, had swept all this from his brain. For the first time since he had left those prison-walls he felt himself to be a free man; and this realization, for the time, was happiness such as he had never expected to taste again. Now the coast became more rugged; rocks, covered with glossy sea-weed of a deep-brownish green, broke up the shore. Then came a sand plain, and, looming back of it, a high bluff, rocky in places, broken up with ravines, and bristling with pine and cedar-trees at the top.

A little to the right, half way between this bluff and the shore, stood an old house, blackened with storms, and fearfully weather-beaten from roof to threshold. The white sand around it gave no growth to weed or shrub; but a great, white pine-tree flung its weired shadow over the roof, and an old sycamore reared its ghostly white trunk behind the house, resting some of its gaunt limbs on the very ridge of the roof.

"No change here," muttered Burke, looking around. "Yes, the pine-tree has taken a double growth. It only came up to the garret-window when I left. How green and thrifty it looks. Ah me! how many years it is since I have seen a full-grown pine!"

As these thoughts passed through his mind Burke approached the house, and knocked at the door.

"Come in!"

The voice that reached him was old and sharp; but he recognized it, and lifting the latch, entered the house.

An old woman stood upon the hearth, with her keen eyes turned to the door with the sharp, curious look of a person whose home was seldom disturbed by visitors.

Burke paused upon the threshold, struck by the bent form and snow-white hair which bespoke the great age of this solitary woman. At last he lifted his hat, and advanced toward her. Something in his face seemed to rivet her attention. She shaded her eyes with one hand, as if looking out to see, then shook her head, and let the withered old hand fall.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" she questioned. "This old house isn't used to the sight of men, nowadays. It's years since the step of one has sounded natral."

"Who am I?" said Burke, drawing a deep breath. "That's of no consequence, mother, if you don't know."

"Don't know! How should I?" answered the old woman, sitting down on an old list-bottomed chair, and raking some half-dead embers together with a heavy pair of iron-tongs. "You don't suppose that an old woman like me has got time to fool away in trying to remember all the faces she sees coming and going on the coast, do you?"

"Certainly not, Mrs. White."

"How did you know my name?" demanded the old woman, sharply.

"Everybody, even the clam-boys, knows that."

"Oh! you get it from them, did you? I saw a lot of boys digging up clams from the mud down below. They are generally busy at every low tide. So they told you to come here. Just like 'em. Well, then, enough—what do you want?"

"Nothing particular, only the old house looked so nat— so inviting."

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"Inviting!" interrupted the old woman, shaking with crooked laughter. "I don't know of anything it invites but the wind and rain, without you've took a notion to the house-leeks and moss on the roof. They have spread and spread, since my boy went away, wonderfully."

"You have a son, then?"

"No, I haven't got nothing of the sort. He's a grandson, and gone out West. Some of these days he'll come home again, and then I'll have the old place patched up. No use tinkering about it till he comes."

"Are you expecting him?"

"I'm alers expecting him. Never hear a step on the door-stone but my heart stops still to listen. Oh, he's sure to come."

"I wonder you did not go West with him?"

"What, I—I go West, and the old man buried in sight? You can see the steeple from the garret-window, pinting up among the trees, like the topmast of a ship. Do the people think I'm a heathen, to live with one man nigh about sixty years, and leave him at last only because he's dead? No, no! he was laid out in the old house, and so shall I be!"

"You are speaking of your husband?"

"Yes, I am; and a better man, or a braver seaman never lived. The way he could manage a boat, and haul in a seine, was the most beauful sight you ever sat eyes on. Rain or storm, it was all the same to him. Only, he used to say, 'The stormier the better!'"

A strange smile lurked around the visitor's mouth. He had known something of the rough smuggler in his lifetime, and this blind indorsement of the old widow amused him.

"I wonder," he said at length, "that your grandson did not stay here with you."

The old woman flared up at once.

"What for? To spend his life digging clams, and catching crabs? He wasn't fool enough for that, wasn't our Dan. The old man hadn't worked night and day to save money to be laid out on Jersey harrows—not he. Dan did just what he ought to, and I uphold him in it. He's just one of the best boys that ever wore shoe-leather, and writes to me once a year steady as a clock. If it wasn't for that, I might feel lonesome. Then there is the other boy."

"Ah, you have two grandchildren then?" said Burke, who seemed to have some object in prolonging these inquiries. "The clam-boys down yonder told me something of the kind."

"Did they now? Much they knew about it. He was tired of the beach, and out to school long before they knew how to throw a line. Since then nobody but me has seen much of him in these parts. You wouldn't believe that so genteel a fellow could have been brought up here, under the bluff; but that makes no difference with him. He comes down to see the old woman, and calls her "granny," just as he used to. It would do you good to see him a hanging about, just as he did when he was a little shaver, wearing out Dan's out-grown clothes."

"You must have been fond of the youngster."

"Fond. I should think so. That was why I took you up so short when you came in. The minute I hearn a man's step on the door-stone, I thought it was his; and when you came in with that black hair and stubbled beard, the disappointment sort of sat me agin you; but I'm a gitten over it now, so put down your hat and take a chair, while I rake the coals together, and hang over the tea-kettle. You've just come in time for a cup of tea, and a mouthful of short-cake. I only wish the boys were here to set by."

"With all my heart, I wish they were," said Burke, flinging his hat on the floor.

"Well, for want of them, you'll have to do. There, now, just fan the embers with your hat, while I get some kindling-wood."

Burke, well-pleased with this employment, and satisfied that he was not known, knelt down upon the hearth, and taking his soft hat between both hands, soon sent sparks of fire flying up the wide mouth of the chimney.

Directly the old woman came in with some kindling-wood on one arm, and a ponderous iron tea-kettle dragging down the disengaged hand. Burke sprang up, and took the kettle from her, at which a flash of angry fire came into her eyes.

"Do you think me so old that I can't lift a tea-kettle," she said, straightening her form with a struggling lift of the shoulders. "Why, young man, I ain't a day over eighty-five!"

"But I wouldn't let any lady carry such a weight," answered Burke, smiling.

"Oh, ah, sure enough! Some people wouldn't. There is Arthur—he wouldn't let me carry in an armful of oven-wood if he could help it; but law! it's all of no use! Just as if I would eat the bread of idleness! There, now, why don't you put the kettle on?"

"But how? Must I set it flat on the fire?" said Burke, making a bewildered search up the black mouth of the chimney, where a great iron hook swung from a cross-bar, but so high up, that no common flame could reach it.

The old woman laughed, so brokenly, that you would have fancied the tea-kettle had been cracked, and was laughing for her.

"Mercy on us! Don't you see the tramel?"

"The what?"

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"The tramel-hook. Let it down a hole or two! I had the great iron pot on biling potatoes for the pig last. That accounts for its being hitched so high up the chimney."

Still Burke looked puzzled. His stupidity, as she thought it, put the old woman out of patience. She flung down her kindling-wood, seized upon the flat bar of iron, perforated with holes, and sliding an iron rod attached to it downward, fastened the hook at the right distance from the fire, with a triumphant chuckle.

"Now see if you can put the kettle on," she said, in high, good-humor, rattling over an old dancing tune, "The kettle on, the kettle on. Molly put the kettle on. We'll all take tea."

"Now, I'll bet a cooky you never heard that tune afore."

"Not that I remember," said Burke.

"Knew it! How young people do fall short of them, I remember. When I was a girl, we used to dance to that tune. Some of us had a gift for singing; by the way I rounded that off just now, you'll know I was foremost among 'em. Well, the girls that could sing, just took turns, and rolled that tune out, words and all, while the rest danced to it; so it was dance and sing by turns all the evening. But what's the use. There's neither dancing nor singing among the young folks in these days. Well, well! put on more wood, while I roll out the short-cake."

To some people this loquacity might have been tiresome, or a cause for ridicule; but to Burke, who had known the old woman in her younger days, there was something pathetic in her desire to talk.

Directly she came forth from the back-porch, with a long-handled frying-pan in her hand, in which the golden circle of a short-cake lay like a cushion. This she sat down on the hearth, resting the handle on the back of her own chair, and bade her visitor watch that it did not burn, while she set the table.

Burke drew his chair up to the hearth, and entered upon his duties, with demure vigilance, by no means assumed. There was a home-feeling in all this that touched him sensibly. The shelter of a roof, even so humble as that, had been denied to him many years, and he felt the glow and warmth of a home with satisfaction, for the brief time that it was awarded him.

Back and forth the old woman went, like the worn-out horse in a cider-mill, performing much from habit, when all strength was gone. She brought forth quince preserves in a saucer, plum preserves in another saucer, a golden round of butter on a plate of some different pattern, and tea-cups that matched neither plate nor saucers. But everything was neat. The table-cloth was white as snow, and the pewter tea-pot shone like silver, as she brought forth the japan canister, and, filling the top, evened it off with a slow sweep of her quivering old finger, and put the tea to drawing on the hearth.

"It's so long since I have had any company, that I sort of forget," she said. "Oh, there's dried beef and pot-cheese. Dear me! I used to have that, but it's long ago. The old man was moster fond of pot-cheese; but it's lonesome getting up such things all for one's self. So I've got out of the way."

"It is lonesome," said Burke, with tears close to his eyes, for he remembered a solitude far more oppressive; and compassion for that old woman brought pity for himself.

"What do you know about it?" answered the old woman. "Young folks can't be expected to understand."

Here the old lady took hold of the frying-pan by the handle, and gave it a toss, which turned the short-cake in a second.

"Not many York girls can do that," she said, watching the short-cake settle down to its place, with a twinkle of triumph in her eye. "How our Dan used to enjoy seeing me flap over a cake like that. If he was only here now——"

The old woman broke off suddenly, and with her head turned, stood motionless, with one hand held up to her ear.

"That's his step! That's his step!" she whispered. "That's his step!"

FOREVER.

BY MARY W. MICKLES.

The shimmering moonbeams sifting through
The elm-boughs, kissed the river;
While night-winds caught again the words—
Love ever, and forever.

Alas! fair Summers come and pass,
And fondest hearts soon sever;
On pleading prayer on paleing lips—
Love me ever, and forever.

Again the broad, brown breast of earth
June's regal splendors cover;
Again lives touch, love was to join
Forever, and forever.

Their lives touch here, one loyal heart
Feels life's love-dream is over,
And mourns a dead that ne'er will wake—
Dead love is dead—forever!

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give this month, first, something entirely new, suitable for grenadine, organdie, or any

of the thin fabrics belonging to the season. It does away, as you see, with the over-skirt in fact, but not in design; the demi-train skirt has the square tunic, outlined by a marquise ruche, composed of the material, (simply bound, top and bottom,) twenty inches deep at the back, and only eight and a half inches at the sides. The corsage is cut in the Princesse shape in front, and has a puff at the back, caught up by a sash of the marquise ruching, with rounded ends. The same ruch, placed in front as traces and at the edge of the sleeves, forming the cuff to a tight coat-sleeve. Fifteen yards of single-width grenadine, and twelve of yard-wide organdie will be required

Next we give a pretty design for a Percale costume, one of those charming striped to be had in every color. It is made just to touch, and the under-skirt is simply ornamented by a ruffle cut on the bias six inches deep, headed by a bias band of self-colored cambric, corresponding with the color of the dress proper. The Polonaise is cut quite long in front, and looped very slightly at the sides; the back is caught up with bow and sash-ends of the cambric. The whole is trimmed to match the under-skirt. On the corsage a vest is inserted of the cambric,

as may be seen. Open sleeves, with a frill and band like the skirt, are ornamented with a bow

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of cambric to match. The piece ornamenting the front of the Polonaise is graduated to the waist, and buttons in the center. Fourteen yards of percale, and three yards of cambric are sufficient for this costume. The uniform price of American percales is twenty-five cents per yard. The cambric of solid colors vary from forty to fifty cents per yard.

Next on our list comes a pretty design for a sea-side costume, in light mohair goods. The under-skirt here, as in the first costume, is also perfectly plain, which seems to denote a decided change in the prevailing fashions, and to herald a much simpler style of dress, especially for very young ladies. The colors, too, are contrasting, the under-skirt being a lovely sea-green, and the upper one and coat-basque are of very light gray, simply ornamented with a narrow band of the green, put on bias. There is very little fullness to the over-skirt, and it is but slightly looped at the sides, and not at all in the back. The coat-basque has long postil-

lion, beginning at the side-body, four inches shorter in the front. A deep sailor collar, back and front, of green entire, and coat-sleeves, very tight, completes this charming costume for a young lady of sixteen to eighteen years. The costume, to be perfect, must have the hat of

green silk, sailor shape, trimmed with a band of gray ribbon, and loops of the same, ornamented by two pink roses. All hats of this shape are worn on the back of the head—odd, but the prevailing style. The hat may be of straw, if preferred, gray or white, trimmed, of course, to match the costume. Six to eight yards of green mohair, and eight yards of the gray, will be required. Much depends upon the height of the person that is to wear it.

Above we give an effective and inexpensive design for trimming a white pique or nainsook. The front of the skirt has five very scant ruffles, scalloped and bowed, and put on "en tablieu," on the front breadths; one deep flounce is continued around the back of the skirt, twelve inches deep. The Polonaise is simply scalloped out on the edge. Over it is worn a small pelerine cape, also scalloped; it terminates in long

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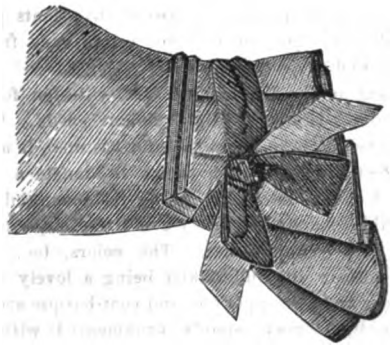
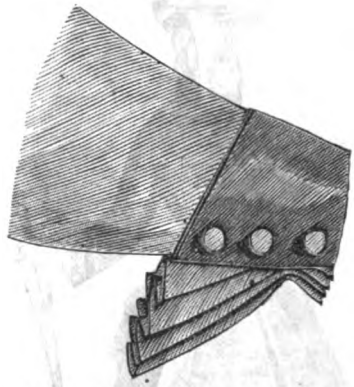
ends, which tie at the back, under the waist. Small coat-sleeves, with pointed cuffs. It will take fifteen yards of pique or nainsook to make this dress. The scallops may either be bound with white or black; either will be pretty, and wash equally well.

Next we give a most charming costume, both for its simplicity of style and effectiveness in color, for a young miss of twelve to fourteen

years. We have seen it made up in silk and cashmere, and it was simply perfect. But we propose to carry out the same idea in plain self-colored cambrics, so that our little misses may have an everyday-dress both lovely and at a trifling cost. The under-skirt, waist, and sleeves, are of plain turquoise-blue cambric. The skirt has a plaited flounce, twelve inches deep, cut straightwise of the material, hemmed on both sides, and put on with a heading made by a row of stitching one and a half inches from the top. A plain waist, and tight coat-sleeves, finished at



the wrists with a plaiting six inches deep. The Polonaise is of gray cambric or satin, without sleeves, and cut to lap quite over to the side, where it is fastened by a single button. The edge of the Polonaise is scalloped and bound with its own material; and it is looped at the sides, as seen, by bows of the blue cambric. A



larger bow and ends loop it at the back. These bows should be made double, else they will soon become stringy and tumbled. For a walking costume there must be a sailor hat of white straw, trimmed with gray and blue ribbon. Eight yards of blue cambric, at forty or fifty cents per yard; and five yards of gray will make this dress.

We also give two new patterns for dress sleeves.

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LADY'S SEA-SIDE JACKET—FRONT AND BACK VIEW.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

FRONT VIEW.

We give, here, the front and back view of a Lady's Sea-side Jacket. It is made of light cloth or flannel, and braided, as seen in the design. The diagram on the next page

BACK VIEW.

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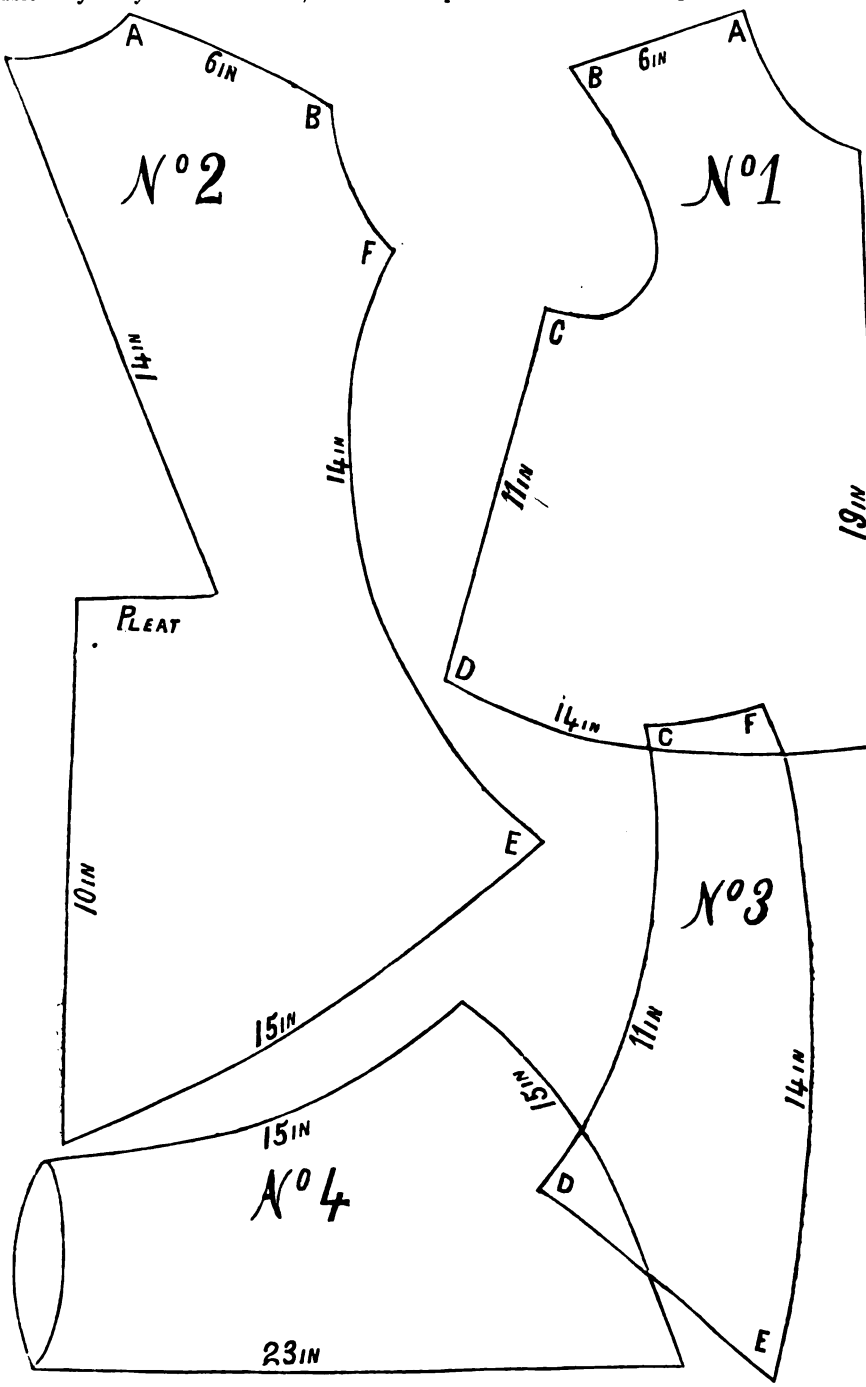
which represents the front and back, will enable any lady to cut it out, fit it correctly, and make it up at very little expense. It cannot fail to please.



No. 1. Half of Front.
No. 2. Half of Back.
No. 3. Side Piece.
No. 4. Half of Sleeve.

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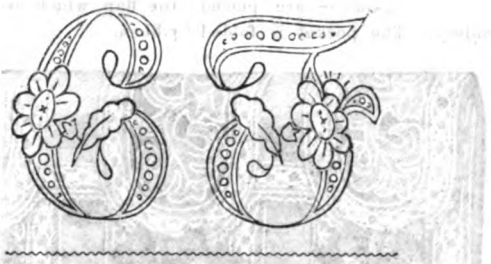
INITIALS.



NIGHT-DRESS POCKET—ROMAN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The foundation of this pocket is a strip of white linen, measuring twenty-seven inches long and nineteen inches wide. It is trimmed with three stripes of Roman embroidery in white linen, button-holed with white cotton, and bordered with a chain-stitch design, worked with

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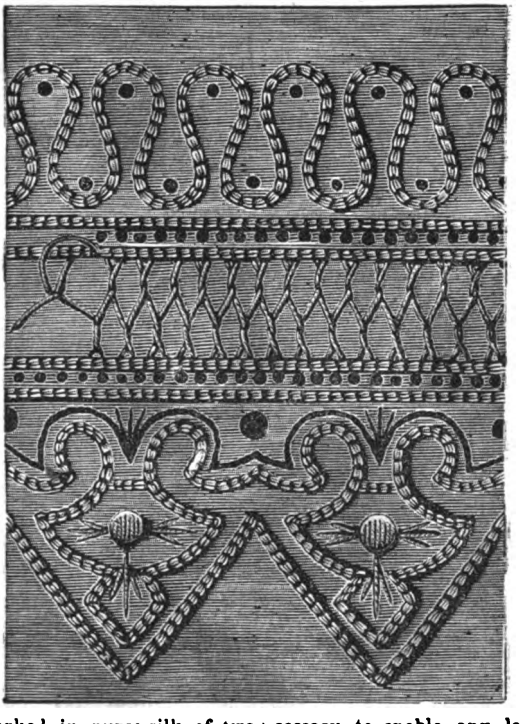
blue ingrain cotton. (Design in the full size shown.) Strips of blue cambric are placed under the embroidery. The pocket is folded eleven inches deep, leaving five inches for the flap, which is fastened with bows of blue ribbon.

DESIGN IN CHAIN-STITCH EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design is worked in purse-silk of two shades. The method of working the stitches is so clearly shown, that no description is necessary to enable any lady to understand it. The design is suitable for ornamenting opera-cloaks, etc.

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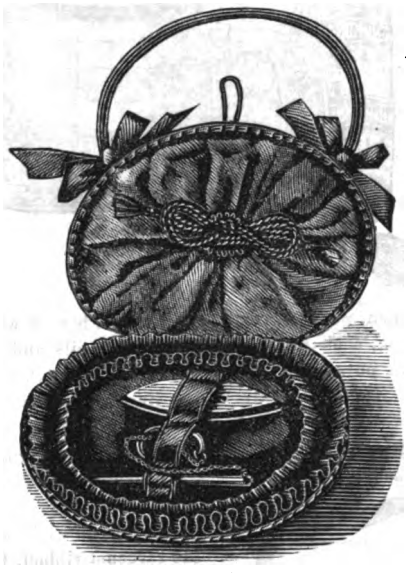
TATTING-BASKET.

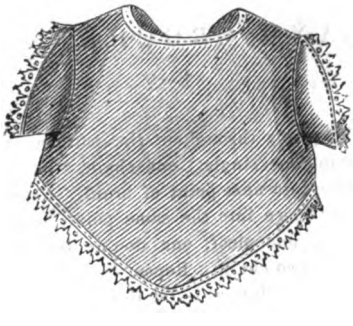
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

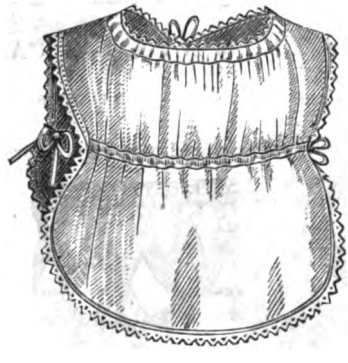


This is a small circular basket of willow. It is lined with silk. A strip of ribbon is sewn on in divisions for holding the shuttle, etc. On the upper side is sewn a straight strip of silk, drawn with a cord, thus forming a bag for holding the tatting. The handle is formed of a piece of wire, covered with ribbon, and finished with bows of ribbon at each end. A ruching of ribbon is placed round the inside of the basket, and it is fastened with a loop of elastic and a button.

INFANT'S PINAFORE BIBS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





White pique is used for this useful bib, which keeps in place better than the form without armholes. It fastens at the back with buttons, and is edged with Madeira work.

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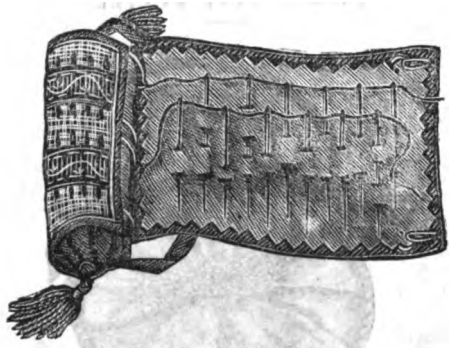
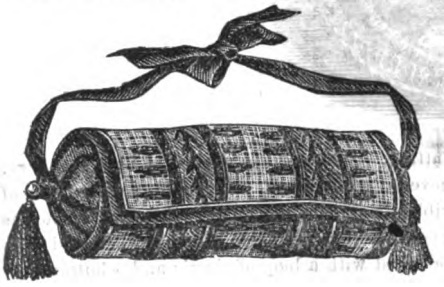
COMPANION FOR LADIES WITH WEAK SIGHT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials: Gray checked linen, white flannel, blue and brown sarcenet ribbon, each half-inch wide, brown silk braid, blue purse-silk, thin gold cord, etc.

The inner arrangement of this companion is



quite novel, and will be found of great use to ladies afflicted with weak sight in keeping a supply of needles threaded, ready for use.

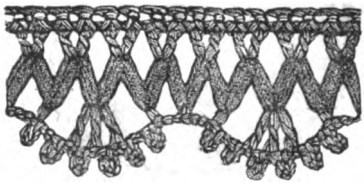
The outside is a straight stripe of gray checked linen, eight inches long and three inches wide, decorated in the length, half an inch from the edge, with a border worked in coral-stitch, with brown purse-silk and gold cord on blue sarcenet ribbon, edged with narrow, brown-silk braid, then lined with blue sarcenet ribbon, and bound with brown ribbon, which fastens at the same time a thin, gold cord.

A pocket is made at one end of the stripe to hold the two reels of cotton by sewing in with the binding on each long side of this, a piece of blue sarcenet ribbon, three-quarters of an inch wide and three and a quarter inches long, which, drawn together a quarter of an inch from the edge, on the second long side, gives the bottom, at each end, with rosette in the middle, a tassel one and a quarter inch long, of blue purse-silk, and a brown sarcenet ribbon, or cord, five and a quarter inches long, tied in a bow above, being sewn into each of these. The flannel stripe, four inches long and two and a half inches wide, is pinked at the edge, and fastened at each end to the case. The companion is closed with small buttons and loops of elastic.

TRIMMING-BRAID AND CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

For the Edge.—One single into a point of braid



two chain, one double into next point, one picot, (the picots throughout the pattern are of five chain, one single,) one chain, * one picot, one treble into next point of braid. Repeat from * twice more into the same point, one picot, one chain, one picot, one double into next braid point, two chain. Repeat from the beginning.

For the Heading.—1st Row: One treble into a point of braid, one chain, one treble into same point. Repeat. 2nd Row: Turn and work one double between each treble of preceding row.

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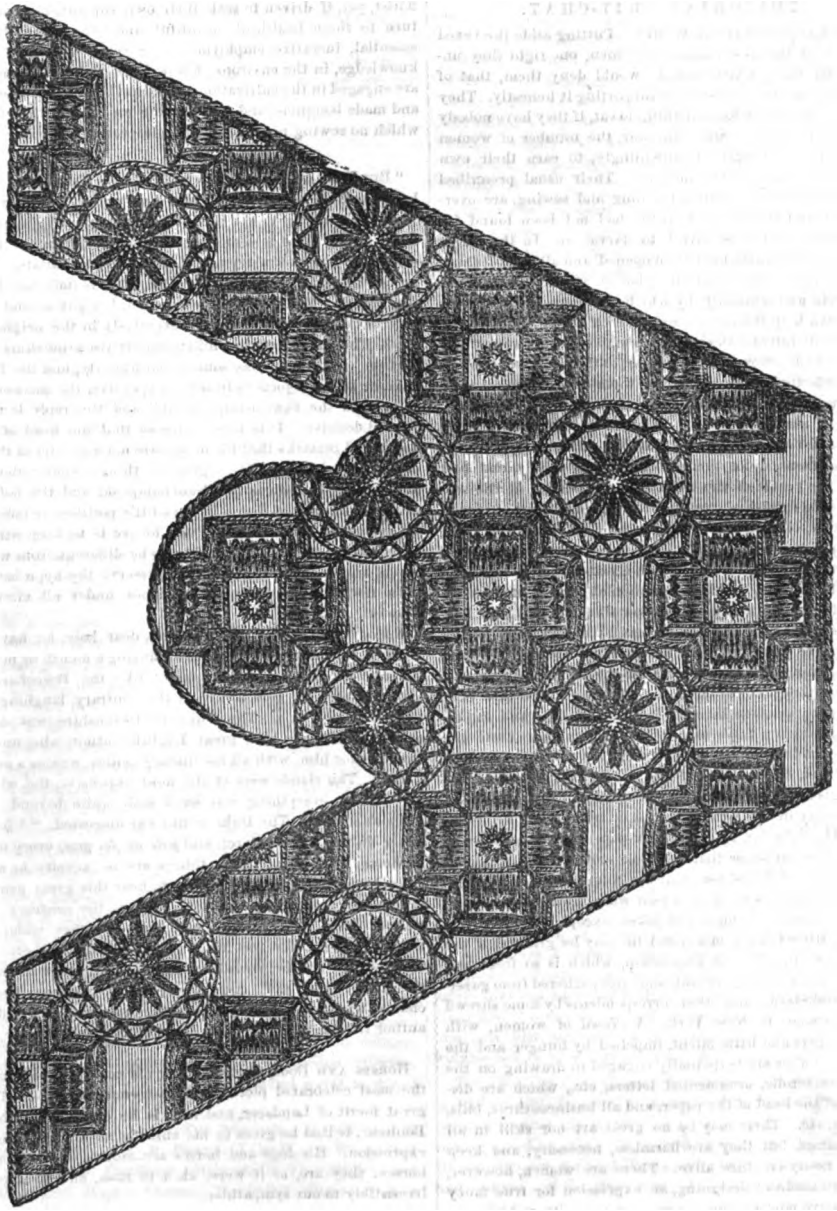
DESIGN FOR CHILD'S SLIPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design, as a whole, is not a Persian pattern; but, taken in detail, it is a repetition of two patterns used in Persian embroidery, and is worked on exactly the same principle. The foundation is of cloth; the embroidery may be of silk or wool. The work may be continued in the same direction the required length of the slipper.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

New Employments for Women.—Putting aside the vexed question of the new claims of women, one right they undoubtedly have, which nobody would deny them, that of life, and a means, if need be, of supporting it honestly. They must eat, and work for something to eat, if they have nobody to work for them. Since the war, the number of women thus forced, willingly or unwillingly, to earn their own living is largely on the increase. Their usual prescribed methods of bread-winning, teaching and sewing, are overcrowded, and if some new paths had not been found for them, many would be driven to starvation. In the larger cities such new paths have been opened, and all right-feeling, sensible men and women are glad of any new way, both honorable and womanly, by which their struggling poorer sisters can help themselves and their children. Chief among these handicrafts are the numerous applications of any artistic talent, which a woman may possess, to the serivce of the arts or manufactures. Women are now employed as colorists in photographic galleries, as engravers on wood, steel, and stone, on almost any kind of industry wherein delicacy of eye and touch is required. It is as designers, however, that the demand for their work is most steady, and best paid. The pupils of the Academies of Design in the seaboard cities furnish patterns for the manufacturers of carpet, wall-paper, oil-cloth, furniture, all kinds of iron, steel, glass, gold and silver-ware, chandeliers, flags, silks, calicoes, etc., etc. Our conservative reader, who, seated at the tea-table, quotes to his wife, in his indignation at certain modern reforms, the maxim that a shoemaker should stick to his last, and the woman to her needle, has little idea how female fingers have tampered with the comforts about him. One woman painted the gaudy roses on the Japanned tray; all day long, the year through, she sits somewhere in a fifth story dark room, emblazoning atrocious tulips and impossible grasses on trays and toilet-sets; another drew the dainty fern-leaf on his damask napkin; a third, an artist in her way, colored the wreath on the china plates. He opens his newspaper, here he fancies, but for the maudlin bit of poetry in the corner, he is safe from feminine intrusion. The Salic law reigns in newspaperdom as in France. But he does not know that the book notices were scribbled by the sister of the editor; that the column headed "Amusing," are clippings made by a poor widow, who sees nothing to laugh at in the company of jokes, except that they will buy her little folks a meal; and he may be grateful if the letter from the Vienna Exposition, which is so fresh and easy, be not a *rechauffe* of odds and ends gathered from gazetteers, guide-books, and other correspondents by some shrewd young woman in New York. A crowd of women, with ready fingers and little talent, impelled by hunger and the want of clothes are perpetually engaged in drawing on the wood the scrolls, ornamented letters, etc., which are displayed at the head of the paper, and all business-cards, bills, placards, etc. There may be no great art nor skill in all these things, but they are harmless, necessary, and keep many a needy creature alive. There are women, however, who have made of designing, an expression for true fancy and creative power; one has made a specialty of birds, another, very naturally, of babies—and both have won for themselves rank as artists.

Another large field open to women, and improved but by few, is the cultivation of plants. Nine out of ten of our lady readers, doubtless, are amateur horticulturalists or florist, yet, if driven to seek their own support, they never turn to these healthful, beautiful, and, what is quite as essential, lucrative employments. Several women in our knowledge, in the environs of New York and Philadelphia, are engaged in the cultivation and sale of berries, cut-flowers, and made bouquets, and are deriving an income therefrom which no sewing nor teaching would ever yield them.

"But Then the Beauchamps Do It."—Will there ever be a world, in which people will live quietly on their incomes, and not try to ape their richer neighbors? In every social circle, there is some person wealthier than the rest, whom the others are trying, all the time, to imitate. Let us call this great lady (for it is a lady that is imitated) Mrs. Beauchamp. Mrs. Beauchamp's bonnet, her gowns, and her entertainments, are the envy of everybody in the neighborhood. The ladies copy her toilets, and strive to outshine her parties. If they propose some social festivity, and the husband or father objects to it as too expensive, the answer is, "but then the Beauchamps do it," and the reply is considered decisive. It is to no purpose that the head of the household remarks that his means are not a quarter of those of the Beauchamps. The "genteel" thing—what a detestable word!—is to do as the Beauchamps do, and the ladies, as a rule, fancy that they will have little position, or none at all, otherwise. Now the true way to live is to keep within one's income, to avoid pretending to be different from what one is, and to strive to obtain and preserve the approbation of a few, who will be one's friends under all circumstances.

Nobody thinks the better of you, dear lady, for having pinched, and starved, and planned, during a month or more, in order to give an entertainment like the Beauchamps give. Everybody goes away, on the contrary, laughing at your silly pretence. The Duke of Devonshire was once asked to luncheon by a great English author, who, unfortunately for him, with all his literary genius, was, as a man, a snob. The viands were of the most expensive, the wines the rarest; everything was on a scale quite beyond the author's income. The Duke went away disgusted. "I have silver dishes, Lafitte claret, and *pate de foi gras*, every day, at home," he said; "these things are no novelty to me! what I wished, and expected, was to hear this great genius talk about subjects of interest; but, on the contrary, he talked like a rich cockney, who had no other claim to notice." The Duke was right in his censure. There are more people than is generally supposed, however, who do as this literary snob did. Everybody, almost, has some Beauchamp, whom he, or she, is copying, just as the London author tried to copy the great Duke of Devonshire.

Horses and Dogs, after Landseer, is copied from one of the most celebrated pictures of that eminent artist. The great merit of Landseer, and in this he excels even Rosa Bonheur, is that he gives to his animals an almost human expression. His dogs and horses are more than dogs and horses: they are, as it were, akin to man, and so appeal irresistibly to our sympathies.

Double Its Price.—The Kingston (Canada) Whig says:—"Peterson is the best edited and most liberally conducted ladies' magazine in America. It is up to the mark in all departments, and rivals periodicals of double its price."

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A NEW VOLUME began with the July number, affording an excellent opportunity to subscribe. Clubs may begin with either this number, or the January one, but with no others. Single subscribers, at the full price of two dollars, may begin with any month they please. We still allow additions to be made to clubs that began with the January number, at the same price as is paid by the rest of the club. See the Prospectus for our liberal offers to clubs, and for premiums.

"THE BEST ANYWHERE."—The Fort Madison (Iowa) Democrat says:—"The stories in 'Peterson' are the best published anywhere."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Farm Ballads. By Will Carleton. New York: Harper & Brothers.—There are poems which command recognition, and hold fast to the hearts of readers through years and centuries, and there are others which come to-day and go to-morrow. Of the latter sort are Mr. Will Carleton's. One or two of them have won a broad popularity; the most successful of them all being "Betsy and I are Out," and it, unfortunately, happens that that one is claimed as the property of another author. In this beautifully printed, bound, and illustrated volume, there is not a single poem half as well done as the one named; and yet we do not think that one is sufficiently meritorious to fight about. In fact, there is not a poem, from cover to cover, if poetry means anything more than rhyme. Many of the pieces have not even the merit of clever rhyme, being false in measure, crude and rough in execution, and absolutely devoid of smoothness or harmony. As for Mr. Carleton, he lacks the first quality of a poet—imagination. Turn his verses into prose, and there would not be an idea worthy of remembrance in them all, nor would anybody care to read them.

Old Kensington. By Miss Thackeray. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Miss Thackeray, daughter of the great-hearted English gentleman, William Makepeace Thackeray, whom we all loved, always commands our best attention when she announces a new novel. She knows how to paint scenery as few authors do, to depict the most delicate and the most vigorous characters with marvelous skill and precision; and she knows how to write without a meretricious trick or flaw. Old Kensington is the longest, we believe, and the best, we think, of all her stories. The air of the English Parks, which she describes, is not sweeter, or more grateful, than the atmosphere of this whole story, which the glamour of love beautifies to the reader's entire satisfaction.

Lorimer Littlegood. By Frank E. Smedley. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This story of a young gentleman who wished to see life, and did see it, will be found exciting reading by those who like the rollicking style of narrative in novels, admirably set off by humor not too broad, and an unending succession of spirited incidents. Mr. Smedley, while having a manner peculiarly his own, will remind most readers of the mirthful vein of Lover, and his delineation of grotesque characters is not far behind Dickens. Lorimer Littlegood will be found a capital novel to dispel melancholy and dull care.

The Old Countess; Or The Two Proposals. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—We noticed last month Mrs. Stephens' admirable and exciting novel entitled, Lord Hope's Choice. The "Old Countess" is a sequel to it; and every reader who enjoyed the pleasure of perusing the former story, will desire to find in the latter the ends of the threads which the genius of the author has so deftly woven into both of them. Every new work by Mrs. Stephens is warmly welcomed by all the literary world; and for this latter novel she has, by its attractiveness, deserved the most cordial welcome.

Historical Sketches of Plymouth, Luzerne County, Pa. By Hendrick B. Wright. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—To the historical student, no matter to what section of the country he belongs, the history of one of the earliest settled portions of one of the thirteen original colonies, this work will prove to be of great interest. It is a faithful picture of the "old times," when Western Pennsylvania was on the borders of the *terra incognita;* it notes the early habits, customs, and amusements of the old settlers; giving memoranda of the early merchants, ministers of the gospel, physicians, and schoolmasters. These things in themselves seem trifles, but when collected into volumes, they compose the valuable libraries of the county from which the county's history is made up. A valuable feature of the work is its collection of photographic portraits, of which there are twenty-five.

Queen Loo, and Other Poems. By Gay Naramore. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—The leading poems in this prettily-gotten-up little volume, are The Prehistoric Woman, and Rights and Wrongs; both of which treat in a humorous vein the ever-vexing question of Woman's Rights. They are not especially brilliant, nor does their author probably expect them to win more than an ephemeral notice from the public, but, as being pleasantly written, they are entitled to that. The rest of the book is made up of verses, which scarcely reach to the dignity of poems.

The New Magdalen. By Wilkie Collins. New York: Harper & Brothers.—An exciting story this, as all of Wilkie Collins' stories are. It all turns, however, upon the personation of one woman, supposed to be dead, by another. The incident is a trifling one, but the author has made excellent use of it, and built around it a work of genuine power. Wilkie Collins' place is difficult to fix precisely as a novelist; but, whether he be among the first, or second, or third rates, everybody wants to read his last novel.

Murphy's Master. A Novel. By Thomas Payne. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A novel beginning with murder, flight, and pursuit, having an excellent plot, two or three good characters, and ending with pretty much everybody's death, owing to the sinking of an island into the sea, upon which almost everybody in the book were. About this being an original as well as an exciting conclusion there can be no question.

Little Kate Kirby. By Frederick W. Robinson. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a cheap reprint of one of the best stories that Mr. Robinson has yet written. It is a bright, gossipy novel, containing pleasant society pictures, and a heroine that all readers will be interested in. It is not a great story by any means, but it will serve as well as another to ward off the ennui of these August days.

The Iron Hand. A Novel. By Alexander Dumas. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This present issue of The Iron Hand is a cheap, popular edition, bound in paper. Of a novel that has achieved such favor, little more need be said than that it is one of the most interesting, as well as one of the best historical stories that Dumas ever wrote. The volume before us is very profusely and carefully illustrated.

The Year. By D. C. Colesworthy. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A little book of poems, of more promise than fulfillment; written because the author could not help writing it, "and not for greed or gain." It derives its title from the fact that its contents are poems dedicated respectively to the months and seasons, and the chief merit of the volume is its breezy, out-of-door tone.

Little Grandfather. By Sophia May. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A very pleasant story of a boy's life from the time he puts on his "pocket clothes" until he got his first whipping for drinking too much cider. The author seems to have studied the ways of children, and to have produced a book that will interest them.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

T. S. ARTHUR'S TEMPERANCE TALES. *A New Subscription Book. Every Family should have a copy of it. Sold only by Canvassers. Large Discounts given.* SIX NIGHTS WITH THE WASHINGTONIANS; AND OTHER TEMPERANCE TALES. By T. S. ARTHUR, author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room." It is complete in One Large Royal Octavo Volume, with Portrait and Autograph of the Author, and Eleven, large, full-page Illustrations on tinted paper. It contains nearly six hundred pages, printed on fine white paper, from new, clear and open type, and is bound in heavy beveled boards, in a handsome and durable manner. Price in Cloth, full gilt back, $3.50; Red Roan, $4.50; Turkey antique, gilt edge, $6.00. We want a Lady Canvasser, in every town and village in the United States, to engage in its sale at once, who can make large wages at it. The character of the book and popularity of its author not only secures the aid of all ministers and the press, but the influence of all good men and women everywhere. Ministers of all denominations indorse and commend it. A copy of it will be found to be a welcome visitor to every house and cottage in the land. The illustrations and superb binding make it an ornament to any home, while the price is so low as to be within the reach of every family. Send at once for canvassers' circular and special terms. The work is sold only by the Publishers, and by subscription. Agents are wanted everywhere to canvass for it.

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WILSON SEWING MACHINE.—If an article is to be judged by its popularity or success, the Wilson Sewing Machine is certainly ahead of all competitors, as all the other companies' increase combined does not reach one-half of 4100 per cent. We would advise our readers to call and see a machine that can achieve such wonders, at the office of the Wilson Sewing Machine Company. Sold complete for $50, and warranted for five years. Salesroom at 1309 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.

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JOHNSON'S EMBROIDERY ATTACHMENT is an ingenious, very useful, and almost indispensable article to any one using a Sewing Machine. It is easily adjusted, and produces work equal to, and as beautiful as hand work. See advertisement on second page of cover in this number.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. VII.—TEETHING.

By the Registrar's report, one-eighth of the whole number of deaths in England, occurs during the second year of existence—a mortality very nearly equal to that of all the deaths occurring between the ages of ten and twenty nine years.

The cause of this great mortality is believed to arise from the fact, that during this period children *cut* the greatest number of teeth, and are, in consequence thereof, most susceptible to impressions of an irritating character; and pain and irritation incident to this period, most readily induces functional derangement of every organ of the body. That "teething gives rise to more of the maladies to which infants are subject than any other known cause," is a truth, the importance of which, to the mother, cannot be overestimated. And this *cause*, most unfortunately for the well-being of the infantile race, is too frequently overlooked by her and physicians generally; for the disturbance of the functions of the brain, organs of respiration, stomach, and bowels, arising from dentition, is often so great, and the symptoms so prominent, that the exciting cause (teething) is entirely overlooked.

The forming tooth, pressing upon the dental nerve below and the distended, sensitive gum above, induces pain and nervous irritation, which cause the heart to beat with greater violence and rapidity, and consequently, more blood than is consistent with their healthy functions, is propelled into those organs, and mischief results from unequal distribution of blood, more or less local congestion, and imperfect oxygenation.

Less danger results when the irritation of teething affects the bowels, as a moderate purging usually affords some relief, though often of a temporary character, to the child's sufferings.

If the diarrhœa continues, however, the circulation soon becomes languid, from a dimished supply of blood, as the unnatural discharge of fluids from the body lessens the amount of the circulating fluid, and the child soon becomes either peevish and fretful, or listless and languid, with an inclination to sleep, and manifests most clearly an impoverished condition of the blood, namely, a deficiency of red globules in it.

The lively sympathy existing between teething and the brain, is very frequently productive of convulsions; and long continued irritation in the gums should never be allowed to exist. When a child has once had convulsions during teething, it is rendered more prone to them, and hence the mother should be carefully watchful in the future, and have the swollen gums freely lanced whenever the child manifests any evidence of suffering from the impinging tooth. If this caution is attentively observed, the dreaded attack can nearly always be warded off.

The sympathy between "teeting" and the windpipe is also remarkable, particularly in children whose nervous organizations are delicate; though the robust as well as the pale and weakly are not exempt from these sudden attacks of spasms indicated by a *crowing*, croupy respiration. These sudden seizures of interruption to normal breathing are very alarming to the young mother especially, as the child struggles for breath, its face becomes livid, and when the spasm subsides, it looks much paler than usual. In all such cases the mother, instead of resorting to such nauseants as hive syrup, tincture of lobelia, antimonial wine, etc., should carefully examine the condition of the gums, and the cause will there be generally found, and the means of cure are lancing the tumid gum.

Other sympathetic relations will be noticed in the next number.

HORTICULTURE.

ON CLIMBING PLANTS FOR WALLS.—There can be no question that every wall connected in any way with a garden should be covered—usefully so if possible—the sight of stone, or wood, or bricks and mortar being abhorrent to good taste.

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The means of covering, however, must be guided by circumstances, and should be regulated so as to be as much as possible in keeping with surrounding accessories.

One of the chief difficulties of growing climbers is that of fixing them to the walls. At one time—and, indeed, generally still—invention stops short at the cast-iron nails and shreds of cloth—costly, clumsy, painful (as cracked knuckles often testify,) and abounding in shelter for the eggs of insect pests. There is no necessity for this unsatisfactory method of training where galvanized iron wire can be obtained, which is easily fixed to walls or pillars, is inexpensive, convenient, and durable, and to which the branches of plants can be readily fixed with wire or tarred string. This wire will be far more economical than wooden trellis-work, though, of course, that may be employed.

We shall now proceed to give a list of hardy climbers which will do for almost any walls, and which are within the management of amateurs.

The first is the well-known Virginia-creeper, *Ampelopsis hederacea*, so well known for its beautiful, changeable foliage, scarlet and crimson, in the autumn of the year. This will grow in any tolerable garden-soil, and is very rapid in its scandent powers.

The Climatis tribe affords several valuable subjects for the decoration of walls. Some of the newer kinds are really splendid objects as flowers, which in some cases reach an expansion of five or six inches. The colors are chiefly shades of purple, blue, or white, some of them banded with crimson stripes.

The Hedera, or ivy, is a climber for covering walls too well known to need much remark; indeed, it forms the closest screen of all.

There are several varieties of honeysuckle suitable for the purpose of wall-coverers. For a small space the beautiful *Lonicera aurea reticulata* is not unsuitable, but this is better for dwarf pillars or bushes round a central support. The whole tribe of Lonicera, however, forms rather a genus of bower and summer ornaments than wall-coverers proper.

Tecona (the trumpet flower) is a grand object as a climber where it can be grown. Good soil and treatment must be afforded.

Wistaria sinensis is one of the most rapid, hardy, and effective of all climbers. It requires, however, copious space to display it to advantage. Horizontal training is most advantageous for the display of its bunches (like grapes) of beautiful lilac or white flowers. It also has the valuable property of flowering when young.

THE CLOTHES MOTH.

This destructive little creature is, perhaps, the most insidious enemy our wardrobe and textile fabrics have to contend with, and careful housewives are always on the alert to thwart its destructive attempts at spoliation. To meet our adversaries, however, it is well to know something of their habits and nature.

It is not the moth that is the actual cause of mischief, but the caterpillar of the moth, which, as soon as it quits the egg deposited by the mother moth in some appropriate fabric, begins to collect materials to form its nest. For this purpose, having first spun a thin coating of silk provided by itself, it cuts filaments of wool or fur, close to the thread of the cloth, and applies the pieces to the outside of its case, to which envelope it tenaciously confines itself unless greatly disturbed

When feeding, it thrusts its head out at either end of the case, in which it can turn; but, when inclined to change its position on the cloth, it protrudes its head and about half its body, and, by fixing its hinder legs firmly in the case, drags the latter after it. When the case becomes too small, it collects the material from around it, and makes an addition at each end. This fact has been ascertained by observant naturalists removing the creature from cloth of one color to another, when the hues of the addition are plainly observable.

After changing into a chrysalis it remains quiescent for about three weeks, when a small moth of a silvery-gray color comes forth. We deem these particulars very essential, as it will be seen that in the first place the moth has to find a fitting receptacle for its eggs; then that the eggs have to lie for a certain time before they are developed into the maggot form, and afterward into that of the chrysalis, when it finally becomes a moth altogether, taking a considerable time, comparatively, before the creature commences its destructive mission.

There are very many remedies given. We have found that cuttings of Russian leather have proved protective; and a distinguished fly-fisher, who once suffered greatly from this moth getting among his store of feathered lures, has found by the introduction of a small piece of tallow-candle into his cases, that these ravages have been entirely overcome.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Stewed Beef.—Take a piece of fresh silver-side of beef, seven or eight pounds; with a sharp knife make five or six incisions across it right through. Cut as many square pieces of bacon, fat and lean, long enough to go right through from one side of the piece of meat to the other. Roll each piece of bacon in a mixture of powdered pepper, spices, and sweet herbs, and insert one into each incision; tie up the meat carefully. Line the bottom of a stew-pan with slices of fat bacon; put the meat on this, with some onions and carrots, cut in slices, some sweet herbs, a couple of bay leaves, parsley, whole pepper, and salt to taste; add half a bottle of common claret, and set the whole to stew gently for some hours, turning the meat occasionally. At the time of serving strain off the gravy, skim it well of fat, remove the string from the meat, pour the gravy over it, and garnish with Brussels sprouts plainly boiled.

Fillet of Veal.—A fillet of twelve or fourteen pounds will require nearly four hours' roasting before a good fire. Make some stuffing of a quarter of a pound of finely-chopped beef-suet, and as much bread-crumbs, a large spoonful of finely-chopped parsley, a little sweet-marjoram, the rinds of two lemons, grated, a tablespoonful of grated horse-radish, a little black pepper, and salt; these, all mixed together well with two hard-boiled, smoothly-rubbed yolks of eggs. Introduce this through the fillet, secure the stuffing with skewers and twine, baste it well, and make a gravy of the dripping, skim off the fat, and thicken with flour. Serve hot.

Beef-steak, Smothered with Onions.—Cut up six onions very fine; put them into a sauce-pan with two cupfuls of hot water, about two ounces of good butter, some pepper and salt; dredge in a little flour. Let it stew until the onions are quite soft; then have the steak broiled; put it into the sauce-pan with the onions; let it simmer about ten minutes, and send to the table very hot.

Stewed Lamb.—Take the best part of a neck of lamb. Put it into a stew-pan; fry an onion with a little butter, add it to the lamb, with a dozen chives, chopped parsley, and a handful of mushrooms. Stew gently in any kind of broth for two hours. Take it out, strain the gravy, and serve with the mushrooms only.

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DESSERTS.

Charlotte Russe.—To one ounce of isinglass, add one pint of water, and boil it until reduced to half a pint. A custard made of half a pint of new milk, the yolks of four eggs, quarter of a pound of sugar, one vanilla bean, boiled in a little new milk, and when sufficiently boiled, put in the custard. A quart of very rich, sweet cream, whipped until stiff; stir the isinglass-water, when nearly cool, into the custard, and then stir the whipped cream in thoroughly. Have your mould lined with sponge-cake. Serve with cream.

Lemon Flummery.—Squeeze four lemons into a basin, throwing in the rinds, but not the seeds; add half a pint of water, half a pound of loaf-sugar, and cover close for an hour; take out the lemon-rinds and again cover, and let it stand all night. Then strain through a cloth, and add one ounce of isinglass, and put it in a sauce-pan with six eggs. well beaten; set over the fire, and keep stirring one way till it is as thick as cream. When milk-warm, put into moulds previously dipped in cold water,

Sponge Pudding.—A quarter of a pound of flour, the same of sugar; boil with one quart of milk to a thick batter; after it is boiled, add a quarter of a pound of butter to it; mix well; then divide twelve eggs, the yolks from the whites, mix the yolks in the batter, beat the whites to a stiff froth, then mix the whole together; put it into another pan with some water in it, and bake it in a hot oven. To be eaten with a liquid sauce.

Custard Blanc Mange.—One quart of water or milk, four tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, one tablespoonful of sugar, and a pinch of salt. Let the water boil, then add the corn-starch and sugar dissolved in a little cold water. When done, pour in a deep dish, or cups which have been wetted in cold water.

Gloucester Pudding.—Weigh three eggs in the shell; take their weight in flour and butter; take twelve bitter almonds and five ounces of pounded sugar; beat all together for half an hour, and put the mixture in pudding-cups, filling the cups only half full. Bake them half an hour.

Porte-Manteaux.—Cut a strip of puff-paste three inches and a half wide, rolled down to an eighth of an inch in thickness; fill the strip with sweatmeats, and then roll it round and glaze with egg; then roll again, so as to cover the sweetmeats; glaze with egg, and place it in the oven.

DRINKS.

The Best Raspberry Vinegar.—Fill a large bowl with fresh-gathered raspberries, picked from their stalks, and cover the fruit with the best white wine vinegar. Let it steep for eight days, and then strain off the liquor carefully. Fill the bowl again with fresh fruit, and pour the liquor over it. Four days afterward, change the fruit, and let the infusion stand for four days longer. Then strain the vinegar carefully through a jelly-bag until quite clear, and weigh the juice against its own weight in lump-sugar. Boil it up for a few minutes with the sugar, removing the scum, and bottle it when cold. This syrup, mixed with water and lumps of ice, or soda-water, is very refreshing. A delicious syrup, closely analogous to what the French call *groseile*, may be made by squeezing the juice out of fresh, ripe currants (dry-gathered and picked from the stalks) into a bowl, and letting it stand until it stiffens. Then pass it through a tammy, and boil it up with an equal weight of powdered sugar. Let it stand for a day, then bottle it, corking it up carefully. Strawberry vinegar, which makes and excellent sherbet, is made by steeping the fruit in the best white wine vinegar, and renewing the fruit every day for four days, repeating the operation three times. Then strain the syrup, and boil it up with its weight of sugar. Let it stand a few days, and then bottle it,

A Wholesome Drink.—The excessive use of cold water during the excessive heat of the summer often results in serious and alarming illness. It is therefore advisable that some beverage should be substituted for it, of which those oppressed can partake with safety. For this purpose, we are aware of no better or more refreshing drink than the following:—Take of the best white Jamaica ginger-root, carefully bruised, two ounces, cream of tartar, one ounce, water, six quarts; to be boiled for about five minutes, then strained. To the strained liquor add one pound of sugar, and again place it over the fire; keep it well stirred till the sugar is perfectly dissolved, and then pour it into an earthen vessel, into which you have previously put two drachms of tartaric acid, and the rind of one lemon, and let it remain till the heat is reduced to a lukewarm temperature; then add a tablespoonful of yeast, stirring them well together, and bottle for use. The corks must be well secured. The drink will be in high perfection in four or five days. This is a very refreshing and wholesome beverage, and one which may be largely partaken of without any unpleasant results, even in the hottest weather.

Mint-Julep.—Put into a tumbler about a dozen of the tender shoots of mint, upon them put a spoonful of white sugar, and equal proportions of peach and ordinary brandy, so as to fill up one-third, or perhaps a little less. Then take rasped or pounded ice and fill up the tumbler. Epicures rub the lips of the tumbler with a piece of fresh pine-apple. As the ice melts you drink—through straws. *Cobblers* are very similar to juleps, only that they are generally made with wine instead of spirit.

Claret-Cup.—Take one bottle of claret, two bottles of soda-water, about half a pound of pounded ice, four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, a quarter of a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, one liquor-glass of maraschino, or two of sherry, and a sprig of green borage. Put all these ingredients into a silver cup, regulating the proportion of ice by the state of the weather; if very warm, a larger quantity would be necessary. Hand the cup round with a clean napkin passed through one of the handles, that the edge of the cup may be wiped after each guest has partaken of the contents thereof.

Blackberry Wine.—Take ripe blackberries, press the juice from them; let it stand thirty-six hours to ferment, lightly covered, and skim off whatever rises to the top; then, to every gallon of the juice add one quart of water, and three pounds of brown sugar; let it stand in an open vessel for twenty-four hours; skim and strain it, then barrel it. Let it stand eight or nine months, when it should be racked off, bottled, and corked close. It improves by age and a little brandy.

Elderberry Wine.—Put the ripe berries into a stone jar, which place in the oven until hot through; then strain through a coarse sieve; squeeze the berries and put the juice into a clean kettle. Add a pound of fine lump-sugar to every quart of juice; let it boil and skim it well. When clear put it into a cask, and add to every ten gallons of wine an ounce of isinglass, dissolved in cider, and six whole eggs. Close it up, let it stand six months, and bottle it.

Sherry Cobbler.—Fill a tumbler three parts full of pounded ice, to which add two wine-glasses of sherry, a tablespoonful of brandy, two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and two or three small pieces of lemon. Pour the mixture rapidly from one tumbler to another several times; throw in half a dozen strawberries, and drink the mixture through a straw or stick, or maccaroni.

Lemonade.—One ounce of rock tartaric acid, a pound and a quarter of lump-sugar, the rinds of three lemons, cut very thin; pour upon these ingredients one gallon of boiling water; stir it for some time after it is mixed, and again when cold; strain and use. Some people infuse a few sprigs of balm. which gives it a slightly aromatic flavor.

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Milk Lemonade.—Dissolve half a pound of loaf-sugar in one pint of boiling water, and mix with them one gill of lemon-juice, and one gill of sherry; then add three gills of cold milk. Stir the whole well together, and strain it.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—VIOLET SILK POLONAISE, with ruffle of the same, worn with a striped violet-and-white skirt, trimmed on the edge with two bias, self-bound ruffles. Black lace hat.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY AND HAVANA BROWN.—The upper-skirt and waist are made of the gray, and the skirt of brown, trimmed in the front with ruffles of gray, whilst a kilt-plaiting of brown extends around the rest of the skirt. A sash commences on the shoulder and extends to the waist, finished by long, floating ends, fringed. Rabagas hat, and parasol of the colors to match.

FIG. III.—BLUE SILK AND FRENCH MUSLIN SUIT.—The skirt is of plain foulard, and has four bias ruffles, put on scant. The Polonaise is formed of needle-work insertion, and flouncings to match.

FIG. IV.—DRESS FOR THE SEA-SIDE, MADE OF GREEN MOHAIR OR LINOS.—The skirt has a flounce fourteen inches deep, set on in double box-plaits, with a ruching of the same placed at intervals of three inches. The apron-front is finished by wide sash-ends, which are gracefully looped in the back. Close-fitting waist, cut in squares. Hat made of puffed crown of white silk, with straw edge, trimmed with black velvet and roses.

FIG. V.—DRESS OF BATISTE AND FOULARD.—The under-skirt is made of striped foulard, without trimming. The Polonaise is of Batiste, trimmed with a band of foulard, and large silk tassels placed at intervals on the edge, caught together in the front by large ribbon bows and ends. Leghorn hat with a wreath of ivy.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Some skirts are cut with a train which spreads out at the back, but can be looped up at pleasure for an out-of-door costume—for this may be either an in-door toilet or walking-dress. Short skirts, generally, are trimmed with many narrow ruffles, rather than several deep ones. A pretty way of making up tarlatan dresses, is to train the back of the skirt with wide, plain flounces, taking care that it hangs well as a train. The tablier in front is covered with narrow flounces, pinked out and arranged *en spirales*. The effect is very light and pretty. The bodices have small, full, *Directoire* sleeves, confined around the arm with a ruche of pinked-out tarlatan. Other tarlatan skirts are trimmed with narrow flounces, arranged in zigzag, and with a tulle veil completely covering the skirt. This style is especially pretty in pale-pink. The veil is caught up at one side only with a tuft of flowers.

For country wear some new white piques have been made according to special orders, and turned out very successfully. In one costume the skirt is kilt-plaited, and between every plait there is an insertion of English embroidery. Casaque, with large Robespierre revers, with a double row of buttons Basque trimmed with English embroidery. A dark-blue and a light-blue faille bow ornament the casaque. Another costume is made of slate-gray batiste; the flounces at the back are embroidered with white. The tablier is ornamented with a wide band, embroidered flat upon the skirt. Bodice embroidered on the basque and collar; waistcoat entirely of white English embroidery. The redingotes are, for the most part, cut either ordinary Polonaise, or Princess shape. The double-breasted Polonaise will also be much worn, for two reasons, viz., their novelty and extra warmth, the latter of which is a great consideration for the approaching season. When first introduced by some of our leading modistes, it was not successful, but at present is the favorite over-dress for all suits except those designed for full dress. It is a graceful and comfortable garment, is worn by young, middle-aged, and old, and is therefore popular on the score of availability, as well as beauty. To be *comme il faut* it mus be very long, with ample fullness in the skirt, and abundant drapery. After the collar, cuffs, buttons, pockets, and sash, are added, all other trimming is superfluous, and detract from its style. It may be loose, like a morning-wrapper, or else belted down.

For dressy occasions fichues of China crepe, arranged in bouillons, divided by satin bias, is worn over the low bodice, and fastened in front with a bow. The sleeves are not short, they are in the Marie Antoinette shape, with lace engagements, caught up with a band and bow of fringed China crepe. Sleeves are also trimmed with flowing bows of ribbon.

The most important change to be remarked in the evening toilet, is that which has taken place in the coiffure; and yet even here it is less apparent than in the day-time costume, since, with the decolletee-dress, some flow of hair is still left playing over the neck and shoulders, otherwise the coiffure would appear stiff and unbecoming. But the *tout ensemble* of the head-dress is altogether much higher and more elaborate than it was. The hair is tied high, and fastened at the back with a high Spanish comb of blonde tortoise-shell, while in front it is arranged in rouleau, or waves. Large clusters of flowers, and thick wreaths are now worn, and are composed of various flowers. These wreaths are placed so as to encircle the chignon.

A great improvement has been made in French gloves. The buttons are riveted instead of being sewn on, which is a comfort, now that they are worn so long. Those with three buttons are considered indispensable even for the street, and our *elegantes* wear them with five, six, and even eight buttons to cover the arm. This prolongation is the result of the enlargement of the sleeve. To follow the fashion strictly in gloves is really a costly proceeding, and we hear of all sorts of economical plans being resorted to in order to lessen the glover's bill. Some ladies adopt, for morning wear, buck-skin gloves, which resemble undressed kid.

Guipure lace, and jet fringes, are much used for Polonaises. A very elegant confection, useful for wearing on many occasions, is made of alternate stripes of black guipure, and Sicilienne, embroidered with jet; a heading of jet divides the stripes. The dress worn beneath is visible through the guipure stripe. In front the confection falls with square ends, and at the back it forms paniers. It is confined round the waist with a band passing through a large jet buckle; but instead of the buckle being in front, it is at the back. Guipure and jet fringe edge this Polonaise, and sometimes these are replaced with black and white Bruges lace, a novelty in laces, which produces a good effect.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A GIRL OF FOURTEEN YEARS, MADE OF GREEN FOULARD.—The skirt entirely covered with flounces. Bodice with postillion basque. Sleeves with revers. Black cashmere Dolman.

FIG. II.—SUIT FOR A BOY OF FOUR YEARS, MADE OF BLUE VICUGNA CLOTH, TRIMMED WITH WHITE BRAID.—Plaited skirt, trimmed in front only. Louis XV. waistcoat. Jacket, trimmed with large pockets and a sailor collar. Sleeves, with Louis XV. revers.

FIG. III.—BABY GIRL OF THREE YEARS.—White cashmere frock with plastron richly embroidered all over. The skirt is bordered by an embroidered band.

FIG. IV.—SUIT FOR A BOY OF FOUR YEARS.—Sash and skirt of dark-brown de bege. Scarlet silk stockings. Brown, English hat. Sailor Collar.

FIG. V.—DRESS FOR A GIRL OF TEN YEARS, MADE OF FOULARD.—The skirt covered with pinked-out flounces. Musketeer paletot of white cashmere, trimmed with black velvet and English embroidery.

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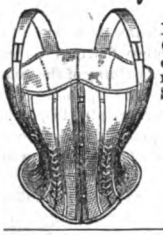

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

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WALKING-DRESS—BACK AND FRONT.

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WALKING-DRESSES.

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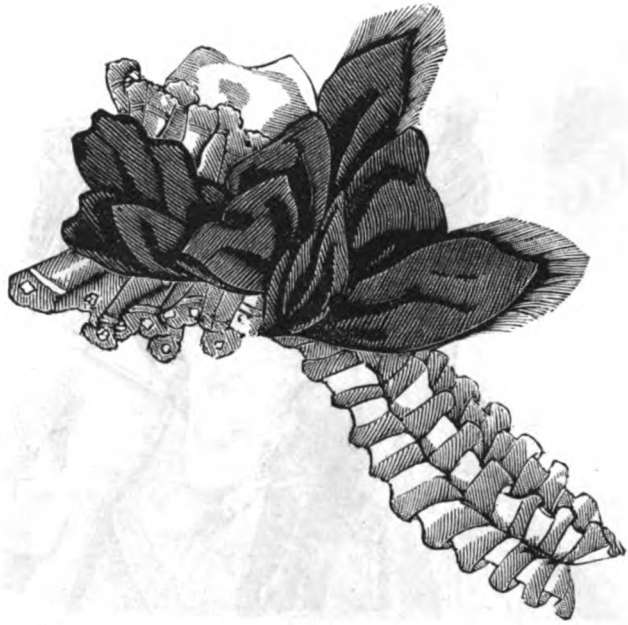

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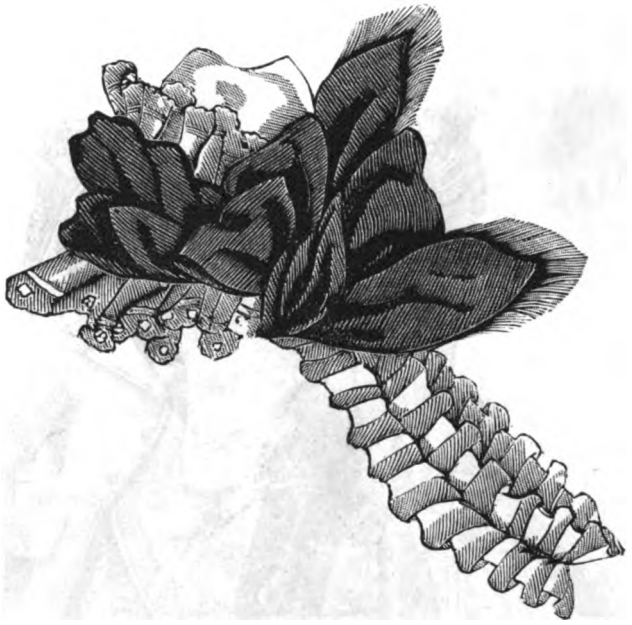

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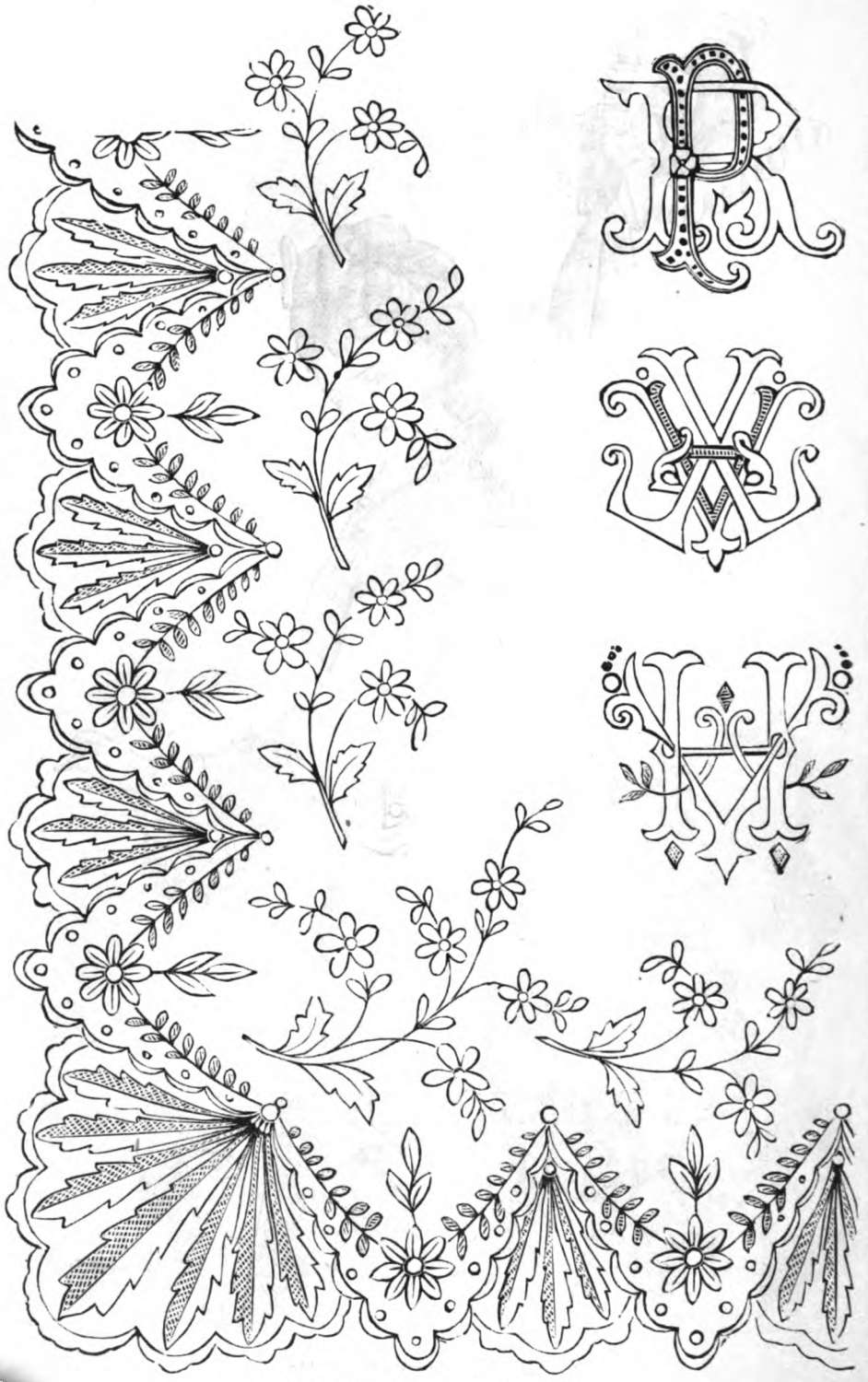

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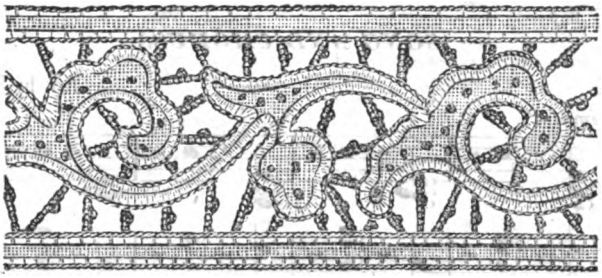

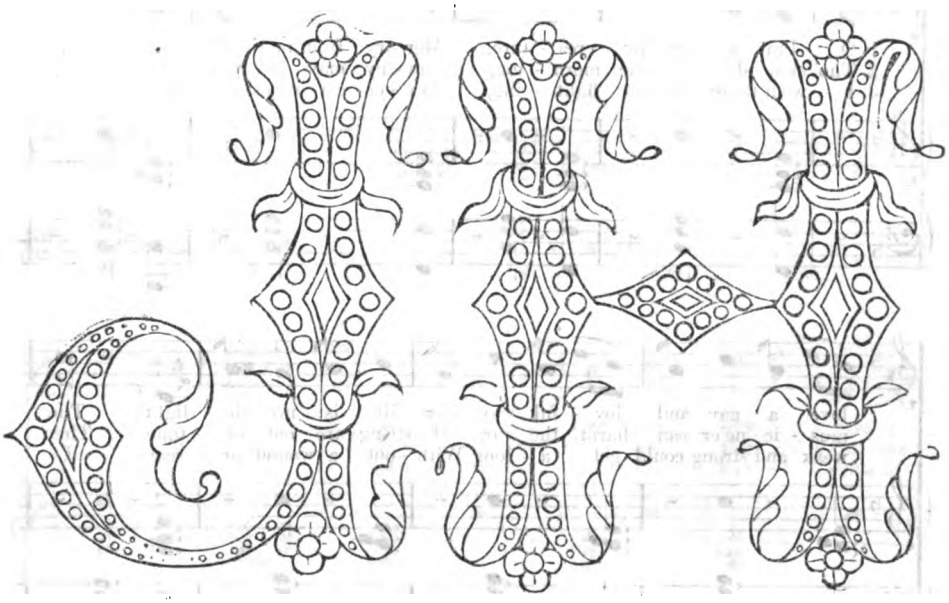

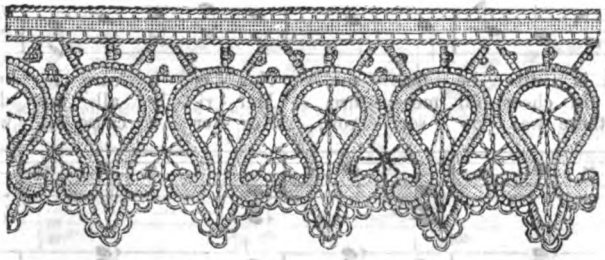

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NEVER A CARE I KNOW.

(*SONG AND CHORUS.*)

Arr. by SEP. WINNER.

Animato.

PIANO.

1. O I'm a hap - py crea - ture, Mer - ry from morn till night: I
2. Tho' clou - dy be the morn - ing, Sun - ny may be the noon: But
3. I wish there was no fight - ing, Nev - er a speck of war, That

love a gay and joy - ful way, For life is my de - light: The
mus - ic ne'er can charm the ear, If strings are out of tune. Then
weak and strong could get a - long With - out a wound or scar: I

world is all be - fore me, Nev - er a care I know, Then
sing in cheer - ful meas - ure, Mer - ri - ly all the day; And
wish there was no sor - row, Nev - er a cause of woe, If

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why should I de - spond or sigh, When pleasures free - ly flow:
with a smile for - get a - while Your sor - rows while you may: For the
on - ly we could all a - gree, How jol - ly times would go.

days roll on in the same old way: O give me then a

The world is all be - fore me, Nev - er a care I
heart that is gay. O sing in cheer - ful meas - ure, Mer - ri - ly all the
I wish there was no sor - row, Nev - er a cause of

know; Then why should I de - spond or sigh, When pleasures free - ly flow.....
day, And with a smile for - get awhile Your sor-rows while you may.....
woe, If on - ly we could all a-gree, How jol - ly times would go.....

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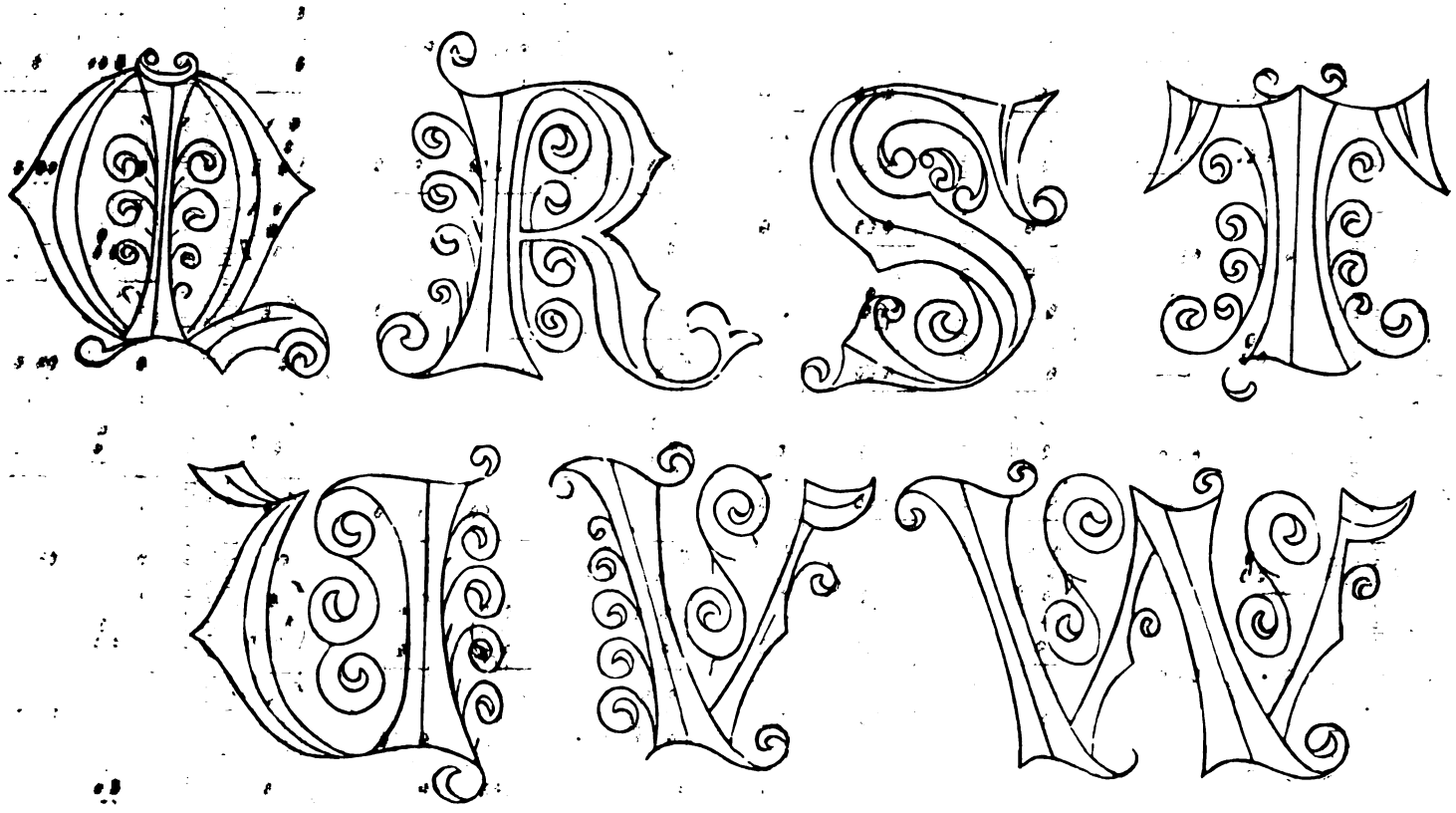

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1873. No. 3.

THE FATAL TEST.

BY E. M. BLISS.

It was midsummer at Newport. The intense heat of cities had driven crowds to seek pleasure and health in this gay, sea-girt town. Hotels and boarding-houses were filled to overflowing. The summer-residences, owned by the wealthy, and closed all winter, were now alive with busy feet and merry voices.

At morning the white beach was covered with men and women in robes of various bright colors, while out on the water other forms rose and fell with the soft swell of the waves, and the gayly-colored dresses of the bathers made the sea look not unlike a brilliant flower-garden. Again at evening the broad bosom of old ocean echoed to merry voices and sweet music, as the pleasure-boats of all shapes and every size, floated over its silver surface, freighted with fair women and brave men. And so, by day and night, the round of pleasure was unending. Clam-bakes and picnics, rides to the "Fort," hops at the "Ocean" and "Atlantic," made the days fly with "winged feet."

And the loveliest of all the lovely women assembled there was the heroine of my sketch—Florence Vane. She reigned a very queen of love and beauty. Adulation followed her every footstep. Men adored her, and women admired, even while they envied. She was so faultlessly beautiful in person, so graceful and winning in manner that every one yielded to the magic of her charms. She counted her lovers by scores. Daily she listened to vows of love, and listened untouched. Many a noble, manly heart had given itself up to a wild, sweet dream of love, to be awakened by her careless rejection of its holiest worship. Had she no heart, this woman, so superbly beautiful? She seemed utterly regardless of the pain she caused, and when at her feet was laid a heart, won away from one of her own sex, no regret passed her lips. Bright, brilliant, and glorious in her pride and beauty, she seemed impervious to the shafts of the wily god.

Near one of the beaches that make Newport so famous is a romantic spot called "Purgatory." Rising in a straight line from the ocean, and to the height of several hundred feet, is a rocky cliff. In this wall of rock there is a fissure some fifteen feet wide, running back from the water a long distance, forming an abyss the edge of which few care to approach, and into whose depths fewer dare look. From it comes up the eternal moan of the waters as they rush in from the sea. The sides of the Cliff slope gently down, and are carpeted with soft, green moss, making the spot a favorite resort of visitors.

Near the close of the season, on a pleasant afternoon, many forms wandered singly or in pairs, near this chasm, while here and there a merry group was seated on the soft sward, enjoying the gentle breeze.

Quite apart from the rest stood a man and woman, silent now, she gazing out over the sea, while his eyes dwelt on her with an expression of sad, silent waiting. It needs but one look at that form of matchless grace, those eyes of heavenly blue, the poise of the queenly head, with its wealth of golden hair, to assure us the lady is none other than Florence Vane. One fair hand rested on the arm of her companion. Among all those whom her beauty had captivated Philip Gordon had been the most devoted. He was ever at her side, his devotion never concealed. His oft-repeated offers of love had never been openly refused, and he had chosen to construe her silence into tacit consent. He was well worthy of any woman's preference, and Florence knew it. Wealthy, aristocratic, noble in mind and person, he had been much courted and caressed: his attentions to Florence had given many a less fashionable fair one the heartache.

They stood on the shore of the deep, blue sea, the hearts of both impressed by the beauty around them. He had been telling her again

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the story of his love for her, and been pleading for an answer. But she remained silent. Why did she not speak to him?

She was communing with her own heart. Never until now had she felt what it was to love. But something within her rose up and called Philip Gordon "Master." She struggled against the knowledge. While her whole soul cried out with the yearning desire to be his, she could not let him see the truth. Yet why her pride? Why not make him happy with the knowledge that had come to her long ago?

Up from the seething depths of the chasm near which they stood, rose the sad moan of the imprisoned water; and as she turned to look toward the fissure, there came into her heart a strong desire to test his love, and her power over him. Lifting her glorious eyes to his, and letting her very soul shine in them, she said,

"Do you really love so well?"

"Love you, it is more than love, it is worship."

For a moment her heart was touched by his earnestness, but the love of power was stronger that aught else.

"Suppose I should require a test of your affection," she said, "will you accept it?"

"Yes, even if it were to die for you."

Again love and pride struggled within her; then she said, pointing to a bunch of lovely blue flowers that grew on the other side of the chasm,

"Leap the chasm, and bring me those flowers, and this hand shall be yours."

His eyes shone with suppressed feeling; he gave her a long look, and with a spring landed safely on the other side. He held aloft the coveted flowers, waving them in triumph.

"Now leap back," she said, with her sweetest smile.

Once more he sprang for the bank. For one instant his form seemed poised in mid air; below the waters wailed and moaned. Only an instant. Instead of clearing the abyss fairly, his feet struck the edge of the fearful chasm. He strove vainly to secure a footing, fell back and disappeared.

Far into the following winter Florence Vane lay upon her bed, racked with fever, raving in delirium, living over and over that fearful scene. When, after long months, the fever left her, the light of reason had gone out forever. God had mercy on her; and before the June roses bloomed again, she had gone to her rest.

A REMEMBRANCE.

TO MRS. E——, OF WAKEFIELD, MASS.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

How is the brave old pear-tree,
  Where, in sweet Autumn weather,
We sat cozily under the boughs—
  You and I together?

The picture is fresh to-day;
  My feet in the grass is resting,
And the yellow pears lie, mellowly,
  Close to the brown earth resting.

'Twas a happy and golden time,
  In the soft September weather;
I shall think, when the Winter's snow lies thick,
  Of the hours we passed together.

I shall think of the pleasant home,
  Of the lake, so blue and bright,
And the painted cart, with its dripping wheels,
  Bathing in water and light.

I shall think of the sunny rooms,
  And the kindly hearts within;
God keep them safe, and give them grace,
  All tender hopes to win.

My love to the brave old pear tree,
  Where, in sweet Autumn weather,
We sat cosily under the boughs—
  You and I together.

LINES.

BY MARY W. MICKLES.

Proud, perfect lips, o'er which no pain
Has passed to dim their crimson stain;
Whose every curve and line express
A large and lavish tenderness.

Yet under each curve seems to lie
Power to dare and to defy,
Whatever Fate, in stern decree,
Evolve from her dread mystery.

Red, royal lips, whose fond caress
Might steal from life its bitterness,
And as a mystic talisman be,
Repelling pain and misery
From lips on which your own impress
The glory of true happiness.

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DORA'S ENGAGEMENT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

As he came through the wood he saw her sitting on a green bank, as if in pensive thought, with a book lying idly on her lap, idly plucking the wild-flowers at her side. Very pretty she was in her dark summer attire; Grosvenor Marle thought that, in her tranquil attitude, with her rather pale face, which few emotions appeared ever to have stirred, she must look very much as the sleeping beauty did, if that young person ever roused herself enough during her hundred years of slumber to make a pretence of doing a little reading in the heart of her forest.

He wished devoutly that the sight of her could have brought a downright earnest thrill to his heart, as ought to be the case with a man regarding the girl to whom he was engaged—but it did not. He was in doubt whether to be most irritated with himself or her, that in this first moment of seeing her, after a fortnight's separation, he could throw no hold of romance about the situation.

He had thought many times during his absence that he should be able to do so. He had kept her picture on his dressing-table, and read and re-read the letters she wrote him, and told himself that his calm affection for her was better worth feeling, more to be trusted than the wild dream which had brightened his early youth for a time, and died out, to leave such an aching void behind. Then, as ill luck would have it, she must be the very one to disturb his carefully acquired peace, by some news which she had added to one of her last epistles.

She wrote him that Mrs. Sidney and her brother had come to St. Germain, and established themselves in an apartment quite near, and meant to spend the autumn there. Dora found Mrs. Sidney delightful; even mamma was pleased with her, and heaven knew Mrs. Somers was not easy to please, though Dora did not add that, or even think it, for she was a marvel in this century, a young woman who believed in the perfection of her parents. Mrs. Sidney had come. Grosvener wished her anywhere rather than there, then was angry with himself for feeling an emotion or wish of any sort concerning her. Mrs. Sidney had told Dora that she and Grosvener were old acquaintances, and Dora wrote him that she was glad, but she could not remember her ever mentioning the handsome widow. She liked the brother, too, only he looked a little dissipated; but Mrs. Sidney said that came from his delicate health, and certainly the devotion between him and his sister was lovely to see. Other persons had appeared upon the scene also. American friends of the Somers', some French people whom Mrs. Sidney knew, and had introduced to them; and, altogether, the sojourn in the quiet old place promised to be very pleasant, and Dora was glad that the time for Grosvener's return was so close at hand.

And now he was back; he had sent the carriage on to the house with his luggage, and had got out to walk through a corner of the forest which had a path that led to the villa where the Somers had made their home for the last year or two. He was back; he had returned at the very hour he had written Dora to expect him; had asked her to come and sit in the wood, that he might meet her first, without even the presence of mamma, who, in her best moods, was a species of human iceberg, calculated to chill the warmest sentiments, and who would have greeted her own husband after his absence from a voyage round the world with a cool good-morning, and the tips of her frosty fingers.

He almost wished now that he had not proposed this poetic meeting; he felt so deadly commonplace and bare of romance, that he could have preferred to meet Dora in the society of the elders, and allowed the greetings to be arranged with a proper respect for Mrs. Somers' frigid demeanor. But he had no longer time to attempt to analyze his feelings, for Dora looked up suddenly, and saw him.

The greetings might as well have taken place in mamma's presence, so cold and composed was the lady. Grosvener took her hand, even touched his lips to her cheek. There was a deepened tinge of color upon it, and her soft blue eyes looked brighter; still she held the book in her disengaged fingers, and almost the first words she said were,

"I didn't think it was time for the train yet. Dear me, Grosvener, how very brown you are, and you've a purple cravat on. I've asked you so often not to wear purple!"

It did not occur to him that all this might be the effect of a certain shyness on her part—a fear of showing how much she was moved by his

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return, for their engagement had not been an affair of long duration.

"I'm sorry I am before my time," he answered; "and I'll take off the obnoxious cravat as soon as we get to the house. As for the brown, I think you must blame the sun, not me."

He said it all so good-naturedly that she did not perceive his vexation, and only laughed in her quiet manner.

"You say things in such a droll way," returned she. "You must be very tired, I am sure."

He caught eagerly at that excuse for the dullness and deadness which had come over fancy and heart.

"Dreadfully tired," he answered.

"We'll go home at once," she said. "You shall have some tea, and change your clothes. That will rest you."

A wife of ten years could not have been more practical in her thoughtfulness; but men are ungrateful wretches, and Grosvener was anything but touched by her care.

They walked slowly homeward, she leaning on his arm; but, actually, before taking it, she brushed the dust off his sleeve with her pocket-handkerchief! She had been reared in such an oppressive atmosphere of order, that these tiresome little habits were as natural to her as breathing. She talked gayly enough, with more animation than her wont; and he talked too, but there was nothing in their conversation which required privacy She told him about the new people, extolled Mrs. Sidney, gave a rather painfully detailed account of a picnic, hoped that he had not played at those dreadful tables in Baden, made much of a slight illness which Fright, her dog, had suffered. Poor girl, she had been directed, and trained, and trammeled by her severe mother, until it seemed in her eyes almost a crime to let her thoughts soar beyond the narrow groove in which Mrs. Somers had decreed that the thoughts of young ladies ought to dwell.

They reached the rustic gate which gave entrance to the villa-grounds. As he was opening it, Dora actually did say, "Are you glad to be back, Grosvener?"

He tried then with all his might to be, and was half way through a neat enough speech, when her attention became distracted.

"You didn't latch the gate, Grosvener," she said.

He went back and latched it; but, he made no further effort to do poetry.

Near the house they met Mrs. Somers, a tall, fine-looking woman, but so rigid and angular that Grosvener often had an absurd fancy that she must originally have been begun as a geometrical illustration. She looked first at her watch, then shook his hand, was as glad to see him as her nature permitted, and said,

"I have been expecting you for ten minutes; how very brown you are, Grosvener."

They went into the house, and found Mr. Somers in the hall reading his newspaper. He rose in his creaking boots, and there was more subdued hand shaking, and he said,

"Ha! Back, eh? Glad to see you; how very brown you are, Grosvener."

And Grosvener Marle remembered that he was only six-and-twenty years of age; that he came of a long-lived race; that Somers pere and his spouse were safe to live as long as the patriarchs, and that this was a neat specimen of what life was to be to him; he wondered a little why some conveniently-broken rail could not have dashed the train down a high embankment a few miles below St. Germain!

"I think Grosvener ought to have some tea, mamma," said Dora, with a boldness of assertion unusual on her part.

"I have ordered dinner half an hour before our time," Mrs. Somers replied; "still, if Grosvener——"

"I'll have some sherry and soda, I believe," added Grosvener; whereupon Mrs. Somers looked rather more rigid than common; but he rang the bell, and ordered the cooling draught, though he did turn his back to the lady while pouring out the sherry, and, considering the amount he took, it was as well for the peace of the family.

More destitute talk, then Mrs. Somers perceived that Grosvener was dusty, and sent him away to his chamber to bathe and dress, his luggage having safely arrived; but before he left the room she added,

"How very brown you are, Grosvener."

And Mr. Somers creaked in his boots again, and said, with the air of a man originating some powerful proposition,

"You are very brown, Grosvener!"

Then poor Dora felt that the young man might consider it meant as a reproach, and quavered,

"It's very becoming to him, papa." But Mrs. Somers looked pained and alarmed at having transgressed the rules of propriety. Dora, before she knew it, blurted out, "You *are* very brown, Grosvener!"

Grosvener fled, and once more wished himself in the train on the top of the high embankment, with a broken rail in front. Life is not easy. Most of us have lived long enough to know that it was not meant to be; but I think if

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we can keep from losing our souls in sheer disgust of its monotonous and petty side, we need have little fear of the great temptations.

Grosvener Marle had been Mr. Somers' ward. He called Mrs. Somers aunt, because that lady had been his father's step-sister, though there was no blood relationship between them. He had not lived much in their house during his youth, though styling it home, and going there to spend a portion of his college vacations. It was a household in which for fifteen years Mrs. Somers declared, with pride, the dinner-hour had not varied five minutes—Mr. Somers had never once hung up his hat on the wrong peg. She lived by rule, and had brought up husband and child to do so; her law was as the law of the Medes and Persians. She believed herself a Christian, but she was a heathen, and worshiped a goddess called Propriety. She had crushed and moulded everybody about her; and poor little Dora had no more idea of having an independent thought than she had of going up in a balloon.

When Grosvener was between twenty-two and three the family departed for Europe; then followed his love story; then the darkness fell. Eighteen months before the time of which I write, he had sailed for France—found Dora grown into a woman. How it came about he could scarcely have told, but this spring they had become engaged, and before winter they were to be married—and this was all life had done for him so far; he could not feel that it was much. He was rather an idle man, given to writing poetry and painting pictures; a man with a good deal of imagination, believing that he wanted peace and quiet, whereas he needed occupation and excitement.

Dinner was over; a long, dreary meal it had been to Grosvener, for Mrs. Somers had taken a great deal of the conversation into her own hands, and seemed determined to discover whether Grosvener had employed his time during the past fortnight in acquiring useful information. She wanted to know the population of Baden, to have a compendium of the history of the Duchy, and numerous other details of equal interest, till at length Grosvener politely offered to put his guide-books at her disposal, frankly declaring that he had no taste for useful information himself—in fact, making a habit of avoiding it whenever he could. The iceberg had no intention of being a bore and a nuisance; she was fonder of the young man than of almost anybody in the world: but she could not help patronizing, and would have put the angel Gabriel through his catechism, if she could have got hold of him, and set the seraphic personage right without hesitation.

Dora grew rather nervous when she noticed Grosvener's impatience. She lived in constant dread of some outbreak between him and her mother, and tried, in her feeble way, to change the conversation a little; but she could think of nothing better than to ask,

"Were there many Russian princesses there, and do they all gamble?"

Now, in spite of this, I aver that the poor child was not a fool! Just try living for six months with a woman like Mrs. Somers, and you shall feel your intellect, though it be equal to Milton's, gradually becoming furry and weedy. Grosvener did her more justice than many men would have done, but before he could answer, Mrs. Somers said,

"I beg you'll not ask about such things, Dora. Gambling is scarcely the subject for a young lady to select, nor can the manners of Muscovite women of any class be a matter that will warrant discussion."

"Never mind, Dora," said Grosvener. "Some day we will go and see the awful things they do at the tables."

"My dear boy!" sighed Mrs. Somers.

Grosvener only laughed and rose from his seat.

"I am going out into the shrubberies to smoke my segar," he said. "Will you come, Dora?"

"Be sure and tie up your throat, dear," added Mrs. Somers. "Ah, Grosvener, still persevering in that dreadful habit——"

"I never tie up my throat, ma'am," he interrupted.

Dora tittered; then looked frightened under the frigid glance with which her mother favored her.

"Of smoking, Grosvener. If you would only read that pamphlet of Dr. Watts!"

"I thought he wrote hymns, aunt."

"I mean the London physician. Why will you make a jest of everything?"

"You must take me as I am, aunty. I'm too old for improvement," he said, good-naturedly.

He absolutely stopped to kiss her as he passed, for fear she should read Dora a lecture, since she could not venture further with him. Certainly Grosvener had his good points, and he was honestly trying to make the best of the life he had chosen—if we can ever be said to choose our lots.

"You are an incorrigible boy," Mrs. Somers said, relapsing into a smile, for Grosvener could coax her as no other human being had ever been

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able to do, and she absolutely let them depart without further remonstrance.

"I'll tell you what, Dora," said Grosvener, as they crossed the lawn, "the mamma gets more dreadful every day."

"Oh, don't!" cried Dora, horrified.

"Well, then, I won't; but one thing, when we do go off on a bridal trip, we'll stay at least two years."

Dora blushed at that, but hastened to add,

"I'm sure mamma would not like it; she expects us to live with her. She told me so; she always says that!"

"Ah!" returned Grosvener, choosing a segar out of his case. He said no more; but Mrs. Somers might have trembled a little for her absolute authority, had she heard the tone in which he uttered the monosyllable.

They had a quiet hour to themselves, and Grosvener, soothed by his dinner and segar, listened to Dora's girlish chatter, and put aside a portion of the dreary thoughts which had so sorely shaken his composure on his return.

Then, across the lawn, through the late twilight, came Mrs. Sidney and her brother, with a little bevy of the Somers', other new acquaintances following. There was any quantity of laughing and talking, of course; and Grosvener found himself being presented to the strangers, and after awhile talking to Mrs. Sidney and all without any of the deep emotion which he had dreaded. But it was some time before Mrs. Sidney came in his way. She had encountered Mrs. Somers, and stopped to speak to her, while her brother came on with the rest of the party; and he and Grosvener greeted each other a little stiffly, as men usually do new masculine acquaintances, for it so chanced that they had never met before—George Manning not having been with his sister during the summer she had known Marle at Newport.

Presently, Mrs. Sidney was beside him, and saying,

"It was too bad of us to come and interrupt the pretty tableau; but the rest would not stay at home, so I thought I might as well accompany them."

"That was very kind of you," he answered, and began talking about the beautiful evening, the fine weather he had had for his journey; and she accepted the position so easily, that one might have supposed they had been in the habit of meeting every day for weeks past.

Mrs. Sidney had been a widow for two years. She still wore dainty lavenders and whites as a sort of badge of mourning; and occasionally did a bit of sentiment or melancholy, for the benefit of people on whom it was likely to create a favorable impression. Her married life had been a very brief one; no love in it on her side—she was not capable of much sound, honest feeling. She was rich now, and had no mind to give up her freedom, though she must be in mischief of some kind, and there had been a fixed plan in her mind from the time she had first known Dora Somers in Italy. She wanted her to marry George Manning. He was an idle, rather extravagant fellow, and since his sister's widowhood commenced, had showed a determination to live tranquilly on her money, by no means pleasing to that lady; for she was very fond of her money, and though ready to spend it liberally on herself, had no desire to share it among her needy relations.

It was a disappointment when she discovered the engagement between Dora and Grosvener Marle; but she was not yet at the end of her resources. If that tie could be broken, Dora might accept George from pique, or, as many girls do marry in such cases, the fear of the world's believing that she had been jilted. At all events, in the quiet life decorum still compelled Mrs. Sidney to lead, some species of excitement was necessary to her; and it would be amusing to bring Grosvener Marle once more under the spell of her fascinations. She had flirted outrageously with him for a whole season, and married Mr. Sidney at the end of it, because he was much the richer of the two. Perhaps she had cared more for Marle than she ever did far anybody else. Indeed, she had tried to feel romantic and unhappy at the time of her marriage; but luxury and physical comforts were so much to her, that she could never make her clear head view the matter in any other than a calm light. This present meeting caused her no deeper feeling than one of vexation that he should stand between her and her schemes for ridding herself of her brother.

When the next two weeks ended, Dora Somers had known more hours of real suffering than had ever come near her during the whole previous course of her life. Her affection for Grosvener had been so gradual in its growth, of such long continuance, that, in her girlish innocence, she had herself been unaware of its full strength, until clouds arose to trouble the calmness of the sky.

The widow played her part very artfully, and flattered Mrs. Somers so adroitly, that this lady went about magnificently blind to what was going on, and there was nobody else to notice, except Dora. She was so young and childish, that it seemed almost odd that she should have

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judged the matter so clearly as she did. She was not even jealous, in the ordinary acceptation of the term; but she suffered cruelly, and when those two weeks closed, which had been seemingly so pleasant, so full of amusement and variety, she was a whole life away from the careless existence of the past. She was not used to analyzing people's motives, or doing mental anatomy on her own account, but she was marvelously clear-sighted in this case. Not even to her mother did she utter a syllable; indeed, she fairly shrunk from that stately creature during this time, and was shocked at the new light in which she regarded the composed mastery the woman exercised over her family.

She could see, too, how the horrible monotony of this mathematically-arranged household must weary a man like Grosvener—how her own commonplace habits of conversation must fret him. Mrs. Somers would have looked aghast indeed, could she have seen the way in which Dora dashed papa's Essay on Man (Mrs. Somers' beau ideal of poetry) upon the floor, and fairly wished that she had had an idiot for a mother, instead of this strong-minded matron, who so carefully superintended her reading; and if she allowed her to indulge in a novel, religiously went over it first, and usually tore out half a dozen pages, in the most interesting part, because they did not suit her fastidious ideas.

Dora grew positively to hate Mrs. Sidney, with her pretty, caressing ways, and her lazy, musical voice; but she hated that mild youth, George Manning worse, for it was he who had helped to open her eyes.

"I shall keep by you," he had a habit of saying, when the young people were off upon some party of pleasure. "You and I are commonplace characters, you know, and its awfully fatiguing to hear Mrs. Sidney and Marle always doing poetry."

He had let out also, in his blundering way, something in regard to the old flirtation between those two, and Dora put the whole history together for herself without difficulty.

As for Grosvener Marle, he was not thinking at all in these days. I never met a man so strong that he had not a weak side, and Mrs. Sidney knew what Grosvener's was, and acted accordingly. The very day after their first encounter, she had said to him,

"I want to be good friends, so I must speak frankly. I could not do it under other circumstances; but now that you are engaged and happy, I may set myself right in your opinion, without risk of appearing unwomanly."

So she told him a very pretty story, about having been obliged to sacrifice herself for her family—that she had done it cheerfully, and the belief that she had behaved right kept her from useless regret.

"Life is not exactly like one's youthful dreams," she said, with a sad, beautiful smile; "but it does very well."

She managed, however, to make the life he had chosen for himself appear in its dullest, most tiresome light, and filled him with a dread that Dora's soul and imagination could never be lifted out of the petty groove in which it had been her mother's study to restrain them. He had no mind to fall in love anew with this woman—at the bottom he had a certain suspicion of her honesty; but she duped him notwithstanding. Day by day the confidential friendship grew, and Dora watched the clouds gather about her path, and was ready to cry out that the world had come to an end; nothing was left her but to lie down and die, and leave Grosvener to this enchantress, who had stolen his heart from her.

I think nothing but Dora's innate dignity and sweetness of character saved her happiness from utter shipwreck during that season Most girls would have been tiresome with reproaches, caprice, ill-temper; but Dora visited neither upon him. In her humility she told herself that perhaps she could never grow enough out of the dwarfing influences of her old life to be fully his companion. If it was for his happiness she could give him up; only it was hard to be forsaken for this woman, whose falsity and shallowness the girl instinctively felt.

The tedious habits of the household so weighed upon her mind, that she was always glad when anything happened to interfere with them—glad even to greet Mrs. Sidney, since her presence could bring a little change and brightness. She told a great many fibs in those days; excusing Grosvener to her mother when he was not punctual at meals; accounting for his frequent absences—doing all she could to keep that lady from suspecting the truth, for she knew that if a gleam of it reached her, she would descend upon the young man in all her awful might; and Dora felt that after such a catastrophe, she could never hold up her head again.

I cannot tell how it might have ended, if Fate had not interposed. Dora accepted her discipline so meekly and patiently, trying so hard from the first to make a right use of it, that the tempest passed, without blighting her whole future under its darkness.

Marle had been up to Paris for the day on some business of Mr. Somers' and his own. He

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was not expected to return before the ten o'clock train; but he finished his affairs early, and it was only eight when he got out at the St. Germain station. His walk home led him past Mrs. Sidney's lodgings, the ground floor of a pretty cottage, not far distant from the forest. He saw her sitting on her veranda among her flowers, looking such an image of peace and rest, that he was glad to stop at her summons, and escape in her society the dreary thoughts which had been with him all day.

"George is off with some friends," Mrs. Sidney said. "I had reconciled myself to a lonely evening; but, as you are not expected to arrive these two hours, I think you might have pity on my stupidity."

"You mean you will have pity on mine," he answered.

"Put it any way you please," said she. "But perhaps, you've not dined, and I can only give you some tea, for I dined at your——"

But he had eaten an early dinner, and only cared for some tea, so she served him a delicious cup, and looked like Circe pouring out enchanted nectar. There they sat talking for a full hour, and Marle was just thinking how doubly commonplace the Somers' mansion would appear after this *tete-a-tete*, when George Manning came upon them; and George had evidently spent too gay a day of it with his friends, for his step was slightly unsteady, and his tongue tripped over his consonents in an alarming manner.

"Oh, George! George!" Mrs. Sidney said, reproachfully.

"You can't scold," returned he, with a rather idiotic laugh. "Marle's here, and you know your little dodge before him."

"Go up to your own room for awhile, like a good boy," she said, quietly, though, as she spoke, she laid her hand warningly on his arm, and gave him a look, unseen by Marle, which did not well agree with the composure of her voice.

"Oh, come now," said he, "you needn't glare at me in that fashion! I'm not to be coaxed like a child. Just don't you aggravate me."

Mrs. Sidney sighed, and returned to her seat by Marle.

"You had better go," she said, softly. "I don't like you to see him like this. It does not often happen. I know you will not even tell Dora."

"What about Dora?" called George, with a hiccoughing laugh. "I say, Marle, when are we going to have done playing at cross-purposes?"

"My dear fellow," returned Grosvener, with good-natured contempt, "your meaning is as unintelligible as your pronunciation. Your best plan is to follow your sister's advice, and go to bed at once."

"Egad! I could tell you rather more about her plans than you know," returned George. "Couldn't I, Missy?"

"George, there are limits to my patience," said Mrs. Sidney. "Stop talking, and go to your room, else you will regret it."

"I'll do what I like," snivelled George, becoming lachrymose. "You're always hard on me, and I don't care what happens! You're fooling Marle, and all the while you mean to buy a coronet with your money, I know."

Mrs. Sidney's violent temper got so much the upper hand of her for a few moments that she uttered a good many harsh, bitter things; and, in return, George rendered very clear, in spite of his indistinct speech, the little game she had been playing.

"I will bid you good-night, Mrs. Sidney," Marle said, rising.

She went up to him, and held out her hand.

"I don't know what to say," she exclaimed, tremulously. "He will not remember his idiocy to-morrow."

George had seated himself by a table, and let his head sink on his arms. Evidently he had reached the stage where slumber was overtaking him.

"You see something of what I am obliged to suffer," she went on, glancing back at her brother, to make sure that he would not add to the harm he had done by some further mal apropos speech. Then she looked up at Marl and sighed; but Marle's face did not show much sympathy, and he touched the fingers she offered as carelessly as if they had been those of the Iceberg.

"Oh, Grosvener!" she exclaimed, "you don't mean to say that you pay any attention to a drunken man's nonsense. You can't let it influence you for an instant."

"How could you fancy such a thing," he replied, but not easily, and he showed plainly that he wanted to get away.

"I'll not keep you," she said, in a trembling voice. "I can't expect aid or sympathy from any quarter. I must live my life alone, and bear my burdens as best I can, without help."

"Oh, George will be all right to-morrow," returned Grosvener, composedly, quite ignoring her very pathetic appeal.

"And you? Can it be possible, Grosvener, that I have lost my friend? That you could credit such folly as he talked—could suspect——"

She broke off to do a shudder of distress, and wrung her white hands very neatly.

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"I beg you'll not think of such a thing, Mrs. Sidney," he replied. "I shan't remember a word any more than he will."

But there was a cheerful alacrity in his voice anything but reassuring.

"You are very good—very kind," she quavered. "You want to go—I'll not detain you."

For George had stirred, and she was in mortal fear that he would lift his head, and give vent to another tirade.

"Good-night," Marle said, taking advantage of her words to step toward the door.

She followed him out on the veranda, and stopped him for a few last speeches; but though she looked handsome enough in her anger and distress, I think he did not feel so deeply for her as he might.

Walking homeward, so many incidents of the past weeks presented themselves which accorded perfectly with Manning's drunken revelations, that if they did not force him to admit frankly to himself that Mrs. Sidney had been playing a treacherous game, they at least set him thinking that his own part had not been quite in keeping with his ideas of duty and right, and he felt heartily ashamed of his weakness and vacillation.

In the salon he found Dora sitting alone. Mr. and Mrs. Somers had gone out to call upon some acquaintances who had that day arrived. Dora greeted him quietly; but he saw the traces of tears on her cheeks.

"I didn't dream of finding you here alone," he said.

She did not answer; she chanced to know at what hour he returned; one of the servants had seen him enter Mrs. Sidney's house, and, of course, the news had not been long in reaching Dora.

"What on earth have you been writing? Don't you know you will spoil these pretty eyes, using them by these villainous lamps?"

She let him take some folded sheets of paper from her hand.

"I meant you to read them," she said. "Good night."

He was standing there alone, before he could recover from his surprise. He sat down, and read the letter—it was Dora's farewell.

It was not the epistle of a child or a commonplace woman; it was framed with an eloquence, a passion even, which would have shocked Mrs. Somers; but it was his dismissal.

He read the pages, and dashed up stairs. Dora was in her room, and the door was locked. She found herself obliged, at length, to answer him, lest he should rouse the servants by his frantic appeals. When she did appear, he took her in his arms, in spite of her struggles, saying,

"I've been an awful fool, my child; but it's not what you think! I never dreamed of loving that artful little cat; but I did underrate you. I'm ashamed enough for that to be my punishment. Don't be unforgiving, though I deserve that you should be. Only give me one chance, because I love you, Dora!"

And, strong and decided as she had believed herself, Dora could not resist that appeal.

It was almost midnight when Mr. and Mrs. Somers reached home; but the young people were still walking up and down the moonlit lawn, and for the first time in her life, Mrs. Somers was not allowed to lecture at a transgression of her rules.

Late in the afternoon of the following day, Mrs. Sidney came upon Dora and Marle seated in the forest, in a spot where Marle had been sketching lately, but not before with Dora for his companion. And as the lady approached Marle rose, greeted her warmly, and cried,

"Congratulate me! Dora has at last set a term to my probation—we are to be married in October."

Luckily, at this instant several of their mutual acquaintances appeared, strolling through the wood, and Mrs. Sidney had an opportunity to hide her confusion in idle talk. But each time she looked in Marle's eyes, she could see that she was visible to him at last in her true colors. No retribution could have been sharper than that, unless it might be the sight of the happiness which brought such new beauty to Dora's face.

IS IT I?

BY IDA PALMER.

Once I knew a little maid,
Merrily she danced and played;
Clear her laughter was and high,
Sang she gayly—was it I?

Oh, I know a woman sad,
Never is she gay or glad;
Passes she the gay world by,
Sad and lonely—is it I?

In the months before the snow,
In the Summers, long ago,
Brightly did the lovelight shine,
Friends were plenty—were they mine?

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RUTH AND THE DOCTOR.

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

RUTH LEE sat in her room pondering over her friend's letter, which she held in her hand. "Come to me, Ruth," thus ran the epistle. "A singing teacher is wanted in the Academy here, where I am teaching; and if you will consent, I can easily secure the position for you. We can room together, and have such nice times. I know you will like our little town, so do leave that poky farm and come."

Ruth had been born and brought up on this same "poky farm," and many things about it were very dear to her; still she had ambitions which a life there never could satisfy. Ruth possessed a remarkably fine voice, which, from time to time she had had stray opportunities to cultivate in some degree; a tolerably good heterogeneous education, which her intense fondness for reading, and her retentive memory had helped her to retain; a lively disposition, a bright intellect, and a fair share of good looks. She longed to see more of the world. Here was an opportunity at last—should she accept it?

Ruth spent a sleepless night, and finally decided to go. Two days subsequently, after a long journey in the cars, she found herself in Newport, a little town which was the terminus of the railroad, some twenty miles from Mapleville. Here there was a general rush made for the old lumbering stage; and our friend, with just a faint feeling of home-sickness in her heart, was also stepping in, when she felt herself suddenly seized, while some one exclaimed,

"I thought you would feel lonely, so I came to meet you."

Turning, she encountered the kind, friendly eyes of Miss Williams, a warm-hearted maiden-lady, whose age more than doubled Ruth's.

"How very kind you are to take all this trouble for me!" exclaimed Ruth, cordially returning her friend's embrace. "This is so much pleasanter than going to Mapleville alone."

"Miss Lee, let me present to you my friend, Dr. Townsend," continued Miss Williams; and a tall, dark-haired man, whose whiskers had a slight sprinkling of gray, bowed, extended his hand, and expressed pleasure in meeting his new acquaintance.

"Engaged to him, probably," thought Ruth. "What a very pleasant smile he has!"

"So this is the little piece of rusticity of whom Miss Williams has talked to me so much," soliloquized the doctor, as he handed the ladies into his carriage, and carefully tucked the blankets and robes about them. Then springing in himself, he took the lines, and they were soon dashing on far in advance of the stage.

"Have you always lived on a farm, Miss Lee?" asked Dr. Townsend.

"Yes, that has always been my home; but I have been away several times on long visits. Last winter I spent in New York, with my uncle."

"That," thought the doctor, "accounts for her ease of manners."

"Here we are in Mapleville," said Miss Williams, at last. "What do you think of our village?"

"Lovely!" exclaimed Ruth. "How pretty the houses are, and what fine, large trees! This street is charming, it is so broad. Oh! I know I shall like living here ever so much!"

"This is our boarding-place," observed Miss Williams, as the carriage stopped in front of a pleasant-looking house.

Just then the door opened, and a very tall female presented herself, and cast an anxious glance upon the new comer. The frown which followed betokened that the survey was anything but satisfactory. The whole face, however, seemed to blossom into a full-blown smile as she turned to the doctor, and invited him in; and when he declined, impressed upon him that he was always welcome in that house.

While this little conversation was progressing, Ruth had an opportunity to inspect the lady. Every article of her apparel seemed to have been selected and made with a view of adding to her immense height. Her dress was of a striped material, made very long in the waist. Her earrings, which she jingled considerably when she talked, were several inches in length; and her head was surmounted with a braid. She reminded Ruth of a fairy-tale she had once read, about a bottle which got broken, and out of it shot a giant, who kept growing upward until his head was in the clouds. Our heroine felt quite like a pigmy beside her. This was Miss Cutter, the sister of their landlady; although remarkably well preserved, it was, nevertheless, a fact, that she had been "Miss Cutter" for just forty years; and she was now, and had been for

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some time, quite willing to change her name, should an opportunity offer; therefore, the arrival of an attractive, lady-like young girl, possessed of a very sweet voice, was not likely to afford her much pleasure.

Ruth Lee enjoyed her new life exceedingly; found much pleasure in the society of Mapleville, which was unusually refined and cultivated.

Dr. Townsend was a constant visitor at the house where she boarded. But Ruth was sadly puzzled to decide whom he came to see. At first sight she had appropriated him to Miss Williams; and as she saw the trouble he took to find bright colored leaves for her to paint, and noticed him talking French with her, this conviction strengthened. But then she was baffled when she saw him sitting *tete-a-tete* with Miss Cutter, smiling at her attempts at youthfulness, listening, with apparent attention, to her meaningless bantering, and replying in her own style. Could it be that this giant in petticoats really had any attraction for him; or was he merely amusing himself with her peculiarities? Then again, he would sit for a whole evening, listening to their landlady's account of her ailments, or sympathizing with her in her failures in making cake, or solemnly receiving her receipt for a new pudding. Ruth, too, had her share of attention from him. He was passionately fond of music, and whether at home or in company, he was ever at her side to turn the leaves when she performed on the piano. He frequently criticised her playing and singing, and suggested improvements, but never praised it. While others applauded he was mute, only the sparkle of his great speaking eyes told that he enjoyed it.

Ruth considered Dr. Townsend the most attractive man she had ever met. Thoroughly well-bred and polished in his manners, without any of that sickening and meaningless flattery which constituted a ladies' man; he was polite, because it was as natural to him to be so as it was to breathe. Politeness with him was innate, not acquired. All this Ruth's refinement appreciated and enjoyed. He was possessed of a well-stored mind, good judgment, much dignity of character, and a fine-looking, though not handsome, person. He was thoroughly respected by all who knew him, and there was no one in Mapleville who held a higher position than he.

The doctor would frequently call with a double-carriage, or sleigh, and invite the three ladies to ride with him, while he went to visit his patients. Sometimes he would go with only his buggy, and ask first one of the ladies, and then another. But finally, his memory seemed to fail, (so thought Miss Cutter,) and he would more frequently ask for Miss Lee, evidently forgetting that as she had been with him the last time, it was not her turn now.

"How beautiful these hills are!" exclaimed Ruth, one day "and how much you have added to my enjoyment since I came here, doctor, by the many drives you have given me."

"You seem to be very fond of driving."

"I am, very. I believe I should never tire of it."

"But, Miss Lee," continued the doctor, gravely, "do you not know that this is quite a place for gossip, and that in going with me alone so frequently, you are exposing yourself to remark? Are you quite indifferent to Mrs. Grundy?"

Ruth started and blushed, as she replied, "I do not know that I am entirely indifferent to Mrs. Grundy, but I think there is no danger. In a place like this every one is known pretty thoroughly, and I was quite satisfied in regard to the character you bear before I went with you alone."

Dr. Townsend looked amazed at the unexpected turn she had given his remark.

"I see that you do not quite understand me," said he. "I did not refer to my character; but you are a young lady, and I am a bachelor, and the world does not recognize mere friendship in such case. Do you not know that you will soon be reported engaged to me? My motive in seeking your society is purely because I enjoy it, and because these drives, which are tiresome to me alone, seem to give you pleasure. I feel toward you as I might toward a younger sister. I do not wish to injure you in any way, either in your prospects or in your feelings. My attentions to you, which may seem pointed, mean nothing—I shall never marry; but I can be your friend, and contribute to your pleasure while you remain in Mapleville Now, Miss Lee, it remains for you to decide whether we shall continue to be friends on this footing. Consider your own interests entirely. I have thought it best to be perfectly frank with you."

The rose on Ruth's cheeks deepened during this avowal, and she was almost piqued into relinquishing him at once. What right had he to suppose that her feelings were not quite as safe as his own? But she had sufficient tact to perceive that this would be a very foolish course to pursue, so, concealing her vexation, she replied,

"As there is quite enough difference in our ages for you to be my father, there can be no danger that any one will misconstrue our feelings toward each other. I have heard," she added, mischievously, "that you were engaged to Miss Williams, and I cannot imagine why

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you are not; that would be so very suitable, you know."

"Why, Miss Williams is engaged to my brother," he replied, quickly. "I thought you knew this;" and then he relapsed into silence.

He somehow felt that he had passed through a small battle, and that, instead of coming off conqueror, as he had expected, he was the vanquished party. He had supposed that he was doing something very magnanimous; but his magnanimity had been brushed aside as though it were a cobweb, and he had been given plainly to understand that there was no occasion for it. Moreover, he had been reminded, in a very matter-of-fact way, that he was not youthful. All this set him to thinking pretty seriously.

An evening or two after this conversation, Ruth was in her room with a severe headache. Miss Williams was out, and the landlady was engaged with some household duty, when the doctor called. Miss Cutter was radiant. With the utmost suavity she invited him in, and put forth all her limited powers for his entertainment. Finally, the conversation turned upon Ruth. Miss Cutter had watched Dr. Townsend's attentions to this young lady with anything but pleasure, and had wondered often to herself how it was that "that little country-girl" so entirely eclipsed her.

"A pretty little thing, is she not?" observed the doctor, mischievously, bent upon teasing his companion.

"Oh! pretty, indeed!" was the reply, jerked out with a snap. "You should see her with her false teeth out, and see her false hair off. You wouldn't think she was quite so pretty!"

Dr. Townsend calmly inquired, "Did you ever see her with her teeth out?"

"Well, no, not exactly," was the reply. "She is pretty careful to conceal her marks of age." And then, realizing that she was on dangerous ground, she abruptly changed the conversation.

Ruth's headache proved to be more serious than she had anticipated. The next day she had fever; and when the doctor was called, he pronounced it a case of typhoid. And now Ruth had to endure a long, lingering sickness. She was not dangerously ill, but the fever hung on for many weeks, during which time Dr. Townsend attended her faithfully. He missed the sprightly girl, who had sat beside him in his buggy, entertaining him with her original remarks, and her overflow of spirits. He had supposed he was speaking truthfully when he told her he should never marry; for, although of a genial disposition, and fond of society, he had never yet met a lady to whom he felt willing to devote himself absolutely, and for life. Ruth, he knew, had occupied toward him a certain position; he admired her talents, was fascinated by her music, and enjoyed her society; how much he had enjoyed it, he did not realize until he was deprived of it. Now how earnestly he sought to bring the roses back to her cheeks, and the plumpness and strength to her emaciated limbs.

When he visited her room, Miss Cutter always accompanied him, "to wait upon him," she said, "as he might require water and glasses in which to mix the medicines."

Miss Williams tenderly nursed the patient as though she had been her own younger sister. Finally, Ruth began to recover, and then Dr. Townsend would take her out in his buggy, that she might receive the benefit of the soft, summer air, without too much exertion.

"I do not know how I shall ever thank you for your kindness to me," said Ruth, one day, as the doctor, noticing a slight chilliness in the air, drew her shawl more tightly around her, while she was seated beside him in his carriage, "you could not be more considerate if you were my father."

Her companion frowned. Somehow, the word "father" seemed to grate unpleasantly on his ears, and it arrested the reply he had been about to make. Why did she not say "brother?" He did not care to be one generation removed from her.

As he had lived to the age of forty without marrying, he had somehow taken it for granted that he should always remain single; but during Ruth's illness, the fact of his loneliness had forced itself upon him pretty strongly, and he had begun to feel that the addition of a young, summer face would brighten up his home wonderfully. But then came the question, did Ruth care for him? While he supposed himself indifferent to her, it appeared to him that it would be an easy thing to win her; but love is humble, and now he was tantalized with all sorts of doubts and jealousies. When he explained his feelings of friendship to her, she had accepted the situation so coolly, and had held up his age as a sufficient barrier against even report. Was she really perfectly honest in all this? Was there no deeper, tenderer feeling than that of friendship lurking in her heart? He could not tell, she was a puzzle to him. Alas! could those workings of the heart, which we take so much pains to conceal, be revealed, what a world of trouble and suffering should we escape.

Life in Mapleville was so new and delightful

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to Ruth that she had accepted and enjoyed everything as it came, without stopping to inquire what was to be the end. When Dr. Townsend had as good as told her, in his clumsy way, that he had no intention of marrying her, she had been startled and wounded. She scarcely knew how she felt; but, as she thought of going home and living her old life over again, there seemed to be a void in her heart which henceforth it must be her earnest endeavor to conceal. Then her fever came, and she found herself watching for the doctor's frequent visits with a longing which she vainly strove to suppress. Then came the pains of jealousy. Why did Miss Cutter always accompany him to her room? And why was it that he so frequently lingered to talk with this lady when they went down stairs? Could it be that a man so good, and true, and noble as Dr. Townsend, could have been won from his vow of bachelorhood by one so infinitely his inferior? But then Ruth reflected that the worthy spinster always appeared at her very best while in the doctor's society; and, besides, she had always heard that there was no accounting for people's taste in selecting life companions. At all events, she felt that whatever favors she had received from the doctor had been prompted by his natural kindness of heart, and thus she the more readily acquiesced in her father's wishes when he wrote, urging her to return home, and suggesting that she would find her native air the best tonic; especially as her friend, Miss Williams, had already left Mapleville.

"So you are really going to leave us to-morrow?" remarked Miss Cutter, on the evening previous to Ruth's departure.

"Yes; I suppose it will be better for me to be at home."

"If you should ever return here, you will find some changes," remarked the spinster, mysteriously.

"Yes," put in her sister, sinking her voice to a confidential tone, "the doctor and Arethusa."

"Hush, hush!" said Miss Cutter, attempting to look confused; "you know we were going to keep that a secret for awhile; however, you have let it out now," and she looked keenly at Ruth.

"Oh, I had my own suspicions," replied Ruth, carelessly. "I must congratulate you; I think you will have a most excellent husband."

"My doctor is going to drive you to the station to-morrow, I believe," continued Miss Cutter; "I told him he must. He was here for a few moments while you were out this afternoon. He is very busy all this evening with patients, but he told me that he would try to call for you in the morning at eight o'clock If his business should detain him, I suppose it will make no difference to you, you can just as well go the next day."

"Thank you!" said Ruth, "but it is necessary that I should go to-morrow; and as Dr. Townsend is so very busy, I will not trespass upon his time, I will go in the stage. Please tell him good-by for me, and explain why I went without waiting for him. And now I must bid you good-night, as I have a little packing yet to do."

Miss Cutter congratulated herself upon the success of her ruse; and it was with a feeling of intense satisfaction that, the next morning, she saw Ruth seated in the stage, homeward bound. Now she thought her path was clear, and there was no knowing what she might accomplish. She had taken unusual pains to arrange her hair becomingly, and had donned a white linen ruffled apron, with a bib, because she had once heard Dr. Townsend express admiration for this article of dress when worn by Ruth. Presently she heard a carriage stop, and going to the door, she welcomed the doctor with her most becoming smile.

"Good-morning!" was his salutation. "Is Miss Lee ready?"

"Not only ready, but gone in the stage. I tried my best to persuade her to wait for you; but she was so very fearful that something might happen to detain you, and so anxious to get home."

"Gone in the stage!" thundered the doctor; "without so much as saying good-by to me!"

"Now don't judge her too hastily, doctor. The poor child was scarcely to blame, I think. Under the circumstances, her haste was very pardonable. I can understand these things perfectly, although," with a sigh, "you, perhaps, cannot. Eight months was a long time to be separated from him."

"Separated from whom?" demanded the doctor, with more of vehemence in his tone and manner than the spinster had ever noticed before. "Why don't you talk plain English?"

"I mean, of course," was the cool reply, "that young farmer to whom she was engaged, and to whom she wrote such voluminous, almost daily epistles. Surely she must have told you about him?" and the plain face became positively hideous with the smile of maliciousness which overspread it. "Did you not know that her object in coming here was to earn the money with which to purchase her wedding out-fit?" Miss Cutter had undertaken to play a bold game, and she was resolved to carry it through.

Without a word Dr. Townsend turned from her, and sprang into his carriage, exclaiming

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to himself, "Nothing but a flirt! Yet what right have I to complain? Did I not tell her that my attentions meant nothing more than frindship? And did she not accept them as such?"

Evening after evening Miss Cutter donned her bib-apron and radiant smiles; and each evening, at bedtime, she laid them aside with a sigh of disappointment. Evidently, Dr. Townsend had forgotten the way to her house.

Ruth reached her home; and gradually, as her health returned, she slid back into her old routine, and outwardly became the same Ruth that she had been before her visit to Mapleville. But much of her ambition had fled, and she shrunk back from the dreary future. She had no communication whatever with Mapleville. Miss Williams had remained at home, and, being a very poor correspondent, she had written to Ruth but once in the course of eighteen months. Our heroine supposed that Miss Cutter was now Mrs. Dr. Townsend, although she had not heard of her marriage.

Finally, a letter came from Miss Williams: "I am to be married on the eighteenth, and you know, Ruth, you always promised to be my bridemaid. Come on just as soon as you can."

Yes, she would go. Her friend was anxious to have her, and she wanted the change. She had not left home since she had returned to it a year and a half before. As soon as her preparations could be completed she started on her journey.

It was the evening before the wedding when she arrived. Miss Williams suggested, after tea, "Let us rehearse the little play which is to come off to-morrow, that we may not feel embarrassed. Come, Ruth, we will go to our rooms and dress, and thus be in full uniform. If your groomsman does not arrive in the meantime, you can take my little brother, Jerry, to practice with."

Thanks to the assistance of Ruth's aunt, who was visiting at the farm, the young girl was prettily and becomingly attired. But, as she glanced at her reflection in the glass, she turned away with a feeling of weariness. What did it matter how she looked, whether she were pretty or plain? there was but one whose admiration she would value, and he was dead to her.

She opened her door to go down and join her friend When she reached the head of the stairs she heard steps behind her, and turning, stood face to face with Dr. Townsend. The meeting was so sudden and unlooked-for—she had not heard that he was expected—that she staggered, and caught hold of the bannisters for support. The two stood gazing as if each thought the other an apparition. Ruth was the first to break the silence.

"I did not know that I was to have the pleasure of meeting you, doctor, although I might have expected to see you at your brother's wedding. Did Mrs. Townsend accompany you?"

"Mrs. Townsend!" reiterated the doctor, in surprise. "I am not acquainted with the lady."

"Oh! then your own wedding has not yet taken place. I supposed, from what Miss Cutter told me, it was to be celebrated very soon after I left Mapleville."

"This is the first time I have heard of it. How came Miss Cutter to know so much about it?"

"Being the party most deeply interested with yourself, it was natural that she should know."

"Miss Cutter interested! Good heavens! you could not suppose that I would think of marrying her! Why, I would as soon think of marrying Noah's wife."

Ruth drew a long breath, and turned away to hide her blushing face.

"And now," continued the doctor, "I suppose I must inquire for your husband; he is with you, of course."

"I think, doctor, he must be with your wife," replied Ruth, archly.

"Is it possible that we have been both deceived all this time! What a world of trouble that gossiping old-maid has caused. Is it then false that you hurried home especially to see a young farmer?"

"My father is the only farmer that I would take the trouble to go a rod to see."

"Ruth! Ruth! Do you love me?" said the doctor, inconsequent as it seemed. He caught the young girl in his arms as he spoke, and half carried her to the end of the hall, which was used as a sort of conservatory. Then followed a series of explanations, which were entirely satisfactory to both parties.

"But you know," said Ruth, mischievously, "that you have made up your mind never to marry. So I must look upon these attentions as merely——"

A kiss on the saucy lips ended the sentence.

"We must be married to-morrow, Ruth. We will have a double wedding," said the doctor, decisively.

"Impossible!" was the reply. "It is too sudden!"

"It is not at all sudden to me," replied her companion. "It is something I have been ardently wishing for more than a year and a half. You slipped from me once, this time I am going to secure you. While on our wedding-trip, we will make a call upon your father and mother.

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and endeavor to reconcile them to the loss of their daughter. Just think how enraptured your friend, Miss Cutter, will be to welcome you back to Mapleville! She will be the first to call upon you."

"Ruth! Ruth! Where are you?" called Miss Williams, at this juncture, through the hall.

"Here!" said Ruth, coming forward; and then she added, rather guiltily, "You must forgive me, but I had really forgotten that you were waiting for me."

"Gracious, child! it is to be hoped that you will not forget to-morrow, when we are to go through with the real thing. I wonder where your groomsman is. He is to be Dr. Townsend: I did not tell you before. He came in just after you went up stairs, and went to his room to brush off a little of the extra dust acquired in traveling. Has he forgotten, too?"

"Entirely!" responded the reprobate, coming from behind the flowers. "I was under the impression that I had been imported for the express purpose of sitting in the conservatory with Ruth."

"This is too bad!" exclaimed Miss Williams. "I had taken such pains to prepare a surprise for you both, and here you have taken the matter into your own hands, and suprised each other."

"Perhaps we may be able to surprise you a little," added the doctor. "Ruth and I have concluded to give up the characters assigned us, and take, instead, those of bride and groom."

A hearty embrace, and a loving kiss on Ruth's rosy lips, was Miss Williams' answer to this announcement. "I did not dare take upon myself to assign those parts to you, but I hoped that you would appropriate them," she said.

The next day there was a double wedding; and the two couples took their wedding-trip together. And then the doctor returned with his bride to Mapleville.

Miss Cutter was among the first to make a bridal call upon Ruth. She was possessed of her full share of feminine curiosity, and never allowed anything to go on without her personal inspection. She seemed embarrassed, and left as soon as practicable. On he way home she stopped at the house of an acquaintance to relieve her pent-up feelings. In the course of the conversation she remarked,

"I have just been to call upon the bride."

"Ah, indeed; she looked pretty, I suppose."

"Ugh!" said the spinster, tossing her head until the long earrings jingled, "it's my opinion that Dr. Townsend might have found some one just as handsome, and just as smart nearer home!"

"SEED-TIME."

BY NELLA BENEDICT.

Out in the fallow I hear the plover
Piping his mates where the sowers toil.
In the meadows, the dead-ripe clover
Hangs its head to the sun-burned soil

The garners o'erflow with the golden measure
The Giver's hand hath in bounty spread;
Heaped high the barns with the harvest treasure,
Up to the martin nests o'erhead.

The golden-rod and bending aster,
And in the shadow of cleft and seam,
And down from the beeches, fast and faster,
all the leaves with the passing stream.

The hills are wrapped in purple splendor;
The slopes are gay with the rustling maze;
And over the valley, soft and tender,
Lieth the Summer's latent haze.

Heart be glad in the earth's sweet leisure,
While sleeps the sunshine in wood and wold·
Dumb be voices of pain and pleasure—
All things rest when the year grows old.

Soon will the snow, like a soft shroud, cover
Fields of brown and the tender grain;
While we rest till the storms pass over,
And the toils of the year begin again.

AN EPITAPH.

BY ROSE GERALDINE.

Coo gently, bird; wind softly blow,
And blossom, nestle close and low.

Oh, rain! bring beauty for the flowers
That seek this lowly mound of ours

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"THEO."

BY FANNIE HODGSON, AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN'S LOVE-STORY," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A HEAVY curtain of yellow fog rolled and drifted over the waste of beach, and rolled and drifted over the sea, and beneath the curtain the tide was coming in at Downport, and two pair of eyes were watching it. Both pair of eyes watched it from the same place, namely, from the shabby sitting-room of the shabby residence of David North, Esq., lawyer; and both watched it without any motive, it seemed, unless that the dull, gray waves and their dull moaning, were not out of accord with the watchers' feelings. One pair of eyes—a youthful, discontented black pair—watched it steadily, never turning away, as their owner stood in the deep, old-fashioned window, with both elbows resting upon the broad sill; but the other pair only glanced up now and then, almost furtively, from the piece of work Miss Pamela North, spinster, held in her slender, needle-worn fingers.

There had been a long silence in the shabby sitting-room for some time—and there was not often silence there. Three rampant, strong-lunged boys, and as many talkative, school-girls, made the house of David North, Esq., rather a questionable paradise. But to-day, being half-holiday, the boys were out on the beach digging miraculous sand-caves, and getting up miraculous piratical battles and excursions with the bare-legged urchins so numerous in the fishermen's huts; and Joanna and Elinor had been absent all day, so the room left to Theo and her elder sister was quiet for once.

It was Miss Pamela herself who broke the stillness.

"Theo," she said, with some elder-sister-like asperity, "it appears to me that you might find something better to do than to stand with your arms folded, as you have been doing for the last half hour. There is a whole basketful of the boy's socks that need mending, and——"

"Pam!" interrupted Theo, desperately, turning over her shoulder a face more like the face of some young Spanish gipsy than that of a poor English solicitor's daughter. "Pam, I should really like to know if life is ever worth having, if everybody's life is like ours, or if there are really such people as we read of in books."

"You have been reading some ridiculous novel again," said Pamela, sententiously. "If you would be a little more sensible, and less romantic, Theodora, it would be a great deal better for all of us. What have you been reading?"

The capable gipsy face turned to the window again, half-impatiently.

"I have been reading nothing to-day," was the answer. "I should think you knew that—on Saturday, with everything to do, and the shopping to attend to, and mamma scolding every one because the butcher's bill can't be paid. I was reading Jane Eyre, though, last night. Did you ever read Jane Eyre, Pamela?"

"I always have too much to do in attending to my duty," said Pamela, "without wasting my time in that manner. I should never find time to read Jane Eyre in twenty years. I wish I could."

"I wish you could, too," said Theo, meditatively. "I wish there was no such thing as duty. Duty always appears to me to be the very thing we don't want to do."

"Just at present, it is your duty to attend to those socks of Ralph and Arthur's," put in Pamela, drily. "Perhaps you had better see to it at once, as tea will be ready soon, and you will have to cut bread for the children."

The girl turned away from the window with a sigh. Her discussions on subjects of this kind always ended in the same unsatisfactory manner; and really her young life was far from being a pleasant one. As the next in age to Pamela, though so many years lay between them, a hundred petty cares fell on her girlish shoulders, and tried her patience greatly with their weight, sometimes. And in the hard family struggle for everyday necessities there was too much of commonplace reality to admit of much poetry. The wearisome battling with life's needs had left the mother, as it leaves thousands of women, haggard, careworn, and not too smooth in disposition. There was no romance about her. She had fairly forgotten her girlhood, it seemed to lie so far behind; and even the unconquerable mother-love, that gave rise to her anxieties, had a touch of hardness about it. And Pamela had caught something of the sharp, harassed spirit too. But Theo had an odd secret sympathy for Pamela, though her sister never suspected it. Pamela had a love-story, and in Theo's eyes this

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one touch of forlorn romance was the silver lining to many clouds. Ten years ago, when Pamela had been a pretty girl, she had had a lover—poor Arthur Brunwalde Theo always mentally designated him; and only a week before her wedding-day, death had ended her love-story forever. Poor Pamela! was Theo's thought—to have loved like Jane Eyre, and Agnes Wickfield, and Lord Bacon, and to have been so near release from the bread-and-butter cutting, and squabbling, and then to have lost all. Poor Pamela, indeed! So the lovely, impulsive, romance-loving younger sister cherished an odd interest in Pamela's thin, sharp face, and unsympathizing voice, and in picturing the sad romance of her youth, was always secretly regardful of the past in her trials of the present.

As she turned over the socks in the basket, she glanced up now and then at Pamela's face, which was bent over her work. It had been a pretty face, but now there were faint lines upon it here and there; the features, once delicate, were sharpened, the blue eyes were faded, and the blonde hair faded also. It was a face whose youth had been its beauty, and its youth had fled with Pamela North's happiness. Her life had ended in its prime; nay, not ended, for the completion had never come—it was to be a work unfinished till its close. Poor Arthur Brunwalde!

A few more silent stitches, and then the work slipped from Theo's fingers into her lap, and she lifted her big, inconsistent eyes again.

"Pam," she said, "were you ever at Lady Throckmorton's?"

A faint color showed itself on Pamela's faded face.

"Yes," she answered, sharply. "I was once. What nonsense is running in your mind now, for goodness sake?"

Theo flushed up to her forehead, no half flush; she actually glowed all over, her eyes catching a light where her delicate dark skin caught the dusky red.

"Don't be cross, Pam," she said, appealingly. "I can't help it. The letter she sent to mamma made me think of it. Oh, Pam! if I could only have accepted the invitation."

"But you can't," said Pam, concisely. "So you may as well let the matter rest."

"I know I can't," Theo returned, her quaint resignation telling its own story of previous disappointments. "I have nothing to wear, you know, and, of course, I couldn't go there, of all places in the world, without something nice."

There was another silence after this. Theo had gone back to her work with a sigh, and Miss Pamela was stitching industriously. She was never idle, and always taciturn; and on this occasion her mind was fully occupied. She was thinking of Lady Throckmorton's invitation too. Her ladyship was a half-sister of their father's, and from the height of her grandeur magnanimously patronizing now and then. It was during her one visit to London, under this relatives patronage, that Pamela had met Arthur Brunwalde, and it was through her that the match had been made. But when Arthur died, and she found that Pamela was fixed in her determination to make a sacrifice of her youth on the altar of her dead love, Lady Throckmorton lost patience. It was absurd, she said; Mr. North could not afford it, and if Pamela persisted, she would wash her hands of the whole affair. But Pamela was immovable, and, accordingly, had never seen her patroness since. It so happened, however, that her ladyship had suddenly recollected Theo, whose gipsy face had once struck her fancy, and the rêsult of the sudden recollection was another invitation. Her letter had arrived that very morning at breakfast-time, and had caused some sensation. A visit to London, under such auspices, was more than the most sanguine had ever dared to dream of.

"I wish I was Theo," Joanna had grumbled. "She always gets the lion's share of everything, because Elin and I are a bit younger than she is."

And Theo had glowed up to her soft, innocent eyes, and neglected the bread-and-butter cutting, to awaken a moment later to sudden despair.

"But—but I have nothing fit to wear, mamma," she said, in anguished tones.

"No," answered Mrs. North, two or three new lines showing themselves on her harassed forehead; "and we can't afford to buy anything. You can't go, Theo."

And so the castle which had towered so promisingly in the air a moment ago, was dashed to the dust with one touch of shabby gentility's tarnished wand. The glow died out of Theo's face, and she went back to her bread-and-butter cutting, with a soreness of disappointment which was, nevertheless, not without its own desperate resignation. This was why she had watched the tide come in with such a forlorn sense of sympathy with the dull sweep of the gray waves, and their dull, creeping moan; this was why she had been rash enough to hope for a crumb of sympathy even from Pamela; and this also was why, in despairing of gaining it, she bent herself to her unthankful labor again, and patched and darned until the tide had swept back again under the curtain of fog, and there was no more light, even for the stern taskmaster, poverty.

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The silence was effectually broken in upon after this. As soon as the street-lamps began to twinkle in the murkiness outside, the boys made their appearance—Ralph, and Arthur, and Jack, all hungry, and disheveled, and, of course, all in an uproar. They had dug a cave on the shore, and played smugglers all the evening; and one fellow had brought out a real cutlass and a real pistol, that belonged to his father, and they had played fighting the coast-guard, and they were as hungry as the dickens now; and was tea ready, and wouldn't Pam let them have some strawberry-jam.

Pamela laid her work aside, and went out of the room, and then Ralph, who was in the habit of patronizing Theo occasionally, came to his favorite corner and sat down, his rough hands clasped around his knees boy-fashion.

"I say, Theo," he began. "I wonder how much it would cost a fellow to buy a cutlass—a real one?"

"I don't know," Theo answered, indifferently. "I never bought a cutlass, Ralph."

"No, of course, you never did. What would a girl want with a cutlass? But couldn't you guess now—just give a guess. Would it cost a pound?"

"I daresay it would," Theo managed to reply, with a decent show of interest. "A good one."

"Well, I'd want a good one," said Ralph, meditatively; "but, if it would cost a pound, I shall never have one. I say, Theo, we never do get what we want at this house, do we?"

"Not often," said Theo, a trifle bitterly.

Ralph looked up at her.

"Look here," he said, sagaciously. "I know what you are thinking of. I can tell by your eyes. You're thinking about having to stay at home from Lady Throckmorton's, and it is a shame, too. If you are a girl, you could have enjoyed yourself in your girl's way. I'd rather go to their place in Lincolnshire, where old Throckmorton does his hunting. The governor says, that a fellow that was a good shot could bag as much game as he could carry, and it wouldn't take long to shoot either. I can aim first rate with a bow and arrow. But that isn't what you want, is it? You want to go to London, and have lots of dresses and things. Girls always do; but that isn't my style."

"Ah, Ralph!" Theo broke out, her eyes filling all at once. "I wish you wouldn't! I can't bear to hear it. Just think of how I might have enjoyed myself, and then to think that—that I can't go, and that I shall never live any other life than this!"

Ralph opened his round Saxon eyes, in a manner slightly expressive of general dissatisfaction.

"Why, you're crying!" he said. "Confound crying. You know I don't cry because I can't go to Lincolnshire. You girls are always crying about something. Joanna and Elin cry if their shoes are shabby, or their gloves burst out. A fellow never thinks of crying. If he can't get the thing he wants, he pitches in, and does without, or else makes something out of wood that looks like it."

Theo said no more. A summons from the kitchen came to her just then. Pam was busy with the tea-service, and the boys were hungry—so she must go and help.

Pamela glanced up at her sharply as she entered, but she did not speak. She had borne disappointments often enough, and had lived over them to become seemingly a trifle callous to their bitterness in others, and, as I have said, she was prone to silence. But it may be that she was not so callous after all, for at least Theo fancied that her occasional speeches were less sharp, and certainly she uttered no reproof to-night. She was grave enough, however, and even more silent than usual, as she poured out the tea for the boys. A shadow of thoughtfulness rested on her thin, sharp face, and the faint, growing lines were almost deepened; but she did not "snap," as the children called it; and Theo was thankful for the change.

It was not late when the children went to bed, but it was very late when Pamela followed them; and when she went up stairs, she was so preoccupied as to appear almost absent-minded. She went to her room, and locked the door, after her usual fashion; but that she did not retire was evident to one pair of listening ears at least. In the adjoining bedroom, where the girls slept, Theo lay awake, and could hear her every movement. She was walking to and fro, and the sounds of opening drawers and turned keys came through the wall every moment. Pamela had unaccountable secret ways, Joanna always said. Her room was a sanctuary, which the boldest did not dare to violate lightly. There were closets and boxes there, whose contents were reserved for her own eyes alone, and questions regarding them seldom met with any satisfactory answer. She was turning over these possessions to-night, Theo judged, from the sounds proceeding from her chamber. To be truthful, Theo had some curiosity about the matter, though she never asked any questions. The innate delicacy which prompted her to reverence the forlorn aroma of long-withered romance about the narrow life had restrained her. But to-night she was so wide-awake, and Joanna and Elin were so fast asleep, that every movement forcing itself

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upon her ear, made her more wide-awake still. The turning of keys, and unlocking of drawers, roused her to a whimsical meditative wonder. Poor Pam! What dead memories and coffined hopes was she bringing out to the dim light of her solitary candle! Was it possible that she ever cried over them a little when there was no one to see her relaxing mood? Poor Pam! Theo sighed again, and was just deciding to go to sleep, if possible, when she heard a door open, which was surely Pamela's, and feet crossing the narrow corridor, which were surely Pamela's own, and then a sharp yet soft tap on the door, and a voice, which could have been no other than Pamela's, under any possibility.

"Theo!" it said, "I want you for a short time. Get up."

Theo was out upon the floor, and had opened the door in an instant, wider awake than ever.

"Throw something over you," said Pamela, in the dry tone that always sounded almost severe. "You will take cold if you don't. Put on a shawl or something, and come into my room."

Theodora caught up a shawl, and, stepping across the landing, stood in the light, the flare of the candle making a queer, lovely picture of her. The shawl she had wrapped carelessly over her white night-dress was one of Lady Throckmorton's gracious gifts; and although it had been worn by every member of the family in succession, and was frayed, and torn, and forlorn enough in broad daylight, by the uncertain Rembrandt glare of the chamber-candle, its gorgeous palm-leaf pattern and soft folds, made a by no means unpicturesque or unbecoming drapery, in conjunction with the girl's grand, soft, un-English eyes, and equally un-English ebon hair.

"Shut the door," said Pamela. "I want to speak to you."

Theo turned to obey, wonderingly, but, as she did so, her eyes fell upon something which made her fairly start, and this something was nothing less than the contents of the opened boxes and closets. Some of said contents were revealed through raised lids; but some of them were lying upon the bed, and the sight of them made the girl catch her breath. She had never imagined such wealth—for it seemed quite like wealth to her. Where had it all come from? There were piles of pretty, lace-trimmed garments, boxes of handkerchiefs, ribbons, and laces, and actually a number of dresses, of whose existence she had never dreamed—dresses quaint enough in fashion, but still rich and elaborate.

"Why, Pam!" she exclaimed, "whose are they? Why have you never——"

Pamela stopped her with an abrupt gesture.

"They are mine," she said. "I have had them for years, ever since Arthur—Mr. Brunwalde died. They were to have been my bridal trousseau, and most of them were presents from Lady Throckmorton, who was very kind to me then. "Of course, you know well enough." with dry bitterness, "I should never have had them otherwise. I thought I would show them to you to-night, and offer them to you. They may be of use just now."

She stopped and cleared her throat here, with an odd, strained sound; and before she went on, she knelt down before one of the open trunks, and began to turn over its contents.

"I wish you to go to Lady Throckmorton's," she said, speaking without looking at the amazed young face at her side. "The life here is a weary one for a girl to lead, without any change, and the visit may be a good thing for you in many ways. My visit to Lady Throckmorton's would have made me a happy woman, if death had not come between me and my happiness. I know I am not at fault in saying this to you. I mean it in a manner a girl can scarcely understand—I mean that I want to save you from the life you must lead, if you do not go away from here."

Her hands were trembling, her voice, cold and dry, as it usually was, trembled too, and the moment she paused, the amazed, picturesque young figure swooped down upon her as it were, falling upon its knees, flinging its white-robed arms about her, and burying her in an unexpected confusion of black hair and oriental shawl, showering upon her loving, passionate little caresses. For the first time in her life, Theo was not secretly awed by her.

"Why, Pam!" she cried, the tears running down her cheeks. "Dear, old, generous Pamela! Do you care for me so much—enough to make such a sacrifice. Oh, Pam! I am only a girl as you say; but I think that, because I am a girl, perhaps I understand a little. Do you think that I could let you make such a sacrifice? Do you think I could let you give them to me—the things that were to have belonged to poor, dead Arthur's wife. Oh, my generous darling! Poor dead Arthur! and the poor young wife who died with him!"

For some time Pamela said nothing, but Theo felt the slender, worn form, that her arms clasped so warmly, tremble within them, and the bosom on which she had laid her loving, impassioned face throb strangely. But she spoke at length.

"I will not say it is not a sacrifice," she said. "I should not speak truly if I did. I have never told you of these things before, and why I

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kept them; because such a life as ours does not make people understand one another very clearly; but to-night, I remembered that I was a girl too once, though the time seems so far away; and it occurred to me that it was in my power to help you to a happier womanhood than mine has been. I shall not let you refuse the things. I offer them to you, and expect you to accept them, as they are offered—freely."

Neither protest nor reasoning was of any avail. The elder sister meant what she said, with just the settled precision that demonstrated itself upon even the most trivial occasions; and Theo was fain to submit now, as she would have done in any smaller matter.

"When the things are of no further use, you may return them to me," Pamela said, dryly as ever. "A little managing will make everything as good as new for you now. The fashion only needs to be changed, and we have ample material. There is a gray satin on the bed there, that will make a very pretty dinner-dress. Look at it, Theo."

Theo rose from her knees with the tears scarcely dry in her eyes. She had never seen such dresses in Downport before. These things of Pamela's had only come from London the day of Arthur's death, and had never been opened for family inspection. Some motherly instinct, even in Mrs. North's managing economy, had held them sacred, and so they had rested. And now, in her girl's admiration of the thick, trailing folds of the soft gray satin, Theodora very naturally half forgot her tears.

"Pamela!" she said, timidly. "Do you think I could make it with a train? I never did wear a train, you know, and——"

There was such a quaint appeal in her mellow-lighted eyes, that Pamela perceptibly softened.

"You shall have half a dozen trains if you want them," she said; and then, half-falteringly, added, "Theo, there is something else. Come here."

There was a little, carven ebony-box upon the dressing-table, and she went to it and opened it. Upon the white-velvet lining lay a pretty set of jewels—sapphires, rarely pellucid; then clear pendants, sparkling like drops of deep sea-water frozen into coruscant solidity.

"They were one of Mr. Brunwalde's bridal gifts to me," she said, scarcely heeding Theo's low cry of admiration. "I should have worn them upon my wedding-day. You are not so careless as most girls, Theodora, and so I will trust them to you. Hold up your arm, and let me clasp one of the bracelets on it. You have a pretty arm, Theo."

It was a pretty arm in truth, and the flashing, rose-tinted pendants set it off to a great advantage. Theo, herself, scarcely dared to believe her senses. Her wildest dreams had never pictured anything so beautiful as these pretty modest sapphires. Was it possible that she—she was to wear them! The whole set of earrings, necklace, bracelets, rings, and everything, with all their crystalized drops and clusters! It was a sudden opening of the gates of fairyland! To go to London would have been happiness enough; but to go so like an enchanted princess, in all her enchanted finery, was more than she could realize. A color as brilliant as the scarlet in Lady Throckmorton's frayed palm-leaf shawl, flew to her cheeks, she fairly clapped her hands in unconscious ecstasy.

"Oh, Pam!" she cried, with pathetic gratitude. "How good you are—how good—how good! I can't believe it; I really can't. And I will take such care of them—such care of every thing. You shall see the dresses are not even crushed, I will be so careful." And then she ended with another little shower of impulsive caresses.

But it was late by this time, and, with her usual forethought—a forethought which no enthusiasm could make her forget—Pamela sent her back to bed. She would be too tired to sew to-morrow, she said, prudently, and there was plenty of hard work to be done; so, with a timid farewell-kiss, Theo went to her room, and, in opening her door, awakened Joanna and Elin, who sat up in bed, dimly conscious of a white figure, wrapped in their august relative's shawl, and bearing a candle to light up scarlet cheeks, and inconsistent eyes, and tangled back hair.

"I am going to London," the voice pertaining to this startling figure broke out. "Joanna and Elin, do you hear? I am going to London, to Lady Throckmorton's."

Joanna rubbed her eyes sleepily.

"Oh, yes!" she said, not too amiably by any means. "Of course you are. I knew you would. You are everlastingly going somewhere, Theo, and Elin and I stay at home, as usual. Lady Throckmorton will never invite us, I know. Where are your things going to come from?" snappishly.

"Pamela!" was Theo's deprecating reply. "They are the things that belonged to her wedding outfit. She never wore them after Mr. Brunwalde died, you know, Joanna, and she is going to lend them to me."

"Let us go to sleep, Elin," Joanna grumbled drowsily. "We know all about it now. It's just like Pam, with her partiality. She never

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offered to lend them to us, and we have wanted them, times and times, worse than ever Theo does now."

And then Theo went to bed also; but did not sleep, of course; only lay with eyes wide open to the darkness, as any other girl would have done, thinking excitedly of Pamela's generous gifts, and of Lady Throckmorton, and, perhaps, more than once the strange chance which had brought to light again the wedding-day, that was never more than the sad ghost of a wedding, and the bridal gifts that had come to the bride from a dead hand.

CHAPTER II.

A GREAT deal of hard work was done during the following week. The remodeling of the outfit was no light labor; but Pamela was steady to her trust, in her usual practical style. She trimmed, and fitted, and cut, until the always-roughened surface of her thin forefinger was rougher than ever. She kept Theo at work at the smaller tasks she chose to trust to her, and watched her sharply, with no shadow of the softened mood she had given the candle-lighted bedroom a glimpse of. She was as severe upon any dereliction from duty as ever, and the hardness of her general demeanor was not a whit relaxed. Indeed, sometimes Theo found herself glancing up furtively from hor tasks, to look at the thin, sharp face, and wondering if she had not dreamed that her arms had clasped a throbbing, shaken form, when they faced together the ghost of long dead love.

But the preparations were completed at last, and the trunks packed; and Lady Throckmorton had written to say that her carriage would meet her young relative's arrival. So the time came when Theo, in giving her farewell kisses, clung a little closely about Pamela's neck, and when the cab-door had been shut, saw her dimly through the smoky glass, and the mistiness in her eyes; saw her shabby dress, and faded face, and half-longed to go back; remembered sadly how many years had passed since she had left the dingy sea-port town to go to London, and meet her fate, and lose it, and grow old before her time in mourning it; saw her, last of all, and so was whirled up the street, and out of sight. And, in like manner she was whirled through the thronged streets of London, when she reached that city at night, only that Lady Throckmorton's velvet-lined carriage was less disposed to rattle and jerk over the stones, and more disposed to an aristocratic, easily-swung roll than the musty vehicle of the Downport cabman.

There was a queer, excited thrill in her pulses as she leaned back, watching the gaslights gleaming through the fog, and the people passing to and fro beneath the gaslights. She was so near her journey's end that she began to feel nervous. What would Lady Throckmorton look like? How would she receive her? How would she be dressed? A hundred such simple, girlish wonders crowded into her mind. She would almost have been glad to go back—not quite, but almost. She had a lingering, inconsistent recollection of the contents of her trunks, and the sapphires, which was, nevertheless, quite natural to a girl so young, and so unused to even the most trivial luxuries. She had never possessed a rich or complete costume in her life; and there was a wondrous novelty in the anticipation of wearing dresses that were not remodeled from Pamela's or her mother's cast-off garments.

When the carriage drew up before the door of the solid stone house, in the solid-looking, silent square, she required all her courage. There was a glare of gaslight around the iron grating, and a glare of gaslight from the opening door, and then, after a little confusion of entrance, she found herself passing up a stair-case, under the guidance of a servant, and so was ushered into a large, handsome room, and formally announced.

An elderly lady was sitting before the fire reading, and, on hearing Theo's name, she rose, and came forward to meet her. Of course, it was Lady Throckmorton, and, having been a beauty in her long past day, even at sixty-five Lady Throckmorton was quite an imposing old person. Even in her momentary embarrassment, Theo could not help noticing her bright, almond-shaped brown eyes, and the soft, close little curls of fine snow-white hair, that clustered about her face, under her rich, black-lace cap.

"Theodora North, is it?" she said, offering her a wrinkled, yet strong white hand. "I am glad to see you, Theodora. I was afraid you would be too late for Sir Dugald's dinner, and here you are just in time. I hope you are well, and not tired."

Theo replied meekly. She was quite well, and not at all tired, which seemed to satisfy her ladyship, for she nodded her handsome old head approvingly.

"Very well, then, my dear," she said. "I will ring for Splaighton to take you up stairs, and attend to you. Of course, you will want to change your dress for dinner, and you have not much time. Sir Dugald never waits for anybody, and nothing annoys him more than to have dinner detained."

Accordingly, greatly in awe of Sir Dugald,

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whoever he might be, Theodora was pioneered out of the room again, and up another broad stair-case, into an apartment as spacious and luxurious as the one below. There her toilet was performed and there the gray satin was donned in some trepidation, as the most suitable dress for the occasion.

She stepped before the full-length mirror to look at herself before going down, and as she did so, she was conscious that her waiting-woman was looking at her too in sedate approval. The gray satin was very becoming. Its elaborate richness and length of train changed the undeveloped girl, to whom she had given a farewell glance in the small mirror at Downport, to the stateliest of tall young creatures. Her bare arms and neck were as soft and firm as a baby's; her *riant*, un-English face seemed all aglow of color and mellow eyes. But for the presence of the maid, she would have uttered a little cry of pleasure, she was so new to herself.

It was like a dream, the going down stairs in the light and brightness, and listening to the soft sweep of the satin-train; but it was singularly undream-like to be startled as she was by the rushing of a huge Spanish mastiff, which bounded down the steps behind her, and, bounding upon her dress, nearly knocked her down. The animal came like a rush of wind, and simultaneously a door opened and shut with a bang; and the man who came out to follow the dog, called to him in a voice so rough that it might have been a rush of wind also.

"Sabre!" he shouted. "Come back, you scoundrel!" and then his heavy feet sounded upon the carpet. "The deuce!" he said, in an odd, low mutter, which sounded as though he was speaking half to her, half to himself. "My lady's protege, is it? The other Pamela! Rather an improvement on Pamela, too. Not so thin."

Theo blushed brilliantly—a full-blown rose of a blush, and hesitated, uncertain what etiquette demanded of her under the circumstances. She did not know very much about etiquette, but she had an idea that this was Sir Dugald, whoever Sir Dugald might be. But Sir Dugald set her mind at rest on nearing her.

"Good-evening, Theodora," he said, unceremoniously. "Of course, it is Theodora."

Theo bowed and blushed more brilliantly still.

"All the better," said this very singular individual. "Then I haven't made a mistake," and, reaching as he spoke, the parlor-door, at the foot of the stairs, and finding that the mastiff was stretched upon the mat, he favored him with an unceremonious, but not unfriendly kick, and then opened the door, the dog preceding them into the room with slow stateliness.

"You are a quick dresser, I am glad to see, Theodora," said Lady Throckmorton, who awaited them. "Of course, there is no need of introducing you two to each other. Sir Dugald does not usually wait for ceremonies."

Sir Dugald looked down at the lovely face at his side with a ponderous stare. He might have been admiring it, or he might not; at any rate, he was favoring it with a pretty close inspection.

"I believe Sir Dugald has not introduced himself to me," said Theo, in some confusion. "He knew that I was Theodora North; but I——"

"Oh!" interposed her ladyship, as collectedly as if she had scarcely expected anything else, "I see. Sir Dugald Throckmorton. Theodora—your Uncle."

By way of returning Theo's modest little recognition of the presentation, Sir Dugald nodded slightly, and after giving her another stare, turned to his mastiff, and laid a large, muscular hand upon his head. He was not a very prepossessing individual, Sir Dugald Throckmorton.

Lady Throckmorton seemed almost entirely oblivious of her husband's presence; she solaced herself by ignoring him.

When they rose from the table together, the authoritative old lady motioned Theo to a seat upon one of the gay foot-stools near her.

"Come and sit down by me," she said. "I want to talk to you, Theodora."

Theo obeyed with some slight trepidation. The rich-colored, old brown eyes were so keen as they ran over her. But she seemed to be satisfied with her scrutiny.

"You are a very pretty girl, Theodora," she said. "How old are you?"

"I am sixteen," answered Theo.

"Only sixteen," commented my lady. "That means only a baby in Downport, I suppose. Pamela was twenty when she came to London, and I remember—— Well, never mind. Suppose you tell me something about your life at home. What have you been doing all these sixteen years?"

"I had always plenty to do," Theo answered. "I helped Pamela with the housework and the clothes-mending. We did not keep any servant, so we were obliged to do everything for ourselves."

"You were?" said the old lady, with a side-glance at the girl's slight, dusky hands. "How did you amuse yourself when your work was done?"

"We had not much time for amusements," Theo replied, demurely, in spite of her discomfort under the catechism; "but, sometimes, on

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idle days, I read or walked on the beach with the children, or did Berlin-wool work."

"What did you read?" proceeded the august catechist. She liked to hear the girl talk.

"Love stories," more demurely still, "and poetry, and sometimes history; but not often history—love stories and poetry oftenest."

The clever old face was studying her with a novel sort of interest. Upon the whole, my lady was not sorry she had sent for Theodora North.

"And, of course, being a Downport baby, you have never had a lover. Pamela never had a lover before she came to me."

A lover. How Theodora started and blushed now to be sure.

"No, madame," she answered, and, in a perfect wonder of confusion, dropped her eyes, and was silent.

But the very next instant she raised them again at the sound of the door opening. Somebody was coming in, and it was evidently somebody who felt himself at home, and at liberty to come in as he pleased, and when the fancy took him, for he came unannounced entirely.

Theo found herself guilty of the impropriety of gazing at him wonderingly as he came forward, but Lady Throckmorton did not seem at all surprised.

"I have been expecting you, Denis," she said "Good-evening! Here is Theodora North. You know I told you about her."

Theo rose from her footstool at once, and stood up tall and straight—a young sultana, the youngest and most innocent-looking of sultanas, in unimperial gray satin. The gentleman was looking at her with a pair of the handsomest eyes she had ever seen in her life.

Then he made a low, ceremonious bow, which had yet a sort of indolence in its very ceremony, and then having done this much, he sat down, as if he was very much at home indeed.

"I thought I would run in on my way to Broom street," he said. "I am obliged to go to Miss Gower's, though I am tired out to-night."

"Obliged!" echoed her ladyship.

"Well—yes," the gentleman answered, with cool negligence. "Obliged in one sense. I have not seen Priscilla for a week."

The handsome, strongly-marked old eyebrows went up.

"For a week," remarked their owner, quite sharply. "A long time to be absent."

It was rather unpleasant, Theodora thought, that they should both seem so thoroughly at liberty to say what they pleased before her, as if she was a child. Their first words had sufficed to show her that "Miss Gowers"—wherever Miss Gowers might be, or whatever order of place it was—was a very objectionable place in Lady Throckmorton's eyes.

"Well—yes," he said again. "It is rather a long time, to tell the truth."

He seemed determined that the matter should rest here, for he changed the subject at once, having made this reply, thereby proving to Theo that he was used to having his own way, even with Lady Throckmorton. He was hard-worked, it seemed, from what he said, and had a great deal of writing to do. He was inclined to be satirical, too, in a careless fashion, and knew quite a number of literary people, and said a great many sharp things about them, as if he was used to them, and stood in no awe whatever of them and their leonine greatness. But he did not talk to her, though he looked at her now and then; and whenever he looked at her, his glance was a half-admiring one, even while it was evident that he was not thinking much about her. He did not remain with them very long, scarcely an hour, and yet she was almost sorry to see him go. It was so pleasant to sit silent and listen to these two worldly ones, as they talked about their world. But he had promised Priscilla that he would bring her a Greek grammar she required; and a broken promise was a sin unpardonable in Priscilla's eyes.

When he was gone, and they had heard the hall-door close upon him, the stillness was broken in upon by my lady herself.

"Well, my dear," she said, to Theodora. "What is your opinion of Mr. Denis Oglethorpe?"

"He is very handsome," said Theo, in some slight embarrassment. "And I think I like him very much. Who is Priscilla, aunt?"

She knew that she had said something amusing by Lady Throckmorton's laughing quietly.

"You are very like Pamela, Theodora," she said. "It sounds very like Pamela—what Pamela used to be—to be interested in Priscilla."

"I hope it wasn't rude?" fluttered the poor little rose-colored sultana.

"Not at all," answered Lady Throckmorton. "Only innocent. But I can tell you all about Priscilla in a dozen words. Priscilla is a modern Sappho. Priscilla is an elderly young lady, who never was a girl—Priscilla is my poor Denis Oglethorpe's *fiancee*."

"Oh!" said Theodora.

Her august relative drew her rich silk skirts a little farther away from the heat of the fire, and frowned slightly; but not at Theodora—at Priscilla, in her character of *fiancee*.

"Yes," she went on. "And I think you would

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agree with me in saying poor Denis Oglethorpe, if you could see Priscilla."

"Is she ugly?" asked Theo, concisely.

"No," sharply. "I wish she was; but at twenty-two she is elderly, as I said just now—and she never was anything else. She was elderly when they were engaged, five years ago."

"But why—why didn't they get married five years ago, if they were engaged?"

"Because they were too poor," Lady Throckmorton explained; "because Denis was only a poor young journalist, scribbling night and day, and scarcely earning his bread and butter."

"Is he poor now?" ventured Theo again.

"No," was the answer. "I wish he was, if it would save him from the Gowers. As it is, I suppose, if nothing happens to prevent it, he will marry Priscilla before the year is out. Not that it is any business of mine, but that I am rather fond of him—very fond of him, I might say, and I was once engaged to his father."

Theo barely restrained an ejaculation. Here was another romance—and she was so fond of romances. Pamela's love-story had been a great source of delight to her; but if Mr. Oglethorp's father had been anything like that gentleman himself, what a delightful affair Lady Throck-plenty of room for speculation regarding it. How morton's love-story must have been. The comfortable figure in the arm-chair at her side caught a glow of the faint halo that surrounded poor Pam; but in this case the glow had a more roseat tinge, and was altogether free from the funereal gray that in Pamela always gave Theo a sense of sympathizing discomfort.

The next day she wrote to Pamela.

"I have not had time yet to decide how I like Lady Throckmorton," she said. "She is very kind to me, and asks a good many questions. I think I am a little afraid of her; but, perhaps, that is because I do not know her very well. One thing I am sure of, she doesn't like either Sir Dugald or his dog very much. We had a caller last night—a gentleman. A Mr. Denis Oglethorpe, who is a very great favorite of Lady Throckmorton. He is very handsome, indeed. I never saw any one at all like him before—any one half so handsome and self-possessed. I liked him very much because he talked so well, and was so witty. I had on the gray satin when he came, and the train hung beautifully. I am glad we made it with a train, Pamela. I think I shall wear the purple cloth to-night, as Lady Throckmorton said that perhaps he might drop in again, and he knows so many grand people, that I should like to look nice. There seems to be a queer sort of friendship between aunt and himself, though somehow I fancied he did not care much about what she said to him. He is engaged to be married to a very accomplished young lady, and has been for several years; but they were both too poor to be married until now. The young lady's name is Priscilla Gower; and Lady Throckmorton does not like her, which seems very strange to me. She is as poor as we are, I should imagine, for she gives French and Latin lessons, and lives in a shabby house. But I don't think that is the reason Lady Throckmorton does not like her. I believe it is because she thinks she is not suited to Mr. Oglethorpe. I hope she is mistaken, for Mr. Oglethorpe is very nice indeed, and very clever. He is a journalist, and has written a book of beautiful poetry. I found the volume this morning, and have been reading it all day. I think it is lovely; but Lady Throckmorton says he wrote it when he was very young, and makes fun of it now. I don't think he ought to, I am sure. I shall buy a copy before I return, and bring it home to show you. I will write to mamma in a day or so. With kisses and love, and a hundred thanks again for the dresses, I remain, my dearest Pamela, your loving and grateful, THEO."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO ———.

BY MRS. SARA WOLVERTON.

I THINK if I was dying, and you came
And took my trembling hand,
And waited by me on the bank, of what
They call the Border Land,

And said, in your kind, gentle voice, "cross not
That rapid river, dear;
'Twould darker grow if you were gone, we need
Your presence daily here."

I think I'd know the hand that held, new strength
Through every vein would thrill;
Whilst from the soundings of the heart would wake
To life, the sleeping will.

I think my soul would stay its flight, nor care,
Although I'd wandered far;
The city gleamed but just before, and wide
The golden gate's ajar.

Nor question aught of good or ill, I'd know
Joy in ourselves is found;
That if our presence lendeth light, there will
Heaven lie all around.

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BROKEN VOWS.

BY HELEN MAXWELL.

I.

THE bay-window of a large, luxurious room, in Brighton, England, looked out upon the esplanade. On the sands below, children were playing, nurses sewing and gossiping, loungers lazily tossing pebbles into the sea, or basking in the bright sunlight. The sea was calm and blue as the Bay of Naples, and gay with little darting boats and white-sailed yachts.

It was twelve o'clock in the day, and the esplanade was all animation, crowded with vehicles of every description, and with people of all classes. Donkeys, with comical little straw-saddles, a seat on either side, trudging easily along, with their burdens of two merry children apiece; pony and goat-carriages, conducted by little Jehus in knickerbockers and sailor-hats, satin-lined barouches, landaus, and wagonettes, heavy rolling broughams, the steady old bay horses driven by steady, old, gray coachmen, and a snuffy, wiggy old lady inside, covered well with wraps and rugs; gentlemen on fine horses, shop-keepers on "screws," ladies, followed by respectable grooms; a riding-school of girls, pushing against each other, and rather uncertain of their seats; the side-walks full of people lounging along, and getting out of the way of bath-chairs and children; swells with light little umbrellas in their hands, and flowers in their button-holes; pretty girls, with pink cheeks and floating hair; invalids, pale and fretful; fine ladies, daintily keeping their garments from contact with the vulgar herd; French *bonnes*, with immaculately-fluted white caps on their heads, and immaculately-embroidered white bundles in their arms; bands of music on the piers, minstrels, hand-organs, noise, bustle, laughter! In a word—Brighton in September.

"There goes Hampton," said Bessie, from her seat in the bay-window, where she was watching the brilliant scene. "He rides very badly; but then I forgive him, because he adores me."

"As far as I can judge," said Lena, in her quiet voice, "he is as devoted to me as to you, Bessie."

"Oh, Lena, how can you say so?" cried Bess, "when he sends me such delicious caramels!"

"You forget my violets."

"Which means the most, Augustus, violets, or bon-bons?"

Gus muttered something about the man being a fool, who would send either.

"Fortunately, Mr. Hampton is not of your mind," said Bess. "He is a man of sense."

Gus stood up and made a bow.

"Thanks!"

"Thankth!" laughed Bess, mimicking him. "Oh, do stop lisping, Augustus."

Augustus looked dignified, and took up a newspaper.

"He is not at all a bad-looking man, Lena," said Bessie, deliberately. "I might do worse; I am so dull and bored, so tired of everything, so longing for change, he had better not make me an offer of his hand and—bank account just now, if he don't wish me to accept."

Lena looked almost angry for her.

"How can you talk so?" she said, impatiently.

"Because I feel so," said Bess, obstinately.

She leaned her head against the window and glanced defiantly at Lena. Then, suddenly, her gaze sought Augustus; but she read nothing in the dark, severe face which was partly turned from her.

"You two sit like dummies, and won't talk to me; even Rough can't be coaxed into saying a word to-day. What can have come over the world?" Bess sighed, cast her eyes up, as if she were wearied with the struggles here below, and looked rather disconsolately out of the window.

There was a long silence in the room, only broken by a yawn from Rough, a Scotch terrier, who emerged from underneath a sofa, and stretched his lazy legs.

Augustus was the first to speak.

"You proposed a drive, Lena," he said, in a rather constrained voice, and keeping his eyes studiously from the bay window. "Have you ordered the carriage, or shall I do so."

"The order is given," said Lena, collecting her tidily-arranged worsteds. "I am going to Ella's room, and will ask her if she feels up to coming with us. Bessie, you will come, of course."

"No," said Bess. "I am going for a walk."

The door closed after Lena. Bess sat motionless in her seat; she looked at, without seeing the crowded esplanade and shining sea.

Augustus, his dark brows contracted, walked

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once or twice the length of the room, and then approached the little figure in the window.

"Why did you say that about Hampton?" He spoke, in a low, angry voice, and put his hand heavily upon Bessie's shoulder. There was no reply.

"Answer me!"

The brown eyes were raised half-imploringly, half-defiantly to his.

"Of course, you know I did not mean it."

"How do I know that? You always seem delighted with his visits; you smile upon him—accept his gifts. And what do you care for my sufferings!"

"Oh, Gus, I do care!"

"Then if you care, why don't you show some pity?"

"I do—I do pity you. Oh, how sad, how wretched this life is!"

"It is," said Augustus, looking moodily at the taper fingers, which were clasped in her lap. How he longed to put his hot head on those cool little hands; how he longed to press those soft fingers to his lips.

"Tell me again that you forgive me for confessing my love for you," he whispered, suddenly bending his head very near to hers.

"I forgive you," she answered him, looking full into his eyes, "and I love you dearly. It is wrong and dishonorable, but I cannot help it."

"Oh, my darling!" he said, bending still more toward her, so that his lips almost touched hers.

"No, no!" cried Bess, starting up, and looking uneasily about the room. "Oh, Gus, if any one should see or hear us!"

"I wish they would," he said, violently. "It would bring all this miserable business to a crisis." But, nevertheless, he stepped a little back into the room as he spoke. At the same instant, the door opened, and Lena entered, dressed for her drive. Following her, came a pretty, showy-looking woman, seemingly of Lena's age. She was much dressed, and trailed a heavy India shawl over her arm.

"How is this, naughty Bess," she asked, in a sweet, drawling voice. "You won't come with us?"

"No, thank you very much, cousin Ella. I am rather in the humor for a walk, and shall go down to the sands."

"As you please, dear; but a drive this lovely day would do you good."

"I am not looking ill, am I?" laughed Bessie.

"A little pale, perhaps," said Mrs. Rockwell, touching the round cheek with her finger.

"You had much better come with us," said Lena, whose eyes had not left Augustus' face since she entered the room; but, if you persist in refusing, I think Gus had better go with you."

"Many thanks! I would rather go alone, if you don't mind."

"Since I am not wanted by any one, then," said Augustus, with a little forced gayety, as he moved toward the door, "I shall ride alone."

"Don't think we don't want you, Gus," said Mrs. Rockwell, "for I should be only too glad to have you with us, and so, of course, would Lena."

"Oh, of course," said Lena, coldly.

But Augustus merely bowed, and, without glancing toward Bessie, left the room.

When Mrs. Rockwell and Lena had started for their drive, Bessie resumed her seat in the bay-window; she did not again think of her walk. Her bright face grew dull and sad; bitter tears fell from the brown eyes; an aching longing filled the tender heart.

It is a sad lot to love where love is forbidden. If one could be aware of the danger, they could, perhaps, struggle against it; but its growth is by such slow and subtle degrees—attraction, liking, sympathy; a nameless charm in being together, and hearing each other's voice! They know nothing of the danger they are in; they laugh at meeting, and part with a smile. They do not realize how happy they are together, or, perhaps, they might have the strength to keep apart. They cannot believe that anything so serious as love has anything to do with their pleasure, until too late.

II.

Mrs. Rockwell was a widow: she had married a man much older than herself, for a home and plenty of money! A pretty, lazy creature, she felt herself entirely unfit to battle with the world; and when Mr. Rockwell laid his fortune at her feet, she never hesitated a moment, but accepted the kind hand and liberal means, and made him a good wife, as wives go! His son, Augustus, an only child, returned from school to find the lovely bride ruling his father's house with a gentle, languid dignity. She was too good-tempered and too indifferent to be anything but nice to her step-son; and he was soon lost in admiration of his step-mamma. Mr. Rockwell lived but a few years after his marriage, and died without a will; but Augustus would not hear of Mrs. Rockwell leaving his house, and so for a couple of years, their lives flowed on uneventfully, Augustus finding no interest outside of his home.

But this could not last for ever, of course, an

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at last Augustus became engaged. Lena Forsyth was a lovely, cold woman of the world, and several years older than Gus. Why she accepted him was a mystery, which their acquaintances tried in vain to solve. He was all fire and ardor, and full of generous impulses, but of a quick, almost violent temper. She was his very opposite, calm, cold, without enthusiasm. She loved the world, and the opinion of the world next herself. What place Augustus held in her hear would be hard to say. Lena had long been upon terms of great intimacy with Mrs. Rockwell, and Augustus drifted into a boyish passion for her, receiving, as he did, every encouragement from the object of his worship.

Of course, he wished to be married at once; but the two women raised many objections; or, rather, Mrs. Rockwell made the objections, and Lina acquiesced in her plans. Mrs. Rockwell proposed that they should go abroad for a year or so. Gus fumed, and fretted, and did not see why he couldn't be married first, and take his wife with him; but at last he yielded, though with a bad grace. Only the day before they sailed Mrs. Rockwell mentioned, in her languid way, that she had made an addition to their party. She had promised to chaperon her cousin, Miss Bessie Mannering, a "dear, jolly little girl," and she hoped Gus would try and be civil to her.

A sea voyage is a very pleasant thing to those who like it; and so Augustus found it. Mrs. Rockwell and Lena were sick all the time, and kept their state-rooms. Bess Mannering was gay as a lark, and perfectly well. She treated Gus with that unthinking cordiality and freedom, which his connection with her cousin, and his position as an engaged man warranted. They were always together, laughing, joking, walking the deck, playing childish games at cards; quarreling occasionally, and then making up. For over a year were they thrown constantly together while in Europe. Lena was at times very tenacious of her rights as *fiancee;* but, more often, she was entirely apathetic. Poor Bess little knew what dangerous ground she was treading; and Augustus was for a long time unconscious of the reason that caused him to look with indifference, and then aversion, upon his betrothed.

One day their eyes were opened. They were then at Brighton, and had been for a long stroll on the beach—Augustus and Bessie alone. They chanced to meet a certain Mr. Hampton, a man of great wealth, who had shown much attention to the Rockwell party. He stopped and asked Bess if she intended going to the concert that night, and, receiving an answer in the affirmative, said, with emphasis, as he bowed and left them, "Then I shall be there."

Augustus' brow darkened; he walked on in complete silence for some time. Bess said one or two little nothings about the pretty view, or the balmy air, but received no response. At last he said to her, with startling abruptness, "You are never to speak to, or in any way notice that man again."

"What man, Gus?" asked Bess, amazed.

"Hampton."

"What has he done?" cried Bessie.

"Done? Nothing that I know of except dare to push himself upon you."

"Oh, no!" said Bessie, apologetically. "He is inoffensive enough."

"Of course, you are in love with him, and I have nothing more to say," exclaimed Gus, violently.

"Why, Gus, what can you mean by speaking to me in this way? Are you angry? What have I done?"

"Forgive me Bess, my pet! my darling! Oh, Bessie, can't you see that I love you, and am almost mad?"

And thus suddenly, unexpectedly to both, was the confession made.

There was silence for a long time. Bessie walked on mechanically, but her face was pale as ashes.

"You think me a dishonorable brute, of course?" said Gus, sullenly.

"Oh, no!" whispered Bessie.

"Then you are at least sorry for me? You do not hate me?" he asked, eagerly, imploringly.

"I do not hate you—how could I?"

No other word was said on that day; but Augustus knew then, and more fully afterward, that his love was returned.

III.

One night there was to be a dance at the Grand Hotel. Bess, after vowing she would not go, suddenly made her appearance in the drawing-room, looking so pretty and radiant, that it would have been hard to believe that her morning had been passed in tears. Mrs. Rockwell and Lena were already dressed and waiting.

"Is Gus coming with us, Lena?" asked Mrs. Rockwell.

"I really know nothing of his plans," was the reply.

"Very odd and provoking," said Mrs. Rockwell. "It is after ten o'clock now."

"Perhaps Bessie can inform us," suggested Lena.

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"I do not know. I did not hear him say," faltered poor Bess, her face flushing painfully.

"If you will excuse me, Ella," said Lena, abruptly, turning to Mrs. Rockwell, "I will not go this evening."

"And pray what has caused you to change your mind so suddenly?" asked Mrs. Rockwell. "Do you fear it will be dull without Augustus?"

A little, disdainful smile curled Lena's thin lips, but she made no other reply.

Mrs. Rockwell fretfully bade Bessie put on her wraps, wondered what was coming over the world, and swept with much dignity from the room.

After they left, Lena lowered the lights until the drawing-room was in complete obscurity, except for the uncertain light of a wood fire, and then threw herself upon the sofa in the bay-window. The roll of passing carriages, and the wash of the sea on the beach, were the only sounds that disturbed the stillness. For a long time Lena remained motionless on the couch, but her cold, handsome eyes were watchfully open, and her whole attitude was that of expectancy. Suddenly, there was a loud, impatient ring at the bell. A moment passed, and then quick steps mounted the one flight of stairs, and the drawing-room door was pushed unceremoniously open. Augustus entered, without removing hat or overcoat; he was wet with spray and the heavy night-mist, and carried a riding-cane in his hand.

He went to the fire-place, and, leaning upon the mantel, gazed moodily into the burning embers.

The light flickered over the ceiling, and brightened occasionally some polished piece of furniture; but the long room was in shadow, and the bay-window completely dark.

Gus stood for some minutes, and then, with a heavy, impatient sigh, turned as if to leave the room. At that moment there came from the bay-window the sound of a suppressed sob. Gus stopped and listened eagerly. A slight rustle of a woman's dress, and another low, smothered sob convinced him his ears had not deceived him. He strode quickly to the window, and, pushing aside the heavy curtains which draped the entrance, saw indistinctly the form of a woman dressed in white lying on the sofa.

"Bessie, darling, is it you?" he murmured, approaching. but not venturing to touch the reclining figure.

There was no answer, but another sob.

"Do not torture me so, Bessie. I am in agony when I think of the trouble I have brought upon you; and yet, oh God! how I suffer myself! There must and shall be an end to this, darling. I shall take you away with me. Will you come? Oh, Bessie, say you will—that you will marry me in spite of all the world." His voice grew passionate and husky; he suddenly knelt by the sofa, and put his arms out as if to clasp the form of her whom he so loved. But a hand pushed him away.

"You will not?" he cried, springing up. "Bess, have pity on me. I cannot keep faith with that woman. Would it be honorable, even, when I hate her?"

"It would really be very absurd to keep up the farce any longer, Augustus Rockwell," said Lena's voice, as she raised herself from the sofa, and walked with her usual slow steps into the room. She put her hand to the lamp, and flooded the room with light; no trace of tears on that fair, calm face; the sobs had been but a part of "the farce."

Augustus stood where she left him, stunned with consternation and surprise, and yet with a strange feeling of relief within him that the truth had been spoken at last.

"Pray, do not remain in that cold window, Mr. Rockwell. If you will touch the bell we will have more coals put on the fire. As for the pretty little story which I have long suspected, and am now fully informed of, I beg you will believe that it will not cost me another thought. I regret that you will have the trouble of repeating your proposal to the person for whom it was intended; but, really, under the circumstances, I do not believe you will find an elopement necessary."

She stopped speaking, and herself ringing the bell, waited quietly till the servant answered her summons.

Augustus moved slowly from the bay-window, and crossed the room, near to where Lena had taken her seat.

"I have nothing to say in exculpation of myself," he said. "I know I have behaved dishonorably, and you have every right to reproach me."

"Pray spare me any discussion of this," said Lena, calmly. "I have no reproaches to make; your regard is now, and has always been, a matter of indifference to me."

"Then why did you accept it?"

"Because I thought you would do as well for a husband as any one, and the world makes the position of an unmarried woman not agreeable."

"Then you never loved me?"

A scornful smile was the only reply.

"Thank God I was spared from such a marriage!" was Augustus' inward thought. "Allow me to finish what I was saying," he said, aloud.

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"In this entire affair, I only have been to blame. Bessie was led into it by me, and the poor child has suffered fearfully in the deception we were forced into."

"Oh, of course," said Lena, with calm indifference; "but, really, all this is of no consequence to me, and I must beg you again to drop the subject."

As she spoke the door opened, and Mrs. Rockwell came into the room.

"What subject is to be dropped?" she asked, smilingly. "I fancy I understand now why you were so reluctant to go out to-night, Lena; you craved a *tete-a-tete* with Gus."

"Yes," said Lena. "I stopped at home for that purpose."

Gus stood by the table, his eyes fixed upon the door.

"Did Bessie come with you?" he asked.

"Of course. She went immediately to her room, I believe."

"No, I am here, cousin," said Bessie, coming languidly into the room. "I was so tired that I had to creep up stairs," she added, looking up with an effort into Lena's face; but in no way noticing Gus, who had stepped forward to meet her.

"Bessie," he said, in a quick, breathless voice, "Lena knows all; it is over between us. Tell me now, before her and my mother that you are mine."

"Pray what is the meaning of this?" cried Mrs. Rockwell.

But Gus took no notice of the question; he looked steadily, beseechingly at Bessie, who stood trembling and excited near him.

"Is it true?" she whispered, at last.

"Yes, it is quite true," said Lena, quietly. "And I hope you will not make yourself uneasy about me in the matter. And, indeed, to put an end to this scene, which is really getting very tiresome, I may as well tell you all that I have accepted Mr. Hampton, and shall be married next week. Perhaps," she added, smilingly, "we can arrange for a double wedding."

No one made any reply. Bessie and Gus stood as if stunned by their unexpected happiness, and Mrs. Rockwell had concluded to faint—a difficult feat, which she accomplished with signal gracefulness.

Lena promptly applied her *flacon*, and with success.

"I am really delighted," murmured Mrs. Rockwell, recovering, "for, to tell the truth, Lena, you were much too old for Gus, and Hampton is enormously rich. Bessie and Augustus," she added, with solemnity, "of course, you have behaved badly, and all that sort of thing, but I forgive and bless you!"

The two culprits dutifully thanked her, and tried to look as if they were sorry for their wrong-doing, but failed lamentably. They knew well enough that they had been playing with edged tools, but then they had escaped without a scratch!

Lena married Mr. Hampton, before they left England. They had a very "swell" wedding at the American Legation, in London. She is very rich, very well dressed, and as happy as any one of her nature could be.

Gus and Bessie crossed the Atlantic, and were married at home. They live for each other, and care nothing for the world. Mrs. Rockwell thinks they are ridiculously in love, and wishes they would "come to their senses." And as she does not like being called "grandmamma," she thinks she will marry again herself. And if she can she will.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

BY CHARLES EDWARD PRATT.

He promised to marry me once. Ah, well!
And he spake soft words to me;
And often he would of the bright home tell,
For both of us over the sea.

I was a fisherman's daughter, poor,
He was a gentleman, grand;
Yet he treated me quite as well, I am sure,
As the richest maid in the land.

Oft we used to walk on the beach,
At the hour of the fading day;
Learning together what love could teach,
And of what the waves might say.

But he left me, saying that he would soon
Come back again unto me;
But still I live as I did that June,
With my father, down by the sea.

They say he married a lady fair,
And dresses her rich and fine;
That out from the braids of her glossy hair,
The precious diamonds shine.

Yet fancy I that his memory strays,
And bitterness is his part;
As he thinks again of those happy days,
When he stole away my heart.

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WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY ALICE COLE.

"WANTED.—Several good sewers, at No. 78 Dexter street. Liberal wages given.'

This looked, at last, like an advertisement that I could answer. I could not do many things, but I could sew, at least. Something I must do, and that soon, or I should starve.

I was a country girl, the only and idolized daughter of a physician, of good standing in my native place. My mother had been dead for many years, so that much of my life had been spent at a boarding-school. I had been, as the phrase goes, "thoroughly educated;" that is, I knew geography, natural philosophy, even political economy. I had studied a little Latin, and read French fluently; I could also play on the piano. But of the practical affairs of life I knew literally nothing. Hence, when my father died, and left no estate behind him, I was, like tens of thousands of my sex, wholly unfit to earn my living. I few wealthy patients of my father raised a small purse, presented it to me, and advised me to go to a great city, to look out for employment. I believe, in the country, a great city is considered a panacea for everything; but especially for the poverty of orphan girls. Alas! there was never a greater mistake, as I soon discovered. My money was soon gone, and yet I had found nothing to do. I read the advertising columns of the newspapers daily, and, oh! how often I wished I could "cook," or "wash," or "iron," and "bring references from my last place;" for I had long laid aside my pride, and would have been willing to work at anything, even to scrub floors. I had moved from my first boarding-house to a cheaper one, and was now literally on my last dollar. If I did not find occupation, before the week was out, I would not have money enough to pay my board on Saturday night.

With what delight, therefore, did I read the advertisement that I have quoted. Here was a chance, at least, of work. No references seemed to be required. It was these references which had been my trouble all day. Twenty times, I had missed getting a place, because I could give no references, or at least references that were known in New York.

I put on my bonnet, and hurried to No. 78 Dexter street. When I saw the house, however, my hopes went down to zero. It was not a tailor's shop, or a milliner's, or any other where good sewing would seem to be required. On the contrary, it looked like a very stylish restaurant. I thought, at first, I made a mistake. But no, the number was there, all right; and, besides, two or three other girls were evidently coming on the same errand, and all went in. I did not like their looks. They were flashy, noisy creatures, not at all such as I should wish to be associated with.

I did not know what to do. Standing there, irresolutely, I noticed, in a vague way, a gentleman, who turned to look at me as he passed down the street, and then, some minutes after, the same person returning. As he approached this time, he raised his hat, stopped, and said, in a somewhat embarrassed manner.

"Beg pardon, Miss," he said. "I see you looking at this house. I hope not to go in there."

I colored to the roots of my hair. Then I felt my courage rising. What had I done that a stranger should address me thus familiarly? Then my heart sank within me, my courage all left me, and I burst into tears.

"I am so sorry," said the gentleman. His tone, not only respectful, but remorseful, made me look at him more closely. I saw, through my tears, that he was young and handsome, and had the air of a true gentleman. His face, too, was full of pity.

"I am looking for work," I said, choking back my tears, "and came here to answer an advertisement;" and in my unsophisticated, impulsive way, I went on hurriedly, "Father died, and—I can't help it—I don't know what to do for a living. But I don't want to go in there."

"Poor child," he said. "Nor ought you to go in there. Let me see! Stop, you are not ashamed of work——"

"Oh! anything honest," I cried, clasping my hands.

"You wouldn't object to being a lady's maid?"

"But I never dressed any lady's hair in my life," I answered, with dismay.

"What a pity!" he said. He seemed to think a moment, then added, quickly. "But you can take care of children."

"I could soon learn, I hope."

"Then you'll do," he said. "The lady, my friend, you know, wants both a lady's maid and

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a nursery governess; and though you won't do for one, you will for the other." He drew a card out of his pocket, and hastily wrote on it the number of a street, prefixing Mrs. to the name, which was that of a gentleman, Henry Ashford.

"There," said he. "Apply at that place to-morrow morning. Now be sure you go!"

"Oh, never fear," I cried, joyfully, returning his parting salutation, and hurried homeward as fast as I could go.

"What a kind-hearted man," I said to myself. "It is his wife, I suppose."

The next day I went to the house mentioned on the card. To my astonishment I found a large mansion. A stately footman answered my ring. I was ushered into the presence of a lady who evidently expected me, but who was quite too old to be the wife of the stranger. For the first time, a sense of my imprudence came over me. I had trusted to a kind-looking face; but now I realized the risk I ran; and shame, suspicion, disappointment, struggled in my heart by turns. The lady, however, soon put me at my ease. She was very gentle and kind, notwithstanding her magnificence; persuaded my whole history from me, and engaged me on the spot. The children had an ordinary nurse, she told me, but I was to teach her two little boys the elementary branches. I was to come, if I could, that very night.

Oh, what a happy change! Before I had been a week in my new home, all my cheerfulness came back. My duties were not arduous; I had no longer the fear of poverty before me—I felt myself a different being.

And yet I sometimes doubted whether I should ever get acquainted with the heads of the family. Mr. Ashford was a middle-aged gentleman, portly, deliberate, and characterized by a certain indescribable air, which seemed to bespeak him a person privileged to sit in judgment on others, while he himself was quite beyond the pale of censure or criticism. For my own part, I had but one wish in regard to him, and that was, to escape his notice altogether. So far, I had undoubtedly done so.

Mrs. Ashford was another sort of person. Her manners were elegant in the extreme. She always had some well-bred expression of kindness, even for strangers. But I divined that it was no easy matter to gain the way to her heart. Had I done so? What nonsense! She had simply heard my story, sympathized with me, afforded me instant assistance, and thought no more about me. But how did the stranger, who had directed me to her, come to know her? He had spoken of her as "my friend," but when I mentionad him, she gave me so little encouragement to pursue the theme, that I came to the conclusion that the lofty lady regarded him as an inferior.

I had not seen him since; I did not even know his name; and it was most likely that I should never see him again, nor have an opportunity to relieve my full heart by thanking him.

I was thinking thus alone, in the handsome library, one evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Ashford had gone out. My thoughts wandered out also to other things. What though I had been fortunate enough to secure my present position in this house; were a good home, and creature comforts, all-sufficient for a thinking, feeling human being? What was I? The children's governess—at best, a poor young girl, on whom this proud family had taken pity. Why, oh, why, was I so alone in the world!

Something—a tear, I think—blurred the clear embers on the hearth; the next instant I lost sight of them altogether. Some one had stolen up behind me, and put both hands before my eyes.

I started, and turned quickly.

There, in the fast-darkening room, stood a young officer, in all the glory of a full suit of regimentals. The fire-light threw a nimbus round his handsome head, and revealed the fact that he was smiling pleasantly.

"Oh, how you frightened me!" I exclaimed, some seconds after the fright was over.

"Did I? How stupid of me!" he replied, with the air of one who was looking at, or beyond me, and saying the words in a pre-occupied, abstracted manner.

I became conscious, and dropped my eyes, which recalled him to himself.

"Why, how thoughtless I am," he said. "You are standing!"

He wheeled up a divan before the fire for me, and seated himself on the opposite side.

I was very awkward and shy, but my companion was not in the least abashed.

"Do you begin to feel at home here?" he inquired, pleasantly.

"Yes."

What an ungracious reply!

But I was not thinking either of question or answer. Two things were puzzling me extremely: one was, why my quondam acquaintance wore a uniform, and held the rank of major, as I discovered by his shoulder-straps; and the other, how he came to be so much "at home here," himself.

"Well," he said, drawing a long breath, "I

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find nobody in but you, and this is the welcome you give me!"

Quite a reproach; and yet, with all my gratitude, I had no suitable answer ready. He was about to make some other remark, when I broke out stupidly enough,

"Mrs. Ashford never told me that you were in the army."

"Oh, that's it! I thought you had something on your mind. Yes, I am in the army, and at home on a furlough now." Then suddenly he asked, "Do you think you will be satisfied here?"

Now is my chance to thank him, I said to myself.

"Oh, yes, indeed! They are so good to me—"

But he interrupted me. Really, I was unfortunate in my gratitude.

"I want you to promise me something," he said, looking at me very earnestly. "Will you?"

"You haven't told me what it is," I answered, greatly confused, but without knowing why

"I am going away very soon, and I want you to promise faithfully that you will let me know if ever you are discontented or in trouble of any sort. Will you?"

Was this the young man who had been chatting so gayly? He was strangely serious now, and awaited my answer to a simple question, even anxiously.

"But if you are away, how can I let you know?" I replied, with great *naivete*.

"Oh, that's easy enough; I shall give you my address. Only promise."

"But why?"

"Please promise. I know you will not break your word. Say you promise it."

How could I resist such pleading?

"Why, certainly, if——"

A foot-fall. We both looked up. Mrs. Ashford stood on the threshold.

"How will she meet my companion?" I thought, in sudden terror.

He arose, and advanced toward her. I was mistaken. She did not regard him as a stranger. On the contrary, her face flushed with delight. She reached out both hands, and, wonder of wonders, he threw both his arms around her neck, and kissed her!

"Why, David, my son, when did you come in?"

So this was David, the eldest son, the scion of the rich house! The discovery thrilled me with surprise and dismay.

They sat down, and conversed together. I seemed forgotten. At last he said, looking at his watch,

"How the time flies! I must have come in an hour ago, mother."

Could it be possible? A whole hour, and I had not thanked him yet.

"I have had company," he said, smiling.

"Yes, I see," answered the stately lady, looking at me keenly. "It is time I came to Miss Ernest's relief, or I fear she would have been tired."

"Oh, I assure you I was not tired in the least," I hastened to reply, and instantly regretted having spoken.

David looked greatly amused, but repressed his mirth when he saw how grave his mother had become. What had David, or what had I done, to merit her displeasure?

A servant came in to light the gas. Soon after, Mr. Ashford joined the little party at the library fire. I seized the first opportunity to escape.

That night, an hour or more later, I overheard a fragment of conversation, not intended for my ears. I couldn't help it. I was an unwilling listener, and had no means of retreat.

"David," said Mrs. Ashford, to her son. "I have a few words to say about the young girl. It is important that she should know her position. I fear that in your heedlessness, you will do the great injustice of giving her a false idea of it. She is my governess, and I must insist that while she lives in my house, you neither treat her as an equal, nor a companion. You will simply ignore her."

"My dearest mother," replied David, "you have acted nobly in rescuing this young girl from poverty and humiliation. Will you stop there?"

"I do not understand you?"

"Mother, she is young, really beautiful, and possesses great accomplishments. The misfortune of her father's death has condemned her to a very hard lot. Say, mother, will you not alleviate it?"

"David, I do not understand you."

"My father's wealth, and your position, are amply sufficient to grace society with a young *protegee*, who is in every way fitted to adorn it."

"What crazy notion is this?"

"Dear mother, listen to me. You have the power to make this young girl's life one of two things: a dreary round of drudgery, unrelieved by the pleasures youth craves so much, or the joyous existence, which her accomplishments, her beauty, and her worth, will embellish both for you and herself. You have no daughter——"

"You mean, then, that I should introduce her into society."

"Yes, mother; under your guardianship she would be well received."

"And for the future?"

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"She would probably marry."

Singularly enough, the last remark seemed to give deadly offence. When the proud mother spoke again, it was in high displeasure.

"Allow me to be the judge, in this matter, David. I have, perhaps, erred in taking this girl into my home at all. It was a whim of yours which I was foolish enough to gratify. What do we really know about her? As a governess only will I retain her in my house. In that position, she is satisfactory; the children like her, and she is capable, and painstaking.

Their voices died away. I had heard enough. My pride was quite equal to my haughty employer's. When David left home, a short time after, to rejoin his regiment, I had so skillfully baffled his attempts to see me alone, that he sent me by a servant, a sealed envelope, containing a scrap of paper, on which were written his address, and a single line, "Remember your promise."

Months flew by. I was still the children's governess; but I had achieved a mighty triumph. I had found the way to the heart of David Ashford's mother. Yes. Doubt it, wonder at it as I would, it was, nevertheless, true. She had offered me, as proof of it, what her dearly-loved son's persuasion could not wring from her; what her own womanly sympathy would not yield me: the position of a *protegee*—nay, more, of an adopted daughter!

How galling my refusal of this brilliant proposal was to Mrs. Ashford, I, who had marked the steady growth of her affection for me, best knew! She was too haughty to urge the matter long; but she never lost sight of her object, nor gave up the hope of ultimately accomplishing it. But to no purpose. I was as inexorable as she had once been.

At length David returned.

A determined will overcomes many obstacles, and, in spite of the resolution I had formed he frequently managed to meet me alone. Once, when we were standing in the moonlight, instead of the firelight, for we were now at the Ashfords' country-seat, he laid his hand upon my shoulder, and looking with earnest eyes into my upturned face, said, suddenly.

"You did not keep your promise."

"What promise?" I faltered.

"Your promise to let me know if you were unhappy or annoyed."

"Who said I was?"

"I have found it out for myself. Something is weighing on your mind. Tell me what it is."

"I have nothing to tell," I said.

"Yes, you have—you are not satisfied here."

I started like a guilty thing, for he had partly spoken the truth. I was, indeed, most unhappy.

"Just as I predicted," he continued, in a musing way. "A case of 'all work, etc.' Too bad, too bad! I ought to have urged it more strongly. Mother is not hard-hearted, and I'll make the effort again."

"What effort?" I inquired.

He had become oblivious of me, but my words recalled him.

"Why," exclaimed he, with energy; "I am going to ask my mother if she will not give you the advantage of society, and the amusements suited to your age and disposition."

"She has not only offered me both, but has expressed her desire to take the necessary steps for adopting me as her daughter."

He gazed at me with incredulous wonder.

"Is it possible?"

Mrs. Ashford had not told him then.

"When is it to be?" he asked.

"Never."

"What! You cannot mean that you refuse?"

"And why not, pray?" I retorted.

"Have I hurt your feelings?" he inquired, in a low and gentle voice.

"Yes," I answered. "You have; you have cruelly accused me of ingratitude."

"I!"

"Yes, in your heart. You think me so unmindful of my obligations to your mother and yourself. as to repine at the position in which you have placed me."

"Indeed——"

"You think me so vain, so shallow, so characterless, as to long to exchange a life of honorable industry, for one of dependence, and show."

"But, at your age, a young girl should see the bright side of things."

"You think so meanly of me as to suppose that I would tamely accept a life of dependence, when another was open to me, or take a place in society to which I am not entitled, having neither money, nor kindred to uphold me there."

I spoke excitedly. He caught my hand, and held it fast.

"On my honor!" he cried, "I have never had an unkind thought of you."

"Not unkind, but unjust."

"When I come home, and discover that you are drooping under your drudgery, is it unjust that I desire to snatch you from it?"

He had touched a chord which vibrated so painfully, that it called forth a gush of tears.

It was the second time he had seen me cry. On the former occasion, his sympathy found ready utterance, but now no word escaped him.

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In silence he smoothed my hair, tried to raise my bowed head, and once he lifted the hand, still clasped in his own, and touched it with his lips.

When I gained command of my voice, I spoke.

"I admit that I sometimes suffer; but cannot you understand the true and only reason why? Happy as you are in the possession of father, mother, and brothers, can you not appreciate my loneliness and isolation? Think what it must be to claim no near kindred—to have no natural right to the sympathy of those who surround you. I do not complain. But, in future, if you sometimes find a trace of sorrow about me, oh, think how I miss the affection and companionship of near and dear relatives.

"And do I not think of all this?" he cried, in a voice tremulous with strong feeling. "Is there a day or an hour that I do not think of it, and of you? Since your sweet face first came to haunt me, have I ever ceased to anxiously overlook your welfare?"

I was startled. I drew back with a fast-beating heart. He came still closer, and, in a voice of tender entreaty, continued,

"Oh, give me hope. Since I saw your sweet face that very first day, I have loved you. Say that you will be my wife. If to prevent it lies in human power, you shall never be lonely or friendless again."

I snatched at an overhanging bough for support, and to assure myself that it was my own little head, and not the big, solid earth that was spinning around. The old pride rose uppermost, and made me cruelly ungrateful.

"I don't want to be adopted or married out of pity!" I said, turning with a wild desire to rush from him; but now sky, stars, and earth whirled around me—I felt myself going with them. Some one lifted me from the earth, and bore me away, gathered dew from the grass, and sprinkled it on my face.

The next day Mrs. Ashford sent a request to see me. Mr. Ashford was with her, reading the newspaper apparently with his usual deliberation.

"Fannie," said the lady, (she had long since ceased to call me Miss Ernest,) "I want you now for my own, own child. You know how David loves you. Do not let a foolish pride, which is not real dignity, stand in the way when so many will be made happy. Do not weep, do not stand there trembling like a culprit. We all love you and desire you above all things."

I fell upon my knees by her side, and buried my face in her lap. Was it true? Was this proud lady pleading with me, a "poor, friendless girl," to become her son's wife?

I lifted my head to speak. That instant Mr. Ashford rose from his chair, and astonished me beyond my previous conception of surprise, by walking toward me with alarming precision.

"Miss Ernest," he said, "your spirit does you infinite credit; you are right not to accept an equivocal position. To enter any family without the full consent of its members, is what no well-bred lady could do with any degree of self-respect." I trembled more and more. "But," he continued, "we are all ready to welcome you. For my part, I really do not think my son could have chosen better. Give me your hand, kiss your new mother, and stop crying."

Nothing can describe my amazement! I tried to speak—struggled for utterance in vain.

But right before me stood David, his handsome face all aglow with happiness, and his earnest eyes fastened on me beseechingly.

I resisted no longer. He opened his arms. My full heart found relief. At last I thanked him in words, which he gathered in kisses from my lips.

When he left me, his face was radiant, his step elastic.

As for me, I ran and hid myself in the fairy nook reserved for David's happy bride.

SABBATH MORNING.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

The purple tints of morning light
  Are o'er the landscape stealing,
As midnight dreams steal o'er the soul,
When wrapped in slumber's sweet control,
  Strange, mystic thoughts revealing.

Through fleecy clouds, that curtain o'er
  The broad, blue arch of Heaven,
Fresh burst the rosy beams of light;
Before them fast the shades of night,
  Like phantom forms, are driven!

Earth, smiling, greets the holy morn
  Of calm and sweet repose;
The visitant that from above
Its message brings, of peace and love,
  To soften human woes.

The bubbling brook, the zephyr breeze,
  To Heaven the'r homage pay,
In strains of melody divine;
Their songs of praise and love combine,
  To consecrate the day!

A sweetly solemn, sacred awe,
  O'er Nature's realm is reigning,
That bids the soul with joy arise
In converse with the upper skies,
  All sordid things disdaining.

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THE LOST INHERITANCE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137.

CHAPTER XXI.

DAN WHITE came in, smiling beneath the shadow of his broad-brimmed hat—a grand, stalwart fellow, six feet high, and broadchested as a race-horse. His blue eyes danced with a consciousness of the surprise his coming would give. His deep, cheery voice rang through the house like a trumpet.

"Hallo, granny, you see I've come at last!"

The old woman stood upon the hearth, trembling from head to foot. At the first sound of this voice, the slow, painful tears of old age had struggled up to her eyes, and she saw her grandson through a mist, as she had so often done in her dreams.

"Dan, Dan! My own little Dan!" she murmured, laying her hand on the arm which he held out eagerly, but without attempting to kiss him. Poor old woman, her life had been all those late years so void of affection, that she would not have known how to take or offer a caress, had not the strong man lifted her in his arms, and kissed her lips, her cheeks, and her snow-white hair, as if she had been a child.

"Why, granny, granny! how you shake—how you sob! Of course, you're glad to see a feller. What do you cry for? If you're a going to do that, I'll just wheel about, and go back again."

The old woman lifted her head, and looked into the kind face drooping over her, beaming with smiles, though tears trembled over it—bright, joyous tears, that quivered like raindrops in the sun.

"So you are glad to see a feller; but, of course, you can't begin to come up to me in that. Well, how are you, and how's the old house? I see the old button-ball tree lifts itself over the ruff, just as scraggly as ever. Reckon its rattled off about all the shingles by this time, hasn't it?"

The old woman laughed grimly, and patted him on the cheeks with her withered hands.

"Dear boy! dear boy! But grown so, while I—I'm shorter than ever."

Dan held the old dame gently away, and examined her withered face and bowed form with pathetic tenderness. His firm mouth trembled a little, and lost its smile. She had, indeed, grown shorter, for age had bent her tall figure, and her head, formerly so erect, was unsteady with a perpetual vibration.

"Been dreadful lonesome," said Dan, smitten with self-reproach. "I can see it all over you. Kind of withered up. No wonder, without the old man! Oh, granny, I had no business to leave you all alone on the coast!"

Once more those withered hands went up to the strong man's face with caressing fondness.

"But you couldn't help it, Dan. Who ever heard of a sea-gull building its nest in the mountains. I don't believe I could live out of the sound of breakers. Why, boy, I was rocked in a boat, and fed on clam-broth, when other children had nothing but milk. Lonesome! No, no! The great sea is always company, and the old man sleeps close by."

"Yes, I know it, and a good long sleep he's having—poor, old grandad!"

The old woman shook her head.

"Yes, Dan, since he was buried, the coasting business has sunk down to nothing, not having a leader. The boys whom he used to train are sunk down to clam-diggers, and nothing better. Them that were good for anything have pulled up stakes and gone away."

"I dare say, granny. Why not? Fishing don't make men rich. As for all the rest, it's a good thing that it is broken up. Smuggling leads to worse things."

"Yes, I don't say that it doesn't; but your grandad enjoyed it. I used to be down on him now and then, because of the danger; but, lor, he never cared for that. You know how brave he was. No lion, with its mane flying, more so."

"That's so!" answered Dan, heartily. "Our friend here can answer for so much. Can't you, Burke?"

"Your friend! Is this ere person your friend, really now?" questioned the old woman.

"Yes, he is, and yours too, granny," answered Dan, appealing to Burke with his eyes.

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Burke smiled, and nodded his head.

"Of course," continued Dan. "We may as well let her know all about it, in case any one should want to contest about the old place. Granny, don't you remember a harnsome young feller that used to live at the Rochester Place, that year, when the madam and her daughter came down to the coast."

"What!" exclaimed the old woman, looking keenly at her guest. "You don't mean to say that this is he."

"Well, now, I reckon it's nobody else."

The old woman reached out her hand to Burke, and took his with the grip of a bird's claw.

"He sat store by you. I remember now. You came here half crazy that night of the great shipwreck. Mercy on us, how you did work; but what good would there have been in it if the old man hadn't tackled-to. Then there was our Dan. He wasn't nothing but a boy then, but he did a soger's work. Do you remember the poor lady that was buried out of that room?"

Burke turned deadly pale, and, for an instant, his firm mouth trembled. Dan saw it, and broke into the conversation.

"Hallo, granny, did you expect me? A short-cake all ready, and the table set out! This seems just like old times. But you have only got two teacups. Bring out grandad's old china cup and sarcer for me, and some quince preserves. Quinces have't had time to grow among us, and I've hankered after 'em ever so much."

The old woman broke off her remeniscences at once, and went after the quinces, which she had not thought of before for months. Then Dan went up to Burke, and laid his hand kindly on his shoulder.

"I know all about it, old fellow. A deed thought of isn't a deed done. It was not you that slacked the rope, and sent the poor young creature under. If it was done a purpose, which I don't believe, the old man did it. Anyway, he's got it to answer for, not you."

Burke shook his head, and shrunk from under the hard, kind hand that sought to reassure him.

"God forgive me! I wish I could think so!" he said, in a hoarse undertone.

"Hush up. We will talk it all over by and by. Here she comes," whispered Dan.

Sure enough Mrs. White came out of the pantry, with a saucer of preserves in one hand, and a milk-cup in the other. Then she broke up her short-cake, poured out the tea, and drew her own chair to the table, calling upon the two men to sit down.

They obeyed her, and Dan helped himself liberally to the short-cake. Burke, struck with sudden gloom, broke his in pieces, but scarcely raised a morsel to his lips. The mention of that shipwreck, in the long ago, had taken away both his appetite and some portion of his strength.

When the meal was ended, and the old woman began to wash her tea-things, the two men went out into the open air. It was a desolate prospect they had to gaze upon, flats and fledges of white sand, tufts of strong, coarse grass, and, beyond that, the ocean, heaving in its waves with a great swell of strength that would have struck a person not born on the shore with strange thrills of dread. Dan White would have sauntered on toward the water, for that was almost his native element: but Burke turned inland, and led the way toward a great bluff, broken and seamed with many storms, and crowned at the top with a growth of stunted pines and grim cedars, that seemed too poverty-stricken even for the crows to build their nests in.

The path which led to this bluff ran up one side of it, for in front it was a rude precipice, in which a few dusty vines were rooted, with here and there a dwarfed cedar, which seemed to have twisted itself violently into the light. Burke turned up this path, and White followed. Perhaps he understood what was passing in his companion's mind, for these men had been there before, and both were thinking of the same thing.

A few rocks were scattered under the trees, on the top of the bluff, which commanded a splendid view of the ocean, and all the windings of the coast. Burke seated himself on one of these rocks, and Dan threw himself at full length near another, using its jagged edges only as a pillow. Once or twice Burke passed one hand over his forehead, and moved uneasily, while Dan watched him from his half-closed eyes with a sort of vague pity.

"I have been here before," he said, at last.

"A good many times, I reckon," answered White. "Nobody ever lived any time on the coast without coming to the King Bluff."

"But I have been here when it was a crime to come!" answered Burke, firmly. "When it was almost murder!"

"Yes, I know all about it!"

"You? Impossible!"

"That stormy night when the steamer struck, you and the old man were hard at work on this very spot. I saw him come up the hill. The old woman followed as quick as she could; but not till a fire blazed up from this very point. It was down in that hollow that old grandad rolled his kerosine-jug. I saw it all."

"But you could not know."

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"Yes, I did, for I heard all that you and he said about the steamer that the fire was to lure along. I don't think that there is anything new that you can tell me. That grandad of mine was as precious an old wrecker as ever lived; but he's dead and gone, and I don't want to rake up anything uncomfortable about him. At any rate he was good to me."

"You were here that night? Where? I saw no one!" said Burke, turning a little paler.

"Step this way. Look over the edge of the cliff. You see that shelf of rock, cropping out of the face, just above the snarl of cedars and vines. I sat there, and heard every word you and the old man said. The storm was awful, but I crept close and listened."

"Then you heard me tempt the old man to commit a deadly sin."

"Well, yes, it seemed like that, rather; but I didn't look upon it in that light at the time, being a boy, and used to rough smuggling and the like."

"White!" said Burke, with sudden vehemence, "I have told you enough to make you hate me."

"Hold on there. I reckon not!"

"But that one act of my life was worse than all the rest. You have been kind to me, and I should be mean, as I have been wicked, if I left any dark spot in my life covered from you. It was not for the sake of plunder that I bribed your grandfather to light that death-flame."

"Well, I always thought it was a little mixed; but, being only a boy, couldn't just make out how."

"There was a woman on board that was likely to interfere with the plans of a person who controlled me."

"Yes, I heard what you said about the lady."

"Then you heard me ask the old man to murder her, not in rough words, but at the time I meant it. Still I was but the agent of another woman, whose ambition this poor young creature might have thwarted had she lived."

"But you did not do it. I watched you like a cat, and saw how you struggled to save her."

"Yes, yes, thank God! I could not carry the fiendish plan out. After the storm broke, I would have died rather than see a soul perish."

"I remember it. Granny struggled up the cliff, and made the old man come down. I haven't a doubt that she trampled out the fire with her own feet; for she was resolute as a she lion in those days; at any rate, she brought the old fellow home when the storm raged fiercest, and made him turn out to save the lives he had risked in such cold blood. I remember it well. While the storm howled and yelled fiercest, you broke into the house, scared half to death, with your eyes burning, and your hair dripping. 'Come!' you said, as wild as a shot eagle. 'Come this minute; human lives are at stake—not one must be lost.' The old man lifted his lantern, and looked at you wildly. He did not understand. There was no going back in him; and the idea that any one could be eager for a thing one minute, and fighting against it the next, could never have been driven into his mind. He thought you were making believe before the old woman. I knew better. There was something in your eyes too awful for that. If ever a man was sorry for what he had done, you were that man."

"I was! I was! God forgive me only as I was sorry."

"But the storm was tremendous that night. I never in my born days saw anything like it. All the monsters they talk of in the great deep seemed quarreling and howling together. It was like working against wild beasts. But we did work furiously—you wildest of all. Next to you that English lord. I shall never forget his face when he saw that woman on the deck crouching down by her child. He knew her face. He called her by name. Oh, if I had only seen that child close enough; but the spray blinded me—I could not be sure of a feature."

"Then," said Burke, holding out both hands, which shook like dry leaves in a blast, "you saw that I did my best—that I worked like a slave to undo the evil I had tempted. You know that, directly, that young woman's death was not my crime. I would have saved her life with my own at any time after the steamer struck."

"I saw that, or, boy as I was, you would have been denounced, even if the old man had gone with you. But, to this day, I do not know whether the lady was lost by accident, or whether grandad slackened the cable on purpose. He wasn't a man to let on about anything he did; and I hate to think he could have done it on purpose."

"At anyrate it was done, and those who led me on reaped the benefit of her death, while I——"

"Yes, I know all about that," said White, anxious to spare this poor man the shame of another confession. "While the old man escaped you suffered."

"Not more than I deserved—not so much, buried in those prison walls as I have been since," answered the poor man, passionately. "My crime was great; but I had no thought of evil, which was not to help those I loved—those who now cast me off as if I were a worn-out dog."

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"But why? How came it that any one wanted that poor young creature out of the way?"

"I cannot answer that now. She has been cruel as the grave to me—hard, scornful; but I cannot yet deal with her, as she—— No matter! no matter! I only meant to tell you the worst that can be said of me or thought of me. So far as I am concerned, you know everything; as for the motive or the tempter, I have nothing to say, because talking would only do harm."

"Well, just as you please, old feller. I don't want to crowd myself into anybody's secrets; far from it. What you have told me I knew of long ago. It was my way to pry into everything going on in them days. All the fun I had was in mousing out the old man's secrets, and hooking things from granny's pantry. Poor old soul, how often she would pretend not to see when I went out with my pockets crammed full. Well! well! Suppose we go down. I see her standing there at the back door, with a hand shading her eyes, searching for us. She can't see so far as this. Come along."

"In a minute," answered Burke, rising slowly from the rock. "But now that you know the worst of me, are you still of the same mind.'

"What about?"

"Standing by me down here?"

"Standing by you? Of course I am! Arthur and I have made up our minds to that. The old house is yours, and you shall have it."

"But how?"

"Just go up, and take possession. That is nine points of the law. If any one wants to turn you out, let 'em try it on. I'm here to swear to your identity. So is the old woman. But who is there to contest?"

"No one, I think. No one will dare."

"All right. Anyway it will do no good for friend or enemy to try. The old place is yours, and the people about here know it well enough. They will know your face, too, after getting over the change of years. There is nothing in the way; so just up, and pitch in. Sell out, and try your luck out West."

"White."

"Well. What is it now!"

"I don't mean to sell the old place just yet."

"Hallo! What's up now."

"I have got another use for it—that is, just for the present."

"Well, go on. I'm a listening."

"I mean to live there awhile before I try my luck out West."

"Live there all alone. The dickens you do?"

"Not alone. You know the old gentleman who was so kind to me; but for him and your brother Arthur I should have died."

"That handsome girl. You forget her, and the child who, in my thinking, did the most."

A hot flush came into Burke's face.

"No, I do not forget either the young lady or the child. One might as well forget the angels that come down with healing and comfort when soul and body are about to part. It is for her sake that I mean to stay here."

"For her sake!"

"For her, and that stately old man. The old house yonder will be a home and a shelter."

"What on earth are you a talking about, Burke."

"This. Do you know, White, how unsafe that young creature is in that bleak tenement-house, open at all hours to any one who chooses to invade it. Already she has been grossly insulted."

"Insulted! By jingo! Insulted! That girl! and Arthur not know it—I not know it. Just trot out the scoundrel that did it—that's all."

Burke smiled, and his great, dark eyes flashed.

"I did not wait for that."

White, in his angry ardor, had rolled up his sleeves, and was absolutely squaring off at a stunted old cedar-tree close by; but Burke's answer sobered him a little, and, turning down his cuffs, he gave himself a shake, as if he could get free of his wrath, as a Newfoundland dog scatters water from his coat, and answered, reproachfully,

"Of course you trounced him within an inch of his eternal life, and didn't leave a thing for me to do. Might have known you would!"

"On the contrary, there is a great deal for you to do; but we needn't drag that young fellow into the scrape, and break the girl's heart by getting him into trouble. You ought to understand that."

"Well, yes, the boy is fiery as a race-horse, and proud enough to whip a king. It wouldn't be worth while to set him a rearing up. Well, now, what is it you have got on your mind about these Ingersolls?"

"To bring them down here, fit up the old house as well as we can, and let them know what a home is for once. A home to themselves, with plenty of fresh air, plenty of room, and a garden to tend. Now do you think that fair girl would like it. Can't you see that stately old man walking about in the fields, and breathing the sea-air like a rich old landholder, as he ought to be."

White listened eagerly. The idea seemed to animate all his generous nature.

"But how will they live? That stately old

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gentleman could no more work a farm than a chippen-bird could carry off spring lambs in its beak. The old house will cover them—but what else? Nobody on the coast wants to learn languages—most of us have tough work to get our own. With smart management the old farm might be made to yield something. It has been lying fallow a good while now, and ought to pick up a little; but what could that old gentleman do with it?"

"Nothing, White. Let him rest; or, if he wants to, potter about the garden. I mean to work the land myself. They shall keep house; and so we will emigrate from the old tenement-house, and take care of each other."

White took in this project with animation, and sat down again to enjoy it.

"You'll work your own land, give those people a home, and settle down till Arthur has got along a little, and can take the girl himself. Is that what you mean?"

"That is it! I have thought and thought. There is no other way in which that old gentleman can be saved from want, and his grand-daughter kept free from persecution."

"Old boy, you are right! It is a capital idea. I begin to understand why you was so anxious to get down here. Been to the old place?"

"Yes, and found it empty. In the garret some furniture is stowed away. A few vines, and some of the largest flowers are left among the weeds. Some people would think it a dreary old barrack, but, compared to that tenement-house, it will be heaven."

"Just so. Let's go up and take a look at it. We mustn't let the grass grow under our feet."

Burke arose and began to descend the bluff.

"Suppose we go to the village first and get help to clean up," said White. "I shan't be content till we have them safe under the old roof. You and I can turn to and hurry things up."

"Had I better go to the village?" questioned Burke, with some hesitation.

"Of course. Go boldly; no one there ever knew you, except as James Rochester; as Burke you were too well disguised. With every man on the coast these two persons were distinct as men could be."

"Still, for the present, I will take neither name."

"Then you may be disturbed in your title."

"I am not afraid of that," said Burke, sternly, thinking of his mother. "No, no, I am not afraid; under any name, I shall hold the place."

"Then let's set to and put things in order. As for me, I am spiling for a job of hard work. This city life don't agree with my constitution. Come on!"

They crossed the sands to the old brown house, where they entered into an explanation with old Mrs. White, who entered with vigor into all their plans. Early the next morning all three of these persons were busy in the great white house. The old woman had protested against the hiring of any person from the village. She wondered that they should think of it. Did Dan suppose that she had forgotten how to scrub floors and dust walls because she had got to be a little aged?

In order to show him how mistaken he was, the old woman fell to work with all the ardor of strong mid-age. She scrubbed floors, dusted walls, and reigned supreme over the boys, as she called them, while they brought down the furniture, which, spite of long disuse, was still rich, and, in most respects, superior to any in the neighborhood.

Never did two men work more earnestly, or with more generous purpose. Once more the fresh sea breeze swept through the old rooms. Dust and cobwebs were swept from the walls; rose-bushes and honeysuckles were lifted from the weeds and nailed to the veranda; wasps'-nests were exterminated, window-blinds brushed clean. A noble day's work those three persons had performed, for before nightfall two rooms were carpeted and ready for use on the ground-floor, while three bedrooms were made habitable in the second story.

When all was done and the house well aired, the old woman went home, as proud of her day's work as the successful general of a great victory. The two friends stayed behind long enough to close the blinds, and leave the house desolate and lonely to passers-by, as it had been before.

On the second day everything was arranged. Enough of household goods were found to seem like rich abundance to the poverty-stricken family that was to inhabit the house, and for the first time in years, Burke felt as if he were once more a member of the great human family, capable of doing good, and of some little share of enjoyment. As for Dan White, the great happiness of his life lay in working out some benefit to his fellow-creatures, no matter in what way, by thought or toil, so long as it was done. Still his work here had a particular zest; it was for the benefit of a young creature who had not only inspired his own frank admiration, but the deeper and more enduring feelings of one who was dearer to him than a brother—more tenderly beloved than a child. Yes, even higher than both these relationships was that which bound

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this great-hearted man to Arthur White, and through him to the girl he loved.

On the third day White and Burke worked out-doors, mending the broken pickets of the garden-fence, tearing up weeds from the flower-beds, cutting dead wood from the lilac-bushes, and trimming the gnarled old quince-trees, on which some downy fruit was struggling to ripen. To both these men this toil was a labor of love. Each in his own heart had an affectionate reason for this pleasant ardor. It was a common love for the two beings for whom they worked.

At sunset they stood leaning on the gate, which had now been taught to open without pushing. The walk before them was all dead; a few hardy flowers, that the weeds had not choked to death, were blooming in the borders. A host of swallows were fluttering about the eaves and chimnies, disturbed by the change, and chattering over it like a human crowd, drawn together by some great political excitement. The two men looked at each other and smiled.

"After all, it is a pleasant old house. I can remember when we came here, refugees, as it were, from hard fortune, how glad we were to find so safe a shelter," said Burke. "It was then I first learned to work with my own hands."

"I remember it," answered Dan, laughing, "and awkward enough you were. I used to to watch you trying to swing a scythe, when I was a shaver, and came here to sell fish; and it always has been a wonder to me that you didn't cut off your own legs."

Burke laughed good-humoredly. He was too happy that night for anything like discontent.

"But I learned at last. You cannot say that I did not swing a crack scythe in the end. So it will come all the easier now."

"Oh, it won't be long now before Arthur will be able to take his share," said White. "If I have good crops this year, he may as well marry early. I don't intend to say a word against it, but mean to help him now. By-and-by, when the children grow up, he can do as much for them. Anyway, I don't mean to have that girl slip through his fingers for want of a little hard cash."

Burke made no answer, but if White had looked at him, he would doubtless have been surprised to see a slow pallor steal over his face, and a trembling of the mouth, usually as firm as iron. As for his thoughts, in his agony, they might have framed themselves into cries of pathetic entreaty.

"Oh, do not be so cruel. Do not seek to cut short this one brief gleam of happiness that has strayed across my broken life. I do not ask for love—not even for gratitude; only to look on her, work for her, and know that she does not yet belong to another. At the best, it can only be for a little time; but do not, with your hateful money, cut that time short by a single minute."

Of course, these words were not uttered, for this man had been made strong by suffering, and had learned reticence by solitude; but the cry was in his heart, and heaved there as waves swell in a storm. He turned away from the gate, pale and greatly disturbed. This man was his friend, his benefactor—of a sympathetic, kindly heart; yet his very kindness had struck him like a sharp sword. Could he never bury that secret so deep that a chance word would fail to search it out.

White rather wondered at his companion's silence, as they walked home together; but they had worked hard all day, and there was not much disposition to talk between them.

That evening, after tea, Burke wandered out upon the sands, and White followed him. The day had been unusually warm, and a cool night-breeze that came up from the ocean, tempted them to prolong their walk, which brought them at last in view of the white house. Burke started, and uttered a quick exclaimation.

"Look yonder!"

White turned and looked toward the house.

"Surely it is a light!"

"A light in the house. Come this way!" was the terse answer.

White made no answer, but both men leaped a fence, and walkad rapidly toward the house, so strangely illuminated.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INVOCATION.

BY E. P. W.

FATHER! I thank thee, that the spirit lives and loves
Beyond this earth;
That higher, purer joys our souls await,
Of nobler worth.

The light is breaking, and the clouds are riven,
Dispelling night;
There is a shining pathway to that haven
Of glorious light.

Father! my yearning soul craves more of truth,
To guide my way
To that blest region of immortal youth,
And endless day.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a very pretty costume, either for street or house. The material

is goat's-hair, something prettier and more silky-looking than the ordinary mohair. It can be had in all the new shades at from seventy-five cents to one dollar per yard. In many of these fabrics the wrong side of the material is several shades darker; and our modistes use this wrong side for the binding of flounces, etc., making a very pretty contrast, and adding much to the beauty of the dress. Our model here is trimmed with bands cut on the bias, and stitched down, using the wrong side of the material, as explained, or, if preferred, a contrasting color can be substituted. The under-skirt is perfectly plain, and not very full, with two bias bands, four inches wide, to ornament it. The over-skirt has only one band, put on as a binding, and this tunic is very scant, as may be seen, and gathered closely at the back, according to design. The basque is vest-shaped in front, and pointed in the back, trimmed to match, and ornamented with two bows. A deep sailor's collar, and cuffs, complete the costume. Fifteen to sixteen yards will be required. This same design will look well in pique or alpaca, or even linen.

We give next a Polonaise of dotted foulard, delaine, or percale. It is worn over either a black silk skirt or one the same shade of the material. The under-skirt has a deep-plaited flounce at the back, and is kilted all the way to

the waist in the front. This Polonaise is open in front, and also in the back. The flap in the

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back, which is the same as the binding, and forms the trimming, is ornamented with large, white pearl buttons, with simulated button-holes; the same upon the cuffs. This trimming is of plain material, and color the same as the dress, and is four inches wide. Belts are much worn over Polonaises, and is here the same. The waist is trimmed, as may be seen, with the addition of guipure edging on both sides of the band. Foulards are yard-wide, and six yards will be enough for the Polonaise, one and a half of the plain for trimming. Delaines are much cheaper, and the percales of this pattern are very effective in dark-blue and chocolate, with white dots. Foulards cost from one dollar fifty cents to two dollars per yard; delaines fifty cents; percales, twenty to twenty-five cents.

Above is a dress for a miss of twelve to fourteen years. This dress is of mohair or alpaca—suitable for cool days. The first skirt has a plaited trimming, cut in points, and bound with a contrasting color, put on about nine inches from the bottom, and headed by a bias band, bowed likewise. The tunic is kilted in front, and pointed, like the trimming, and the back is plain and simply bound. The basque is slashed to the waist, both back and front, and trimmed a *la militaire*, with strap and buttons, as is also the cuff to the tight-fitting coat-sleeve. Fourteen yards of mohair, or any double-width material, will be required.

Next is a boy's suit of black or navy-blue velveteen, trimmed with a wide military braid, and buttons of white pearl. A large linen collar, edged with Hamburg work, is tied with a black ribbon in front.

We give, also, a toilet for a little girl from ten to twelve years, of white pique. On the underskirt, the trimming, which consists of several rows of narrow braid, is put on to simulate the tunic, as may be seen, and finished at the bottom by a narrow ruffle, either of Hamburg work, or plain Nainsook. The Polonaise is trimmed *en tablier*, and the trimming is disposed upon the waist in the shape of a sailor collar at the back, and pointed in front. Coat-sleeves, with cuff to match. Eight yards of yard-wide pique, and two dozen pieces of braid, either star or plain,

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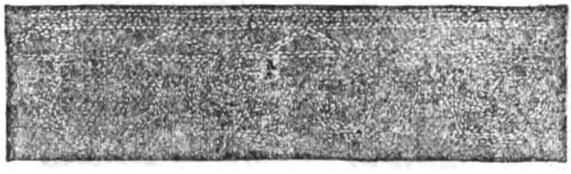
or black worsted braid may be used if preferred, it would be very effective.

Another boy's suit, made of light gray cassimere, and bound with black alpaca braid. Knickerbocker pants. The jacket is double-breasted, belted in at the waist. The braid is

doubled, and stitched on in the shape of long points, as seen. Very stylish for a little boy of six to eight years.

TRIMMING CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The rosettes are first worked. The picots throughout the pattern consist of four chain, one single, six chain; close in a ring.

1st Row: Four chain * one picot, one chain, one treble into the first of foundation chain, one chain. Repeat from * five times more; then join with one single to the fourth of the four chain.

2nd Row: Eight chain, one single over the treble of last row. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

3rd Row: One single into every stitch of preceding row.

4th Row: One picot, one single into the first stitch of preceding row, one single into the next. Repeat until you are within the last fourteen stitches of the row, which are to be left unworked.

Repeat from the beginning until the required number of rosettes are worked, joining them in working at their side picots.

Now on the unworked space of each rosette work the heading as follows:—

1st Row: Two single in successive stitches, one picot, nine single in successive stitches, one picot, two single in successive stitches, nine chain, join with one single to first stitch of next rosette, one double-treble back into the last stitch of previous rosette. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

2nd Row: Seven chain, one treble into the middle stitch of the nine single of previous row, seven chain, one single into the middle stitch of the nine chain of previous row. Repeat.

3rd Row: One chain, pass over one, one single into the next. Repeat.

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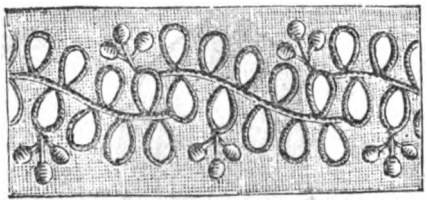

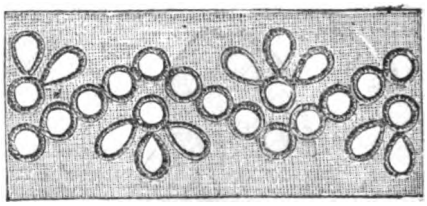

THE DUCHESSE MANTELET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give here an engraving of the Duchesse Mantelet, which is both showy and attractive, and cannot fail to please our numerous readers. The diagram on the next page will enable the reader to cut it out and make it up at a very little expense.

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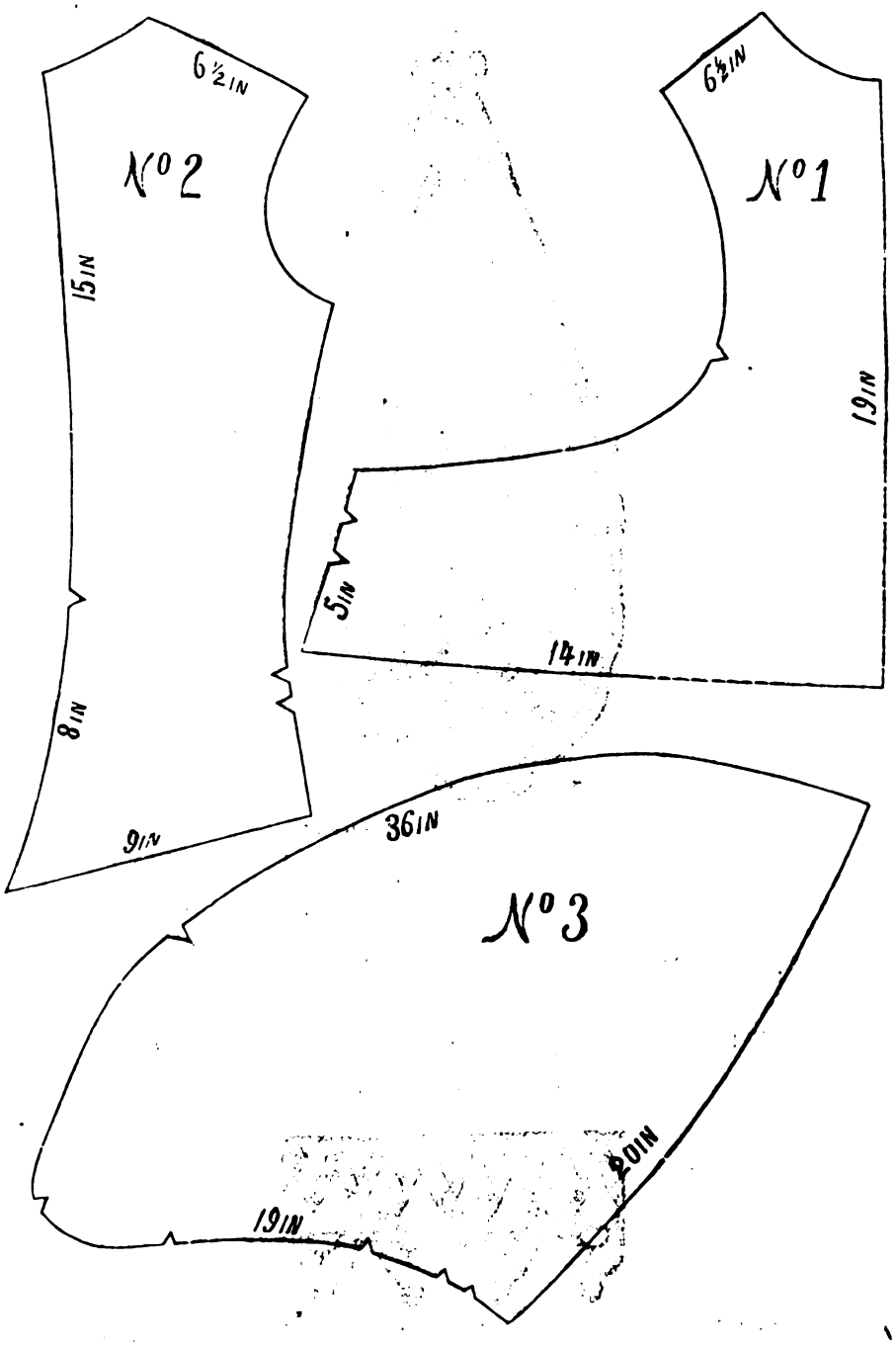

No. 1. Half of Front.
No. 2. Half of Back.
No. 3. Whole of Sleeve.
The notches show where it is sewn together.

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TOILET-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This bag may be made any required size For the foundation, four pieces of thin cardboard of equal size, cut to the shape shown in the engraving, will be required. They are covered with blue cambric, and slipped into the case, the outside of which is of Roman embroidery, edged with a border of hairpin-work. The bottom of the bag is drawn together, and finished with a rosette of blue ribbon. The straps are made of the material, bordered with hairpin-work, drawn together with a bow, and serve to suspend the bag.

TRIMMING-BRAID AND CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

For the edge work * one double into a point of braid, two chain, one very loose chain, two chain, one double into next point of braid, three chain. Repeat from *. Next row the same as a last row of rosette. For the heading, three chain, one double into a point of braid. Repeat.

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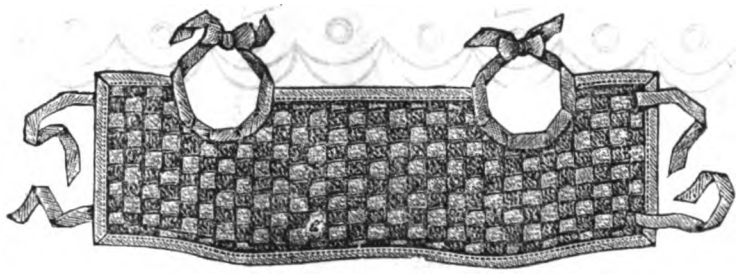
CHILD'S STAYS.

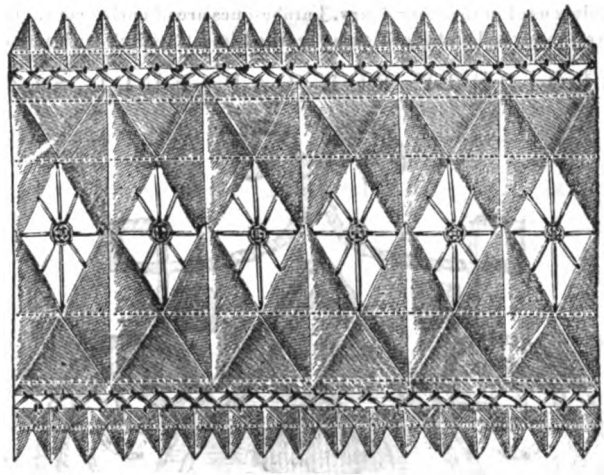
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



These stays are made of the selvedges of flannel of two colors, such as gray and red, blue and buff, etc. A foundation of lining must first be cut to the required shape and size. The short stripes are sewn evenly along the bottom, and the long stripes are interlaced, as shown in the engraving. The edges are then bound with tape. Ladies employed in charitable purposes will find this an excellent method for utilizing a material that is frequently considered worthless.

INSERTION TAPE-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials: Tape of two widths, linen thread for working the bars.

Fold the tape in a slanting direction from left to right, and again from left to right, * then from right to left, and again from right to left. This will form a point; fold it backward to form a straight line at the top; now fold it over from right to left, and under from left to right. Repeat from *. The points are joined according to design, and the spaces are filled in with twisted bars and spun stitches. The narrow tape at the edge is folded in the manner above described, and is joined to the inner part with herring-bone stitch worked in thread.

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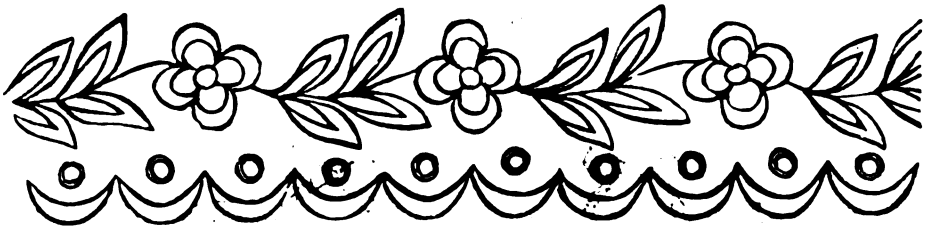
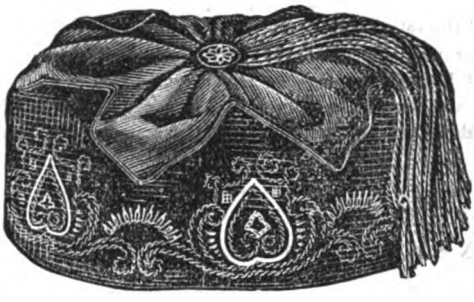


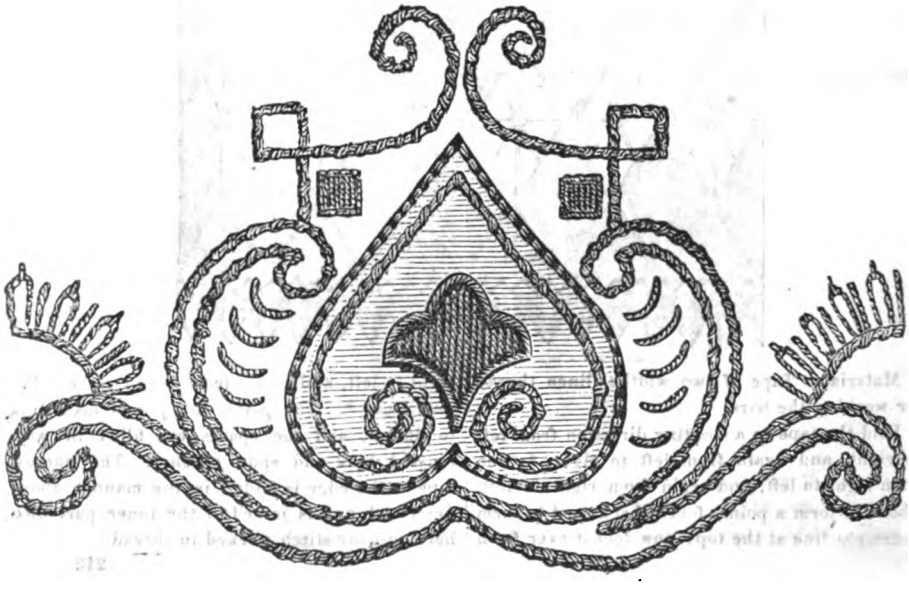
SMOKING-CAP.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The upper part of this cap is of cashmere, drawn together at the top, and finished with a tassel to match the colors used in the embroidery. The border is of velvet, vandyked and edged with cord, and embroidered, as shown in the full size. The applique is of silk, and the embroidered arabesques are of curled cord. The crescents are worked in satin-stitch with purse-silk.

EMBROIDERY FOR CAP—FULL SIZE.



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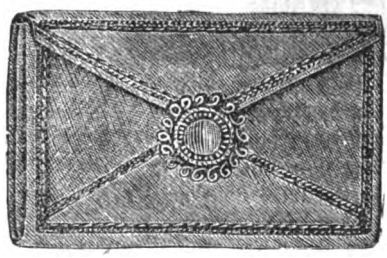
PHOTOGRAPH-CASE—OPEN AND CLOSED.

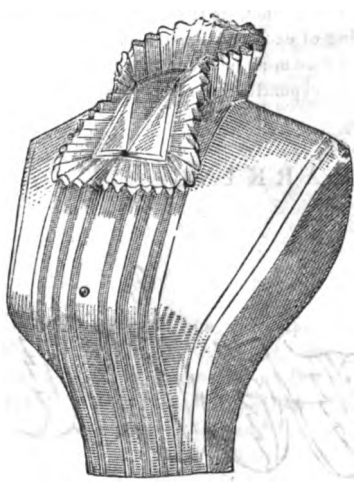
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

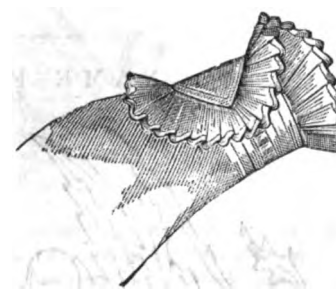
Cut out the back of brown American cloth and brown silk. Then cut three pieces of cardboard



of equal size to fit into the back, and one piece for the flap that folds over. Cover the flap-piece on one side with brown silk, the other pieces with white watered paper, and gum on to the latter the frames of brown silk with a stiff lining on which a pattern has been worked in point russe and knotted stitch, with two shades of brown silk, leaving one side open for the reception of the photographs. Now fasten the piece of cardboard to the American cloth; work an embroidered monogram or other device on the brown silk for the outside, and finish the other part and the flap with gold braid and silk stitches, according to illustratien. Make a round ornament of silk, worked with overcast stitches and gold cord, to cover the slit into which the flap slides, and then fasten the inside to the silk with a row of herring-bone stitch, according to illustration.

MARY STUART CHEMISETTE AND SLEEVE.





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KNITTED PETTICOAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Materials: Three-quarters of a pound of soft, white wool, two wooden needles, No. 10.

This petticoat is made in two separate widths of 36 inches long, and 42 inches wide at the bottom. For each of these widths cast on 273 stitches.

The first four rows knit plain backward and forward.

For the first pattern row, work as follows:—Knit one, * knit two together, make one, knit one make one, knit one, knit two together, knit one. Repeat from * to the end of the row.

2nd Row: Purl.
3rd Row: Plain.
4th Row: Purl.
5th Row: Same as first.
6th Row: Purl.
7th Row: Plain.
8th Row: Purl.
9th Row: Purl.
10th Row: Plain.

Repeat three times more from first *. You will then have forty rows.

41st Row: Knit plain. In this and all following rows decrease one stitch at the beginning to form the slope.

42nd Row: Purl.
43rd Row: Purl two, knit one.
44th Row: Purl two, knit one.

Repeat from the 41st row until you have the required length.

Owing to the decrease, the number to be knitted or purled, as the case may be, at the beginning of each row must necessarily be irregular; but care must be taken that the one stitch forming the perpendicular rib is kept in a straight line.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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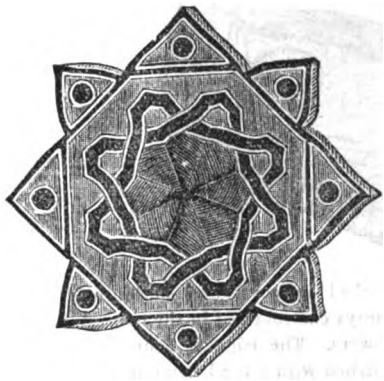
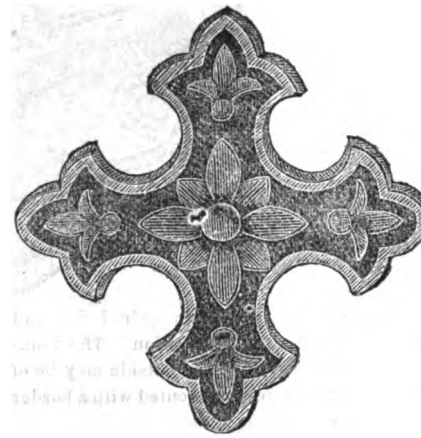
SILK-WINDERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



No. 1.

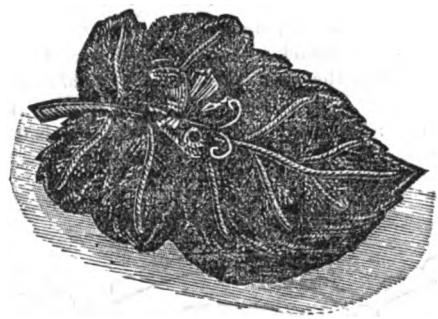


No. 2.

The carving can be readily executed with a leaf-saw apparatus; but those of our readers who do not possess such, can buy the winders ready carved at a trifle cost. In No. 1, the black ground is edged with gold: the carved shapes are also edged with thin gold lines, and then filled in with lilac (of cobalt and carmine mixed.) No. 2 shows black lines, each bordered with gold on the wood ground, these again bordering each triangle point. Dots filled in blue (cobalt) and the interlaced bands round the red (carmine) middle rosetts, are also edged with gold.

PEN-WIPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The illustration shows the pen-wiper in a reduced size. It may be enlarged from the design, care being taken to keep the exact proportions, or a vine-leaf would serve as a model. The leaves used for wiping the pen are of black cloth; the ornamental leaf is of green cloth; the veins and edge being worked in coral and stalk-stitch with light-green purse-silk, and finished with a gilt butterfly pinned firmly on.

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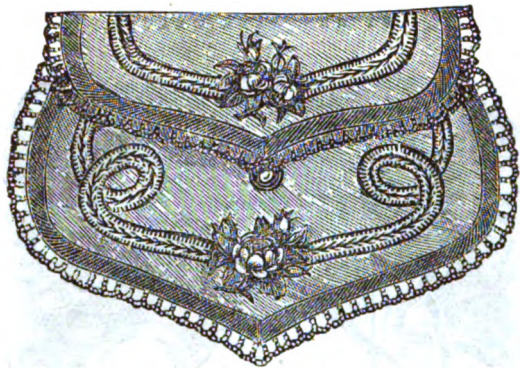
WORK-POCKET

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This bag may be made any required size, and is readily shaped after illustration. The foundation is of glazed lining; the outside may be of either silk or cashmere, ornamented with a border worked in coral and button-hole stitch, and sprays embroidered in the natural colors of the flowers. The edge is bound with velvet, and finished with a bead trimming.

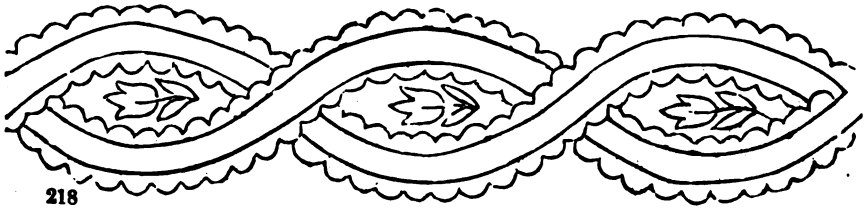
TRIMMING FOR UNDER-LINEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This trimming is of tucks of the material, alternated with insertion of point-lace braid. For the crochet border, make a chain the required length.

Ist Row: Double. 2nd Row: Two chain, pass over two, one treble into the next. Repeat. On the other side of the chain work three chain, pass over one of foundation chain, one double into the next; repeat. This is then sewn to the material; the edge is finished with a tape trimming

INSERTION.



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BORDER FOR TABLE-COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, here, a very pretty pattern for an embroidered border for a table-cover. It is to be worked on cloth, with braids and silks of bright colors.

EDGING.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A COMMON STORY.—Here is the history of a woman who died the other day, which some of our readers may recognize. Before her marriage she was a light-hearted, healthy-minded little woman, bringing fresh air and cheerfulness with her wherever she went. There was no reason why she should not have always remained just the same. Her husband was a tradesman, with a fair income, in a small country town, honest, religious, as far as he understood religion, and most careful and tender of her. But no sooner had they married than their exact social position began to perplex and annoy her. Some of the infinitismal caste-lines of a small town began to press heavily upon her. The C——s, it may be, or some other magnates of the village, would not visit her—and what was life without the C——s? The best discipline for her, or, indeed, for any man or woman beginning life, would have been, if possible, a flying journey around the world, to discover what an insignificant atom she was among God's creatures; what a mere point of space her village and even her State occupied on the vast surface, with its teeming myriads passing over it, century after century, out of one mysterious silence into another. She might then have learned to train her eyes to look beyond the town boundaries, and to feel that the C——s, and their favor or disfavor, were not of such mighty moment, after all. But she never looked outside; she never looked even as far as the neighboring city, where she easily might have found higher types of culture, and broader views of life. A Brussels carpet on her parlor, lace curtains for the windows, a pony-carriage, in which to drive. These appeared to her the letters patent, which she lacked, of Smithville nobility; and between her and God's heaven, she saw no height worthy of aspiration except the Smithville nobility, over which reigned the C——s. To attain this Brussels, etc., it was necessary that her husband should be urged unflaggingly in his work, that the larder should be stinted, the children given watery soups when their growing bones and flesh asked for meat. The whole internal household economy put upon the meanest, hardest basis, while a thin, sham show of luxury was turned to the town. When she had achieved this high ambition, others arose before her. A certain sum must be saved for the children; a few thousands to put Sam in the way of earning his own livelihood, and a few more to keep Dora from earning hers. More work, more saving, more wearing anxiety. Her husband, never a very strong man, and not an able tradesman, with this necessity urged upon him day after day, and without a cheerful, easy-tempered home-life, in which to relax the strain which business effort laid on him, grew old and bent before his time, and sank finally into his last rest with little clearness, in his ideas of the life to come, other than the fact that there buying and selling were not, and ledgers were unknown. After that, our heroine's anxiety redoubled. Appearances must be kept up to give the children as high a place as she had gained in Smithville society, and their "fortunes," as she called them, must be kept intact. Meanwhile, the children were left to form their tastes, habits, and even religious beliefs from outside influences, and had drifted far away in all things from their keen faced, close-dealing mother. Now what was the end of it all? Arriving at manhood, the boy died of a sudden and rapid disease, against which no early care had guarded him. The only advantage which he derived from the hoard put up for him, was in a white and heavy marble pillar, which rested on his breast, against which weight of cost and grandeur it seemed too much of an effort for quiet, mild Sam ever to try to rise. Dora fell farther in her mother's opinion than into the grave. She was a devotee of the newer ideas regarding woman; became an artist, turned her back on the C——s and the Brussels carpet, on Smithville and its belongings, and in a year or two was able to earn an income which made her mother's savings appear but a paltry pittance. If there had been any sympathy or love between the mother and child, the poor woman could have followed Dora into the new life; but she had not taken time to lay by these treasures for her old age. She was left at home, with only the consciousness that she belonged to the Smithville aristocracy to comfort her; and, after all, when she died, a week ago, the C——s gave a party that night, and forgot to go to the funeral.

We tell this story simply to enforce the truth, that it is not overwork, but overworry, that is making us a gloomy sickly, short lived people. The taking thought of not only what we shall eat and drink to-morrow, but of what our children shall eat and drink twenty years hence. The lack of cheerfulness in carrying our burden, and faith in laying that part of it which we cannot carry upon our Master; the carking care of some unfulfilled, mean, vulgar ambition—here are the chronic ailments which render unhealthy our social life, and destroy much of our strength as a civilized people.

FRIENDLY WORDS.—It is the appreciation of our efforts to make "Peterson" a model magazine, and superior to all others, that helps us to success. From the far away Sunny South the Louisiana Farmer, published at Trenton, La., says:—"The best and cheapest of all ladies' magazines is Peterson's. It is a gem, being by far the best ladies' magazine published in the country. Its fashion-plates are all engraved by the best artists in the world. It stands at the head of the list, and therefore is the best and cheapest, and no lady can afford to do without it." The Henry (Illinois) Republican, says of Peterson:—"It is a lady's magazine fully equal to her needs and necessities. Its departments relate to what she likes to read, what relates to her health, to her garden, to her kitchen, in the way of cookery, and wherewithal shall she be clothed." The Register (Mt. Carmel, Ill.) says.—"The cheapest magazine in the United States, for ladies, is Peterson's. It furnishes more reading matter and illustrations than any other can possibly afford to. No household should ever be without this family favorite." The Register (Abbeyville, Ala.) says:—"The fame of this magazine is world-wide, and has no superior as a parlor magazine, and it illustrates the utility and beauty of fashion rather than its frivolity and extravagance." These friendly words are from among hundreds of others that come to us every month, giving us the pleasant assurance that we are, as we claim, making the cheapest and best of the monthlies.

"THE GEMS OF ART."—We have often been asked to publish a selection of the best engravings that have appeared in "Peterson." We have done so accordingly this year, and will send it, *as a premium to persons getting up clubs*, if they prefer it, instead of the large-sized engraving, "Christ Weeping Over Jerusalem." The book has been called "The Gems of Art," and contains twenty-five of our very best steel plates. By getting up enough clubs, you can earn, not only an extra copy, but also the premium picture and the "Gems." For a dollar extra we will send the "Gems" to any subscriber.

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A NEW VOLUME began with the July number, affording an excellent opportunity to subscribe. Clubs may begin with either this number, or the January one, but with no others. Single subscribers, at the full price of two dollars, may begin with any month they please. We still allow additions to be made to clubs that began with the January number, at the same price as is paid by the rest of the club. See the Prospectus for our liberal offers to clubs, and for premiums.

THE SQUARES IN CROCHET, given in the front of the number, for the colored pattern for this month, can be made useful for very many purposes. We find these, and the tidy patterns, among the most popular of our illustrations.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices. By Charles Dickens. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—In this pleasant September weather we know of nothing that Dickens wrote supplying more entertaining matter than this tour, which he long ago took with his fellow-laborer in the field of literature, Wilkie Collins. It was about this season of the year that these two great authors determined to make a pedestrian tour through England, Scotland, and Wales. But they had not walked far when Wilkie Collins, the laziest of the lazy apprentices, concluded that the best way to make a long pedestrian journey for sight-seeing, was to get into the next train and ride wither they wanted to go. Dickens objected to so lazy a proceeding; his scruples, however, were overcome, and the famous tour was not made on foot, as intended and promised, but comfortably in a railway-carriage. Whoever wants to learn how the larger and smaller towns of the United Kingdom look; what the rural scenery is like; what the people are like, seen through the distorted and humorous spectacles of Dickens and the truer ones of Wilkie Collins, should read this little book. It has no other fault than that it is too little; for it is not often that any reader can have for his guide and traveling companions such genial, wide-awake, and observant men as Dickens and Collins. We believe this charming sketch has never before been published uniformly with the editions of Dickens' works.

Margaret Maitland. By Mrs. Oliphant. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—There are not many novels that we can altogether commend, but when Mrs. Oliphant writes a new one, she is pretty certain to make the critic's task a pleasant one. A woman of great purity of feeling, and similar strength of thought, she commands the respect and admiration of every pure and thoughtful reader. This sweet love-story of Margaret Maitland is almost as fine an expression of the undoubted genius of Mrs. Oliphant as any that she has ever presented for the entertainment of her readers. It is a great and beautiful picture of the blossom of true love growing up in a young girl's heart, shedding over her life the infinite tenderness of its growth, elevating and ennobling her from day to day, as its influences take more complete control of her. But this story, aside from its sweetness and truth, has other value. It is a charming picture of refined English society and of English scenery. The characters are nowhere forced, the scenery is never improperly introduced, but plot, characters, incidents, and scenery are but parts of a harmonious whole. Mrs. Oliphant has written always admirably, but of all that she has produced, we doubt if any of her other works will command more enthusiastic praise than Margaret Maitland.

Housekeeper and Healthkeeper. By Miss Beecher. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This book is designed to be a complete encyclopædia of all that relates to a woman's duties as housekeeper, wife, mother, and nurse; and its intention sufficiently indicates the nature of its contents.

Ups and Downs. By Edward E. Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—Mr. Hale is better known by his short stories, printed during the last ten years in various periodicals, than as a novelist. We cannot imagine him ever becoming very popular, for, while he has imagination, humor, and the constructive faculty, he is more of a philosopher than a story teller. He always has a good, human purpose in what he writes, but he gives more attention to his purpose than to the artistic development of his narrative. His greatest fault is his practice of dealing in the most impossible characters and situations, and personally pledging his honor for their real existence. Altogether, "Ups and Downs" is rather heavy reading, though it is full of the rarest bits of wisdom, and occasionally brightened by flashes of genuine wit.

Her Majesty the Queen. By John Esten Cook. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—An historical novel is this, going all the way back to the time of Cavaliers and Roundheads; "Her Majesty the Queen" being Queen Henrietta Maria—or "Mary," as King Charles and his followers called her. Any novel writer, at the present time, dealing with people and events so remote as those which enter into this story, must, to be made attractive, be from the hand of a master novelist. We do not think Mr. Cook is precisely that, but he has written a very clever book, and made the most of the romantic glamour which until this day hangs over the sad fate of King Charles and his friends. A pleasant love-story underlies the work, and ends pleasantly upon the banks of the Old Fort river, in Virginia.

Cyrilla, or the Mysterious Engagement. By The Baroness Tauphœus. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A novel by the author of the "Initials," will always be welcome. "Cyrilla" is not altogether a new one from that gifted lady's pen, but since its first appearance, all the latter portion has been rewritten by her, and in place of the former sad ending, the story concludes in all the glamour and happiness of love. The novel, as originally published, had its foundation in sombre facts, and from them the author did not chose to depart; that she has done so in this late edition is a cause for real satisfaction, for "Cyrilla" is now as exquisite a story of love's struggles ending in happy marriage as could well be conceived.

The Colville Family. By Frank E. Smedley. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The reputation of Frank E. Smedley as a writer of pleasant fiction is world-wide. He is not a philosophical story-teller, like Bulwer, nor a reformer, like Dickens. He aims simply to amuse, depicting life as he finds it; and it is the most agreeable feature of his novels that his views of life, expressed in them, are always bright and agreeable. His powers of observation are keen; his sketches of character, vivid; his imagination strong; his appreciation of the beauties of nature, natural; and through every page of his admirably constructed books there runs a current of the most attractive heartiness and humor. Of all these characteristics the present novel partakes.

Why She Refused Him. By Lorraine. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—From the Sunny South comes this novelist with her first novel, in the form of an autobiography. It deals with many characters, which think and move like real people, though somewhat pedantic in their talk; it is full of change of scene, opening pleasantly in England, crossing over the Channel to the Continent, and again over the sea to Virginia. Its plot is not particularly good, nor are its incidents many or striking. Even its faults are chiefly negative ones, and its merits are many, considered as a first effort.

Bleak House. By Charles Dickens. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Of editions of Dickens there are likely to be no end, and among those which will, from the admirable manner in which it is produced, find favor with the public, is this "Household edition" of the Messrs. Harper.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WIDDIFIELD'S NEW COOK-BOOK; OR, PRACTICAL RECEIPTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.—It contains all the popular and approved methods for cooking and preparing in all ways for the table, Poultry, Vegetables, Omelets, Terrapins, Meats, Soups, Jellies, Pies, Pastries, Pickles, Syrups, Preserves, Puddings, Desserts, Rolls, Breakfast and Tea Cakes, Sauces, Fish, Oysters, Cakes, and Miscellaneous Receipts of dishes and preparations of all kinds for the Sick and Invalids, etc. By Hannah Widdifield. The author, in preparing this work, has made the contents as plain and explicit as possible, in order that they may be found practicable by the young, as well as the more experienced housewife. Much attention has also been paid to that portion of the book which appertains particularly to the preparation of dishes for the sick, as also for the convalescent. All receipts contained in this volume have been fully tested, not only by the author, but by the best judges in the various cities. This work will, no doubt, meet the approbation of the public, and be found by all housekeepers, to be an invaluable acquisition. It is complete in one large duodecimo volume, neatly and strongly bound in cloth, full gilt back. Price $1.75 a copy. Copies of it will be sent to any one, to any place, post-paid, on remitting the price of it to the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Agents wanted everywhere to engage in the sale of the above Cook-Book, a copy of which should be owned by every family.

INGHAM UNIVERSITY.—Parents desiring a good school for their daughters, at a moderate price, can find the same at Ingham University, Le Roy, New York, which is acknowledged as one of the leading Female Universities in this country. Their advertisement appears in another column, and any information will be sent upon application to them.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. VIII.—TEETHING, ITS SYMPATHIES—*Continued.*

The sympathetic irritations arising from the growing tooth pressing upon the large nerve beneath, and the sensitive filaments in the swollen gum, are many and important, and should be well understood by mothers.

It was observed in the previous number, that teething was a common exciting cause of disturbance in the functions of respiration. This arises from the fact, that pain and irritation, especially in the young subject, produce a rapidity in the circulation, which causes a hurried breathing, and in time leads to the production of symptoms resembling those of inflammation of the bronchi or of the lungs

In these cases the face becomes hot and flushed; the head suffers from the impure blood sent to the brain, and convulsions may ensue. Now if the physican who is called, misjudges this case from non familiarity with diseases of children, and supposes it to be a true inflamnatory action going on within the chest, and gives the child a sharp purge of calomel, and advises antimonials, he will do the child incalculable injury, as will be evidenced the next day by its pale and exhausted appearance. And all the above symptoms, in a severe form, will return the following night, when the physichan will again be called, and most probably follow up an erroneous treatment by blistering the chest, etc. The fate of this child is easily foretold, unless, indeed, it be possessed of a very vigorous constitution. But one experienced in the maladies of children will always examine the mouth of these cases, and find some one or more of the larger teeth pressing strongly against the gums, which he will lance freely, order a warm bath, perhaps, and some simple carminative aperient, and find the child quite well the following day.

A rattling of mucus in the throat of a healthy child sometimes needlessly alarms the over-anxious mother, for if it is unattended with any disturbance to respiration, it will soon pass away under the use of a half to one grain of ipecacuanha, (or an equivalent dose of its syrup,) at bed time, for a few nights. Catching of the breath, and great irregularity in breathing, are other symptoms frequently occurring during dentition, and are indications that the gums require lancing.

Irritation attending teething, in numerous instances, causes the child to become feeble, and its muscles flabby, and sometimes even die suddenly, through spasms of the glottis. In other cases the digestion becomes impaired, the stomach is distended, bowels deranged, the sleep disturbed and unrefreshing, and the child becomes peevish and fretful. A cough is not unfrequently present; the child's lips, and also the nose, are dry, which it inclines to pick; and the mother is induced to believe that worms are the cause of the trouble Yet such conditions are seldom seen after the period of dentition has passed.

When the diarrhœa, which occurs during teething in robust children, is of a mild character, it is more or less beneficial, as nature thus endeavors to remove the irritation existing in the system of the child. But if the child is of a delicate habit, its face grows pale, and its flesh flabby, the diarrhœa becomes exhausting and dangerous, and convulsions, resulting from debility, are liable to ensue.

In these and the preceding cases the usual carminatives, spiced rhubarb, chalk mixtures, etc., fail to afford relief. But if the gums are scarified, little difficulty will be found in controlling this form of illness by the administration of a few drops of paragoric, half a teaspoonful of syrup of poppies mixed with a tablespoonful of the compound infusion of roses—a similar dose twice or thrice daily. The child should have calves' foot jelly, to which should be added a little isinglass and good port wine.

LACE.

The making of lace *ought* to be one of the fine arts. Among ladies, at least, it excites as much admiration, and is as highly prized as a fine painting. We have collected for "Peterson" some facts about lace which will be found interesting.

During the fifteenth century the nuns in Italy became famous for the exquisitely-manipulated point or pillow-lace. The origin of this famous lace is quite romantic. The story is, that a sailor brought to his lady-love a splendid bunch of "mermaid's lace," which is generally called "coralline." The girl was a lace-maker, and exceedingly artistic in her taste. She greatly admired the delicate beauty of the coralline, and studied to imitate in lace the beautiful lines of the sea-weed. This kind of lace is made entirely upon a pillow or cushion, which the workwoman holds on her lap. Over the pillow is placed a piece of parchment; upon this the pattern is pricked. The threads are carefully wound upon several bobbins. The process requires nimble and skillful fingers, and a great deal of patience. The ground-works are various, and contain the flower. There are several laces that are not worked upon a ground. Valenciennes and Mechlin laces have the designs and ground made together, finished with either the pearl or picot edge.

At one period guipures were the mode. During the reign

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of Henry VIII., this lace was so extensively worn, that the costumes of pages was covered with this costly garniture; and at the coronation of Henry II. the church was richly trimmed with guipure lace.

About the beginning of the fifteenth century, Brussels lace was first introduced to the *beau monde*. The manufacture of this lace is a sort of "jobbing" affair. The manipulation of it is complicated, every part being made separately. The thread is exceedingly fine; from one pound of flax there can be manufactured lace to the value of seven hundred pounds sterling. Valenciennes became known in the seventeenth century. The finest qualities are from Ypres. It requires great patience to make Valenciennes. The work is very slow. A good lace maker, working twelve hours a-day, can only make one-third of an inch a week.

Alengon, the queen of laces, is the only lace in France that is made on a pillow. This lace has great strength, and is not injured by washing. The French Revolution was the destroyer of lace manufacturers; but under Napoleon I. Alengon was again received with favor. The Emperor purchased a dress of this costly lace for seventy thousand francs, and presented it to the Empress.

Honiton lace was introduced into England by Flemish refugees. The style of *deleile* owes its great reputation to its sprigs, which are *applique* work on a costly and beautiful ground. Queen Adelaide first patronized the Honiton lace-makers. The Queen gave an order for a lace dress, and that the flowers should be all copied from nature. The skirt was adorned with wreaths of flowers, the initial of each sprig forming the name of her majesty—Amaranth, Daphne, Eglantine, Lilac, Auricula, Ivy, Dahlia, Eglantine. Queen Victoria's bridal-dress was made of Honiton lace, and cost one thousand pounds

HORTICULTURAL.

How to Grow Violets.—The taste for violets is increasing so rapidly, and extending even to the most out-of-the-way places, that we think it worth while to republish a letter on the subject, written originally for the "Horticulturalist," by Dr. Robert J. Halliday, of Baltimore. He says, "I have grown violets for the past fifteen years for their bloom. I plant in cold frames of well-prepared soil about the end of September, say two thousand plants: these commence flowering two weeks after removal; from the 1st of November to the 1st of February, I pluck from fifteen hundred to two thousand daily. After this the sun becomes stronger, and they flower more abundantly, until about the first of April, when they cease. The sash are then removed to allow the plants to grow and harden before I separate them; about the 1st of May I take the old plants up and divide them, making say from ten to fifteen out of each, or as many as we can get with good crowns and roots—tops and roots cut back, like strawberries, and then planted in open field, in good rich soil. My advice is to start your plants early in spring, so that they may be well established before the summer droughts commence. Artificial heat is not required to bloom the violet; bank your frames well with leaves or manure, cover early in the afternoon, in severe weather, with mats, salt hay, etc. Here is where so many fail in growing them; they do not keep them warm enough at night."

In reference to the best kinds of violets to be grown, Dr. Halliday says he always preferred the old "Neapolitan," till about a year ago, when he tried the "Maria Louise." This new variety he considers to surpass all others. It is equally as fragrant as the former variety; the color a rich, deep, bluish violet, often with a red streak through the center of the flower—for the cut flower trade it has no equal. Six flowers of this variety will go as far in the making up of a bouquet as fifteen of the Neapolitans. The runners of this variety flower abundantly, and should never be cut off, as they are in other varieties. In addition to this, there is the "Czar," but its color is too dark, and the flower is single: the "Neapolitan Alba," a double white, but a poor flowerer; the "King of Violets," double large, and of a deep blue; and the "Shoenberna," a simple blue, but very profuse.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Roast Mutton.—Mutton should be hung some time before using. All animal food should be hung up in the open air until its fibres have lost some of their toughness, but be careful not to let it hang until it loses its natural sweetness; in that state it is detrimental to health. The time it should hang to be tender depends on the heat and humidity of the air; if not long enough, it is hard and tough; if too long, it loses its flavor. Care must be taken to hang it in the open air and dried night and morning, to keep it from damp and mustiness. When the weather is very cold, bring the meat required for dinner into the kitchen early in the morning. Cooked frozen meat is tough. Clean the outside by paring off a thin slice. In summer, if you fear its keeping, either par roast or par-boil, which will keep it surely. Beef requires a large, sound fire—mutton a brisk, sharp one. On mutton put neither salt, pepper, or any kind of seasoning when first put to the fire; baste it well, and dredge just before it is done, as the beef. Serve hot.

To Use Cold Poultry.—This dish is made of the remains of poultry. A little butter is melted and mixed with flour, salt, pepper, herbs, and mushrooms, which have been scalded and cut up small. When this begins to turn yellow, a mixture of equal parts of white wine and gravy stock is poured in. After it has boiled for twenty minutes, the pieces of any sort of roast poultry, having been nicely cut, are put into the sauce. It is left over the fire for a quarter of an hour, and served. *Another.*—Take poultry which has been dressed the day before, and cut it up. Put it into a stew-pan with thickened butter and flour. Add half a glass of stock. Let it simmer. Before serving, put in small pickles, cut in slices.

Pie Made of Cold Roast Beef.—Cut about half a pound of cold under-done beef into small pieces; add pepper and salt to taste. Line a deep pie-dish with paste; put in a layer of meat. Over this strew some finely-minced onion; dredge flour over it, then add another layer of meat, onion, and flour, till the pie is full. Pour in a little water, and on the top layer lay some lumps of butter. Cover the top with paste, leaving a hole in the center. Bake it, and serve with oyster-sauce; or, in the place of the onions, layers of oysters may be substituted.

A Ragout of Cold Veal.—Either the loin or fillet will make an excellent ragout. Cut the veal into nice slices; put a large piece of butter into a frying-pan, and as soon as it is hot, dredge each piece well with flour, and fry it a nice brown; take it out and have ready a nice gravy made from the "scrap jar;" put the gravy into the pan, dredge in some flour, stir it over the fire until it thickens, season it with a very little pepper and salt, and a wineglassful of tomato catsup; then cut thin slices of cold ham, and lay into the gravy, and add your slices of veal. Serve hot.

DESSERTS.

Sponge-Pudding.—Mix one-heaped tablespoonful of baking-powder with half a pound of flour and two ounces of finely-chopped suet; add half a pound of molasses; steam in a mould for six hours. This is an extremely nice pudding.

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Ice Pudding.—Put one quart of milk into a stew-pan with half a pound of white sugar and a stick of vanilla; leave it to boil ten minutes. Mix the yolks of ten eggs with a gill of cream; pour in the milk, then put it back again into the stew-pan, and stir until it thickens, but do not let it boil; strain it into a basin, and leave it to cool. Take twelve pounds of ice, pound it small, add six pounds of fine salt; mix together quickly; cover the bottom of a pail, place the ice-pot in it, and build it around with the ice and salt. This done, pour the cream into the pot, put on the cover, and never cease turning until the cream becomes thick; move it from the sides occasionally with the ice-scoop, to prevent it getting into hard lumps. The mould to be used to set the pudding should be put on ice to get quite cold. It is then filled with the cream to the level, and three or four pieces of white paper, wetted with cold water, are placed on it before you put on the cover, which should fit very tight. The mould is then buried in the same mixture of ice and salt used for freezing the cream in the first instance, and is left until wanted, when it is dipped in cold water, turned out on a napkin, and served. Dried fruits, cut small, may be put in the cream when the mould is being filled.

Baked Rice-Pudding.—Put two tablespoonfuls of the best rice in a pie-dish; wash it well; mix rather less than two tablespoonfuls of sugar with it. Pour on a pint of raw milk, and bake very slowly for two hours. A few shavings of butter laid on the top of the milk, or a small quantity of finely-minced beef-suet will help to keep the milk from burning; but the oven should never be hot enough for this. Rice boiled in milk, sweetened, poured into a mould, and eaten cold with jam, is very good; and tapioca, after having been soaked in water for some time, may be boiled in milk, which has been flavored with lemon-peel, till perfectly tender, sweetened, poured into a mould, and turned out when cold. It should be made very stiff, if it is to retain its shape. This is very nourishing, and much nicer to many tastes than tapioca-pudding made with eggs. Always use good milk; never skimmed milk, if you would have pudding nourishing and digestible.

Crumb-Pudding.—Three egg-yolks, one ounce of sugar, one ounce bread-crumbs, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Beat the egg-yolks, sugar, crumbs, and spice in a basin for five minutes. Add the three egg-whites, beaten to a light snow, not too firm; bake in a buttered, shallow tin, or dish, and when quite cooled, turn into a flat dish, with the lower side upward, pour over it a glassful of wine, boiled with a little sugar and spice, and serve while hot.

CAKES.

Common Plum Cake.—Take one pound and a half of flour, three ounces of butter, three ounces of sugar, three ounces of currants, and milk enough to form a dough. Add half a teacupful of homemade yeast with the milk; set it to rise, and, when light, bake it in a moderate oven.

Plain Cake.—Mix into two pounds of flour half a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of allspice, and a spoonful of ground ginger; warm a half pint of new milk, melt in it one pound of fresh butter; add a quarter of a pint of new yeast; work these into the flour; add enough caraway-seed; let the dough stand in a warm place to rise; then bake it for an hour and a half. Observe that some kinds of flour require more liquid to wet than others, so an additional quantity of milk may be used if considered needful.

Luncheon Cake.—Take one pound raisins, quarter of a pound of moist sugar, one pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, to be rubbed into the flour; quarter of a pound of candied peel, a teacupful of carbonate of soda, dissolved in half a pint of new milk, lukewarm, and one egg. When these ingredients are well beaten up and mixed, pour them into the mould, and put it in the oven immediately. The raisins may be omitted if preferred.

Scotch Short Cake.—Take half a pound of flour, half a pound of butter, to ounces of sugar, a little ground rice. Roll it out with the hand into a round cake about half an inch thick, prick it on the top. Bake in a slow oven, and when nearly ready to come out, sprinkle it well with sugar. Comfits can be added. Or, take about half a pound of fresh butter, rub in by degrees as much flour as will make the mixture limp; add sugar, and a pinch of salt. Make the cake about the size of a dinner-plate, and then cut it out into four pieces.

Gingerbread.—Mix two pounds and a half of flour with half a pound of butter, the rind of a lemon, grated, four ounces of ground ginger; make this into a paste, with one and a half pounds of molasses; bake on a tin plate in small cakes. Or, Take a cupful of butter, melted, a cupful of cream, a cupful of molasses, a cupful of sugar, or half, if not liked sweet, four eggs, well beaten, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, nutmeg, candied lemon, and four or five cupfuls of flour.

DRINKS.

Negus.—To a pint of wine allow one lemon, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and grated nutmeg to taste. Put the wine into a jug, rub some sugar on the lemon-rind until the yellow part is absorbed; squeeze the juice and strain it. Add the lemon-juice and nutmeg to the wine; pour in the boiling water, and cover the jug until the beverage has cooled.

Sherbet.—Boil two pounds of sugar in a quart of water. Pare six oranges and two lemons very thin. Mix together the boiling syrup, the peel of the fruit, the juice, and five more pints of water. Clear it with a little white of egg; let it be until cold; strain it, and bottle it.

Imperial Drink (for the sick-room.)—Pour one quart of boiling water upon three-quarters of an ounce of cream of tartar, a few lemon and orange chips, and half an ounce of sugar-candy. Pour off the clear fluid when cold, and use for common drink when feverish.

Cider-Cup.—One quart of cider, a pint of Seltzer-water, a glass of brandy, one orange, sliced, a bunch each of balm and borrage, and one ounce of sugar-candy. Place these ingredients in a covered vessel for an hour and a half, and then decanter free from herbs, etc.

Raspberry Brandy.—Mix equal parts of mashed raspberries and brandy, and let them stand twenty-four hours; then press out the liquor. Sweeten, and add cinnamon and cloves. Strain.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECEIPTS.

Mayonnaise of Cold Game, etc.—Remove the skin from the flesh of cold roasted chicken, turkey, rabbit, partridge or pheasant; cut up the meat, free from bone; put it into a bowl with salt, pepper, oil, chopped herbs, etc. Stir all together, and place it in a dish; put a circle of jelly round the edge; pour in a mayonnaise sauce, and decorate it with hard boiled eggs, slices of anchovy, pickled gherkins, capers, branches of tarragon, chervil, etc.

Fricanelles.—These make a delicious relish, and can be nearly prepared the night before. Chop a teacupful of cold veal, beef, lamb, or mutton; season with butter and salt, and one beaten egg. Soak a large slice of bread in boiling milk, and mix with the meat and egg. Make it into round cakes like sausages; fry them a deep brown in butter or pork-dripping. Make a gravy of butter and milk, and a little flour, and pour over them, or eat without.

Bread Omelet.—Put about a cupful of bread crumbs into a sauce-pan, with nearly as much cream, salt, pepper, and a very little nutmeg. Let it stand until the bread has imbibed all the cream; if any is left, either pour it off or add more bread. Then break six eggs into it, and beat together. Turn into a pan, with a little melted butter, and fry like omelet.

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Savory Omelet.—Beat the yolks of six eggs till very light, and the whites till they are a stiff froth; add to the yolks one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, half a tablespoonful of thyme, pepper and salt to taste; put in your pan four ounces of butter, and a teaspoonful of finely minced onion; fry for a few minutes; mix the whites and yolks together, and pour into the boiling butter; keep the pan constantly shaken, and the mixture well stirred from the sides with a knife or fork till set; turn out and serve. Never fry an omelet on both sides; the side that has touched the pan should be a delicate golden brown. To make this into a cheese omelet, omit the herbs and onions, and when set, remove from the fire; dust grated Parmesan cheese thickly over the top, and brown with a salamander. Or the cheese may be mixed with the yolks, but this is apt to make the omelet less light. If well made, this melts in the mouth.

Oyster Ketchup.—Take one hundred large oysters, with their liquor, one pound of anchovies, three pints of white wine, and one lemon, with half the peel, cut very thin, and boil gently half an hour: then strain. Add a quarter of an ounce of cloves, three-quarters of an ounce of mace, one nutmeg, sliced; boil a quarter of an hour, add two ounces shalots. When cold, bottle it with the spices and shalots. Tie down tightly, or resin the corks. This ketchup gives a delicious flavor to steaks or chops.

Veal Salad.—Cut up any cold veal finely, and to a pint bowl full of minced veal cut three heads of celery. Rub the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs, a tablespoonful of dry mustard, and a large spoonful of olive oil together, then slowly add four large spoonfuls of the best wine vinegar, and a little Cayenne and salt; when well mixed, pour it over the veal and celery, stir it together, and garnish the dish with sprigs of fresh parsley, and celery fringed as directed.

Ham Toast.—Scrape or pound some cold ham, mix it with beaten egg, season with pepper, lay it upon buttered toast, and place it in a hot oven for three or four minutes. Dried salmon, smoked tongue, potted meats, or any other relishing viands, answer equally well upon toast.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BRIGHT GREEN SILK.—The skirt is cut with a Spanish flounce, with a band of a darker shade above. A deep basque, with revers, trimmed in two points. Pockets cut in points, with buttons on each,

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A BRIDE, MADE OF WHITE SILK.—The skirt is cut with a train, and trimmed with a heavy ruching from the waist to the edge of the skirt in the front. A long treble veil, reaching to the feet. A row of buttons down the front of the skirt.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF LIGHT PLUM-COLORED SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with two darker bands of velvet. The over-skirt is open in front and looped up in the back, with a larger bow and ends of velvet. Plain waist, with bretelles of velvet.

FIG. IV.—BALL-DRESS OF WHITE SILK AND BLUE VELVET.—Polonaise cut low in the neck, and square on the shoulders.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF BROWN VELVET.—The Polonaise is of velvet, square on the front, scalloped on the back. The skirt is gray and brown, just clearing the ground. Brown and blue bonnet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—SKIRTS are worn much closer to the figure, and petticoats are cut so that there is not the least fullness about the hips. Flounces are worn at the back only with a pouf at the top, immediately below the waist. In order that the skirts may cling very closely to the figure in front, it is usual now to border them with a fringe, or lead them. The short dress, or costume, shows a portion of the boot in front, but at the back the skirt almost trains.

For day wear, the chatelain dress, with plain, close-fitting bodice, buttoned considerably below the waist, is coming into vogue again. The skirt is entirely kilt-plaited from beneath this long basque. There is at the back a pouf, and at the side a wide sash to match the dress, either of watered or velvet ribbon.

COLORED FLOWERS applique on the material are much worn on summer dresses. These flowers look as though lace, embroidery, and passementerie are all used in their composition, and yet there are none of these things; but they are very beautiful and costly. They are worn especially as Pompadour wreaths on tourquoise blue China crepe.

TUNIC PEPLUMS, with deep points at the sides, and very clinging in front, will be much worn with washing dresses, and made of white muslin; they are now in great demand. They look well in black and white China crepe, and in oriental silk; in fact, in any soft clinging material. What are known as Restoration sleeves are struggling hard to become fashionable. They have a small balloon at the top of the arm, and the rest of the sleeve fits closely to the wrist. I do not know if the attempt to popularize this unbecoming style will succeed; it should have no encouragement, as it will most certainly lead the way for the leg-of-mutton sleeve, which is equally frightful. For the short sleeves of low bodies there is, however, nothing prettier than crepe lisse sleeves, with a crepe lisse fichu above. This light cloud-like veil conceals nothing, is infinitely soft and becoming to the skin.

All dresses are worn *bouffant* at the back, and are arranged to look very flat and slender at the sides. The skirt is tied back over the tournure, which should be long and narrow, and consist of twelve steel springs encased in muslin, and kept in place with elastic bands. This bustle should add nothing to the breadth of the hips, but is required to push the skirts far out backward, and is long enough to support them half their length, making them flow out gracefully instead of falling in below a projecting pouf at the waist as they have recently done.

WAISTCOATS, which are more often silk than any other material, are now worn of the same color as the costume. Those of startling colors, or contrasting with the dress, are beginning to be abandoned. With the exception of white piqué, or black or white silk, waistcoats are, as a rule, of the same color as the dress; or if they differ, it is simply in being either a lighter or a darker shade.

SILK STOCKINGS are now almost invariably worn, because the popular boots are a compromise between boots and shoes, the front being opened and barred across, with kid straps fastening in the center with buttons; these straps cover the instep, and are considerably higher than the ankle. The boots are always of dead, not glazed kid.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A CHILD OF THREE YEARS.—The under-skirt is of silk poplin; the over-skirt is velveteen, fastened at the waist with a ribbon-sash. Toque hat, with feather.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A GIRL OF SIX YEARS.—The skirt is scalloped on the edge. Over-skirt is finished in the same way, buttoned to the waist.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A GIRL OF TWELVE YEARS.—The skirt has a full flounce on the edge. Polonaise belted in at waist with a mantle consisting of three capes.

FIG. IV.—DRESS FOR A GIRL OF EIGHT YEARS.—The skirt has two flounces all the way around the edge of the skirt headed by two rows of velvet; two flounces with two rows of velvet above that. Over-skirt, in front, edged with a ruffle, and trimmed with two rows of velvet. Loose sleeves.

FIG. V.—KNICKERBOCKER SUIT FOR A BOY OF TEN YEARS.—Double-breasted.

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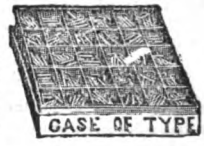

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

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EVENING TOILET.

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HALF-MOURNING SUIT.

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BLACK DRAP DE SOIE JACKET (FRONT.) STOLZ BOW FOR HAIR.

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BLACK DRAP DE SOIE JACKET (BACK.) STOLZ BOW FOR BODICE.

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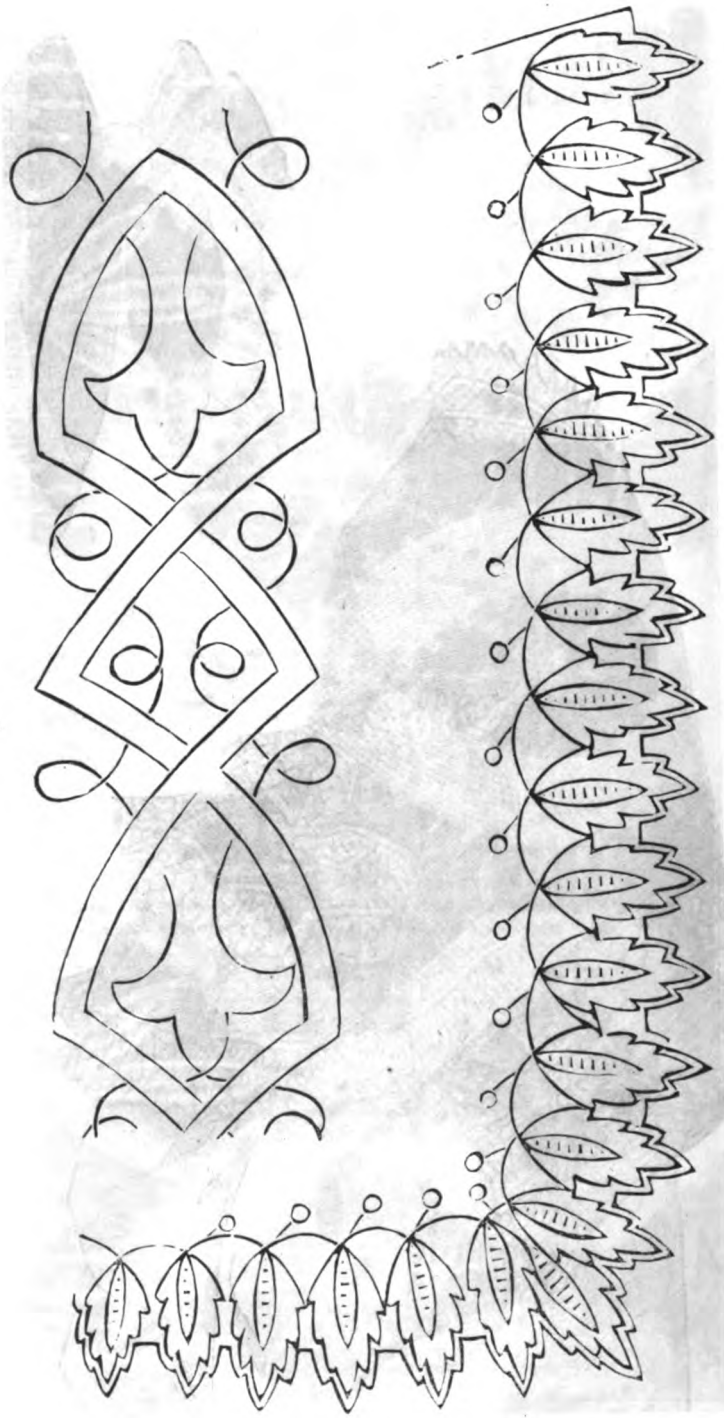

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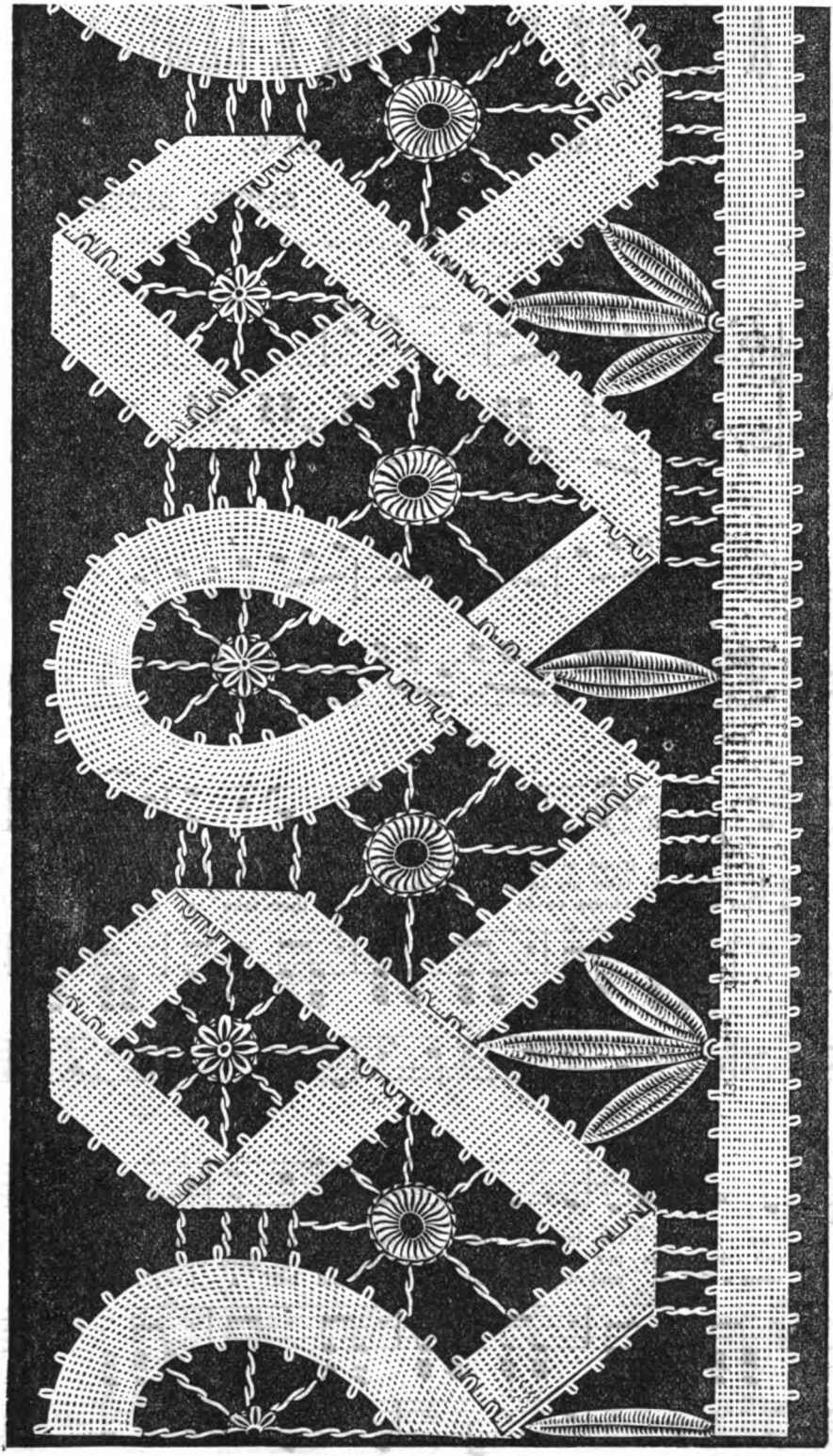

TRIMMING FOR FALL DRESS.

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(SONG AND CHORUS.)

SAMUEL BAGNALL.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1003 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia.

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cres.

1. I like a game at cro - quet, or bowl-ing on the green, I
2. I like to take my sweet - heart, "of course you would," said he, And
3. Tho' some will choose ve-lo - cipede, and o - thers take a drive, And

:S: *mp*

like a lit - tle boat - ing, to pull a - gainst the stream; But of
soft - ly whis - per in her ear: "how dear - ly I love thee;"..... And
some will sit and mope at home, half dead and half a - live;..... And

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all the games that I love best, to fill me with de - light,..... I
when you pic - ture to yourselves, the scenes of such de - light,..... You'll
some will choose a steam - boat, and oth - ers e - ven fight,..... But

like to take a ram - ble up - on a star - ry night.....
want to take a ram - ble up - on a star - ry night.....
I'll en - joy my ram - ble up - on a star - ry night.....

Chorus.

A star - ry night for a ram - ble, In a flow - 'ry dell.

f

Through the bush and bram - ble, Kiss and ne - ver tell.

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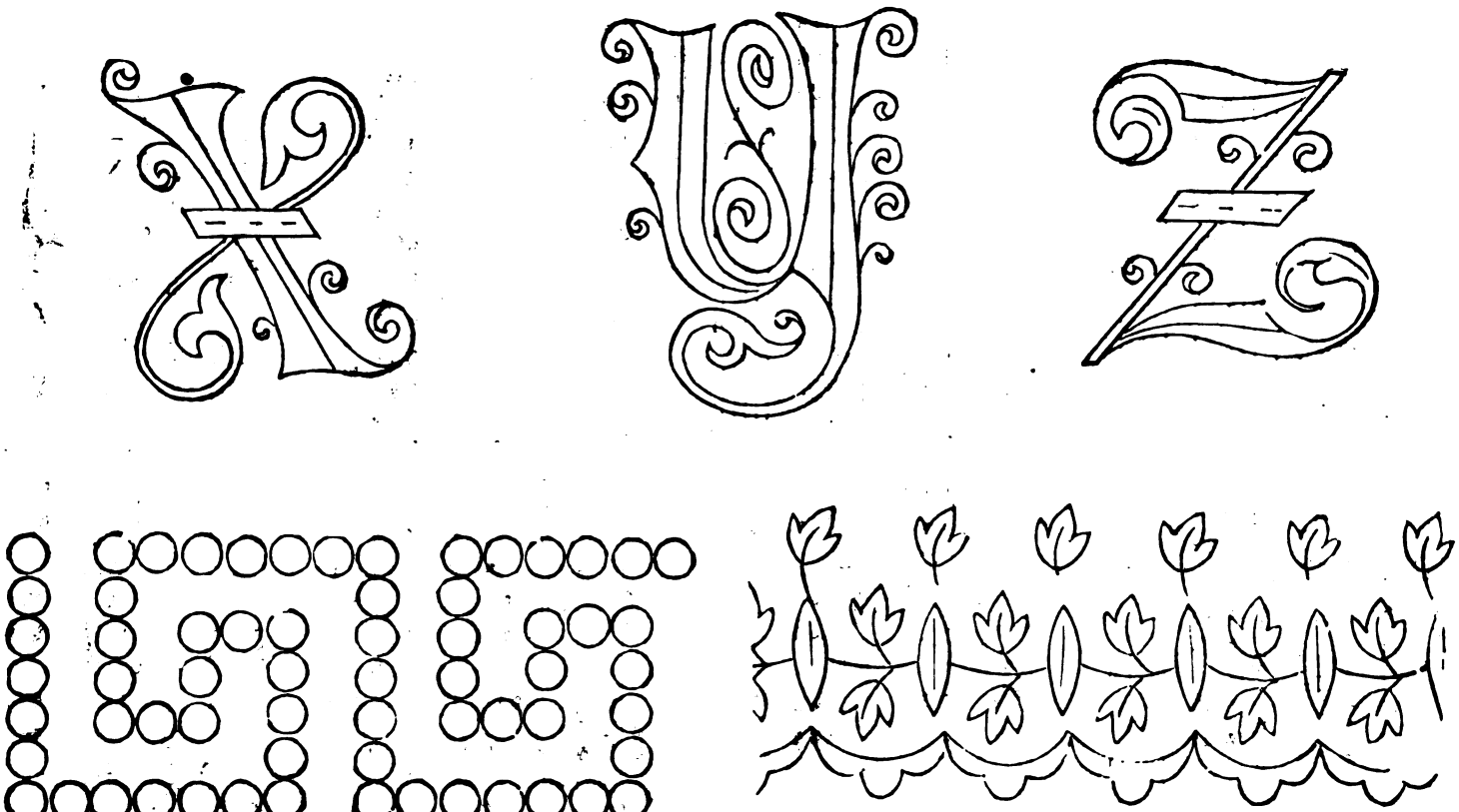

ALPHABET FOR MARKING TOWELS, SHEETS, ETC. EMBROIDERIES.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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LITTLE WILLIE'S NURSE.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

I THINK many of the babies in Mrs. Lee's circle of acquaintance would have risen up to call her blessed, if they had realized the debt of gratitude they owed her. Her own children had grown up mainly under her own eyes. A nurse was only an assistant, not a manager-in-chief; and whenever she could impress her old-fashioned views on another young mother, she did not fail to do it.

"Louise," she said, one day, to a young friend. "I do not feel satisfied with your Willie's nurse. I do not see how you can trust him so entirely to her care."

"Oh, Belle is very faithful and affectionate with him, Marian," said the young mother. "She is always caressing him."

"But did you never observe that he never caresses her. He rather shrinks away when she reaches for him."

"Would you have him love his nurse better than his mother?" asked Mrs. Morton.

"Yes, if he has more care from her. It is only natural that he should do so, if her care is what it should be when out of your presence."

Louise would not admit that thing. She thought a baby's instincts should teach it to love its mother best.

Marian smiled at her inexperience, but went on.

"Another fashion the child has, is that of starting suddenly when she moves her hand quickly, as if expecting a blow. Depend upon it, she is not as kind as she should be. Her eye, too, intimidates him. I have seen him cowed by it several times. It is not a wholesome sort of discipline, that such an inexperienced girl exercises.

Still Louise would not be convinced, and her friend proceeded to relate a true incident, which occurred within her own personal knowledge.

"My friend, Mrs. G——, had an only child, that was almost idolized by herself and husband. She was boarding in a pleasant family, and employed a young nurse, in whom she had the most implicit confidence. It was part of the girl's duty to give the child a daily bath. One day the chamber-maid heard the little one sobbing in a very peculiar way, and looked in at the glass above the door. There was the nurse holding the little one under water until nearly strangled, then taking it out and stopping its cries with blows, gagging it, and seeming to take a fiendish delight in torturing the little writhing body, and watching with malicious pleasure the quivering little lips. It dared not cry aloud—she had taught it better than that. The chamber-maid compelled her to open the door, when instantly her manner was so changed that the maid could scarcely believe her own senses. However, she watched again, and saw the same thing repeated. The lady of the house was called, who also witnessed this treatment of the babe. The mother was then informed on her return from a ride, but there sat her beautiful boy on the grass, fresh and lovely as ever, and she could not believe the story. 'She had known the girl for years; she would as soon trust her as herself.' 'Seeing is believing.' So she was detained at home next morning, and induced to observe the bathing process as the others had done. One glance was enough. She burst into the presence of 'that wretch,' as she termed her, and snatched her suffering darling to her bosom, in an agony of remorse. The girl was discharged. But think of the eighteen months of torture the little one must have endured at her hands. No wonder his beautiful face was never known to smile."

Louise's tears and indignation got the better of her voice; but she sent out quickly to have her own baby brought to her. "Yet, Marian, I trust this is an exceptional case."

"I hope so, too, my dear. But you cannot be sure that it is. No one could be more entirely satisfied with a girl's excellent care than Mrs. G—— was. At the best, inexperienced girls

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have not the judgment needful to take care of an infant. A little carelessness and a child receives an injury that is life-long. I knew a beautiful little fellow who was suffering from a large boil on the side of his head. A nurse let him fall heavily, exactly on that spot. Two physicians spent the whole night trying, with powerful opiates, to deaden the pain; and it was not until toward morning that his fearful shrieks were quieted. His brain was injured for life, and he became a half imbecile."

"Why don't that girl hurry down with Willie?" asked Louise, impatiently. "I'm going for him," and she threw down the beautiful Afghan she was crocheting for his dainty carriage.

"Do, dear, and see that she is taking proper care of him."

The slippered feet stepped lightly to the nursery, and she found the door locked.

"Open the door this instant," she demanded, in a voice not to be disobeyed.

There was delay and evident confusion, mingled with Willie's cries; and the girl was suffused with crimson when her mistress entered. The little grieving mouth of the baby tried to utter the word, "mamma," as he stretched his arms toward her. In an instant he was hugged to her bosom, and sitting down, the mother demanded an explanation of the scene.

She could gather little from the girl's confused statements, further than that "Willie was awful cross." A story-book lay on the floor; the child had still his wrapper on, and the mother determined for once to bathe and dress him herself.

The girl seemed much alarmed at the proposal, and begged to be allowed to do it herself. The lady "would spoil her beautiful wrapper. She was used to dressing him, and would do it directly."

"Bring me the bath and Willie's clothes," said the mother, sharply.

They were brought with great reluctance, and many delays.

The little disrobed form lay in a fleecy blanket on her lap, and there, on its marble surface, were the prints of the wretched girl's whole hand, where she had recently struck him. Various discolored marks, turning from blue to yellow, showed where she had often been in the habit of pinching him.

"Ask Mrs. Lee to come up," said the mother, in a husky voice, not daring to trust herself to speak, as she gathered her baby to her bosom, and rocked him in an agony of self-reproach,

"See this, Marian," she said, after the girl had been directed to go to her own room, "and say whether I can ever forgive myself," and she burst into a flood of hysterical tears.

It took some skill to soothe both mother and child; but Marian was equal to it. The now happy baby was old enough to comprehend that something in its favor had happened, and soon forgot its sorrows in the abundant amusement provided for it.

"What shall I do with Belle?" was the query. "You talk to her, Marian. I cannot trust myself to do it."

"Poor girl! she is to be pitied," said Marian, musingly.

"Pity her, indeed! You should rather pity my dear, innocent baby!"

"I do; but I pity her the most. What is she to do? You cannot recommend her; and without it she can get no other situation. She ought never to have the charge of children; yet she might get a living at something else."

"She is a very neat chamber-maid."

"Very well, we can recommend her for that; but have her distinctly to understand that if you ever know of her taking a place as child's nurse again, you will expose her."

"Be very careful, dear Louise, in choosing your next nurse, and do not expect a giddy girl to have more patience with your baba than the mother who bore it. Keep the little one mostly under your own eye, in its waking hours, and you will not fail of your reward."

MY IDEAL.

BY MRS. SARA WOLVERTON.

What! part with my beautiful fairy wand!
Oh, not for the wealth of a king!
For into my life, though never so poor,
'Twill riches uncountable bring.

It exalteth the cot to a palace proud,
And crowns every duty there;
And breaketh into beauty the barrenest road
That winds through troublesome care.

What! part with my beautiful, beautiful gift!
Through the world like a vagabond go?
Let the echo come back from far-future hills,
I answer, a hundred times, No!

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MRS. GUANDELL'S DAUGHTER.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONSTANT MAYHEW had been a couple of weeks down at M——, a certain quiet little watering-place, which, a few years since, was a rather favorite resort with a nice class of New Yorkers. He had been there two weeks, and, during the whole period, Minnie Fales had paid him devoted attention, as she always did whenever she got within his reach.

Perhaps you will not like the expression, but I could use no other, that would be so near the truth. She had been in the habit of paying him attention for several years past, and though the offer of marriage (she was obliged to leave that to him) never came, she was always buoyed up by the hope that it would. This meeting at M.—— was the first time she had seen him in six months. He had been absent in foreign lands, ostensibly on business for the great banking-house, in which his old father had left him so large a share.

He got his Christian name, and a certain indolent phlegm which characterized him, from a Dutch mother, and, indeed, a goodly portion of the fortune came from her too. He was horribly rich, and so accustomed to receiving attention from young women, that he had never troubled himself to fall in love with anybody. He knew he ought to do it, and to marry likewise, for a few more years would bring him to thirty. But, not unnaturally, he hated the idea of being taken for his money: and the fancy had got firmly fixed in his mind, that it was the money the young women were after, when they lavished their sweet smiles and pretty coquetries upon him.

Minnie Fales bored him a little, but he was accustomed to it now, and her devotion rather helped to keep other pursuers off, for she and her sister, between them, usually made any damsel suffer who showed signs of a desire to snatch from their hands what Minnie considered her lawful prey.

They always kept track of his proceedings, and when he landed in New York this summer, they hurried up to town, and waylaid him before he had been twenty-four hours on shore. They insisted upon his going down to M——, and he went because there was no good reason to refuse! He must go somewhere, he said to himself. They produced him there in triumph, and he stayed so willingly, that Minnie believed this time she should succeed in her fell design, and took upon herself such airs of proprietorship, that strangers were apt to suppose them engaged, and neither Minnie or Mrs. Lane ever contradicted the report. I think Constant himself was rather inclined to believe she would end by marrying him. He was too lazy to take measures to escape. He was used to Minnie and her ways. She amused him, and that was a good deal, as he had an idea that women in general were not amusing in the married state. He never made love to her, or thought of doing so, but he accepted her society, and he had a sentimental face, and a serious way of talking trifles, which led lookers-on to suppose him saying more earnest things. He had known Mrs. Lane and Minnie for ages; he could always smoke in their parlor; they knew how to keep him from feeling bored, and, during that whole fortnight, there was nobody to interfere with their appropriation of him.

At the end of this time down came old Mrs. Guandell, and her unmarried daughter, a young lady whom Constant had never seen, as her wise mother had kept her in complete seclusion, until this, her eighteenth summer. He knew the old lady well enough, and that crafty bird had come thither, with a distinct plan in her brain, though she appeared looking as innocent as a dove. She had gone through life looking innocent, though at one period of her career there had been such dark stories about her, that nothing except the position of her husband's family kept her up. Her husband's death had left her rather cramped in means. Her eldest daughter had married a foreigner, several years previous, and some trouble between them, which was duly reported in America, had revived all the old scandals in regard to the mother, and caused much repetition of the proverb, "like parent, like child."

But at M——she appeared, and everybody was civil to her, on account of the Guandell name: and as she was one of the most agreeable women in the world, (as I fear she was the wickedest) they were amply repaid.

It was not until the second evening of her arrival, that she brought Caroline into public view, though she had been talking a good deal

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about her in her innocent fashion, and had allowed one or two people to have a peep at her—people whom she knew would rave over her pretty face, and excite a certain interest in the minds of the rest.

"Isn't your daughter coming down? There's a dance to-night," ever so many men had said to her this second day.

"Oh, perhaps; I dont know," was her answer. "You see she's not out yet; won't be till winter; I just wanted her to discover what society was like; she's a savage hermitess as yet."

But late in the evening, when everybody was tired and warm with dancing, and Constant Mayhew, sitting beside Minnie Fales, between the pauses of a waltz, was wondering why the tip of Minnie's nose always would get red, Mrs. Guandell entered the ball-room. On her arm leaned a young girl, very simply dressed in white, with no ornaments but a few rose-buds in her hair, looking so very young and fresh, that if she had been less pretty than she was, she would have created a sensation among that troop of bedizzened females, of whom Minnie Fales was about the youngest, and even poor Minnie was twenty-four.

Minnie saw the entrance, and recognized an enemy. She began talking more eagerly to Constant, and leaned forward in the hope that her wreath and voluminous head-gear would shut out the new arrival from him. But Constant caught the sheen of the white robe, heard the murmurs right and left, and put up his eye-glass to aid his miserably-short sight, and raised his head resolutely to look straight over Minnie at the new comer. Just then the music struck out afresh, and a wretch—she called him so in her thoughts—came with a determination to claim Minnie for the dance. She had no mind to let Constant escape, but that cruel creature supported the wretch in his plea.

"Oh, you did promise, Miss Minnie," said he; "if you don't go, Johnstone will say it is my fault, and be for shooting me before breakfast."

So Minnie had to take Johnstone's arm, and be led off, and saw Constant saunter, in his lazy way, down the room to where Mrs. Guandell and her daughter were seated. But, by the time he reached them, the young lady was surrounded two or three deep, and he could only talk to the mother, while waiting for an opportunity to be presented to the daughter, and Mrs. Guandell was too much occupied with elderly friends, to pay him much attention. Actually, he waited there ten minutes, without getting nearer; he for whom, in general, young women and their mammas made a straight road by some means. And, after all, he was not introduced. The men were pleading for a dance, and ready to assault the old lady, because Miss Caroline refused, and glanced at her mother, as if it had been forbidden.

"I can't have her tiring herself," said the General. "She's here for sea air, and society. Besides, she never waltzed in her life, except with her schoolmates."

But she was allowed to walk through a quadrille with one of the elderly men, and Constant had only the poor comfort of watching how graceful she looked; and he fancied that the General's eyes twinkled with malicious enjoyment. However, he kept his stand resolutely; then somebody began to talk to him, and he could not get free. When he could look again, Mrs. Guandell had left her seat; the quadrille was over; she and her daughter were at the other end of the room, and down upon him loomed Minnie Fales, and took him prisoner at once.

"I believe the next dance is yours," said she, sweetly, and he thought her sweetness affectation, and he wondered again why the tip of her nose should get red at inconvenient seasons. But he had to dance with her—and he hated dancing. Then he had to take her into the refreshment-room, and get her an ice, and she was an age devouring it; and by the time they reached the ball-room again, he saw Mrs. Guandell just passing out into the corridor with her daughter on her arm.

However, the next morning he encountered Mrs. Guandell and the young lady on the veranda, and Minnie Fales was not near; and Caroline looked even prettier than ever in her simple dress, with her shiny-brown hair gathered in a knot of curls at the back of her shapely head.

She did not talk much, but what she said was easy and natural; and the old lady made herself fascinating, insomuch that Constant rather wondered at his former prejudice against her.

That was the beginning of a very pleasant month to everybody except Minnie Fales. She fought a gallant battle, but she was really no match for the General, and found herself routed at every point. She paraded her intimacy with Constant more than ever, and she and her sister kept the old scandals in regard to Mrs. Guandell fresh in everybody's mind, though it did not hinder them from being cordial with her.

At first Constant Mayhew was somewhat troubled by his monomania that there was an attempt to "catch" him; but sorely as he suspected the mother, he could not resist the conviction that Caroline had no part in any such plan. He was

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allowed to make himself agreeable to her; but the young lady had little freedom, and Mrs. Guandell made it plainly evident that she would permit no flirtations in any quarter.

"She's a child yet," she sometimes said to friends, who would repeat it. "She's not out. I don't mean to have her head turned by nonsense. I want her to have a pleasant season next winter."

The numberless ways in which that worthy woman tormented Minnie Fales and her sister, and quietly revenged herself for their spiteful remarks, would require a volume to relate; and all the while she would be overpoweringly friendly with them, and cause them to gnash their teeth in private. But I think the neatest performance was the yachting trip. She happened to know that poor Minnie was a wretched sailor, and she managed to induce Constant to have his yacht brought down, and a party organized for a day's cruise Be left behind Minnie would not—she would die sooner than expose Constant, all these hours, to the wiles of the General and Caroline. So she dressed herself in a becoming costume, filled her pocket with preventives against nausea, and went on board with such courage as she could find.

For awhile she managed to keep Constant beside her, and Caroline did not seem to notice his absence from her group of adorers. But the boat danced more and more, and when at last Mrs. Guandell and a party called for sandwiches, and wine and water, and ate and drank just under her nose, Minnie knew that her hour had come.

"Dear me, Miss Minnie," called the heartless General, "how pale you look. Never mind! The sea air will revive you presently."

And Minnie could not even answer. Could only set her teeth hard, while sea and sky swam together, and her head buzzed, and she felt herself grow greener and yellower each instant.

"I'm afraid you are not well," said Constant; and she saw by his face that he knew the truth and was disgusted, as people who do not suffer always are at the sight of any unfortunate, whose head and stomach will not endure the caprices of ocean.

Another five minutes, and she was obliged to take refuge in the little cabin; and there she lay on a sofa, limp and dying, as she thought, during the long afternoon, while her forgetful friends were enjoying themselves on deck, and Caroline Guandell was putting the crowning stroke to her fascinations by singing a sea song, in a delicious soprano voice, whose echoes rang down into the stuffy retreat where Minnie lay weeping dolorously, and caused her to wish that instant destruction might overtake herself and every soul on board.

This was just at the end of the month, and Mrs. Guandell perceived that Constant Mayhew had reached a state of mind, where some wise stroke of policy might bring about the result, which had been her object in this visit to M——.

There was a hop, that night, and Minnie Fales was really too ill to appear; and her sister was forced to stay up stairs and take care of her, and the evening was anything but agreeable to either.

To-night, Constant was more attentive than ever to Caroline, and was half aware himself that he had glided into an unusual state of feeling, though he did not take the trouble to think much about it.

And while people were at supper, Mrs. Guandell quietly took her daughter out on the veranda, and repeated, as if it had just come to her ears, some remark that Constant had made about herself. It had originally been of slight consequence, but it became of a good deal in Mrs. Guandell's way of telling it; and Caroline was divided between anger and pain.

"You mustn't cry," said the General. "Walk up and down a little, while I go and get a cup of tea. I'm dead with fatigue."

Constant came to her in the supper-room to know where Caroline was, but got slight information, though she managed soon to whisper to an old tabby-friend, loud enough for him to hear,

"She is out on the veranda. She would not come in here, it is so dreadfully hot."

Away went Constant on the instant, and found Caroline sitting in the moonlight, looking as pretty as anything human well could.

"What can I bring you?" he asked.

She had been so busy thinking, that she had not heard his approach. She turned quickly and having his eye-glass on, he could see that she regarded him with strong displeasure.

"Nothing," she replied, coldly, and rose to enter the house.

"Don't let me drive you away," he said.

"You are very good," she replied, in the same frigid tone.

He looked at her in surprise. It was a phase of treatment to which he was not accustomed from her sex.

"I should almost think I had offended you, Miss Guandell," he said, laughing; "only my conscience acquits me of the possibility, and we were good friends half an hour ago."

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"Yes, and I thought you very nice, and I liked you very much," she answered, quickly, with an impulsiveness he had never seen her show.

"May I ask what I can have possibly done to change your feelings?" he inquired, rather coldly, ready at once to suspect some design on his peace.

She struggled a little to keep her tears back, and her voice trembled, but she went on courageously,

"If you had such a bad opinion of mamma and her family, I wonder that you have been so polite to us as you have been! I think it very deceitful and very wicked, and I will never forgive you! I wouldn't have cared, if it had been about me; but I love my mother, and she is good, and I think it a shame for any man to have used such language as you did. If papa were alive you would not have dared to do it!"

He stood utterly confounded by her vehement passion. But before he could find a word, voices and steps sounded within. She hurried down the veranda, and disappeared in the corridor. By the time he reached it she had vanished.

Constant spent a rather sleepless night, divided between very contradictory feelings.

It was late when he left his room the next morning, and he had rather decided that it behooved him to be watchful and wary. To his utter surprise, the first news that reached him was that Caroline Guandell had left M——, by the early train. A telegram had been received from the aunt, with whom she usually lived, and she had gone off under the care of the ancient *femme de chambre.*

It was a dull morning to Constant. Minnie Fales met him, and tried to be interesting, in spite of the headache which still clung to her; but she was absolutely odious in his eyes.

It was late in the day before he could get speech with Mrs. Guandell. She treated him just as usual, and absolutely burst out laughing, when he referred to the incident of the previous night.

"My dear friend," said she, "don't stammer and try for excuses. Everybody abuses everybody. Why should I expect to escape? Caroline is young and foolish, and takes things *au serieux.* Some idiot told her what you had said, and it seems she treated you to a fine lecture. She told me of it."

"I beg you to believe, Mrs. Guandell," he answered, "that since I have really known you, no word has passed my lips that could offend. I like you very much, and I have the highest admiration for your daughter."

"Then that's all right. I'll let Carry know what you say. Don't think about it again. She is only a child."

"And she has gone?"

"Oh, yes! Her aunt was not well, and she regards Carry as her property. To tell you a secret, she means her to marry Tom—that's my sister's step-son, when he comes back from South America; and I fancy she did not like the reports she got of Carry's gayety."

"Oh!" said Constant, and felt that he looked silly.

"Now, Carry," Mrs. Guandell went on easily, "knows nothing about this, and likes Tom as a cousin. But it was better she should go. I couldn't have her head turned among you young irresistibles. You will all flirt, even you engaged ones."

"I don't perceive the application of the pronoun," said he.

"And, to be frank," she went on, as if she had not heard, "I do not think you have behaved quite well of late. I mean as far as Miss Fales is concerned. She has every reason to be offended at your neglect; but she ought to have taken you to task, instead of attacking my daughter and me."

He looked red, and furiously angry.

"May I ask where you gained that preposterous idea, in regard to my engagement?" he inquired, stiffly.

"From current rumor. I believed it when I came here. That made me willing to let Carry be friendly with you. I knew Tom's interests would run no risk."

Tom was a hopeless invalid, as old as his stepmother, and had lost his money; but Constant did not know that.

"Permit me, distinctly, to contradict the report," he said, spurred on by that allusion to Tom.

"Of course, I am bound to believe you," she answered. "But you haven't behaved well all the same. You have offered, or received attentions. I don't like such conduct. To be honest—I'm glad to like when I can—I am a little displeased with you. But never mind! I shall not be here long, and by next winter Carry, and Tom, and I may probably be comfortable in Brazil."

"Miss Fales is an old friend——"

"Yes! yes! she's a nice girl, in spite of her bad tongue, and no heart to speak of. The best thing you can do is to marry her! At all events,

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I couldn't leave my daughter here to become the target for her and her sister to shoot at."

He went straight over the precipice before he knew it.

"I consider Miss Fales as a friend," he said. "There has been only one young lady here to whom I thought of paying attention, and that was your daughter."

"Then I am very glad she is gone," replied the General. "I don't want her to have attentions! They mean nothing, and compromise a girl hopelessly. Look at poor Minnie. There, we'll not quarrel. I can't stop any longer."

Off she went, and left Constant with only one clear idea in his mind. He must and would see Caroline, and make his peace; and, besides, it seemed an awful thing to sacrifice her to that Tom, just from family interest!

In a couple of days, he went up to New York, on the plea of business, and was gone for some time. He had journeyed into Connecticut, and roved about the house where Caroline was secluded, but had not succeeded in seeing her. He had written a penitent, rather tender letter, but it had remained unanswered.

When he arrived at M——, Mrs. Guandell sent for him, before he had leisure to change his dusty clothes.

"May I ask the meaning of your conduct?" she demanded, not at all belligerently, but as if laughing at him. "Why did you go secretly, and try to see my daughter?"

"Because I wanted to explain, and set myself straight in her esteem," he answered.

"I had managed that," she said. "I wrote her; I told you I would. Now I don't like this sort of nonsense; and I assure you I shall not permit it! I laugh, but I am in earnest. I cannot have my daughter compromised to gratify a caprice of yours! If she had been like a great many silly girls, she would have seen you; and fancy the stories Minnie Fales and her set would have made out of it when the report reached them. I am seriously offended with you, Mr. Mayhew! Do let me and my daughter alone; submit to your fate; tell the gentle Minnie to buy her bridal wreath; I'll agree that my Carry shall be chief bridesmaid."

"I have already told you that I have no such thought—never had——!"

"It doesn't make any difference," she interrupted. "You must do it, if it was only for the sake of other people! It would really be a charitable act toward young ladies in general; for until you do, Minnie will try to blacken every girl that you so much as look at."

He fairly mashed his summer straw hat between his hands; he must tear something—she stung his vanity too deeply.

"It was lucky for you my sister did not know of your being near," pursued the General; "she'd certainly have set the big bull-dog on you. She would guard Tom's portion against a regiment of idle young men, who only wait to amuse themselves, without caring how much harm they may do."

"How can you misjudge me so cruelly?" he asked.

"Just as easily as you could believe any story the gossips chose to invent about me or mine," she replied, calmly.

"When I have said that I did not!"

"Very well; I'll say I have misjudged you, when you marry Miss Minnie, or, at least, promise not to undertake any more wild-goose chases in search of my little girl."

"I am afraid I can't promise that," he said.

She grew grave enough now, and sat look full in his face.

"If I were a man, I should find it easy to answer you," she said, sternly. "As it is, you must promise me, Mr. Mayhew. Do you suppose that I will allow my daughter to be injured in the world's eyes by such conduct?"

"If you would let me finish!" he cried, impatiently.

"You have said more than enough."

"I—I came to ask your permission to offer my hand to your daughter," he stammered.

She leaned back in her chair, and looked confounded. He told, rather clumsily, the rise and growth of his affection—became more earnest and determined, as he thought that his rash conduct might possibly be the means of doing the young girl harm.

"But Tom?" were her first words. "Dear me, you are more foolish than ever. Oh, what shall I do if Minnie Fales doesn't marry you out of hand?"

"You admitted that your daughter was ignorant of that plan; you have no right to sacrifice her; you have no right to refuse my offer."

"Bless me, what have I a right to do?" she asked.

"At least you ought to give her the option of refusing or accepting me. You ought to send her a letter from me in which I do my best to plead my cause."

She reflected a little.

"I wish I could see my way clear," she sighed at last.

He was roused now to a pitch where he could

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talk eloquently enough, and, before the conversation ended, she agreed to his proposal.

"I will write to her," she said. "After all the gossip Minnie Fales has made, it is only simple justice to Caroline. But I warn you that I don't believe you stand the least chance, and my sister will be furious, and poor Tom!"

The very uncertainty rendered him the more eager to try his fate. Each time she introduced Tom's name he bounded like a horse struck by a spur.

The letters were written and dispatched, and, during the next four days, Mayhew went about very anxious and miserable. Minnie Fales persecuted him a great deal during the season, and Mrs. Guandell helped her as much as she could; and poor Minnie was betrayed into a thousand absurdities, which Constant could not prevent, though he had the best will to do so.

In her blind folly, Minnie actually believed that she had succeeded in driving Caroline away. She thought that the General had sent her off, in disgust at the failure of her plans to entrap Constant; and Minnie exulted hugely, but no sentiment of pity or generosity led her to spare her vanquished foes. She and Mrs. Lane talked more and more about the old scandals in regard to the General, and did not scruple to add that the real reason the daughter had been banished was because neither she or her mother could bear the humiliation of letting the world see how they had failed.

The General was more affectionate than ever with them; she invited Minnie to her room, and would have Constant there to meet her, and wormed herself into Minnie's confidence, fooling her to the top of her bent, for the old woman was a perfect Red Indian in her determination to avenge herself on any unfortunate who assailed her, or tried to thwart her designs.

One might have pitied the girl, had not her own conduct been so outrageously bad; but the few who knew Mrs. Guandell well, were only inclined to laugh, certain that the comedy had not yet reached its closing act—all the more certain that the General meant her mischief, as each hour of those four days the lady grew sweeter to Minnie, and fonder of her, and annoyed Mayhew by bringing him within reach of the young woman's wiles.

But Minnie was hopelessly blind, and Mrs. Lane, at all times, was no better than an idiot; an evil-disposed one, with a bad tongue. Minnie actually believed that this affection, on the General's part, was only an effort to conceal her mortification, gotten up in the hope that it would keep people from saying that Caroline had been flirted with, and ignominiously defeated, in her effort to entrap her (Minnie's) lawful prey.

So she pursued Constant relentlessly, whispered to him in public, sighed at him, languished, did everything that could render her ridiculous, and increase the General's delight and triumph. The fourth day the old wretch actually told Minnie that her belief was the proposal would be made before night, and promised to afford an opportunity to Constant, if Minnie would come to her room. And Minnie went, and there was a little knot of Mrs. Guandell's intimates, all perfectly aware what was going on, and amusing themselves with Minnie's misery, because they did not go away, and leave her the field clear.

The term of probation closed. That evening Mrs. Guandell sent for Constant, and placed a letter in his hands. It was for him, though written to the lady herself.

"I never was so astonished in my life," said she. "I shall not dare see my sister for a year. Poor Tom!"

Caroline had accepted him. Constant was anxious, for his own peace, to make the engagement known at once. But the General refused. She consented, after much coaxing, to let Caroline come back; but it was only on condition that no word was spoken, which could reveal the true state of affairs.

"She's very shy, and would be perfectly miserable," she said, "to have people staring at her, and talking her over! Don't be selfish, else I'll take her off to Tom yet!"

Two days later, Caroline came back, looking prettier than ever. The very evening of her arrival, Mrs. Guandell gave a little dinner in her rooms, and, without the knowledge either of Constant or her daughter, Minnie Fales and Mrs. Lane were among the invited guests.

At table, Minnie was placed between the engaged pair, and the repast went on gayly enough, almost to the dessert. Then, without any warning, Mrs. Guandell whispered to her neighbor—and a very audible whisper it was—news which everybody caught up at once, and, in the hush that followed, Mrs. Guandell said, aloud,

"We are all intimate friends, and I never could keep a secret, so I shall ask you to drink health and happiness to my daughter and Mr. Mayhew. They have followed the steps their elders were foolish enough to take in their youth."

There was a low cry from Minnie Fales; but as all eyes turned upon her, Caroline Guandell, scarlet with anneyance, was folding a napkin about her own hand, and saying,

"I have covered it up, Miss Minnie—it doesn't bleed much! I cut my finger," she added, ad-

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dressing the table generally; "and it made Miss Fales ill—so many people get faint at sight of blood."

She led Minnie out of the room, and was so composed about the matter, that the old Red Indian's crowning malice half lost its point; but Caroline certainly gained in her lover's eyes by her good-nature and charity.

Whatever sort of wife Mrs. Guandell might have been in her day, she certainly proved an admirable mother-in-law, for she had sense enough to leave the young people a great deal to themselves, and Constant believes in her to this moment.

Minnie Fales thought of going into a decline, but decided to live. She deserted the gay world, and took to charities and good works. Her zeal has met with its reward at length. Only yesterday, I heard that she was about to marry a parson. As the invitations for the wedding have been issued, I suppose poor Minnie has made no mistake this time, in regard to her engagement.

SUNSET CLOUDS.

BY MRS. M. J. FORREST.

Lo! in the west the sunset clouds,
In red and amber dyes,
Unfurl their pinions to the breeze,
And tint with gold the skies.

A picture bright, I weave within
The soft cloud's tinted mist,
That idly float along the sky,
By evening zephyrs kissed.

There seems to rise within the folds
A human face, divinely fair;
A mother's saintly features bend
Above her infant, cradled there.

The tender eyes look fondly down,
The graceful head is bowed;
The soft, bright hair around her floats,
A glorious golden cloud.

The vision sweet floats in the air,
And changes with the varying flight
Of those bright clouds that sail on high,
Until the distance hides the sight.

The glow dies out, the bright tints pale;
A pearly mist the radiance shrouds;
And lovely fancies, formed in air,
Fade with the sunset clouds.

VOICES FROM THE RIVER.

BY SAM F. SPENCER.

Out on the brink stood a drooping form,
And looked at the stream and gathering storm,
While the winds went wailing by;
And the brown-owl sat in his drenched nest,
While the night-hawk, in tones of wild unrest,
Screamed through the gloomy sky.

Even the elm-tree uttered a shriek,
And tried in unearthly tones to speak,
And tell a dark, dark tale;

The hands were upraised to a burning brow,
For the night of woe had fallen now,
And the face was deathly pale.

The waters were singing a funeral dirge,
And the cries of the wild and moaning surge
Made a sad and lonely sound;
The waves broke apart with a stifled scream,
The brown-owl woke from a troubled dream,
And a form in the depths lay drowned.

ALONE.

BY MRS. HELEN A. MANVILLE.

Not that I loved my darling less,
That I to link my life to his was loth;
The hand of God was broad enough to bless
The lives, I knew—though separate—of both.
And Fate had so ordained it for our good,
That life could never be just what we planned;
That it was best too well we understood,
Though why we did not, could not understand.

And so I put the blissful cup away,
Whose sweet, sweet draught so long had tempted me,
And tried "Thy blessed will, not mine," to say,
And to forget the joys that could not be.
But all the years of life have proved
The fallacy of what we fancied right.
Had I been wedded to the man I loved,
I had not, dying, been alone to-night.

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"HOW ABBIE WAS CAUGHT."

BY EMMA F. U. WHITCOMB.

ABBIE laughed. It was dreadfully embarrassing for me, but that did not seem to make any difference—a regular laugh bubbled out; it made me think of a meadow-lark's song, in its freshness and freedom.

It happened like this: Harriet Wyman came in while we were busy with our morning work, and sat gossiping with us. Abbie called her the Bulletin, the Extra Edition, Circumlocution Intelligence Office, and other names of like character. How she finds out things I do not understand, but she knows everything in the way of gossip. She told us now that a friend of ours, a man she had never met, was about to be married a second time, and said, "he has been a widower a suitable time, and if he chooses to marry a wife, I don't know as I have any objection." Here it was that Abbie laughed—she is always doing it in the wrong place. I have known that girl, when two persons have risen in prayer-meeting at once, to fill the second of indecision as to which shall sit down first, with a laugh. She giggles outright when her father and uncle Joe are quarreling like two roosters about election, and she makes a point of doing it when Elder Blake asks the blessing. What that girl will do when she is married, and hasn't me to help her out of her scrapes, I don't know. How I tried to turn it off on the cat, for I didn't want Harriet Wyman's feelings hurt. I said, "do take those papers off the kitten's feet, and don't laugh at the poor thing." Hiram is a monster of inhumanity ten years old, whom mother is "bringing up;" but she hasn't yet started him in the way he should go, and he had been tormenting poor puss. Happily, Harriet is obtuse, and she didn't take offence at this little episode, but talked right along. Her conversation reminds me of our orchard brook—it flows on without inflection, purling over pebbles; it would sing one asleep in a half hour. "I never knew a widower who didn't marry if he could get any one to have him—and you can't expect him to go mourning round forever. They're pretty much alike, all of 'em." Here the brook met with an obstruction. "It isn't so," said Abbie. "There's just as much difference in men as there is in women." Our Abbie is having a flirtation with a medical student, and she has a high opinion of the other sex. And why shouldn't she? The roughest man I ever knew let Abbie see the best side; and Abbie's eyes are quick to catch even faint glimpses of the good. "You'll find, Abbie," continued Harriet, "that men are men." "I don't believe it," cried Abbie. Harriet smiled, and went around the remark, as I have seen the brook run around a bit of a boulder, and pretty soon she went away. I saw that Abbie was thinking disagreeable thoughts; she ironed more energetically than ever; in fact, once she put the point of the flat-iron right through one of the ruffles on her white lawn dress. If you want anything done in a hurry, just get Abbie a little put out about something. At last she set the flat-iron down with a thud, and, with a scornful glance, said, "What does Harriet Wyman know about men! They are not alike; and yet, oh, Sarah! if ever a man loved a woman, John Hermon loved May; he was devotion itself. How we girls used to envy her, and now she has been dead two years and a half, and he is marrying again. I'd rather have a little more remembrance, and a little less monument." She tried to say it lightly, but the corner of her mouth trembled, for May Hermon, the first wife, had been a dear friend of hers. She loved her with the almost worshipful love girls sometimes feel for those older and more beautiful than themselves; and May's little girl, with her mother's own face, and great pleading eyes, had taken possession of the next warmest corner of Abbie's heart.

"Men are not like women, that is certain," said she. "Do you suppose that if John Hermon had died in giving birth to that child that May would have married, so that baby could have a guardian! As long as she lived she would have remembered that her child's life, and her loved one's death were parts of the same mystery, and she would have been more faithful to his memory; but John is marrying some one to take care of baby. I wonder he didn't marry old Mrs. Hemmingway the day of the funeral. She is a good, experienced nurse, and if a child ever needs a mother, it does when it is a day and a half old. I think," said Abbie, "there was a higher wisdom than we have understood in what we call heathenish rites. I wish that it were customary here, when a man's wife dies, to burn him on a funeral pile." There is no use in try-

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ing to restrain Abbie when she gets to going, so I calmly took my knitting-work, prepared to say a reasonable word when my turn came.

"Love and constancy are like religion," she said. "If it is anything, it is everything. When Jesus went away from them, did the disciples follow some other master? John Hermon knows that if May were here it would give her pain to have him show preference for any woman but her; but because she is in heaven, and he can't see her, he will do her this wrong. It must be that he don't believe in a hereafter. I don't believe that it is possible for May ever to become so interested in playing a harp, and so purified from all human feeling, as to enjoy seeing John walking through the pearly gate, with another woman on his arm." I had to interrupt here. "You are growing positively wicked, Abbie," I said; "and you know we have to go on living after that which makes life sweet is fled; we must eat, and drink, and sleep, and wake, and dress, if the heart is gone out of it all."

"I don't deny that," said Abbie. "But a person can do all that, and not be married once even. I have heard of old maids, and bachelors, who lived to a respectable age, and died lamented. I don't believe it ever occurred to uncle Joe, for instance, that he could marry. It is the spirit of the thing that I look at. A man and woman love each other; they promise before God and man to be true till death. All is poetry and white flowers, or, as Mrs. Nickleby's crazy lover says, "all is gas and gaiters;" and it actually seems as if it is a true marriage; then one dies, and the other seeks a new mate. It was so near dinner-time that our conversation was interrupted, and was never, indeed, resumed.

John Hermon married again, and Abbie and I called on his wife, whom we found a complete contrast to beautiful May; but a very elegant, quiet woman. I wondered all the way home how it had come about, for Abbie made no comment upon the bride, and I saw tears in her eyes when baby May kissed her good-by.

A few weeks after, Abbie came in from a walk, quite flushed and nervous. I knew at once something had happened. "What is it?" I said. For a long while she would not tell me, but, finally, she broke out, "The impudent fellow! what do you think!" "Think! Who?" I answered, bewildered. Then she began to laugh, and so out came the story.

It seems she was coming, by a foot-path through the woods, from visiting Hetty Jones, when suddenly she heard a man's footsteps behind her, as if in pursuit. "My heart began to beat pretty fast; but I wasn't going to hasten my pace," said Abbie. "But the steps grew quicker, and got nearer, and, at last, I heard a voice call, 'Miss.' Of course, at this, I had to stop and look around, to show, if nothing else, that I wasn't afraid. But, instead of the drunken beggar I had expected, or a foot-pad," (Abbie quite forgot that foot-pads went out with mail-coaches,) "I saw a handsome young man." Here Abbie blushed, "who was standing, hat in hand, and bowing, but with a saucy look, I thought, in his fine eyes, for, would you believe it—what could be more provoking?—my dress had got caught, and if I had gone a step further, it would have been torn. I couldn't help looking daggers at him. I knew it was rude, but what business had he to smile so complacently? 'Permit me,' he said, stooping and loosening my dress. Then, with another bow, he added, 'You dropped your handkerchief, Miss, just as you came into the wood, and I've been trying to overtake you ever since.' I took the handkerchief and thanked him, and he bowed again and smiled, and turned back. Impudent fellow! I shall hate him all my life."

I could not exactly see why a man should be called "impudent," for restoring a handkerchief to a lady, but I knew Abbie too well to argue the question just then.

That night we were invited to Mrs. Hermon's, to a tea-party. To my surprise Abbie was delighted to go. "To study human nature, you know," she said.

Mrs. Hermon was at least a model housekeeper; the arrangement of the rooms was delightful—exquisite taste was manifested everywhere. I turned to say this to Abbie, but saw her across the room in animated conversation with a tall, fine-looking gentleman Mrs. Hermon had introduced as her brother. I thought him elegant, and Abbie seemed to share that opinion; he took her out to tea, and it happened that they sat near enough, so I could hear their conversation. Abbie was admiring a bouquet near her, and John said, "May always thought pansies and lilies of the valley should be placed near each other—she seemed to think flowers had souls." Abbie made no reply, and an expression I dread to see came upon her face, and, turning to Mrs. Hermon's brother, she said, "Rather bad taste to parade one's first wife's fancies before one's second. It reminds me of Mrs. Bayham Badger." The gentleman gave her a peculiar look, and I groaned internally. What must he think of this outspoken girl; he did not dream of the generous heart that beats a quick response to all that is good and true. I was heartily glad when we were at home again. I have much the same

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feeling about going out with Abbie that Mrs. Monroe told me she used to have about taking Bennie with her. He never left a house till he had broken something, and generally it was an article that could not be replaced. I gave Abbie a long lecture while we were undressing. Then I asked her what she thought of Mrs. Hermon's brother. She blew the light out before she replied, though my hair wasn't half unbraided, and said "she thought he was very impudent. In fact," said she, laughing, "he was the footpad that overtook me in the wood." "Oh! ho?" said I. "But I like him better than I do his sister," she interrupted, snappishly. "Any woman that will marry a widower——" Here I begged her not to get on that subject, as I would like a little sleep before morning; and so, after kissing me good-night, Abbie turned her face toward the wall—and there was silence till morning.

The days went on. Mrs. Hermon and her brother called, and after that he came alone. It did not occur to me that Abbie was interested, till one day Jan Briscoe said, "Which is it, Abbie, medicine or law?" and she blushed, and said nothing.

We had never had so gay a summer. The warm weather lingered, and Jan Briscoe said, "We must have one more picnic—a grand closing up, a sort of doxology to the summer;" and it was decided that we should all go to Johnson's Point, about ten miles off, to spend the day. And a merry party of twelve started at seven o'clock, all crowded into one great wagon, perfectly uncomfortable and delightful. We arrived at Johnson's, had dinner, and, after that, according to some unknown principle of selection, couples separated, and wandered off by themselves.

I had brought "Dombey and Son" with me, for I had a presentiment that I was to be inflicted with Jack Hunter; and, sure enough, he seated himself beside me, and I at once opened my book, knowing he would be asleep in a few minutes. But, after all, the afternoon passed quickly and pleasantly, and I didn't think it could be so late when the party began to come back, and to talk about having a sail. "All aboard," cried Jan; but where were Abbie and Mr. Foster? Just as we were debating whether to leave them, or wait, Abbie came up, alone, her eyes and nose red, her cheeks flushed, and soon after Mr. Foster came, looking quite unconcerned; but I fancied he felt ill at ease, and noticed that Abbie flirted outrageously with Jan all the rest of the day. It was ended at last, and a tired party reached home at midnight, glad and sorry it was over. Abbie ran up stairs the minute we were in the house, leaving me to lock the door, and look under the beds. When I went up, I found she had undressed in the dark, and was in bed. She tried to make me think she was asleep; but after I was in bed too, I heard a little sob, and I whispered, "Dear Abbie, what is the trouble?" She wouldn't tell me for a long time, but, finally, she said, "That man has made me perfectly miserable." "What man, Abbie?" I asked. "Mrs. Hermon's brother." "What has he done?" "Oh, Sarah! he told me—what shall I do?" Here Abbie sat up in bed. "He told me that he likes me!" "Well, Abbie," I said, "I feel very sorry for him, if you don't care for him—and you don't, do you?" I waited a little while for my answer, then she said, in a faint voice, "But I'm afraid I do!" "Afraid, Abbie! Why he seems to me a noble man, and if you love each other, I know mother will not object." "Oh, you surprising old Sarah," cried Abbie. "Who ever thought you had an ideal!" Then, in a tone of unaffected misery, she said, "It can never be—he is a widower!"

If Abbie had pushed me out of the bed, as she hasn't done since we were children, and I had found myself on the floor, I couldn't have been any more shocked. "It isn't possible, Abbie; we should have heard of it;" and I arose then and lighted the lamp, and looked at Abbie. There she sat, her hair in shining rings all tumbling down in her neck, her face tear-stained—a most forlorn-looking little figure.

Then we talked the matter over. She said he told her he had constantly thought of the remark she made at the table the first time they met, and he had been sorely tempted to keep the truth from her, till he had won her love, if that were possible. He told her he had married when a mere boy; it was a match brought about by the parents; and he spoke so kindly of her. "I wish he hadn't, for then I should have hated him," said poor Abbie. He said that as he became a man, she remained a child in mind, and heart—and it was unhappy for both. Then God took her, "and I shall always remember her tenderly," he said, "as a little flower that was given me to cherish, till it faded; but as the wife and love of my manhood—never."

"Dear me, Abbie," I said, a little maliciously, "since you have so far forgotten what is due to yourself as to fall in love with a widower, it will do very well to marry him." "I'd rather be unhappy than to be ridiculed all my life. I said, when I first saw him, he was an impudent fellow, and that I hated him," she said; and I laughed, and, toward morning, we both fell asleep. But when morning really came, there

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was the question unsettled still, rising up before Abbie. It almost rose before me, too. I began to feel as if the man had been guilty of proposing to us both. It was strange that we said nothing to mother; but she was so much engaged with her charity children, and the Home for the Friendless, that we knew she wouldn't half listen; and Father wasn't coming from Liverpool till late in the autumn, so we two girls had to think it all out by ourselves. We had just finished eating our late breakfast, when Bridget, our one maid, brought Mr. Foster's card to Abbie.

"I will not see him," she said. "You must go, Sarah. Tell him there are insurmountable obstacles in the way." "All right," I cried. "Shall I hint at medical students, preoccupied affections? Say you'll always think of him as a friend!" "If you dare!" said Abbie. "Tell him—— I'll go myself," and Abbie, with a very red face, ran into the parlor, and, as she told me afterward, burst out crying like a great baby. Mr. Foster—— Well, when he went away, Abbie was engaged to a widower. "If he had been a pagan or a cannibal, I wouldn't have been any more astonished." I told Abbie this, but, to be truthful, though it is surprising how they do it, I never knew a handsome young widower, who was determined to accomplish such an undertaking, to fail. Perhaps I overacted my part a little, for Abbie said, "You are afraid you will have to jump in the——" "Oh! Abbie," I plead, "Don't finish that horrible sentence. Take your widower, and depart in peace. I'll do all I can to help you."

And it wasn't till Abbie had been married five years, that I dared to hint, in a postscript, at funeral piles, and the higher wisdom in heathen rites.

ZADA.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

I heard her voice in the singing,
And I thought of the angelic choir;
I lingered, and listened, and pondered,
Till it seemed that my heart was on fire
With longing unuttered and fervent,
And a burden of restless desire.

I saw her looking so saintly,
In her virginal purity dressed;
My heart on the instant threw open
Its doors to the heavenly guest,
And love, that sweet angel of brightness,
Took up his abode in my breast.

Saintly and sweet was the music
That fell from the lips of my love;
Solemn and slowly it floated,
This clamor of voices above,
And cleaving the heavenly silence,
It circled aloft like a dove.

Open ye heavenly portals,
To let in the praise of my saint!
Silence, ye thundering organ,
The voice of your wailing complaint!
Compared with my Zada's sweet hymning
Your grand hallelujahs are faint.

Rare are the rose-scented bowers,
Entwined with the blossoms of June;
Bright are the star-jeweled hours,
When wavelets and winds are in tune;
But sweeter the love of my Zada,
And richer my heart for the boon.

And ever her face shines saintly,
And ever her voice soundeth sweet,
And ever her musical numbers,
The softest of echoes repeat,
And ever I listen and wait the
The fairy-like tread of her feet.

KEEPING THE TRYST.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

Where are you hiding, my little, wild love?
My sweet, shy love, with the summery face;
Where is the gold of your fluttering locks,
And your step with more than an angel's grace?
I come—I come, and the green leaves move,
In a languid dance to the wind's slow song;
And the trysting blossoms are under my feet.
Where are you, darling? I wait too long.

Come, love! for the wild bird's heart is at rest,
Her pulses a-hush where the pine-trees nod;
The shadows are heavy all over the hills,
And dews are a-glow on the moss-grown sod.

Through her gossamer veil the maiden moon
Smiles to her passionate lover, the sea,
Then hides her blushes, as you hide yours,
Cruelest darling! away from me.

Oh, little white dove, with the restless wing,
Haste to the bosom that aches for you;
For the hour is past, and the moon is low,
And the heart impatient that waits for you.
Ah! ha! ho! ho! by the rippling laugh,
Fluttering sweet from the river side;
She comes!—my fairy—my mountain queen—
My blossom of blossoms—my rustic bride.

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"THEO."

BY FANNIE HODGSON, AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN'S LOVE-STORY," ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 190.

CHAPTER III.

But Denis Oglethorpe did not appear again for several days. Perhaps business detained him; perhaps he went oftener to see Priscilla. At any rate, he did not call again until the end of the week.

Lady Throckmorton was in her private room when he came, and as he made his entrance with as little ceremony as usual, he ran in upon Theodora. Now, to tell the truth, he had, until this moment, forgotten all about that young person's very existence. He saw so many pretty girls in a day's round, and he was so often too busy to notice half of them—though he was an admirer of pretty girls—that it was nothing new to see one and forget her, until chance threw them together again. Of course, he had noticed Theodora North that first night. How could a man help noticing her? And the something beautifully over-awed and bashfully curious in her lovely, uncommon eyes, had half amused him. And yet, until this moment, he had forgotten her, with the assistance of proofs, and printers, and Priscilla.

But when, after running lightly up the staircase, he opened the drawing-room door, and saw a tall, lovely figure in a closely-fitting dress of purple cloth, bending over Sabre, and stroking his huge, tawny head with her supple little tender hand, he remembered.

"Ah, yes!" he exclaimed, in an admiring aside. "To be sure; I had forgotten Theodora."

But Theodora had not forgotten him. The moment she saw him she stood up blushing, and with a light in her eyes. It was odd how un-English she looked, and yet how thoroughly English she was in that delicious, uncomfortable trick of blushing vividly upon all occasions. She was quite unconscious of the fact that the purple cloth was so becoming, and that its sweep of straight, heavy folds made her as stately as some Rajah's dark-eyed daughter. She did not feel stately at all; she only felt somewhat confused, and rather glad that Mr. Denis Oglethorpe had surprised her by coming again. How Mr. Denis Oglethorpe would have smiled if he had known what an innocent commotion his simple presence created!

"Lady Throckmorton is upstairs reading," she explained. "I will go and tell her you are here." There were no bells in the house at Downport, and no servants to answer if any one had rang one, and, very naturally, Theo forgot she was not at Downport.

"Excuse me. No," said Mr. Denis Oglethorpe. "I would not disturb her on any account; and, besides, I know she will be down directly. She never reads late in the evening. This is a very handsome dog, Miss North."

"Very handsome, indeed," was Theo's reply. "Come here, Sabre."

Sabre stalked majestically to her side, and laid his head upon her knee. Theo stroked him softly, raising her eyes quite seriously to Mr. Oglethorpe's face.

"He reminds me of Sir Dugald himself," she said.

Mr. Denis Oglethorpe smiled faintly. He was not very fond of Sir Dugald, and the perfect gravity and *naivete* with which this pretty, unsophisticated young sultana had made her comment had amounted to a very excellent joke.

"Does he?" he returned, as quietly as possible, and then his glance meeting Theo's, she broke into a little burst of horror-stricken self-reproach.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed. "I oughtn't to have said that, ought I? I forgot how rude it would sound; but, indeed, I only meant that Sabre was so slow and heavy, and—and so indifferent to people, somehow. I don't think he cares about being liked at all."

She was so abashed at her blunder, that she looked absolutely imploring, and Mr. Denis Oglethorpe smiled again. He felt inclined to make friends with Theodora.

"There is a little girl staying at Lady Throckmorton's," he had said to Priscilla. "A relative of hers. A pretty creature, too, Priscilla, for a bread-and-butter Miss."

But just at this moment, he thought better of the matter. What tender, speechful eyes she had. He was aroused to a recognition of their beauty all at once. What contour there was in the turn of arm and shoulder under the close-fitting purple cloth. He was artistically thank-

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ful that there was no other trimming of the straight bodice than the line of buttons that descended from the full white ruff of swansdown at her throat, to her delicate, trim waist. Her unconscious stateliness of girlish form, and the conscious shyness of her manner, were the loveliest inconsistency in the world.

"Oh, I shall not tell Sir Dugald," he said to her, good-humoredly. "Besides, I think the comparison an excellent one. I don't know anything in London so like Sir Dugald as Sir Dugald's dog."

Theodora stroked Sabre apologetically, but could scarcely find courage to speak. She had stood somewhat in awe of Mr. Denis Oglethorpe, even at first, and her discomfort was rapidly increasing. He must think her dreadfully stupid, though he was good-humored enough to make light of her silly speech. Certainly Priscilla never made such a silly speech in her life; but then how could one teach French and Latin, and be anything but ponderously discreet.

Mr. Denis Oglethorpe was not thinking of Priscilla's wisdom, however; he was thinking of Theodora North; he was thinking that he must have been very blind not to have seen before that his friend's niece was a beauty of the first water, young as she was. But he had been tired and fagged out, he remembered, on the first occasion of their meeting—too tired to think of anything but his appointment at Broome street, and Priscilla's Greek grammar. And now, in recognizing what he had before passed by, he was quite glad to find the girl so young and inexperienced—so modest, in a sweet way. It was easy, as well as proper enough, to talk to her unceremoniously, without the trouble of being diffuse and complimentary. So he made himself agreeable, and Theodora listened until she quite forgot Sir Dugald, and only remembered Sabre, because his big, heavy head was on her knee, and she was stroking it.

"And you were never in London before?" he said, at length.

"No, sir," Theo answered. "This is the first time. I was never even out of Downport before."

"Then we must take you to see the lions," he said, "if Lady Throckmorton will let us, Miss Theodora. I wonder if she would let us? If she would, I have a lady friend who knows them all from the grisliest, downward, and I know she would like to help me to exhibit them to you. How should you like that?"

"Better than anything in the world," glowing with delighted surprise. "If it wouldn't be too much trouble," she added, quite apologetically.

Mr. Denis Oglethorpe smiled.

"It would be simply delightful," he said. "I should like it better than anything in the world, too. We will appeal to Lady Throckmorton."

"When Priscilla was in London——" Theodora was beginning a minute later, when the handsome face changed suddenly as her companion turned upon her in evident surprise.

"Priscilla?" he repeated, after her.

"How stupid I am!" she ejaculated distressedly. "I meant to say Pamela. My eldest sister's name is Pamela, and—and——"

"And you said Priscilla by mistake," interposed Oglethorpe, with a sudden accession of gravity. "Priscilla is a little like Pamela."

It needed nothing more than this simple slip of Theodora North's tongue to assure him that Lady Throckmorton had been telling her the story of his engagement to Miss Gower, and, as might be anticipated, he was not as devoutly grateful to her ladyship as he might have been. He was careless to a fault in some things, and punctilious to a fault in others; and he was very punctilious about Priscilla Gower. He was not an ardent lover, but he was a conscientiously honorable one, and, apart from his respect for his betrothed, he was very impatient of interference with his affairs; and my lady was not chary of interfering when the fancy seized her. It roused his pride to think how liberally he must have been discussed, and, consequently, when Lady Throckmorton joined them, he was not in the most amiable of moods. But he managed to end his conversation with Theo unconstrainedly enough. He even gained her ladyship's consent to their plan. It was curiously plain how they both appeared to agree in thinking her a child, and treating her as one. Not that Theo cared about that. She had been so used to Pamela, that she would have felt half afraid of being treated with any greater ceremony; but still she could clearly understand that Mr. Oglethorpe did not speak to her as he would have spoken to Miss Gower. But free from any touch of light gallantry as his manner toward the girl was, Denis Oglethorpe did not forget her this night. On the contrary, he remembered her very distinctly, and had in his mind a very exact mental representation of her purple-robe, soft white ruff, and all, as he buttoned up his paletot over his chest in walking homeward. But he thought of her carelessly and honestly enough, as a beautiful young creature years behind him in experience, and utterly beyond him in all possibility of any sentimental fancy.

The friendship existing between Lady Throckmorton and this young man was a queer, incon-

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sistent sentiment enough, and yet was a friendship, and a mature one. The two had encountered each other some years ago, when Denis had been by no means in his palmiest days. In fact, my lady had picked him up when he stood in sore need of friends, and Oglethorpe never forgot a favor. He never forgot to be grateful to Lady Throckmorton; and so, despite the wide difference between their respective ages and positions, their mutual liking had ripened into a familiarity of relationship which made them more like elder sister and younger brother than anything else. Oglethorpe, junior, was pretty much what Oglethorpe, senior, had been, and, notwithstanding her practical views, Lady Throckmorton liked him none the worse for it. She petted and patronized him, questioned and advised him, and if he did not please her, rated him roundly without the slightest compunction. In fact, she was a woman of caprices even at sixty-five, and Denis Oglethorpe was one of her caprices.

And, in like manner, Theodora North became another of them. Finding her tractable, she became quite fond of her, in her own way, and was at least generous to lavishness in her treatment of her.

"You are very handsome, indeed, Theodora," she said to her a few days after her arrival. "Of course, you know that—ten times handsomer than ever poor Pamela could have been. Your figure is perfect, and you have eyes like a Syrian, instead of a commonplace English woman. I am going to give you a rose-pink satin-dress. Rose-pink is just your shade, and some day when we go out together, I will lend you some of my diamonds."

After this whimsical manner she lavished presents upon her whenever she had a new fancy. In truth, her generosity was constitutional, and she had been generous enough toward Pamela, but she had never been so extravagant as she was with Theodora. Theodora was an actual beauty, of an uncommon type, in the face of her ignorance of manners and customs. Pamela had never, at her best, been more than a delicately pretty girl.

In the meantime, Denis Oglethorpe made friendly calls as usual, and always meeting Theodora, found her very pleasant to talk to and look at. He found out her enthusiastic admiration for the poetic effusions of his youth, and in consideration thereof, good-humoredly presented her with a copy of the volume, with some very witty verses written on the fly-leaf in a flourishing hand. It was worth while to amuse Theodora, she was so pretty and unassuming in her delight at his carelessly-amiable efforts for her entertainment. She was only a mere child after all, at sixteen, with Downport in the back ground; so he felt quite honestly at ease in being attentive to her girlish requirements. Better that he should amuse her than that she should be left to the mercy of men who would perhaps have the execrable taste to spoil her pretty childish ways with flattery.

"Don't let all these fine people and fine speeches turn your head, Theodora," he would say, in a tone that might either have been jest or earnest. "They spoiled me in my infancy, and my unfortunate experience causes me to warn you."

But whether he jested or not, Theo was always inclined to listen to him with some degree of serious belief. She took his advice when it was proffered, and regarded his wisdom as the wisdom of an oracle. Who should know better than he what was right. His indifference to the rule of opinion could only be the result of conscious perfection, and his careless satires were to her the most brilliant of witticisms. He paid her his first compliment the night the rose-colored satin-dress came home.

They were going to see Faust together with Lady Throckmorton, and she had finished dressing early, and came down to the drawing-room, and there Denis found her when he came upstairs—the thick, lustrous folds of satin billowing upon the carpet around her feet, something white, and soft, and heavy wrapped about her.

He was conscious of a faint shock of delight on first beholding her. He had just left Priscilla, pale and heavy-eyed, in dun-colored merino, poring over a Greek dictionary, and the sudden entering the bright room, and finding himself facing Theodora North in rose-colored satin, was a little like electricity.

"Oh! it's Theodora, is it?" he said, slowly, when he recovered himself. "Thank you, Theodora."

"What for?" asked Theo, blushing.

"For the rose-colored satin," he returned, complacently. "It is so very becoming. You look like a Sultana, my dear Theodora."

Theo looked up at him for a second, and then looked down. Much as she admired Mr. Denis Oglethorpe, she never quite comprehended him. He had such an eccentric fashion of being almost curt sometimes. She had seen him actually give a faint start when he entered, and she had not understood that, and now he had paid her a compliment, but with so much of something puzzling hidden in his quiet-sounding voice, that

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she did not understand that either—and he saw she did not.

"I have been making a fine speech to Theodora," he said to Lady Throckmorton, when she came in. "And she does not comprehend it in the least."

It was somewhat singular, Theo thought, that he should be so silent after this, for he was silent. He even seemed absent-minded, for some reason or other. He did not talk to her as much as usual, and she was quite sure he paid very little attention to Faust.

But during the final act she found that he was not looking at the stage at all; but was sitting in the shadow of the box-curtain watching herself. She had been deeply interested in Marguerite a minute before, and, in her heart-touched pleasure had leant upon the edge of the box, her whole face thrilled with excitement. But the steady gaze magnetized her, and drew her eyes round to the shadowy corner where Denis sat; and she positively turned with just such a start as he himself had given when Theodora North, in rose-colored satin, burst upon him, in such vivid, glowing contrast to Priscilla Gower, in dun merino.

"Oh!" she said, and though the little exclamation was scarcely more than an indrawn breath, Denis heard it, and came out of his corner to take a seat at her side, and lean over the box-edge also.

"What is it, Theodora?" he asked, in a low, clear voice. "Is it Marguerite?"

She looked at him in a little fright at herself. She did not know why she had exclaimed—she scarcely knew how; but when she met his unembarrassed eyes, she begin to think that possibly it might be Marguerite. Indeed, a second later, she was quite sure it had been Marguerite.

"Yes—I think so," she faltered. "Poor Marguerite! If she could only have saved him?"

"How?" he asked.

"I don't—at least I scarcely know; but I think the author ought to have made her save him, someway. If—if she could have suffered something, or sacrificed something——"

"Would she have done it if she could?" commented Denis, languidly. He had quite recovered himself by this time.

"I would have done it if I had been Marguerite," Theo half whispered.

In his surprise he forgot his self-possession. He turned upon her suddenly, and meeting her sweet, world-ignorant eyes, felt the faint, pained shock once more, and strangely enough his first thought was a disconnected one of Priscilla Gower.

"You?" he said, the next moment. "Yes, I believe you would, Theodora."

He was sure she would, after that swift glance of his, and—— Well, what a happy man he would be for whom this tender young Marguerite would suffer or be sacrificed. The idea had really never occurred to him before that Theodora North was nearly a woman; but it occurred to him now with all the greater force, because he had been so oblivious to the fact before.

He sat by her side until the curtain fell; but his silent mood seemed to have come upon him again. He was very much interested in Marguerite after this, Theo thought; but it is very much to be doubted whether he could have given a clear account of what was passing before his eyes upon the stage. He did not even go into the house with them when they returned; but as he stood upon the door-step, touching his hat in a final adieu, he was keenly alive to a consciousness of Theodore North at the head of the stair-case with billows of glistening rose-pink satin lying on the rich carpet about her feet, as she half turned toward him to bid him good-night.

Bright as the future was, it left a sense of discomfort he could not explain why. He dismissed the carriage, and walked down the street, feeling fairly depressed in spirits.

He had, perhaps, never given the girl a thought before, unless when chance had thrown them together, and even then his thoughts had been common admiring ones. She had pleased him, and he had tried to amuse her in a careless, well-meant fashion, though he had never made fine speeches to her, as nine men out of ten would have done. He had been so used to Priscilla, that it never occurred to him that a girl so young as this one could be a woman. And, after all, his blindness had not been the result of any frivolous lack of thought. A sharp experience had made him as thoroughly a man of the world as a man may be; but it had not made him callous or indifferent to the beauties of life. No one would ever have called him emotional, or prone to enthusiasms of a weak kind, and yet he was by no means hard of heart. He had quiet fancies of his own about people and things, and many of these reticent, rarely-expressed ideas were reverent, chivalrous ones of women. The opposing force of a whole world could never have shaken his faith in Priscilla Gower, or touched his respect for her; but though, perhaps, he had never understood it so, he had never felt very enthusiastically concerning her. Truly, Priscilla Gower and enthusiasm were not in accordance with each other. Chance had thrown

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them together when both were very young, and propinquity did the rest. Propinquity is the strongest of agents in a love affair, and in Denis Oglethorpe's love affair, propinquity had accomplished what nothing else would have been likely to have done. The desperate young scribbler of twenty years had been the lodger of the elder Miss Gower, and Priscilla, aged seventeen, had brought in his frugal dinners to him, and receipted his modest bills on their weekly payment.

Priscilla at seventeen, silent, practical, grave and handsome, had, perhaps, softened unconsciously at the sight of his often pale face—he worked so hard, and so far into the night; when at length they became friends, Priscilla gravely, and without any hesitation, volunteered to help him. She could copy well and clearly, and he could come into her aunt's room—it would save fires. So she helped him calmly and decorously, bending her almost austerely-handsome young head over his papers for hours on the long winter nights. It is easy to guess how the matter terminated. If ever he won success he determined to give it to Priscilla—and so he told her. He had never wavered in his faith for a second since, though he had encountered many beautiful and womanly women. He had worked steadily for her sake, and shielded her from every care that it lay within his power to lighten. He was not old Miss Elizabeth Gower's lodger now—he was her niece's husband in prospective. He was to marry Priscilla Gower in eight months. This was why Theodora North, in glistening rose-pink satin, sent him home confronting a suddenly-raised spirit of pain. Twice, in one night, he had found himself feeling toward Theodore North as he had never felt toward Priscilla Gower in his life. Twice, in one night, he had turned his eyes upon this girl of sixteen, and suffered a sudden shock of enthusiasm, or something like it. He was startled and discomfited. She had no right to win such admiration from him—he had no right to give it.

But as his walk in the night-air cooled him, it cooled his ardor of self-examination somewhat. His discontent was modified by the time he reached his own door, and took his latch key out of his pocket. The face that had looked down upon him beneath the light at the head of the stair-case, had faded into less striking color—it was only a girl's face again. He was on better terms with himself, and his weakness seemed less formidable.

"I will keep my promise to-morrow," he said, "and Priscilla shall go with us. Poor Priscilla! —poor girl! Rose-pink satin would scarcely be in good taste in Broome street."

The promise he had made was nothing more than a ratification of the old one. They were to see the lions together, and Priscilla was to guide them.

And when the morrow came, he found it, after all, safe enough, and an easy enough matter, to tuck Theodora's small, gloved hand under his arm, when they set out on their tour of investigation and discovery. The girl was pretty enough, too, in her soft, black merino—her "best" dress in Downport—but she was not dazzling. The little round, black-plumed hat was becoming also; but in his now more prosaic mood, he could stand that, too, pretty as it was in an innocent, unconsciously-coquettish way. Theo was never coquettish herself in the slightest degree. She was not world-wise enough for that yet. But she was quite exhilarating to-day; so glad to be out even in the London fog of November; so glad to be taken lion-hunting; so delighted with the shops and their gay windows; so ready to let her young tongue run on in a gay stream of chatter, altogether so bright, and pretty, and joyous, that her escort was fain to be delighted too.

"Guess where we are going to first?" said he. (He had not before openly spoken of Priscilla to her.)

She glanced up into his face, brightly. She remembered what he had told her about his lady friend.

"I don't exactly know the name of the place," she said; "but I think I know the name of the person we are going to see."

"Do you?" was his reply. "Then say it to me—let me hear it."

"Miss Gower," she answered, softly, in a pretty reverence for him. "Miss Priscilla Gower."

He nodded, slightly, with a curious mixture of expressions in his face.

"Yes," he said. "Miss Gower, or rather Miss Priscilla Gower, as you say. Number twenty-three, Broome street; and Broome street is not a fashionable locality, my dear Theodora."

"Isn't it?" queried Theo. "Why not?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Ask Lady Throckmorton," he said. "But do you know who Miss Priscilla Gower is, Theodora?"

Her bright eyes crept up to his, half-timidly; but she said nothing, so he continued.

"Miss Priscilla Gower is the young lady to whom I am to be married next July. Did you know that?"

"Yes," answered Theo, looking actually pleased, and blushing beautifully as he looked

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down at her. "But I am very much obliged to you for telling me, Mr. Oglethorpe."

"Why?" he asked. It was very preposterous, that even though his mood was so prosaic and paternal a one, he was absurdly, vacantly sensible of feeling some uneasiness at the brightness of her upturned face. For pity's sake, why was it that he was impelled to such a puerile weakness—such a vanity, as he sternly called it,

"Because," returned Theo, "it makes me feel as if—— I mean it makes me happy to think you trust me enough to tell me about what has made you happy. I hope—oh! I do hope Miss Priscilla Gower will like me."

He had been looking straight before him while she spoke, but this brought his eyes to hers again, and to her face—bright, appealing, upturned—and he found himself absolutely obliged to steady himself with a jesting speech.

"My dearest Theodora," he said. "Miss Priscilla Gower could not possibly help it."

Comforting as this assurance was to her, it must be confessed she found herself somewhat overawed on reaching Broome street, and being taken into the tiny, dwarfed-looking parlor of number twenty-three; Miss Elizabeth Gower herself was there, in her company-cap, and long-cherished company-dress of snuff-co'ored satin. There were not many shades of difference in either her snuff-colored gown, or her snuff-colored skin, or her neat, snuff-colored false-front, Theo fancied, but she was not at all afraid of her. She was a trifle afraid of Miss Priscilla. Miss Priscilla was sitting at the table reading when they entered, and as she rose to greet them, holding her book in one hand, the thought entered Theo's mind that she could comprehend dimly why Lady Throckmorton disliked her, and thought her unsuited to Denis Oglethorpe. There was an absence of anything girl-like in her fine, ivory-pale face, somehow, though it was a young face and a handsome face, at whose fine lines and clear contour even a connoisseur could not have caviled. Its long almond-shaped, agate-gray eyes, black-fringed and lustrous as they were, still were silent eyes—they did not speak even to Denis Oglethorpe.

"I am glad you have come," she said, simply, extending her hand in acknowledgment of Denis's introduction. The quietness of this greeting speech was a fair sample of all her manner. It would have been sheerly impossible to expect anything like effusiveness from Priscilla Gower. The most sanguine and empty-headed of mortals would never have looked for it in her. She was constitutionally unenthusiastic, if such a thing may be.

But she was gravely curious in this case concerning Theodora North. The fact that Denis had spoken of her admiringly was sufficient to arouse in her mind an interest in this young creature, who was at once, and so inconsistently, beautiful, timid, and regal, without consciousness.

"Three years more will make her something wonderful, as far as beauty is concerned," he had said; and, accordingly, she had felt some slight pleasure in the anticipation of seeing her.

Yet Theo had some faint misgivings during the day as to whether Miss Priscilla Gower would like her or not. She was at first even inclined to fear that she would not, being so very handsome, and grave, and womanly. But, toward the end of their journeying together, she felt more hopeful. Reticent as she was, Priscilla Gower was a very charming young person. She talked well, and with much clear, calm sense; she laughed musically when she laughed at all, and could make very telling, caustic speeches when occasion required; but, still it was singular what a wide difference the difference of six years made in the two girls. As Lady Throckmorton had said, it was not a matter of age. At twenty-two Theodora North would overflow with youth as joyously as she did now at seventeen; at seventeen Priscilla Gower had assisted her maiden aunt's lodger to copy his manuscript with as mature a gravity as she would have displayed to-day.

"I hope," said Theodora, when, after their sight-seeing was over, she stood on the pavement before the door in Broome street, her nice little hand on Denis Oglethorpe's arm, "I hope you will let me come to see you again, Miss Gower."

Priscilla, standing upon the door-step, smiled down on her blooming girl's face, a smile that was a little like moonlight. All Priscilla's smiles were like moonlight. Theo's had a delicious glow of the sun.

"Yes," she said, in her practical manner. "It will please me very much to see you, Miss Theodora. Come as often as you can spare the time."

She watched the two as they walked down the street together, Theo's black feather glossy in the gas-light, as it drooped its long end against Oglethorpe's coat, and, as she watched them, she noticed even this trifle of the feather, and the trifling fact, that though Theo was almost regal in girlish height, she was not much taller than her companion's shoulder. It was strange, she thought afterward, that she should have done so; but even while thinking it strange in the afterward that came to her, she remembered

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it all as distinctly as ever, and knew that to the last day of her life she would never quite forget the quiet of the narrow, dreary street, the yellow light of the gas-lamps, and the two figures walking away into the shadow, with their backs toward her, the girl holding Denis Oglethorpe's arm, and the glossy feather in her black hat drooping its tip upon his shoulder.

CHAPTER IV.

Upstairs, in a sacred corner of the chamber Lady Throckmorton had apportioned to her, Theodora North kept her diary. Not a solid, long-winded diary, full of creditable reflections upon the day's events, but, on the contrary, a harmless little book enough—a pretty little book, bound in pink and gold, and much ornamented about the corners, and greatly embellished with filagree clasps. Lady Throckmorton had given it to her because she admired it, and, in a very natural enthusiasm, she had made a diary of it. And here are the entries first recorded in its gilt-edged pages,

December 7.—Mr. Oglethorpe was so kind as to remember his promise about showing me the lions. Enjoyed myself very much. Miss Priscilla Gower went with us. She is very dignified, or something; but I think I like her. I am sure I like her, so I will go to see her again. I wonder how it is she reminds me of Pamela without being like Pamela at all. Poor Pam was always so sharp in her ways, and I do not think Miss Gower ever could speak sharply at all. And yet she reminds me of Pam.

December 14.—Went to the theatre again with Lady Throckmorton and Mr. Oglethorpe. I wonder if the rose-pink satin is not becoming to me? I thought it was; but before I went up stairs to dress, Mr. Oglethorpe said to me, "Don't put on the rose-pink satin, Theodora." I am sorry that he does not think it is pretty. Wore a thin, white-muslin dress, and dear, dearest old Pamela's beautiful sapphires. The muslin had a long train.

December 18.—Mr. Oglethorpe came to-night with a kind message from Miss Gower.

From these innocent extracts, persons of an unlimited experience might draw serious conclusions; but when she made said entries, kneeling before her toilet-table, each night, our dear Theodora thought nothing about them at all. She had nothing else in particular to write about at present, so, in default of finding a better subject, she jotted down guileless remembrances of Denis Oglethorpe and the length of her trains.

But one memorable evening, on going into the sitting-room, with the pink and gold volume in her hand, she encountered Sir Dugald, who seemed to be in an extraordinary frame of mind, and, withal, nothing loth to meet her.

"What pretty book have you there, Theodora?" he asked, in his usual amiably uncivilized manner.

"It is my diary," Theo answered. "Lady Throckmorton gave it to me. I put things down in it."

"Oh, oh!" was the reply, taking hold of both Sabre's ears, and chuckling. "Put things down, do you? What sort of things do you put down, eh, pretty Theodora? Lovers, eh? Literary men, eh?"

Theo grew pink all over—pink as to cheeks, pink as to slim white throat, even pink as to small ears. She was almost frightened, and her fright was of a kind such as she had never experienced before. But it was not Sir Dugald she was afraid of—she was used to him. It was something new of which she had never thought until this very instant.

"Literary men, eh?" Sir Dugald went on. "Do you put down what their names are, and what they do, and how they make mistakes, and take the wrong young lady to see Norma, and Faust, and Il Trovatore? Il Trovatore's a nice opera; Theo and Leonora sounds something like Theodora. It doesn't sound anything like Priscilla, does it? The devil fly away with Priscilla, I say. Priscilla isn't musical, is it, Leonora?"

Once having freed herself from him, which was by no means an easy matter, Theo flew up stairs tremulous, breathless, flushed. She did not stop to think. She had seen the drawing-room empty and unlighted, save by a dull fire, on her way downstairs, so she turned to the drawing-room. She had been conscious of nothing but Sir Dugald, so she had not heard the hall-door open; and not having heard the hall-door open, had, of course, not heard Denis Oglethorpe come in. So, in running into the fire-lit room, she broke in upon that gentleman, who was standing in the shadow, and it must be confessed was rather startled by her sudden entrance and curiously-excited face.

He stopped her short, however, collectedly enough.

"What is the matter, Theodora?" he demanded.

She slipped down upon a foot-stool, all in a flutter, when she saw him, she was so shaken; and then, in her sudden abasement and breathless tremor, gave vent to a piteous little, half-sob, though she was terribly ashamed of it.

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"I—I don't know," she answered him. "It's—it's nothing at all." But he knew better than that, and, guessing very shrewdly that he was not wholly unconnected with the matter himself, questioned her as closely as was consistent with delicacy, and, in the end, after some diplomacy, and a few more of the surprised, piteous, little unwilling half-sobs, gleaned a great deal of the truth from her.

"It was only—only something Sir Dugald said about you and Miss Gower, and—and something about me," she added, desperately.

"Oh!" he said, looking so composed about it that the very sight of his composure calmed her, and made her begin to think she had seen a mountain in a mole-hill. "Sir Dugald? Only Sir Dugald. What did he say, may I ask, as it—it is about myself and Miss Gower?"

Of course he might ask, but the difficulty lay in gaining any definite answer. Theodora blushed, and then actually turned a little pale, looking wondrously abased in her uncalled-for confusion; but she was not at all coherent in her explanations, which were really not meant for explanations at all.

"Il Trovatore was so beautiful!" she burst out, finally; "and so was Faust; and I had never been to the opera in all my life before, and, of course——" blushing and palpitating, but still looking at him without a shade of falsehood in her innocent, straightforward eyes; "of course, I couldn't. How could I be so silly, and vain, and presuming, as to think of—of—of——"

She stopped here, as might be expected, and, if the room had been light enough, she might have seen a shadow fall on Oglethorpe's face, as he prompted her.

"Of what?"

Her eyes fell.

"Of what Sir Dugald said," she ended, in a troubled half whisper.

There was a slight pause, in which both pairs of eyes looked down—Theodora's upon the rug of tiger-skin at her feet, Oglethorpe's at Theodora herself. They were treading upon dangerous ground, he knew, and yet, in the midst of his fierce anger at his weakness, he was conscious of a regret—a contemptible regret, he told himself—that the eyes she had raised to his own a moment ago, had been so very clear and guilelessly honest in their accordance with the declaration her lips had made.

"But my dear Theodora," he at length broke the silence, by saying, carelessly, "why should we trouble ourselves about that elderly Goth, or Vandal, if you choose—Sir Dugald. Who does trouble themselves about Sir Dugald, and his amiably ponderous jocoseness? Not Lady Throckmorton, I am sure; not society in general, you must know; consequently, let us treat Sir Dugald with silent contempt, in a glorious consciousness of our own spotless innocence."

He was half uneasy under his satirical indifference; though he was so accustomed to conceal his thoughts under indifference and satire, he was scarcely sure enough of himself at this minute; but, despite this, he carried out the assumed mood pretty well.

"We have no need to be afraid of Sir Dugald's Vandalism, if we have no fear of ourselves, and, considering, as you so very justly observed, that it is quite impossible for us to be silly, and vain, and presuming toward each other. I think we must be quite safe. I believe you said it would be impossible, Theodora?"

Just one breath's space, and Theodora North looked up at him, as it were through the influence of an electric flash of recognition. There was a wild, sweet, troubled color on her cheeks, and her lips were trembling; her whole face seemed to tremble; her very eyes had a varying, tremulous glow.

"Quite impossible, wasn't it, Theodora?" he repeated, and though he had meant it for nothing more than a careless, daring speech, his voice changed in defiance of him, and altered, or seemed to alter, both words and their meaning. What, in the name of madness, he would have been rash enough to say next, in response to the tremor of light and color in the upturned face, it would be hard to say, for here he was stopped, as it were, by Fortune herself.

Fortune came in the form of Lady Throckmorton, fresh from Trollope's last, and in a communicative mood.

"Ah! You are here, Denis, and you, too, Theodora? Why are you sitting in the dark?" And, as she bent over to touch the bell, Theodora rose from her footstool to make way for her—rose with a little sigh, as if she had just been awakened from a dream which was neither happy nor sad.

It was very plainly Lady Throckmorton's business to see, and, seeing, understand the affairs of her inexperienced young relative; but if Lady Throckmorton understood that Theodora North was unconsciously endangering the peace of her girlish heart, Lady Throckmorton was very silent, or very indifferent about the matter. But she was not moulded after the manner of the stern female guardians usually celebrated in love stories. She was not mercenary, and she was by no means authoritative. She had sent for Theo with the intention of extending to her the

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worldly assistance she had extended to Pamela, and, beyond that, the matter lay in the girl's own hands. Lady Throckmorton had no high views for her in particular; she wanted to see her enjoy herself as much as possible until the termination of her visit, in whatever manner it terminated, whether matrimonially or otherwise. Besides, she was not so young as she had been in Pamela's time, and, consequently, though she was reasonably fond of her handsome niece, and more than usually generous toward her, she was inclined to let her follow her own devices. For herself, she had her luxurious little retiring-room, with its luxurious fires and lounges; and after these, or rather with these, came an abundance of novels, and the perfect, creamy chocolate her French cook made such a masterpiece of—novels and chocolate standing as elderly and refined dissipations. And not being troubled with any very strict ideas of right or wrong, it would, by no means, have annoyed her ladyship to know that her handsome Theodora had out-generaled her pet grievance, Priscilla Gower. Why should not Priscilla Gower be out-generaled, and why should not Denis marry some one who was as much better suited to him, as Theodora North plainly was?

"Tut! tut!" she said to Sir Dugald. "Why shouldn't they be married to each other? It would be better than Priscilla Gower, if Theodora had nothing but Pam's gray satin for her bridal trousseau."

So Theo was left to herself, and having no confidant but the pink and gold journal, gradually began to trust to its page some very troubled reflections. It had not occurred to her that she could possibly be guilty in admiring Mr. Denis Oglethorpe so much as she did, and in feeling so glad when he came, and so sorry when he went away. She had not thought that it was because he was sitting near her, and talking to her between the acts; that Il Trovatore and Faust had been so thrillingly beautiful and tender. And this was quite true, even though she had not begun to comprehend it as yet.

She had no right to feel anxious about him; and yet, when, after having committed himself in the rash manner chronicled, he did not make his appearance for nearly two weeks, she was troubled in no slight degree. Indeed, though the thought was scarcely defined, she had some unsophisticated misgivings as to whether Miss Priscilla Gower might not have been aroused to a sense of the wrongs done her through the medium of Il Trovatore, and so have laid an interdict upon his visits; but it was only Sir Dugald who had suggested this to her fancy.

But by the end of the two weeks, she grew tired of waiting, and the days were so very long, that at length, not without some slight compunction, she made up her mind to go and pay a guileless visit to Miss Priscilla Gower herself.

"I am going to see Miss Gower, aunt," she ventured to say one morning at the breakfast-table.

Sir Dugald looked up from his huge slice of broiled venison, clumsily jocose after his customary agreeable manner.

"What's that, Leonora?" he said. "Going to see the stern vestal, are you? Priscilla, eh?"

Lady Throckmorton shrugged her shoulders in an indifferent sarcasm. She was often both sarcastic and indifferent in her manner toward Sir Dugald.

"Theo's in-goings and out-goings are scarcely our business, so long as she enjoys herself," she said. "Present my regards to the Miss Gowers, my dear, and say I regret that my health does not permit me to accompany you."

A polite fiction, by the way, as my lady was looking her best. It was only upon state occasions, and solely on Denis' account, that she ever submitted to Broome street, albeit the fat, gray horses, and fat, gray coachman did occasionally recognize the existence of that remote locality.

It so happened that, as they drew up before Miss Gower's modest door, this morning, the modest door in question opened, and Denis Oglethorpe himself came out, and, of course, caught sight of Theodora North, who had just bent forward to pull the check-string, and so gave him a full view of her charming *reante*, un-English face, and, in her pleasure at seeing him, that young lady forgot both herself and Sir Dugald, and exclaimed aloud,

"Oh, Mr. Oglethorpe!" she cried out. "I am so glad——" and then stopped, in a confusion and trepidation absolutely brilliant.

He came to the window, and looked in at her.

"Are you coming to see Priscilla?" he said.

"Lady Throckmorton said I might," she answered, the warmth in her face chilled by his unenthusiastic, though kindly tone. She did not know what a struggle it cost him to face her thus carelessly all at once.

He did not even open the carriage-door himself, but waited for the footman to do it.

"Priscilla will be glad to see you," he said, quietly. "I will go into the house again with you."

The dwarfed sitting-room looked very much as it had looked on Theo's first introduction to it; but on this occasion Miss Elizabeth was not arrayed in the snuff-colored satin; and, when they entered, Priscilla was kneeling down upon

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the hearth-rug, straightening out an obstreperous fold in it.

She rose, collectedly, at once, and, as her face turned toward them, Theo was struck with some fancy of its being a shade paler than it had been the last time she had seen it. But her manner was not changed in the least, and she welcomed her visitor with grave cordiality. Poor little snuff-colored Miss Elizabeth was delighted. She was getting very fond of company in her old age, and had taken a great fancy to Theodora North.

"Send the carriage away, and stay with us until evening, Miss Theodora," she fluttered, in wild, old-maidenly excitement. "Do stay, Miss Theodora, and I will show you how to do the octagon-stitch, as I promised the last time you were here. You remember how you admired it in that antimacassar I was making for Priscilla?"

Miss Elizabeth's chief delight and occupation was the making of miraculously-gorgeous mysteries for Priscilla; and Theo's modest eulogies of her last piece of work had won her admiration and regard at once. Consequently, under stress of Miss Elizabeth, the carriage was fain to depart, much to the abasement of the fat, gray coachman, who felt himself much dishonored in finding he was compelled, not only to pay majestic calls to Broome street, but to acknowledge the humiliating fact of friendly visits.

"We must have a fire in the best parlor, my dear," chirped Elizabeth, ecstatically, when Theo's hat and jacket were being carried out of the room. "Don't forget to tell Jane, Priscilla, and——" fumbling in her large side-pocket, "here's the key of the preserve-closet. Quince preserve, my dear, and white currant-jelly."

Theodora was reminded of Downport that day, in a hundred ways. The nice little company-dinner reminded her of it; the solitary little roast fowl, and the preserves, and puddings; but the company-dinners at Downport had always been detracted from by the sharp annoyance in Pam's face, and the general domestic bustle, and the total inadequacy of gravy and stuffing to the wants of the boys. She was particularly reminded of it by the ceremonious repairing to the fire, in the front parlor, where everything was so orderly, and even the family portraits had the appearance of family portraits roused from a deep reverie to be surprised at an intrusion.

"My late lamented parents, my dear," said Miss Elizabeth, rubbing her spectacles, and admiringly regarding an owl-like, elderly gentleman, in an aggressive brown wig, and an equally owl-like lady, in a self-announcing false-front, embarrassingly suggestive of Miss Elizabeth's own. "My late lamented parents, at the respective ages of fifty and fifty-seven. My sister, Anastasia, my only brother, my sister-in-law, his wife, and my dear Priscilla, at seventeen years."

Theo turned from the others to look at this last with a deeper interest; remembered that it was when she was seventeen that Priscilla had first met Denis Oglethorpe. It was a small picture, half life-size, and set in an oval frame of black walnut. Priscilla at seventeen had not been very different from Priscilla at twenty-two. She had a pale, handsome, ungirlish face,—a Minerva face—steady, grave, handsome eyes, and a fine head, unadorned, save with a classic knot of black brown hair. The picture was not even younger-looking than Priscilla was now.

Miss Elizabeth regarded it in affectionate admiration of its beauty.

"My dear," she said to Theodora, "that is the most beautiful face in London, to my old eyes. It reminds me of my dear Anastasia in her youth. I was always glad my brother Benjamin's daughter was not like his wife. We were not fond of my brother Benjamin's wife. She was a very giddy young person, and very fond of gayety. She died of lung-fever, contracted through exposing herself one night at a military ball, in direct opposition to my brother Benjamin's wishes. She insisted upon wearing blue-satin slippers, and a low-necked dress."

"Oh, dear!" said Theodora, secretly conscious of a guilty sympathy for the giddy young person who ran counter to brother Benjamin's wishes, in the matter of military balls and blue-satin slippers.

"Yes, my love!" Miss Elizabeth proceeded. "And for that reason I was always glad to find that Priscilla was not at all like her. Priscilla and I have been very happy together, in our quiet way; she has been the best of dear, good girls to me. Indeed, I really don't know what I shall do when I must lose her, as of course you know I shall be obliged to, when she marries Mr. Denis Oglethorpe!"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Theo, and, as she spoke, she felt a curious startled glow flash over her. This was the first time an actual approach to the subject had been made in her presence.

"Yes, my dear!" said Miss Elizabeth again. "I shall feel the separation very deeply, but it must be, you know. They have waited so long for each other, that I should be a very wicked, selfish old woman to throw any obstacle, even so slight a one as my own discomfort in their way. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, madame," Theo faltered, very unsteadily, indeed.

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But Miss Elizabeth did not notice any hesitation in her manner, and went on with her confidential chat, eulogizing Priscilla and her betrothed affectionately. Mr. Denis Oglethorpe would be a rich man some of these days, and then what a happy life must Priscilla's be—so young, so beautiful, so beloved. "Not that wealth brings happiness, my dear Miss Theodora. Riches are very deceitful, you know; but there is a great deal of solid comfort in a genteel sufficiency."

To all of which Theo acquiesced modestly, inwardly wondering if she was very wrong in wishing that Mr. Oglethorpe had not left them quite so early.

The day passed pleasantly enough, however, in a quiet way. Miss Elizabeth was very affectionate and communicative, and told her a great many stories of Anastasia, and the late-lamented Benjamin, as they sat by the fire together, in the evening, and blundered over the octagon-stitch. It was an Afghan Miss Elizabeth was making now; and when, at tea-time, Mr. Oglethorpe came, he found Theodora North sitting on the hearth, flushed with industrious anxiety, and thrown into a reflected glow of brilliant Berlin wools, a beautiful young spider in a gorgeous Afghan web.

"I should like," she was saying, as he entered, "to buy Pamela and the girls some nice little presents. What would you advise me to get, Miss Gower?"

She was very faithful to the shabby household at Downport. Her letters were never careless or behind time, and no one was ever neglected in the multiplicity of messages. She would be the most truthful and faithful of loving women a few years hence, this handsome Theodora. There was some reserve in her manner toward Denis this evening. She attended to Miss Elizabeth's octagon-stitch, and left him to amuse Priscilla. He had not seemed very much pleased to see her in the morning, and, besides, Priscilla was plainly his business. But, when the carriage was announced, and she returned to the parlor, after an absence of a few minutes, drawing on her gloves, and buttoning her pretty jacket close up to her beautiful, slender, dusky throat, Denis took his hat, and accompanied her to the carriage. He did not wait for the footman this time; but, after assisting her to get in, closed the door himself, and leaned against the open window for a moment.

"I want you to deliver a message to Lady Throckmorton for me," he said. "May I trouble you, Theodora?"

She bent her head with an unpleasantly-quickened heart-beat. It was very foolish, of course, but she felt as if something painful was going to happen, and nothing on earth could prevent it.

"Business has unexpectedly called me away from London—from England," he explained, in a strange, yet quite steady voice. "I am obliged to go to Belgium at once, and my affairs are in such a condition that I may be compelled to remain across the channel for some time. Be good enough to say to Lady Throckmorton that I regret deeply that I could not see her before going; but—but the news has been sudden, and my time is fully occupied; but I will write to her from my first stopping place."

"I will tell her," said Theodora.

"Thank you," he replied, courteously, and then, after a short hesitation, began again, in the tone he used so often—the tone that might be jest or earnest. "And now there is something else, a subject upon which I wish to ask your unbiased opinion, my dear Theodora, before I say good-by. When a man finds himself in a danger with which he cannot combat, and remain human—in danger, where defeat means dishonor, do you not agree with me, that the safest plan that man can adopt is to run away?"

Her quickened heart might almost have been running a life and death race with her leaping pulse, but she answered him almost steadily.

"Yes," she said to him. "You are quite right. He had better go away."

"Thank you," he returned again. "Then you will give me your hand, and wish me God speed; and, perhaps—I say perhaps—you will answer me another question. This morning, when you spoke to me through the carriage-window, you began to say something about being glad. Were you going to say——" He broke off here sharply. "No!" he exclaimed. "I will not ask you."

"I was going to say that I was glad to see you," Theo interrupted, gravely. "I was glad to see you. And now, perhaps, you had better tell the coachman to drive on. I will deliver your message to Lady Throckmorton; and as I shall not see you again, unless I am here in July. Of course you will come back then. Good-by, Mr. Oglethorpe."

She gave him her hand through the carriage-window, and, for a moment, he held it, to all appearance quite calm, as he looked down at the lovely face the flare of an adjacent gas-light revealed to him against a back-ground of shadow.

"Good-by," he said, and then released it. "Drive on," he called to the coachman, and, in a moment more, he stood alone watching the carriage turn the corner. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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CECIL VAIL.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

CHAPTER I.

CECIL's mother died when he was a baby, and I was three years older than he. Perhaps that was one reason why my love for him seemed so much stronger than the love of other sisters for their brothers. I remember when he was very small how I used to follow him around, so afraid he would get killed; that was my great fear. There was not a dog in the neighborhood, however well intentioned and correct in deportment, but I looked upon it as the natural enemy of Cecil. Birds' nests on perilous boughs seemed in league against his white supple limbs—green plums and apples appeared created solely for his overthrow. And the ocean (we lived only half a mile inland) seemed a great, restless, roaring monster that, in case of his escaping other perils, was watching out for him, constantly calling out to him forever, with a great hoarse voice, as the waves swashed against the beach, "Come *down* here, and I'll *finish* you! Come *down* here, and I'll *finish* you!" He was my thought, my care, and my delight, from dawn till sunset. And he was such a bright, affectionate little fellow, loving me better than anything else.

We had a step-mother, a large woman, with small black eyes and very red cheeks. And my first recollections of her are her wondering aloud, many times each day, "what would become of us if it wasn't for her." This seemed to be the standing subject of inquiry in her mind. If we had any particular ill-fortune, she would propound the question, as if the misfortune would have been more overwhelming had it not been for her; and on our rare occasions of better fortune she would propound the question triumphantly, as if it were owing to her having an existence that the better state of affairs was brought about. And I recollect that I heard the words so often that I, too, used to think of it a great deal, and wonder, in a childish, quiet way, what would really have "become of us" had it not been for her.

There are two or three remembrances that stand out like pictures against the shadowy background of that far-away time. One is of Cecil's standing by the open window of our sitting-room, looking out on the beauty of the western sky, flaming with the sunset glory of gold and crimson. I can see now just how he looked, and his little white night-gown had slipped off one round white shoulder. I can see just how the bright glow in the sky was reflected in his large, wide open, brown eyes, and how he clasped his hands together in surprise and rapture, as if he had caught sight for the first time of some rare, unknown realm of beauty, and how glad his voice was as he cried, "Oh, mamma! Nora, come here. Come here, and see the prettiness up there"

"You will take your death-cold standing there in the window; go right up stairs to bed. Oh, dear! what *would* become of 'em all if it wasn't for me?"

I was quite young, and couldn't be expected to philosophize, but I remember thinking that I ought to be grateful to think Cecil had some one to keep him from taking his "death-cold;" and still I plainly remember that I had an uncomfortable, sinking feeling, a sort of lonely heartache, that made me creep up stairs and lie down on the side of Cecil's little crib, and take him in my arms, and tell him stories in a low voice; and I can see now, just how large and sorrowful his eyes looked up at me from his little white pillow as I went in, and how they lit up during the wonderful adventures of Alibaba, and how pretty he looked up as he lay asleep at *last* with a smile on his lips; and how many times I kissed him, but softly, that I might not awaken him.

About my father at this time there was a mystery. He would remain for days shut up in his room, and then we dared not, for our lives, go near it. And when we would question our step-mother, "why we mustn't go into his room, and why he shut himself up so?" she would frown upon us darkly, and bid us "ask her no questions." Sometimes, when she was in a softer mood, she would add, "Poor creeturs, what would become of you if it wasn't for me?" which would plunge me, too, in the same long train of inquiry and gloomy reflection.

My very first memory of seeing him (and I must have been very young), I remember thinking how very handsome he was. I know now, that I had been away, staying with an aunt in the city, and I have a faint recollection of papa's taking me into a darkened room, where there was a lady with a white, beautiful face, and eyes like Cecil's, and her kissing me, and weeping over me, and calling me "her pretty darling."

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There were some white lilies in a vase near the couch where she was lying, and though I cannot recollect anything else there was in the room, or how I got there, or where I went from there—though now I know that I went home again with my aunt—still, I never see a white lily but I am carried back into the dream again of the pale lady—and papa's handsome face as he led me in.

Another dream stands out vividly against the misty obscurity of that last time. It must have been the night before I returned home to stay. I awoke upon a sofa in my aunt's room, and she was talking about me.

"Poor little Nora!" she was saying, "how sorry I am to leave her, but India is no place for a child."

"No, and with your health, too, the child will be better off at home."

"But such a home," the plaintive voice went on. "How could he ever choose such a woman for his housekeeper, to take the place of our poor lost Lenore. It is a mystery I can never understand."

"No one ought to understand it," said my uncle, in wrathful accents. "But one thing is certain, Harold is sinking lower and lower into ruin every day."

"I know it. My poor brother!" and here my aunt began to weep, while my uncle, with many loving words, tried to comfort her. As for me, I lay silently brooding over the thoughts these remarks awakened. I knew they were speaking of my father, for his name was Harold. What was this dreadful place, called "ruin," into which he was sinking—so terrible a place that my aunt wept to think of his entering it? Life again seems a misty dream, and I find myself at home, loving my pretty brother better than anything else, and still haunted by a vague horror and curiosity concerning the ruin connected with my father's name. With my first clear and distinct recollections of my father comes the knowledge that he disliked and avoided me. At first, only the dreamy knowledge of the fact was apparent to my childish apprehension—and it was not till long after I became aware what the word "ruin" meant in connection with him, that the reason of his dislike and avoidance became apparent to me, And I thought that I was to him a visible conscience, and the eyes of my own mother, whom I greatly resembled, looking through mine, reproached him, and agonized him with the memory of what he was once, what he might have been, and the wreck he had become.

But it ended. There was a body found in the snow—a night of horror unspeakable—a day of confusion, with a mystery lying in the darkened parlor—a funeral—a grave, into which the falling snow sifted, covering it softly with its pure whiteness. And looking back into that grave now, my only comfort is, that God's mercy is whiter than the snow.

There was enough saved to us out of the wreck of what had been a handsome fortune to provide us food and clothing, and a home—such as it was; but we were the children of a drunkard—the village children; never let us forget that. And one of the bitterest memories of my childhood is seeing Cecil's sensitive lips quiver at their taunting words. I could endure, myself, any amount of reproach and upbraiding, but Cecil—I can't remember the time that I did not hold his well-being and happiness dearer than my own, as why should I not? for he loved me, and he was all in the world I had to love, and I had a loving heart. Many, many faults it had, but it was a loving heart I know. And it seemed as if my affections, blown away from every other support to which they had tried to cling, all, all twined about Cecil, my brother—my darling.

On my tenth birthday, an old lady, my stepmother's mother, came to live with us. I remember it was my birthday, for Cecil asked my step-mother in the morning "if shewasn't going to bake Nora a birthday cake, as Kitty Succo's mother did?" and how well I recollect her reply, that she "guessed Nora would find out that birthdays would come often enough without taking 'em along with sweet cake." And how well I remember what a horror of birthdays fell upon me then. Mrs. Dagget, the old lady, came while we were talking about this. She was a queer-looking little old lady, with a yellow, wrinkled face, and a broad white border standing out around it. Her first words to us were, "I suppose you make your mother an awful sight of work, don't they Melissa?"

Melissa replied, with a great deal of feeling and earnestness, "that we did." And then Mrs. Dagget remarked, with a groan, "that she supposed she should be another trouble to her—but she shouldn't be long, for she shouldn't stand it but a few days, feelin' as she did then, so run down, and gone at the stummuck."

And then, noting Cecil's red cheeks, she asked if they "wasn't caused by worms; she had lost a child jest about his age with worms, and he was buried up in the cold ground;" which made me shudder, and cling to Cecil's hand more closely. And then, regarding my rather shabby gown, she asked her daughter "if she supposed one of her old ones could be fixed over for me? But Melissa could do jest as she was a mind to

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with 'em, they would all fall to her before long, if there kept on such a gonneness at her stummuck."

This was our first introduction to the old lady; and I do not think that in after days she ever contributed any more to our cheerfulness and happiness than at that first interview. Although, sometimes, with the good feeling that had actuated her in bequeathing her gown to me, she would call Cecil and me to her side on the Sabbath, and read the Bible to us. But she would always select the chapters in which Israel was doomed, or Job bewailed, or the prophets lamented; and this, together with the fact that she was obliged to stop and spell nearly all of the larger words, detracted much from our enjoyment.

It seemed as if the harder the words were, and the more difficult for her to manage, the more she delighted in them. There was one chapter which she oftenest selected; it was concerning the Israelites journeying through Aroar, which she always called A Roarer, and their encounter with the Horims, which, after spelling many times, she persisted in calling Horners; and I distinctly remember thinking they were strange monsters, half men and half beasts, with horns growing out of their foreheads: Cecil and I differing in our views as we talked it over afterward, he, full of a boy's martial instincts, thinking the Horners were connected with a brass band. But this chapter always gave her special delight, although there was not a name in it which was not too much for her, and which did not cause her scholarly overthrow.

At the foot of the old lady's bed stood a hair trunk, so worn that it looked like a very old dog that had been scalded, but still remained faithful to its mistress, guarding the foot of her bed. And sometimes, when we had specially pleased her, she would go to this trunk and take out a musty, leather-bound copy of Fox's Book of Martyrs, and show us the pictures. On such nights I would always have to go and lie down by Cecil till he went to sleep. Many odd questions would he ask me concerning the martyrs, whom, as sleepiness overcame him, he would confound with the dwellers in the wilderness, and in the odd vagaries of dreams he would call out "that a Horner was after him with a red-hot gridiron."

It was not till many years after that I learned what the Bible, which to Cecil and me was full of terror and weariness, might be to children. I heard a mother reading to her happy little flock about the child Samuel, the infant Jesus in his mother's human, loving arms, and the divine Saviour, who loved and blest little children. And as their eyes brightened and grew reverent, as she read, though it was so long past and gone, tears sprang to my eyes under a vague sense of loss, and of wrong that had been done to my youth.

If any remembrance of my childhood comes to me pleasantly, if I look back upon that time, which should be full of joyful memories, with one emotion of tenderness and delight, that remembrance is of Cecil. All the joy of our gloomy home he brought into it. Mother softened her rather harsh tones to him, and in his sunshiny presence the groans of Mrs. Dagget seemed to be less profound, and to partake more of the pensive nature of sighs.

So life ran along till Cecil was seventeen and I was twenty, and loving him as I did, I don't know whether I was most glad or sorry when news came from our rich uncle in Randolph, offering him a place in his counting-room. This uncle was still quite young, unmarried, and very wealthy; and Cecil was delighted to go, for he thought that he was now on the way to independence—to the home I was to share—for in all his hopeful, living plans for the future I was included. Whatever regret I felt was all smothered in my own breast, for I, too, thought that it was an opening into the grand future I had always pictured for my darling. So he went, hopeful and happy—and how did I know he had gone into temptation.

Cecil left us in the autumn, and it seemed, that long, long winter, that I should have died, had it not been for his long, bright, loving letters, which I got two or three times a week. Mrs. Dagget used to groan over the frequency of the letters, and the expense it involved; and mother, a little jealous, I am afraid, of the affection he showed so plainly for me, (although he never forgot to send her some kind message,) would darkly prophesy "that she might slave herself to death for some folks, and that was all the thanks she would get."

And Mrs. Dagget would add, with a groan, "she shouldn't be there to see it go on long." What the "it" was to which she referred she never told, but constantly did she call our attention to the fact that "it was goin' on," and, in a reproachful demeanor toward me, she intimated that I was responsible for "its goin' on." There were days when her very clothing seemed to upbraid me, her cap-strings floated mournfully, her apron-strings hung down reproachfully and rebukingly, and seemed mutely to ask me, more in a spirit of sorrow than anger, "are you not the cause of its goin' on?"

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But this was in her better-natured moods. There were times when her cap-border reviled me, her apron-strings menaced me. In these times her doom was prophesied, not as a drooping oracle, but as an avenger. "Then should we see what she had went through, with her goneness at the stummuck, when she was a layin' in the cold, cold ground. Mebby we should have a realizin' sense of what we had lost—mebby we should have reflections."

I think, now, that it was a hereditary trait in the Dagget family to foretell their approaching dissolution, although mother's doom was always foretold as being caused by labor for us. Our work was light, and I was more than willing to do my share of it; but I am certain that very few days passed, and no washing or baking-day, without her prophesying that "she should kill herself, just as sure as she was alive then, a workin' for us that day." And then she would often add, with an upbraiding glance at me, as if I were the main cause of her doom, that "then she should be out of the way, and she s'posed I would be glad of it, much as she had always done for me."

I would assure her often, with tears in my eyes, that she did me injustice, that I knew very well how much she had done for us, and that I was willing, and wanted to help her all I could, if she would only let me, and I would beg of her not to speak so. Sometimes my distressful tone would seem to touch her, for she would say, in a softer and more melancholy manner, "she guessed it would be better if she was out of the way, and mother, too." And Mrs. Dagget never failed to add the melancholy prediction that "she shouldn't be there long, to see it go on, for her stummuck felt goner and goner every day."

I suppose it was because I was foolishly sensitive that I felt all this so deeply, and it made me so unhappy. But one cannot change their temperament, and I don't really know how I could help it—that while a smile or a pleasant word would make me happy for a day, a frown or a reproachful word would cut to my heart like a knife. It is with an odd feeling of pity for myself that I look back, and remember how miserable and lonely their words would make me through the long, long days. How my heart would sink down so low that it seemed as if it would never be lighter again, yet it always was when I got a letter from Cecil.

As I said, it seemed as if I lived upon his letters; but with the coming of spring an ambition awoke within me. I had been thinking, ever since Cecil went away, how delightful it would be if I could earn something to give him when he went into business for himself. What a help a few hundred dollars would be! I pondered many impossible plans, and finally I thought of teaching school; and I applied, by letter, for a school about thirty miles away. A lady who was visiting one of our neighbors happened to mention, in my presence, that the school teacher at Marly, who had taught there for years, had died, and no one had been found to fill her place. To one of my timid nature, the idea of going out into the great world alone was full of terror. But it was for Cecil, and that made it endurable. There is no task-master like love, and there is no such willing slavery. I was not needed at home, and I would at least make the effort. I thought I would say nothing to any one about it until I was certain I could have the school. One cold rainy evening in April my fate came to me.

I well recollect what a cold, drizzling rain was falling outside, and how a colder and more depressing atmosphere seemed to enwrap us indoors, as we sat at the tea-table. I could not eat much, for it seemed as if I had never been so homesick for Cecil as I had been all day; and at the table, his empty place, opposite, intensified this feeling; so it was with difficulty that I kept back my tears.

There was not much conversation at the table. Only Mrs. Dagget, who had been watching the dismal fall of the rain against the windows, more dismal in the growing gray of the twilight, remarked that "it would be a bad time for a funeral." And then, after a brief period of silent meditation, she asked her daughter "if she s'posed she could wear her black bombazine dress, if she should let out the biases? But any way, it would fall to her before long, with the rest of her clothes; for she couldn't stand that goneness much longer."

Before her daughter could reply to her, a neighbor rapped at the door, and placed a letter in my hands. It contained a favorable answer about the school, and wanted me to come as soon as possible. And now, while a new and untried life was opening before me, I did not expect any sympathy, or encouragement, or co-operation, but I asked my step-mother if she was willing I should go. She replied "that she didn't know as it made much difference to her where I was, I'd probably be back on her hands before many weeks was out."

Mrs. Dagget was lighting her pipe, and just at this moment a small coal fell upon her apron. She raised her eyes reproachfully to my face, and said, "can't you put me out?"

I brushed off the coal at once, leaving no further damage than a very small hole in her ging-

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ham apron; but she said to me in a tone of deep rebuke:

"You've no need to have been so afraid of puttin' me out; mebby you would like some of my clothes to wear off to your school teachin'. But you needn't be afraid; they will all fall to you and Melissa before long, without your settin' of me afire, and not puttin' of me out."

So, with what encouragement and inspiration I could glean from this and similar words, I went out into the great world, which seemed so large and cheerful to me.

CHAPTER II.

It will be needless to enter into the details of my life that summer. I obtained board at the trustee's, Mr. Evans, and though my work was rather hard, and entirely new to me, still I was quite content. But there are two evenings of that summer that are set apart in my memory from all others.

On my return from school one afternoon, about the middle of my term, Mrs. Evans invited me to go with her and her husband that evening to Marley, the nearest village, to attend a temperance lecture. I accepted it very willingly. It was early when we arrived at the lecture-room, and I told Mrs. Evans that I would just step into the post-office. And with many admonitions to "come right back," Mr. and Mrs. Evans entered. I certainly intended to go right back, but I found a letter from Cecil, and what was the temperance lecture, what was the whole world to me? As I read the warm words that came so directly from his heart to my own, I read in them only a gay, young spirit, that was finding the great world a delightful place; but I did not read anything that told me that that delightful world was a dangerous one for one of his generous, impulsive temperament. He spoke of his uncle as a "cool old fellow, who thought himself one of the greatest of men, and who meant to enjoy the world while he lived in it, and thought his example was the only living one worth following." I never thought that what, to one of uncle's cool temperament might be indulged in with comparative safety, might be fatal to one like Cecil. I laughed over his letter, and cried over it, for at the last, he wrote,

"I am working—working like a horse, Nora." Of course, I go into society a good deal, for Randolph is a gay place, and uncle insists upon my doing as other young fellows of my age and station, for my being his nephew, is in his eyes, a greater merit than the cross of the legion of honor. And if I refuse to go where he tells me, and do as they do whom I meet, it seems to be a sort of reproach to the life he leads, which, I must confess, is rather a gay one. And so that makes it impossible, dear, for me to do exactly as we talked about. I told uncle what you said. 'Your wanting me to study evenings as much as I could, and about shunning the first approach of temptation, and above all things, to shun wine parties.' You ought to have heard him laugh. Said he, 'I rather think there is no danger in your going where I take you. I declare if such a thing were possible, I should almost think that Nora was reflecting somewhat on my life.' He thinks when he goes West, the East tips up; but he is the coolest and steadiest old fellow going; belongs to the church, and if he should drink a gallon of wine, it would only make him walk straighter, and talk more impressively about 'my position,' and 'my nephew.' Of course, I have got to do as he says, and go where he takes me, although at first I didn't care for such gay doings at all, only he made me go, and now how much rather I would spend a quiet evening with you. I am working like a horse, as I said, and it is all for you, Nora. I am determined to make a position in the world, to work myself up to a fortune and a home for you, my darling sister, a home so bright and happy, that it shall atone for the dreary past."

When I entered the lecture-room, it was crowded. The speaker had the compliment of every seat being full so early. I leaned up against a pillar near the door, and was resigning myself to a rather wearisome evening, in company with nearly a hundred fellow sufferers who were standing about me, occupying nearly every available inch of standing-room, when a good-looking young man, carrying a child, with a woman following closely in his wake, came pushing through the crowd toward the door. As they passed me he looked up into my face, and something in it seemed to awake his generosity and nobler feelings, for he asked me in a hearty, honest voice, that I knew came from a good heart,

"Don't you want a seat?"

I told him I should certainly like one, but it seemed one of the impossibilities.

"Here, Nance, you take the little feller; you shall have our seat. You see, Miss, we was afraid that the baby was agoin' to have one, that is all that made us leave; we hated to, for the lecture is goin' to be a buster. There haint a smarter feller in the country than Dr. Chester, nor a better one. He lives in Randolph, and, you see, he come here to visit his uncle, Judge Huntingdon, and the town invited him to lecture. He is rich as a Jew; he lectures just to do good,

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and that is all he doctors for, too; he's no need to lift his finger. Come right along, Miss. Nance, don't be nervious, he won't have it before I get back."

This last sentence was said over his shoulder to his wife, after we started up the aisle. He placed me in an excellent seat, directly beneath the speaker's stand. I thanked him for his courtesy, as I took my seat, to which he leaned down and replied, in a hoarse whisper,

"I'd rather do it than not; such a sweet, pretty face to be a standin' up all night; I couldn't bear to see it. You see we wouldn't have missed it for nothin' in the world, only we was so afraid the little feller would have it right here in meetin'."

How it terminated I never knew, whether the "little feller" had one or not, nor what the mysterious thing was, that was depending over the child's head; I thought, however, it was a fit.

As the kind man lifted his broad, rosy, honest face from before me, another face met my eyes, and as the clear eyes looked full into my own, for a moment, as I lifted them, I thought then, and I think still, that I never saw a better face. It was not its beauty, although it had that, but it was something better than beauty, the Chevalier Bayard expression, "without fear, without reproach." It was an intellectual face in the highest degree, and yet it was a face a child would trust instinctively.

His lecture was something different from any I had ever heard. It was not the squalid, reeling drunkard that the speaker most condemned; it was the moderate drinker, the man, who, with a cooler temperament and more natural self-control, can drink with less peril to himself, and so, by his one example of respectable vice, leads so many of excitable, intense temperaments down to ruin. He said one of these respectable drinkers was a greater curse to a community than a thousand hopeless sots, for they in their degradation were a more terrible warning to youth than the most eloquent sermon could be; and this respectable, moderate drinker, was the most insiduous temptation to the young that Satan could possibly throw in their way.

But toward the close of his lecture, he gave a picture of a drunkard's death, and the heritage he left his innocent children—the legacy of undeserved shame. So held and enchained was I by the eloquence and pathos of the speaker, that I did not realize that tears were flowing down my face, till I met the deep, compasionate eyes bent full and pityingly upon me. Then, in sudden recollection and shame, I bent my head down upon the seat in front of me, and sobbed like the baby that I was. But so many memories came to me—my father's grave, the mockery of the village children, Cecil's distress, our gloomy home.

When I raised my face again, attracted by the strange magnetism of a glance, it was only to meet the earnest, penetrating gaze of the lecturer as he took his seat, for the lecture was finished. The temperance lecture was raved over for weeks. The handsome face, and the eloquence of the speaker was the one topic of interest. Mrs. Evans said, "it beat all" how indifferent I was about it. But Mrs. Evans was mistaken, I was not indifferent; I did not forget it, nor him.

But time, that waits for no one, brought the last day of my school. And, although my life at Marley had not been altogether pleasant, still I looked forward with dread to the day when I should leave for home. For home, and it is terrible to speak so about home, butit seemed more dreary and dreadful still. I pictured my return, as I sat in the morning mending my gray traveling-dress, which I had torn the night before. I knew so well that mother would see that rent the first thing, and how plainly I could hear her say,

"Wall, Lenore, you have hatcheled out that dress pretty quick; and your shoes, too; if there haint a brack in one of them; they ought to have lasted you two years."

And then Mrs. Dagget would groan, "Wall, I shan't be here to see it go on long." And then, in honor of my return, for I believe they were both attached to me in their way, I thought, perhaps, Mrs. Dagget would strike into the funeral anthem which she always sung in her happier moments. The tune was wailing and despairing in the highest degree, and in her quavering and mournful tones, the effect was depressing and melancholy, beyond words to describe.

"My friends, I am going
A long and tedious journey,
Never to return,
Never, never, never to return."

As I pictured all this, how low my heart sank; and yet it was no ill-usage which I dreaded; it was only a total lack of sunshine, the heart-food, lacking which the soul hungers. I wondered if home would be to me in the future as dreary as the past had been. No! no! Cecil, my darling! I should have a home sometime—a bright, blessed, beautiful home. I didn't care whether its walls were of brown stone, or unpainted wood, so that it held peace and tenderness. Of course, I should not always be first in his heart, as I was now; there would be some gentle, lovely woman to

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share our home. I wanted it to be so. Earth's crowning blessing, my darling must possess, if I looked out for it myself. And I would love her so dearly, because she was dear to him; I would love her so, she couldn't help but love me a little back; and like the fairy stories, we would live together happy ever afterward. All the day this thought went with me. And it was with me still in the twilight, as I went out into the western porch, with my book, for the last time. It was always shadowy and quiet there; but more quiet on this night, it seemed, than I had ever known it. I can remember just how the sky looked when I first went out, a mass of rose, and purple, and amethyst, changing to a pale, golden yellow. But I sat there till it turned a dull, lifeless gray, and then a star shone out above it.

As I sat there, a carriage, with one man in it, passed by, and I thought I heard it stop. But I thought, if I thought anything about it, that it was some one to see Mr. Evans on business. I did not hear a step behind me, and the first intimation I had of any one's presence was a friendly hand laid upon my shoulder.

"You poor, dear child!"

Mrs. Evans' face was wet with tears, and she bent down and kissed me.

"What is it?" I cried. "Cecil? is anything the matter with Cecil?" It was so natural for this first thought of my heart to rise to my lips.

"You poor little dear!" This was from Mr. Evans, who was followed by an elderly man, whom I recollected as the innkeeper at Marly. This man came forward and said, "This is the young lady, I suppose."

And I remember well, how piteously he looked at me, as he handed me a telegram. I opened the envelope, and read:

"Cecil Vail mortally wounded. Come instantly."

From the time I read these words till I stood in the room with Cecil, it all seems to me like a dream, or rather as if all the world of living, breathing, happy beings, moving by their own volition and impulses, were transformed to a stony realm, whose inhabitants were but moving machines, guided by some inexorable and relentless fate.

I remember, as in a dream, Mrs. Evans throwing her arms about my neck and weeping over me.

"What time would the train leave?" I asked.

"There is just time to catch it, if you hurry."

This was the landlord, who brought the dispatch.

Then the figure, who was not Lenore Vail at all, but somebody else, a still, pale creature, for whom the Lenore of the old time felt a vague pity, went up the stair-case into her room, with all life merged into the one idea of haste—haste! Mrs. Evans insisted on putting on her waterproof cloak—would she ever be done buttoning it? Where was her hat and gloves? Never mind her gloves; oh, here they were. Haste, then—the train would be gone. On the nightfall, which was fast enwrapping the earth, she sat in a carriage, with Mrs. Evans weeping by her side. She did not shed a tear; they had all fallen inward, and the fountain of tears was frozen over. All the life she had was merged in feverish haste. Would the carriage never get there? How slowly the wheels turned; she could have walked faster. Oh! here was the depot at last. "Had the train gone?" "No, it had not come in, it was late to-night."

"Dear child, go into the sitting-room and wait," said Mrs. Evans.

No, no; the air in-doors would stifle her, and she could see the train coming on the platform, sooner, if it would ever come. But there had been some accident—some bridge had fallen and crushed the cars in ruins! It would never come! Oh, there it was now, its one red eye shining faintly far away; it came creeping along like a snail through the gathering darkness; would it never get here—never?

Mrs. Evans' last kiss upon her face, her cheek wet with the tears which were not hers; the crowded car, and the landlord saying something to the conductor about caring for her, and a carriage at the end of the route—and then began the endless, endless turning of the wheels, that did not carry her forward at all, but turned round and round for no purpose. And at any obstruction in the road the car would seem to her to leap upward instead of onward, and settle back in the old place. The first station! Would the passengers never get out and let the cars go on. How slowly they walked. Five minutes! were there ever five minutes before that were not minutes, but hours? The whistle at last, and they began to creep up again. Would the cars ever get to the next station? It had been years instead of hours since they had sent for her. So the long night wore away.

In the gray dawn of morning, she stood in a lofty hall, with a woman who looked like a nurse, and worn with watching, standing before her, saying,

"This is Lenore Vail? We were expecting you."

Then her lips fashioned the words she could not speak.

"Is he alive?"

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"He is just alive, and is calling for you, constantly. Dr. Chester is with him, and has been all night; he won't let his uncle come into the room; he has been calling for you all night." And the woman took off the hat and cloak from that cold, still figure, but it only bothered her, it only kept her from going on. Up the broad stair-case, the woman still clasping her hand, through a long corridor, and at the door of a chamber, she was left to enter alone.

A room with the gray dawn entering the windows, and a night-lamp burning on a stand. A young man leaning over a bed, watch in hand, counting the pulses of the pale figure, lying there so motionless. The doctor turned, hearing the sound of footsteps; then stepped aside. The great brown eyes opened.

"Nora, you have come at last, dear sister!"

"Cecil, my darling, my brother!" And I, Lenore Vail, whose whole worth of life was here slipping from me so fast, knelt by him, with my arms about his neck, and my face pressed close to his own. At last he whispered, in a tone of self-reproach I couldn't understand,

"I have broken your heart, poor Nora; how white you are." And he raised his poor, weak hand, that lay upon the counterpane, and tried to pass it caressingly over my face; but it fell helplessly again to his side; and with his eyes full of sorrow and deep self-reproach, the faint voice went on,

"Did they tell you, Nora?"

"What, Cecil?"

"Did they tell you how it was done?"

"No, they told me nothing!"

"They will tell you," he whispered, in short sentences, broken often with weakness. "You will have to know it; I want to tell you now, while I can hear you say you forgive me; it was in a drunken quarrel. Carlton insulted me; we were both intoxicated; I struck him, and he stabbed me." He paused a minute, and then looked up into my face, with those affectionate, appealing eyes, that never appealed to me, nor never could, in vain,

"Can you forgive me? I broke my promise to you, but I was tempted, Nora; you can't ever know how they tempted me, uncle and all, and I was weak; I have fallen so low—I am too guilty—"

"You are not so guilty, my poor darling, as those who have led you, driven you into temptation. The guilt will be upon them. My broken heart, whose only treasure you were, will witness against them at the Last Day. Oh, why did I ever let you go from me?" I cried in my anguish.

The doctor touched me upon my shoulder. I remember well how tenderly and pityingly the kind eyes, I had not forgotten, looked down upon me, as I rose and sat down by the pillow. He said, "I need not disturb you but a minute." He bent down and moistened Cecil's lips with wine, for the invalid lay again, as he did when I first came, white and motionless as the dead. The doctor did not caution me about exciting him, but only said: "He will revive again," and drew up a chair in front of the bed. We both waited; it may have been a quarter of a hour that he lay thus, while the gray dawn struggled with the pale night-lamp for victory, and a shadow out of the dark passes of the valley would flit across his face, coming oftener and oftener; and the doctor's watch, ticking loudly in the silence, sounded like the pulse of eternity throbbing on forever. At last Cecil opened his eyes, and seemed to be thinking of something that troubled him; for he knit his brow, as if in deep thought; finally he spoke in a whisper,

"Won't you tell me, there is something I wanted to say?" And he lifted to the doctor's face, his great eyes, so full of the mystery of the future he was so near, and full of a perplexed, questioning expression.

The doctor bent over him, and laid his hand gently upon his forehead, and smoothed back the brown hair as tenderly as a mother might.

"Was it something about your sister?"

"Yes, Nora;" and his eyes lost that seeking look, and became full of a boundless sorrow and regret. "Yes, Nora, she loves me so."

The doctor moved away, and went and stood by the window, looking out, and I went forward and knelt again by his side.

"Nora, lay your cheek down close to mine. I can't die till you promise me something—"

"I will promise you anything; there is nothing too hard for me to promise you."

"Will you try to forget me; let it be to you as if I had died when I was a baby."

"Don't think of me, darling brother; think of——"

But he interrupted me with his faint whisper, full of a boundless sorrow and regret.

"I said I would make your future happy, and I have broken your heart. I wanted to make you a happy home, that would atone——" Here the faint voice died out.

"God will care for me, Cecil. Don't think of me, darling; think of the Good Father, who can forgive all our sins, and take us to the dear home above, where there is no sin nor sorrow—where we can meet again. Will you pray for this, Cecil?" I whispered, with my cheek close to his, which was growing cold so fast.

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"Lead us not into temptation," he murmured, striving feebly to clasp his hands together, as he used to in prayer, when a child. "I should have prayed that; let them all—those like me, as I was when I left you, young, unused to the world—let them pray that prayer. Had I then, I should not have been here, so low, beyond God's forgiveness—God's mercy."

"That you can never be. He loves you and pities you more than you can ever dream of, He wants to forgive you, to take you to His own rest, if you will ask Him, if you will trust Him."

But he only murmured again, with his faint voice, the words that seemed to him to be of most import, "Lead us not into temptation." And then he added, while a sudden look of anguish, and despair, and reproach came into his face,

"Tell uncle——"

But whatever message the soul, groping upon the borders of the unknown, where things strange to us here will be explained, whatever word he wished to leave for him who had been the cause of his undoing, will never be known here; for the dying lips refused to utter what we could gather only in the knit brow of despair and the troubled and reproachful eyes; the voice sank away into silence, and the message commenced on earth will be finished at the bar of God.

He lay silent, with closed eyes, for so long a time that I thought he would never be conscious again. As I bent over him, thinking, as fond hearts will, that I could give him up if he could only look at me, or speak to me once more, he suddenly opened his eyes and looked up into my face with the old innocent, baby look that he used to wear, with the anguish, and reproach and fear all gone now. I fancied he thought he was again in the old chamber at home, for he said, with a smile, as he used to before I left him at night,

"Kiss me, Nora."

I bent down and kissed his brow, and cheek, and lips. Softly, but quite loud and clear, he said,

"Good-night, Nora."

Then he murmured, dreamily, some words of the old prayer that he used to repeat to me,

"Now I lay me down to sleep," and, turning his head over gently, he went to sleep.

CHAPTER III.

From that moment of Cecil's death there is a blank, a death in life, that lasted for long weeks, though there were intervals of partial consciousness that seem like fragments of frightful dreams faintly remembered, when I would be vainly striving to save Cecil from some danger; it was Cecil, always Cecil, who was in some peril from which I was striving to rescue him. Sometimes he would be falling over a precipice, a sharp, sandy wall, and clinging to a slender twig that grew upon its very utmost edge; and as I reached down to him it would break, and he would fall down, down, down; and the sand would slide out underneath me, and I would fall with him and be lost. And days of unconsciousness would follow.

Sometimes he and I would be walking over endless tracts of ice, glittering on every side of us, and no object in sight only us two, when suddenly the ice would break beneath our feet and he would disappear, and I would plunge in after him and die with him.

Sometimes the solid ground would give way beneath our feet. We would stand upon the crust of volcanoes, that would burst forth in flames, and swallow us up, first Cecil, and then me, who would rush in after him. Islands would sink with us beneath the water, and I would go down with my arms stretched out toward him, striving to reach him, to save him as he sunk just before me.

We would be out at sea, in two boats, side by side, with nothing else visible on the wide waste of waters. For days we would sail along in that dead calm, with the sun beating down upon our heads, striving to flee from some danger that was menacing Cecil, to get to some land of escape that was far away hidden from us. At last we would see land ahead, safety for Cecil, when, just before we reached it, his boat would begin to sink, sink, sink—and I, plunging over the side of the boat, would sink with him.

At last my intervals of consciousness became more frequent and my dreams calmer. My fever burnt itself out, and died away; and at last, one night, which must have been about six weeks from the day I went to my uncle's, I awoke, and heard a clock strike twelve.

The room was dimly lighted, but still I could see that it was entirely strange to me. A woman sat by a stand, with her back to me, and a face was bending over me; and, although it seemed looking on me from some strange distance, well I knew that kind, noble, gentle face, pale and weary now, as from long watching. For the instant, that face brought it all back to me. I had been sent for—Cecil was sick. Why was I lying there when he needed me, and maybe wanted me? I would speak, at least, and, collecting all my strength, spoke out in a voice I did not know, it was so low, and weak, and strange to me.

"How is he?"

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The face bent forward eagerly as I spoke, and while it remained there, wrapped in a kind of haze that made it seem far away, though it was so near I could have touched it with my hand, I repeated my words again, as people do in dreams:

"How is Cecil?"

The face bent down and kissed me, as a being from another world might. The brown hair swept about my face like a soft mist, and for a moment I was standing out in a spring sunset—flowers were lying upon my brow, bending from lofty boughs overhead; a warm rain was falling upon my face.

"He is asleep.'

The words carried me back again into the chamber. The voice sounded as dreamy and strange as if it came from the land of dreams, and yet it contented me. I remember thinking dreamily, how good it seemed to be at ease about him, he was better—and to go to sleep.

And then we were out in a boat on a pleasant river, Cecil and I, gliding along between green shores, where birds were singing, with the cool waves plashing against the side of the boat. Fainter and fainter sounded the ripples; the bird's song melted into the soft sighing of the water, into silence—the silence of a sleep that was as profound almost as the sleep of death, and which lasted, they told me afterward, through the remainder of that day, night, and the next day until about noon, when I awoke, perfectly rational and out of danger.

They were very kind to me, uncle, his housekeeper, and all, and uncle urged me to stay with him always. But no—I could not stay in the place that had proven so hard for him, my darling. And not one penny of the wealth he wished to bestow upon me, for Cecil's sake, could I take; it seemed to me like the price of his blood. No! I must work, I told him, or I must die; I only waited there till I should get stronger.

But what I suffered in those long days and long nights only the dear Lord can tell, who draws so near to us when we are in sorrow.

What I suffered in those long days of convalescence, when I felt that my strength was re turning, that I was coming back out of the shadow of death, coming back into a world where Cecil was not! Those long, long nights, when the air was full of his voice, his old, ringing laugh, his pet names for me, his dying words.

But they were all kind to me; and that face that bent over me with tears, by my brother's bed, and that met my conscious gaze first of all, that face has, through all the years since, never changed to me.

We have a little girl that her father would call Nora—Nora Vail Chester—her father would have it so. But my name is all she possesses of me, for she is her father's image in miniature, and I love her more dearly because she has his eyes, his smile, and his sunny hair. We try to make home the pleasantest spot on earth to our little girl and boy, so that in after years, amidst life's battle, they can have at least a sweet memory to comfort them. I am a happy and proud wife and mother—happy in my home, for all the most blessed meaning of that word has been realized to me—peace, tenderness, rest; for the luxury with which my husband loves to surround me is nothing to the love that I found there. Proud of my darlings, my noble husband, my pretty little ones. But Cecil, my baby—though in his three years' manliness he hardly likes to be called that—he has the same large, dark, loving eyes that have looked upward to me thousands of times as I smoothed back just such clustering curls from another white forehead.

He is generous, affectionate, impulsive, easily influenced. Sometimes he comes to me at twilight, tired of his play, and lays his head in my lap, and looking up in my face with loving, wondering eyes, he says,

"What makes you cry, mamma?"

And for answer I only draw him closely to my heart, as if to hold him there against all the evil and temptation there is in the world, and cry,

"Oh, Cecil, Cecil!"

COMPENSATION.

BY G. P. W.

There are fountains of feeling,
And waves of unrest:
And pure aspirations,
And thoughts unexpressed.

Oft dark, brooding shadows
Will over us lie;
Till our souls pierce the cloud-land,
And reach the clear sky.

There's a bright land beyond,
We often are told:
Where the dross of this world
Is exchanged for pure gold.

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GRETTA'S GOLD.

BY MINNIE L'ESTRANGE.

THE organ was pealing forth its solemn notes in magnificent grandeur, and the voices of the choir rose up clear and sweet, a loud thanksgiving to God, when Gretta Thorne swept into church, and took her place in the front pew, alone. More than one new bonnet turned with its owner's head, and looked back to its neighbor, with a significant smile, as much as to say, "here she is in all her finery." But the choir suddenly ceased its singing, the organ stopped its triumphal praise, and the new minister arose and gave out the text. Then the bonnets, and hats, and flowers, and ribbons looked beyond the front pew to the stand, and the young ladies put on their sweetest smiles, and, for a time, forgot Gretta's magnificent attire, in contemplating the new minister, and wondering whether he was married or not; and if not, if he didn't prefer blue eyes to black, and black hair to brown. And they were very glad withal that they had worn their simplest attire, for his discourse plainly indicated that simplicity was more to be desired than affected magnificence. And Lizzie Grey was very sure that he had looked at her admiringly more than once, and that his eyes rested upon Gretta Thorne with a glance of pained surprise. Lizzie Grey was right, for John Clayton had looked at her admiringly, and at Gretta Thorne in surprise and pain—not altogether because of the magnificence of her attire, but because of the utter indifference of her demeanor, the proud, upright form and unbending head, that gave no sign of devotion even in the hour of prayer. How was he to know that she suffered keenly, bitterly; that her heart was praying as no heart in church prayed that day;.

"Your magnificence and your grandeur here availeth you nothing."

The words seemed to be hurled at her, with horrible vindictiveness. She looked up—yes, he was looking at her, but his look of surprise turned to one of pain; and the girl shut her lips firmly, and listened to his words with a passionate suffering in her heart that she could no longer restrain.

When the discourse was ended more than one was melted to tears. Its simplicity had never been equaled in Brookfield before, and each and every one saw himself painted as he was.

The organ took up the refrain in more solemn grandeur than before, and then all was hushed and still for the benediction, which fell like a blessing from God on Gretta's troubled heart; and she turned to go, whispering softly to herself, "He has blessed me, too; thank God, I shall be stronger and better for that blessing."

In the vestibule there was a subdued murmur of voices, as they all stopped to speak to friends and acquaintances, as is the fashion in country congregations—all but Gretta, who passed slowly out, feeling like a stranger in a strange land, and scarcely heeding the half nods of recognition that she received. She turned once, on the steps, and looked back. The new minister was in the door, and their eyes met. There were tears in hers, for she had been as much impressed by the coldness of her neighbors as by the words of the sermon. But John Clayton would never forget the appealing sorrow of those eyes. They touched a tender chord in his heart that thrilled and trembled with a sudden strong emotion.

But Gretta had gone, swept away in her haughty young beauty, without even another backward glance. And Lizzie Gray, noticing the direction of the minister's eyes, said, softly, to Miss Long, "What a pity that one so beautiful as Gretta should be so heartless and careless of her own soul's welfare."

Mr. Clayton's eyes came back with a half sigh, and Mrs. Grey said, sweetly,

"Mr. Clayton, my daughter, Lizzie; her friend, Miss Long."

And Lizzie smiled, and bowed, and blushed, and hoped Mr. Clayton would find Brookfield a pleasant residence. And Mr. Clayton accepted their invitation to go home to dinner; and the procession filed out of church slowly and decorously, as Brookfield processions always do.

The evening service was even more largely attended than the morning's had been. Gretta was there again; but this time an elderly lady accompanied her, and regarded her with a sort of pride that had grown of late, since Gretta came into her inheritance. For the haughty girl, sitting there in such stoical indifference, could remember the time, not so very long ago, when Aunt Thorne had counseled her to stay at home, because she had nothing but a blanket-shawl to wear to church in winter, and an old-

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fashioned sacque for summer; and yet the good lady was a very zealous member, and accounted herself one of Christ's chosen ones. But now it was different. Gretta's uncle, on her mother's side, had died, and left her seventy thousand dollars, and, regarding the lessons she had learned in the past with a sort of bitter hatred, Gretta plunged into magnificence with a feeling of despair.

But the truthful eyes of the young pastor seemed to haunt her with their reproachful glances, and she tried not to see him, or notice his look, but it followed her home; and all the week she could think of little else. The next Sabbath it was much the same, and when Lizzie Grey very kindly begged leave to introduce Mr. Clayton, Gretta lifted her brows in a haughty stare, and said,

"No, thank you, I am lectured enough already."

"Dear Gretta, I wish you wouldn't talk so," Lizzie said, sweetly. "I am sure Mr. Clayton would not lecture you."

"Wouldn't he? Don't he give us most scathing lectures every Sabbath morning?" And turning, Gretta saw the object of their conversation at her right, with a pale face and reproachful eyes. She knew that he had heard every word of their conversation, and furthermore that Lizzie's attack was premeditated. She gave the young lady an angry, indignant look, and swept out of church.

"Poor Gretta! she always meets my advances just so since she became an heiress," Lizzie said, veiling her eyes with their long lashes, and drawing a little sigh.

Mr. Clayton made no reply. He was wondering if Gretta Thorne was as bad as she seemed. There was that in the girl's earnest eyes which denied her outward appearance.

A little ragged urchin came running up the street, whooping and hallooing at a fearful rate, and, just opposite the church, stumbled and fell, and did not immediately rise. Gretta Thorne, in her trailing silk, turned back a step or two, and raised the child, whilst men, women and children from the church passed by on the other side, without offering to lend a helping hand.

Gretta took out her spotless handkerchief, and wiped the tears from the child's eyes, and the dirt from his face, and said,

"Are you much hurt?"

"No, not much, I guess. I thought I was killed at first; I meant to make 'em all think so, anyway."

"Was that right?"

"I don't know nor care much; they all feel so big in their nice clothes. They'd be glad to see me killed, I s'pose, 'cause I'm ragged."

"Well, jump up and go home, now. It's Sunday, and you mustn't run around to play."

"You don't talk like nobody else to me. You're always good, though Lizzie Grey does say you're proud and wicked."

Gretta sighed, but made no reply, and the boy continued,

"She's with the new parson, now. I s'pose he'd like to lick me, 'cause I'm breakin' the Sabbath."

"No, Mr. Clayton is a good man, I suppose, and very solicitous for the welfare of sinners like you and me."

This last was said bitterly enough, and Gretta, walking slowly home, did not know that Mr. Clayton had again overheard her remarks.

Lizzie Grey shuddered and said, "How can she touch him? But Gretta Thorne seems to take more kindly to such people than to refined persons."

Mr. Clayton failed to answer. He was thinking of Christ's example, and wondering if, after all, Gretta Thorne wasn't more of a Christian than some of her accusers.

The summer days merged into autumn, and Gretta had never yet spoken to Mr. Clayton. She avoided him studiously, although she often met him in the abodes of sickness and poverty.

It was at Mrs. Lawson's, a poor widow, that they met one Saturday afternoon; and Gretta rising quietly, laid down the book that she had been reading, and left the house. Her cheeks burned with a sense of shame, and she could hardly choke the tears back. She would have given all her earthly possessions, and gone back to the old days of servitude and shabby attire, could it have raised her in the estimation of her pastor. She clasped her hands, and leaned over the railing of the little wooden bridge, with a desolate pain at her heart. A quick, firm step sounded upon the bridge, and turning, the girl stood face to face with John Clayton, who put out his hands quietly, and taking hers in his strong clasp, said,

"Gretta Thorne, will you tell me why you hate me?"

"Oh, Mr. Clayton, will you forgive me for my rudeness, I am so sorry?" And Gretta lifted her beautiful, flushed, tear-stained face with a pleading look.

"Forgive you! yes, child, if you will tell me why you dislike me so."

"I don't hate you; indeed I don't. But I am so wicked, or everybody calls me so; and I know you think so, because I like to dress, and make a display. But I have been so poor,

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Mr. Clayton, and nobody noticed me; and aunt Thorne wouldn't let me go to church, and I thought all people went for was to show their clothes."

She had told the whole story in a few rapid words, and John Clayton understood her, just as well as you and I do. He said,

"You thought so; but you do not think so now, do you? That is not what you go for," and he clasped the hands a little closer, that Gretta was trying to draw away.

"No;" and a painful blush suffused Gretta's face as she thought what she did go for, and wondered what Mr. Clayton would think of her if he knew.

A passionate wish rose up in the pastor's heart to call this wayward girl his own; but he thought of Gretta's seventy thousand dollars, and he dropped her hands as though they had been coals of fire. Hitherto he had only thought to win her regard; now he was more miserable than when she had so coldly shunned him.

Gretta noticed the change, but her pride forbade further questioning, and they walked to the village, side-by-side, without a word.

A handsome carriage and spirited span of bays stood at the gate, before Mrs. Thorne's door. Gretta looked up shyly with a woman's dread in her eyes, and said,

"Will you go in, Mr. Clayton? I am sure Aunt Thorne will be glad to see you."

And John Clayton, unable to resist, followed her into the house; while Lizzie Grey, at her window, on the opposite side of the street, was literally dying to know what had happened.

A handsome, stylish young man rose up to meet Gretta, as she came in, and extending his hand, said familiarly,

"I am happy to meet you again, Gretta, and have come this afternoon to take you to town for that promised ride."

"Thank you, I will be ready shortly," Gretta said, introducing the gentlemen, and wondering why Grant Carrol couldn't have staid away on that particular afternoon.

And John Clayton, with a jealous pang that he had never felt before, watched the two ride off, and listened to Mrs. Thorne's recital of Gretta's plans for the future.

"I expect she will marry Mr. Carrol about Christmas. Gretta has been trying lately to have it put off, but Grant isn't willing."

The next day Gretta was in her place as usual, and Mr. Clayton's eyes wandered more frequently than of yore to the pale, proud, sorrowful face that had a double interest for him now.

The autumn passed slowly away, and October with its gay robe was nearly done, when, one morning, Gretta woke up to learn that she was penniless. She was shocked and grieved for a moment, but the shock was nothing compared to the one she felt later in the day, when Grant Carrol came, asking for a release from his engagement. The girl gave the ring back haughtily, told him she was glad to be free, which was true, and then went out alone to battle with her grief and wounded pride.

"Oh, Grant, Grant!" she said, with a passionate sob, flinging herself, face down, upon the orchard grass. "I did not think you would desert me."

"Gretta, Gretta, my darling, what is it?"

The words were wrung from John Clayton's lips by her distress; and he gathered her up in his arms; but Gretta drew herself away, saying,

"Oh, nothing, Mr. Clayton, only I'm poorer than I ever was; the last penny has gone."

"But you have Mr. Carrol's love left."

"No. I have just learned that my money was all that he cared for. He is like everybody else."

"Thank God!" said Mr. Clayton, and again drew her to his heart. "Thank God you are again poor, Gretta; for I should never have dared tell you that I love you, had you not been; and I knew, long ago, that you did not hate me."

And so Gretta became John Clayton's wife.

LAKE OF DESPAIR.

BY PARIS A. MAGEE.

Idly I float, in an open boat,
  Drifting where, oh, where;
Steady I ride, on the downward tide,
  Through the Lake of Despair.
In an awful suspense, past Port Confidence,
  As God's mercy in the distance sinks from view;
Floating down, all hope of the crown
  Is lost in this lake, while it I'm passing through.

Floating down, past city, hill and town,
  As the moments their flight quickly take;
And at Point Destitute I see all sin's fruit,
  As I float on this lonely lake.
Drifting with the tide, nothing in view beside,
  The far-off future darker than this;
E'en now I hear the roar, as my boat sweeps o'er,
  And is lost in an awful abyss.

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THE LOST INHERITANCE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER XXII.

"GRANDMAMMA, I have a little favor to ask."

Mrs. Rochester drew back upon her couch a little uneasily. She had never found her grandson particularly exacting, but the very idea that something might be required of her was startling to her selfishness.

"Don't look frightened," said the young man, laughing. "It is nothing very terrible. Only a little charity, that I cannot well carry out alone."

"A charity! Oh, Sir Charles!" cried the little woman, holding up both hands in genuine astonishment.

The young man colored angrily.

"Is it so very singular that I should wish to help a poor family?"

"Why not give money, Sir Charles? That is easy enough."

"But some people are so proud they will starve rather than take money."

The old woman put up her glass, and eyed the baronet keenly through it.

He blushed, and laughed a little uneasily.

"Well, dear?" she said, at length. "What is it that I can do for the people you wish to help?"

"Give them a little work, that is all."

"Work! I?"

"There! there! You have not heard me out. You have laces, and fine linen, and things."

"Which my maid attends to."

"Yes; but as the excuse for a charity."

"Ah, yes!"

"You could engage her to come here, and busy herself with your finery, which is sure to be out of order."

"But how? I do not have money of my own to throw away," answered the crafty old woman, whose greed was equal to her duplicity. "In fact, my allowance is shamefully small."

It was the young man's turn to scrutinize that false old face for a motive. He found her motive readily, and such was his evil earnestness of purpose, fell in with her paltry little snare at once.

"I did not know. How should a young man understand the cost of a lady's toilet? I am glad you suggested that the allowance is insufficient. What if I add fifty pounds a year to it?"

"Oh, you dear boy! Will you really?" cried the old lady, reaching up her frail arms that he might stoop down and meet the caresses he would gladly have avoided. "Now, tell me. Who is this person?"

"She is——"

"She—— Ah, yes! I understand. Some poor seamstress!"

"No, not that. She is the daughter of my Spanish teacher, a poor gentleman, who earns the scantiest living by his old-fashioned accomplishments. This girl is anxious to help him, but the old gentleman will not allow her to seek work."

"So you are doing it for him. Noble boy!"

Sir Charles gave his grandmother a quick, sharp glance, to make himself sure that a sneer did not underlie her simulated enthusiasm; but the dainty old creature was innocently unscrewing her perfume-flask, and smiling, as it seemed, over her own thoughts.

"So I am to have this needy person here to help my maid put things in order. Well, send her when you like, Charles."

"There is the trouble. These people are so proud they would feel the obligation, if it came from me. I fear you will have to seek them out."

"I—I—— But how? The thing is impossible!"

"Indeed! Then I fear we will have to drop the whole subject," answered the baronet. "Excuse me for troubling you."

Drop the whole subject, and that fifty pounds with it! Mrs. Rochester was startled by the possibility.

"Dear boy! How hasty he is. Does he think his grandmother would not do impossible things for him? Tell me where this young person lives."

Sir Charles gave the address. The old lady fairly caught her breath as she heard it, and every vestige of color went out of her face.

"That place! That great, loathsome house?" she cried.

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"It certainly isn't a paradise; but the young lady lives there."

"Lives there. What is her name?"

"Ingersoll—Maud Ingersoll."

"What a name to come from a neighborhood like that."

"Then you know it. You have been there?"

"Who said so?" answered the old lady, sharply. "There! there! What is there strange in it. I lived in New York, you know, before you were born, and have a good memory for places."

"But, somehow, this particular house seems to trouble you," said the baronet. "There is no need that it should. The people who live in it are poor, but thoroughly respectable. In fact, you might search the world over, and not find a more perfect gentleman than this man Ingersoll."

"Yes, yes! I understand. Well, to oblige you, Charles, I will find the girl."

Sir Charles was satisfied with his grandmother's promise, but her sudden pallor, and the shock that trembled in her voice, surprised him. He thought of this a moment, then spoke again, but hurriedly, and with hesitating confusion, which did not surprise the old lady, but aroused her suspicion.

"No; as the—as Mr. Ingersoll is really a gentleman, and the girl may be kept after dark sometimes, it might be as well to send a carriage for her."

"A carriage for the young woman who minds my laces!" exclaimed Mrs. Rochester, in absolute consternation.

"Not my mother's carriage, of course; but one from the hotel. I should prefer that it should be so," said the young man.

Once more those keen eyes searched the baronet's face, over which the slow crimson rose. Then they drooped knowingly, and a smile crept over the old woman's lips.

"You are thoughtful and kind. It will save the trouble of sending a servant with her. I had not intended to keep the girl late, but it might happen," she replied.

"It will happen," answered the baronet, significantly.

The grandmother nodded her shaky old head.

"Then it is all settled. Only, Sir Charles—"

"Well?"

"Would you mind giving me the check for fifty pounds now? Really your mother is very forgetful about such things."

Sir Charles laughed, half in scorn of her greed, half at himself for submitting to it; but he took a check from his pocket-book, dashed a pen into the malachite ink-stand on the table, then across the paper, and gave it to her.

"That's a dear boy," she murmured. "I would tear my best and oldest cardinal point, rather than this poor girl should go without work."

"Well, pray attend to it soon. The necessity may be imminent, when people are so near want," answered the baronet.

"To-day. Yes, I think it shall be arranged before I sleep, as you seem to wish it."

"I do wish it."

Saying this, the young baronet took his hat, and went out, for he had several affairs to attend to that morning; among the rest, he had promised to meet his groom, who would return that day from a brief confidential trip into the country. He found this man waiting at the stables, where eight or ten of the finest horses that could be bought for money were housed within white-marble halls, and better cared for than the majority of human beings.

The groom was lounging near the door, when Sir Charles entered, but came forward at a glance from his master, lifting his hat.

"Well—what success?"

"Everything, just as we expected, Sir Charles," he said, in a subdued voice, though the two were quite alone. "The house stands back from the highway half a mile or more. No one seems to interfere with it, or know much about it. I went to the village near by, and inquired if the place was to be rented. No one could tell me or name the owner. Some said it was the property of young Mr. Rochester, others said it belonged to his mother, a widow living beyond sea."

"Well, no matter about that. Is the place habitable or in ruins?"

"Well, Sir Charles, the outside isn't enticing, you know; but I have known well-to-do people live in worse, and think themselves comfortable enough."

"Did you go inside?"

"It was difficult, Sir Charles; but I made free to break a pane of glass, and unbolt a window, which let me into some dusty rooms."

"Empty?"

"No; that was the most astonishing part of it. More than half the rooms were furnished, and in tolerable order. I wouldn't have minded staying there myself."

"Indeed!" sneered the baronet, offended. "As I think of it, for my own accommodation, you are kind."

The man turned crimson, but made no apology. Being deep in the young baronet's confidence, he could afford to be insolent even, but forbore, rather from habit, than fear or respect.

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"Were my other directions carried out?"

"Yes, Sir Charles, but carefully."

"That was right. Now see that everything is ready here."

"Yes, Sir Charles."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Old Mrs. Rochester was sadly troubled after her grandson left her. She had recognized the member of that tenement-house, and shuddered at the thought of once more encountering the man who had with such pathetic audacity called her mother. She was also terrified by the thought that this man, who could not be secured or trampled out of her life, might be found under the same roof with her aristocratic grandson when he went to this singular place for his lessons, and thus bring a complication of annoyances upon herself. She also remembered the fine old face of the teacher with strange thrills of apprehension. Where had she seen that face before? Surely, it was familliar to her; still that was impossible. He was an old man and in all her youth she could bring back no features so classical and so perfectly refined. Was the girl she was expected to employ this man's daughter, and why had Sir Charles taken such interest in her?

With all her worldly knowledge, this old woman could not unravel the tangled web which seemed to have been weaving in that tenement-house. Of course, she was a miserable coward—such women generally are; but these questions troubled her so that she resolved to face the difficulties at once, and ringing for her carriage, drove as near as she deemed prudent to the obnoxious building.

Picking her way in evident disgust along the street, she reached the house at last, and found a group of children barricading the passage with a wall of oyster-shells, which another ragged brigade of street Arabs were bringing up from a neighboring saloon. Standing upon the stairs she saw little Maggie intensely interested in the barricade, but keeping aloof from it, now and then casting anxious looks at the doors opening on the various landings as if she expected some avenging spirit to break loose and scatter the little toilers with fire and sword.

"There now, didn't I tell you! There comes a lady. How is she agoing to get in?" said the child, greatly excited by the presence of her mother's grand visitor.

"Oh, that's nothing," answered one of the largest boys, making a breach in the shell wall with a vigorous kick of his foot, which sent the fragments flying up the passage. "There's a clear road, only don't stay long, marm, 'cause the boys will be for building it up again."

Mrs. Rochester lifted her dress, stepped cautiously through the opening, and stopped upon the stairs to speak to little Maggie, whose bright eyes were welcoming her cordially.

"Is your mother at home, little girl?"

"Oh, yes; so is Maudie, and all the rest,"

Mrs. Rochester paused; she wished to get some information from the child before proceeding upon her errand.

"And the sick man you thought so much of?"

"Oh, he's got real well; besides, he isn't here now."

"Indeed, where has he gone?"

"Don't just know, only he has gone, and I'm so sorry; so is mar, and I guess Maudie is, too, for she looked just like crying when he went."

"So you are sure that the sick man is gone," questioned Mrs. Rochester a second time; for she did not breathe quite freely yet.

"Just as sure as sure can be," answered the child.

"But you don't know where he has gone?"

"Oh, it's a great way off, ever so far."

"Indeed, then my child, this is for your news!"

In the feelings of her relief, Mrs. Rochester gave the child an English sovereign, which she happened to have in her portmonaie.

Maggie examined it closely, then lifted her great blue eyes reproachfully to the lady's face.

"It isn't a real cent," she said in a low, disappointed tone. Then brightening up all at once, she added, "but it will do for baby to cut his teeth on."

"You can get a whole lapful of cents for it," said the lady, an assertion that Maggie accepted with positive unbelief, while she kept eyeing the gold coin in her little palm as if there was something very mysterious in it.

"Now, little girl, will you show me up stairs? I want to see Miss Ingersoll."

Maggie started up and ran on before the lady, pausing now and then upon the stairs to wait for her.

"This is the door," she said, at length. "Shall I just run in and say you're coming?"

"Yes, go in and see if Miss Ingersoll is at home."

"Miss Ingersoll? I thought you wanted to see our Maudie."

"And so I do."

"Then I'll go right in."

Maggie did not wait to knock, but opened the door softly, and went into the room.

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"Maudie! Maudie! Here is the great, good little lady again, and she wants to see you this time."

Maud saw a stranger hesitating at the door, and came forward. Mr. Ingersoll, who was reading by the window, looked up from his book and listened a little anxiously.

"Did you wish to speak with me," said Maud, opening the door more widely than Maggie had done. "Walk in."

Mrs. Rochester had not answered her at first, she was so completely absorbed by Mr. Ingersoll, whose face she was scanning with keen interest. Even as she advanced into the room, her eyes were upon him. She turned them aside at last, and drew a deep breath.

"He could not have looked so old as that. It is some other person; but the likeness is wonderful. Besides; besides, he would have known me," she continued thinking. "I haven't changed much, if at all; but there isn't a shade of recognition in his face. No, no; I was a fool to let that handsome old man startle me so."

While these thoughts possessed the lady, Mr. Ingersoll arose and placed the old oaken-chair for her.

"Be seated, madam," he said, bowing as he returned to his own seat by the window.

Again the woman started. That voice! she would have sworn to the voice as one she had heard and dreaded years before. For a moment her heart stood still. Could it be that this one, too, had started out of the past to haunt and torment her here? She watched the old man furtively all the time she was speaking with Maud.

"I have come to ask a favor," she said, addressing Maud in her sweetest tones, "a really great favor. Of course, I would not expect that you would go away from home as a general thing, but I am so much in want of a little help about my laces. They are very rare, and worth their weight in gold a hundred times over; so rare that I should be miserable to trust them out of my sight; would you, young lady, come to my rooms and help me put them in order?"

"I cannot tell. I never have been away from home in that way," said Maud, blushing crimson, and looking toward her grandfather, who had dropped his volume and was listening anxiously. "Besides, I—I do not know who it is that wants me, or where I am to go."

Mrs. Rochester gave a little nervous laugh, and all the lace and flowers of her tiny bonnet began to vibrate.

"True enough," she said, "There never was a person so forgetful as I am. The truth is, we are so well known about the estates of my grandson, that I forget what strangers we are in America; I am Mrs. Rochester. My grandson, Sir Charles, has taken lessons here, I think. He was mentioning your delicate needle-work at the breakfast-table just before he left town."

"Then Sir Charles has left town," said Mr. Ingersoll, who had been listening keenly from the moment Mrs. Rochester mentioned her name.

"Oh, yes, we cannot expect to keep him always with us. It was your great prairies and mountains that brought him over. All our nobility are running crazy about buffalo-hunting."

"When will he return?" asked the old man, gravely.

"I do not know exactly, but in time to resume his lessons, no doubt," answered the lady, thinking the questioner anxious regarding the remuneration that came from his pupil. "But about the young lady?"

Mr. Ingersoll cast an earnest glance at Maud, who had been white as death until she heard that Sir Charles had left the city. Then her delicate color came back, and the terrified look left her face.

"Of course, you will like to go, Maud. It will be a pleasant change for you."

Maud was surprised. Never, in all his poverty, had he been willing that she should leave her home under any consideration; but now, he both looked and spoke eagerly.

"If you think best," she said, with some hesitation. "But when?"

"Oh, I shall send the carriage for you. The hotel is not far off; but, of course, we shall not permit you to walk the streets alone."

"You are very kind," said Maud, somewhat elated; for it was seldom that she had entered a carriage in her life. "If my grandfather permits, I will do my best about the laces."

Mr. Ingersoll smiled, and bent his head.

"Then it is arranged," said Mrs. Rochester, arising, with a soft flutter of lace and silks. "We have said nothing about remuneration."

A flash of pride shot across the old man's face.

"That is a subject," he said, "which you will kindly allow to rest. My grand-daughter takes no heed of such things. You have asked a favor, madam, which she is happy to grant."

Mrs. Rochester colored a little, angrily, but subdued herself, and accepted the situation gracefully.

"Until I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Ingersoll, I did not know how great a favor I had asked. I am sure Lady Oakley will be delighted; to own the truth, we are a little lonely in this country, everything is so strange."

As she spoke, the little lady fluttered toward

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the door, and made her way to the stairs. She had been ill at ease during the whole visit, for, having no great faith in anything good or unselfish in human nature, she was doubtful of her grandson's object in asking the thing she had done, and somewhat troubled about the result. She had been so accustomed to using all those around her as tools, seizing upon the benefits, and throwing the responsibility on them, that the chance of involving herself was a torment to her. Even now, she began to repeet of a step that seemed perfectly safe and innocent in itself, but which was full of underlying anxiety, because she could not fathom the young man's motive in urging it upon her.

Maud followed her visitor to the first flight of steps, and Maggie ran down to the outer door, resolved to guard her through the rabble of street Arabs that was probably swarming around it. But the boys had sought some other means of diversion, and the little girl found only a few straggling oyster-shells which she brushed away from the lady's path with both hands and feet. When she had done this, the child put back the golden masses of her hair and looked into Mrs. Rochester's face.

"I say, lady, you mean to be real good to our Maudie, don't you, now? Nobody shall hurt her, shall they?"

The woman started. The child's question seemed to come directly out of her own uneasy thoughts.

"Good to her? Hurt her? Why, child, what put that idea into your head?"

"I don't know," answered Maggie, thoughtfully, "only I want to be sure."

"Well, you can be sure."

The child shook her head.

"But if anybody should?"

"Should what, you teasing little thing?"

"I—I don't just know what, but our Maudie is a great deal safer when I am by—ask her if she isn't."

A little cracked laugh broke from the old woman. This demure claim of some power to protect a young lady, coming from the lips of a mere baby, amused her.

"You see," persisted Maggie, lifting her great blue eyes with comical earnestness, "Maudie isn't like mar, or the rest of 'em in the house, she gets frightened so easy, and don't fight for herself worth a cent; so I have to do it for her. Mar said I must, and she knows."

"You fight for her?" exclaimed the old lady, laughing till her little head, with all its butterfly adornments seemed to dance on the withered shoulders.

"Yes, I do—so there!" answered the little one, half crying. "If you don't believe it, ask that English fellow with the cane. We don't want Mr. Ingersoll to know anything; but if you don't believe me, ask him about the Park—he knows."

Mrs. Rochester stopped laughing suddenly. She remembered that little scene in the Park, when Sir Charles seemed to be on such excellent terms with the old teacher and his grandchild. Something more than had been explained to her lay in this. She began to comprehend that a good deal of blind adhesion was bargained for when her income was raised by that promise of fifty pounds a year, and the idea filled her with uneasiness. While these thoughts were passing through her mind, little Maggie had been wistfully regarding her. At last she ventured to speak.

"When our Maudie is at your great big house, may I come and see to her sometimes—just to pacify mar, you know?"

"Of course, you may come. Only——"

Here the lady checked herself; but the significant look that she cast on the child's soiled and torn frock, out of which her plump little shoulder was lifted, pointed her objection plain enough, even for the intelligence of a little creature like that.

"Oh, this isn't my best frock," she said, blushing all over like a dear little rose-bud as she was. "I've got another white one, only—only——"

"Only what?"

"I—I haven't any shoes to go with it, and Maudie says that white frocks and bare feet don't confirm. No, that isn't just the word; but she don't think they are just the thing."

"I should think not," said the old lady; but the piece of gold which I just gave you will buy both shoes and a pretty bonnet."

The child's blue eyes widened with astonishment.

"What! that bright two-cent piece?"

"Yes. Tell your mamma to try it."

"Mamma! What's that?"

"Your mother," said the lady, highly amused.

"Oh, I must tell mar that."

"Yes. And here is another piece of gold, which will buy you a neat dress that you can wear when you come to see us. Give it to Miss Ingersoll, she will know what you want."

Maggie took the gold, while she feasted her eyes on the glittering portmonaie from which it was taken.

"I'll give it to Maudie, sure," she said.

When all the things are bought, you may run over to the hotel, and let us see how they look,"

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said the lady. "I shouldn't wonder if you found a pretty doll waiting for you."

Maggie's eyes grew bright as stars

"A doll! with—with eyes, real eyes?"

"Yes, that open and shut."

"Oh, my!"

"Now, good-morning, little girl."

"Good-morning, lady. I'll be sure to come; and, I say——"

Mrs. Rochester turned back, for the eager little thing was following her.

"I say, lady, are you one of the little fairy godmothers that Maudie tells about? Did you ever turn mice into horses, and winter-squashes into a lovely coach, and such like?"

"No, child; but I can turn dirty little girls into nice lovely children. It does not require more fairy work than the gold in your hand for that. Now run up stairs, and tell Miss Maud all about it."

"Yes, I will. Thank you—thank you, lady!"

Away flew the child up those interminable stairs, her eyes dancing, her heart leaping with delight, calling out as she went, "Maudie! Maudie! just see what I have got!"

Mrs. Rochester heard the eager cry, as she made her way into the street, and wondered that so mere a trifle could make any one on earth so happy, even a child."

"It would be worth while to fling away trifles of gold in this fashion, even for the amusement of seeing a human being so happy," she murmured. "It really is interesting; but one does not often think of it. This is a quick-witted, observing little creature, bright as a bird, and as innocent. All that there is to know I can get at through her; and it really is important that I should keep track of things in that house."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"There is to be one more sitting—only one, grandfather. Then he will let us see it," said Maud, tying on her little bonnet with tremulous haste, for this picture had been a great excitement to her, and its completion seemed to approach an epoch in her life over which she pondered and trembled as Eve might have trembled when she first opened her eyes on Paradise. "Will you come with us—little Maggie and I?"

"Not yet, child. I must wait till your grandmother comes in."

"But, grandfather, he will expect us, and you wouldn't like me to go alone."

Here little Maggie came forward with an air of grave importance that was almost comical.

"I will see to her, Mr. Ingersoll. Nobody in the wide world shall do Maudie a bit of harm—so don't you mind."

The calm, sweet smile that came over the old man's face was beautiful. The self-reliance and devotion of the little girl amused him somewhat, but touched his gratitude more than he cared to express. He looked at the pretty, fair, frank face which the blue hood shaded without half concealing the golden tangle of curls that it could not quite keep back from her eyes, and thought how fit it was that a pretty cherub like that should guard his own gentle Maud.

"I have to stop on the way," said Maud, leaning over her grandfather's chair. "See, the lady gave little Maggie these two gold pieces, and I am to get her a dress and some other little things with them. Perhaps we might go now, and you would come after."

"Yes, yes, that will do," answered the old man, patting Maggie on the head. "I will be with you directly."

"There, didn't I tell you so," said Maggie, taking Maud's hand with the solemn gravity of an old woman. "I'll take good care, Mr. Ingersoll. You needn't be a mite afraid that I shall ever go to sleep again."

The old man did not understand this promise quite so well as his grandchild, whom it left covered with burning blushes, and a feeling about the hand as if she would have felt it a relief to box the rosy little ears hid under that blue hood.

"Come, Maggie, come! We have so much to do," she said, half-crying.

"Didn't I say so?" answered the child, dancing off toward the stairs. "Now tell me, Maudie, what kind of a dress are you going to buy me, something worth while, won't you?"

"Yes, something very pretty. Shall it be blue——"

"Like the sky?" said Maggie, giving an extra hop on the stairs.

"Or pink?"

"Like the roses," Maggie chimed in, going from one color to another with the facility of a born coquette.

"Or, perhaps, white. Then you could have a sash any color you liked."

"Like the snow, with crankley work all round the bottom," exclaimed the child, in a delirium of excitement. "Now do come along. How slow you are, Maudie."

The girl was too young herself not to enter into the child's impatience. She had never had the control in her life of so much money as lay folded in the bit of tissue-paper clasped in her hand. It seemed to her as if little Maggie had

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dropped into a fortune, of which she was the honored guardian.

"Oh, dear!" said the child. "How I wish we had got the dress for that picture. Wouldn't it have been just lovely, instead of this old frock and the hood. Anyway, he might have waited till I got the new shoes, and not have took them with the toes all stubbed out. I say, Maudie, don't you think he could put me in all over again, when I get my new things, with the sash and all."

Maud laughed pleasantly. The supreme happiness of this little creature delighted her.

"I'm afraid not, Maggie. He seemed to like the old things best. It was your dear, good little face he wanted most. In fact, between us, Maggie, I think your half of the picture will be by far the most interesting."

"Oh, no, it won't! Your shoes don't show, and you had your very best dress on; but never mind, maybe he'll do mine all over again. Then I'll seem just like your own sister."

"You are like my own sister now, Maggie."

Maggie looked very serious for a moment, and lifted her eyes wistfully to her companion.

"I wish I only was," she said. "Then you never would go away and leave me, as mar says you will!"

Then Maud became serious also, and held the little warm hand in hers so closely that the child almost cried out under the pressure.

Of course, sometime she must leave this darling child, who had become so dear to her, and who was, in fact, the only friend she had of her own sex. The thought came to her now with a pang of regret, and she could hardly keep from stooping down and kissing the child there in the open street.

But youth is so full of hope that these thoughts passed off at the first store these two entered, and having got through with their little fortune in so little time that the fleetness of it seemed marvelous to the child, they went to White's office, each carrying a parcel in her hand, for Maggie was so delighted with the purchases made with her gold that she refused to trust them out of her sight, and fairly danced under their weight as she went along. I do not know why it was that Maud knocked so timidly at the studio door; but some premonition, perhaps, caused her heart to beat loudly, and her nerves to thrill as she claimed admission.

Arthur White had been waiting for that summons with all a lover's impatience. His picture was completed, and, for once, all the vital love of a man's soul, and the artistic force of his intellect inspired him. The face he had painted was the face he loved. Of course, the likeness did not satisfy him—nothing of mortal work could have done that; but there was much in it that appealed only to his æsthetic taste, and there the inspiration of his love had been reached. While waiting for the original the artist had been feasting on the picture; a touch here and there on the drapery was wanting to its perfection, he had said to the girl at her last sitting; but it was rather that he might see her again in the old place than from any real necessity. An absolute loneliness came over him, as he thought of the hours in which they had been together, while his heart and his genius kindled alike into supreme action under the mere influence of her presence.

It seemed hard, almost impossible, for him to give up the sweet life they had been leading, the hope of her coming, the dainty preparations, the dreamy after-time, when every word or look of the fair young creature came back to him with a hazy, poetic glamor over it that was like mist upon a rose-thicket, softening the beautiful reality.

"At last," he said, drawing the girl into his room with a gentle touch of the hand, which made her eyes droop, and sent a rosy flush all over her. "At last!"

Maud looked up. That shaded room, with its litter of artistic fragments, seemed more like home to her than the poor apartments in her tenement abode. She had learned to appreciate the peculiar fascination attached to these things, and out of her own bright nature had sprung a keen sympathy with the genius of the man who was to her like a god on earth. Was this the last time she would come there? When she was no longer needed would some other girl, whose picture might be far more beautiful than hers, take her place there? Would he look into other eyes as he had looked into hers? No! no! that was impossible; but it troubled that gentle heart that he should look into other eyes than hers at all.

"Will you look at the picture now?" said White, leading his visitor up to the veiled easel, and regarding her with anxious scrutiny, feeling all at once how inadequate his genius had been to embody the sweet, spiritual expression of her face, and hesitating, with his hand on the drapery, while she felt equally sure that he had made her far more beautiful than she deserved, if the portrait was beautiful at all.

Ah! It was beautiful. Maud could not believe that the exquisite creature sitting there was intended for her. Yet the artist was right. Nature had, indeed, surpassed his genius: yet that in itself had done much in making a really splen-

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did picture. Sitting in a low, old-fashioned easy-chair, Maud was looking down upon the child, who seemed to have thrown herself at her feet. The rich-hued drapery of a shawl, cast loose from her shoulders, had fallen over her dress, and rested on the floor. Against this drapery the little girl leaned, with one hand across her friend's lap, the other was grasping at the shawl, as if she had been seized with sudden shame of her torn shoes, and in another instant would draw the shawl over them. A shade of tender sympathy was in the elder girl's face; her lips were just parting, as if gentle words were crowding to them. It was a sweet, harmonious group, and while Maud would not believe that the beauty was hers, she was so struck by it that she fairly caught her breath.

"Does it please you," questioned the artist, watching her face wistfully, for he was by no means satisfied with his own work.

The color came into his face. She looked quietly from the artist to his picture; then her lips moved tremulously, and a blush surged up to her forehead.

"If I were only half as beautiful, you might indeed care for me."

"Only half as beautiful? Why, Maud, if I really could give your face exactly as it is now, we need not wait for better times, that would soon win us an independence—but it falls so far beneath you."

As Maud was about to answer, Maggie called to her from the dais on which they had always been grouped for a sitting.

"Come along Maudie, I'm almost ready."

Sure enough the child had taken off her old shoes and flung them with supreme contempt into a corner of the room. With much straining of buttons she had put on a new pair of horse-leather boots, which glistened gorgeously against the loose folds of the shawl. Then throwing off her blue hood, she had crowned her head with a little sailor's hat, from which a blue ribbon fluttered down among her thick amber curls; rather out of keeping with her faded calico dress, but the little creature was too pretty in herself for anything to seem much out of place with her.

"Come along, Maudie, I'm all ready; Mr. White can begin at the new hat or boots; it don't make any difference to me which."

"Upon my word, I wouldn't mind painting her that way," said White, struck with a selfish idea. "It is a shame that the child should not be taken with her good clothes on. Besides, I promised a picture to her mother."

Maud's heart gave a joyful leap, and her eyes shone. She went up to the child and fell to kissing her.

"Come sit down, I'm all ready, and want to snuggle up to you, just as we used to."

"Would you, Maud? Would you come with her, Maud?" whispered White.

Maggie lifted her sweet, pleading face.

"Won't you, now, Maudie?"

"If I can; if grandfather will let me."

"Of course he'll let you. Why not?" said the artist.

"I don't know, Arthur; after this I shall have something to do."

"How, what can you mean?"

"Nothing, much; only a lady that grandfather wants to please, has taken a fancy that I can help her about some fine work that she don't want to trust to any one else, so I shall be away from home more than usual."

"A lady," said White, over whose face a sudden cloud came. "What lady?"

"The name is Rochester. She is in some way related to the young English gentleman."

"Indeed!"

"You do not like this," said Maud, troubled by her lover's clouded face. "I felt the same way at first; but grandfather seemed to wish it, and I could not refuse anything."

"No, no! you could not refuse. Still, still, oh, Maud! if I only had made my way a little more rapidly; or if this superfine education, which brother Dan almost forced upon me, had not cost so much, your grandfather should take no help but mine. I never knew what it was to crave money till now. It is hard to see my future wife——"

"No, no! You must not say that; I have prayed so often for the power to help my grandparents. One time it seemed the greatest blessing God could send me; but now——"

"But now," said Arthur, circling her waist with his arm and drawing her toward him.

Here little Maggie sprang up and caught hold of Maud's dress with both hands.

"Don't now," she pleaded, with tears in her eyes. "Mar told me to take care of her, and she'll scold me so. Please let her go; it scares her dreadfully—don't it Maudie."

Arthur White laughed pleasantly. Maud, covered with vehement blushes, stooped to kiss the excited little one, who turned her face away.

"Won't you kiss me, Maggie?"

Maggie only answered that she wished he'd begin with her new boots, for she never meant to come there again—never!

Then to appease the young lady, White posed her for the new picture, and told her if she didn't

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stop being cross, or ever talked to anybody about—well, about anything, the new boots should never go in, nor the hat either; but if she was a good girl, and said nothing naughty, she should have a famous little lady, just like her own self, to hang on the wall of her mother's bedroom. Whereupon Maggie pouted a little longer and said she rather guessed she'd keep still and have the picture.

It was a little hard on White that he found himself compelled to get out a new canvas and chalk in the sulky little girl, while his eyes kept wandering to another face so often that he was soon brought to order by a protest from the dais.

"I'm going home," said Maggie, "right off, too. It isn't me you are picturing. I won't stay for you to make believe another minute. Anyway, I want to show mar and the baby my new things before you spoil 'em with so much chalk."

Maggie spoke the truth. She was wild to get home, and Maud, very much disappointed and half-provoked, took the child away.

She had scarcely gone when old Mr. Ingersoll knocked at the studio-door. White led him at once to the picture, and eagerly watched his face as he examined it—watched with close attention, for he knew that it was the opinion of a judge that would be given.

The old man's eyes brightened and kindled as he gazed. The expression was so decided that White felt a triumphant glow come over him before a word was spoken.

"It is her likeness. It is a work of art that you may well be proud of my young friend," he said at length, holding out his hand.

"Will you accept it then? It was for you I painted it."

The old man shook his head.

"Some day, when I have a place to put it in," he said, with gentle sadness.

The young artist hesitated. His color went and came. He covered the picture without knowing it, and then tore the veil off again.

"You will not accept my poor shadow, while I—I am about to ask you for the young lady herself. Oh, Mr. Ingersoll! if you only could guess how I love her, how completely every hope of my life is bound up in hers, you would not refuse her to me."

"You love her—the child?"

"Nay, sir, does this fair creature look like a child?" said the artist, pointing to his picture."

"You love her—my Maud?"

"Better than my own life, Mr. Ingersoll."

"And she, Maud herself. Does she know this?"

The young man bent his eyes to the floor, and faltered.

"I—I could not conceal it from her."

"And she?"

"Oh, sir, Maud forgives me."

"That is, my grandchild loves you!"

"I think—I hope so."

The old man dropped slowly into a chair, evidently stunned by what he had heard. Thus, minute after minute he sat in silence. Then the young man approached him.

"Have I offended you, sir?"

"Offended me? No, young man; but I must have time to think——"

"I do not ask for her now, only permission to love her, and to claim her when I have earned the right."

The old man drew a deep breath, like a condemned man reprieved for a short time. He simply held out his hand, and absolutely clung to that of the artist for support as he arose from his chair.

"At another time—at another time. I cannot talk of these things now," he said, and left the room, almost staggering as he walked.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LITTLE GERTIE'S PRAYER.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

MAMMA was staying at home one day,
So Gertie sat in the pew alone,
And listened to sermon and song of praise,
And very still was the little one.

Papa looked solemn, and wise, and good,
As the words of the Holy Book he read;
But the hymn was long, and the text was hard,
And both passed over the little head.

"Was my little daughter good at church?
Did she look at papa and quiet keep?"
"Oh, yes!" she answered, "I sat so still,
I almost think that I went to sleep."

"I forgot to put my hand to my face,
At the outside prayer," she simply said,
"But, ma, I remembered the other one,
And covered my eyes, and bowed my head."

Oh, darling child! there is many a one
Whose steps are slow, and whose locks are gray,
Whose eyes are dim with the rain of years,
That never bow down, in faith, to pray.

There is many a one in manhood's prime,
And many a one called brave and fair,
Whose heart is mute, and whose lips are dumb,
In the holy time of praise and prayer.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

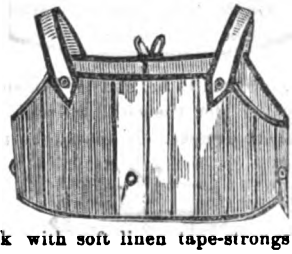
We give this month a lot of patterns for infants' wardrobe; first, a christening-robe, made of the finest nainsook or linen lawn. The fullness is disposed in box-plaits into a yoke, either low or high-necked, as may be preferred. The high-necked, long-sleeved dresses are now generally preferred for babies' dresses in this climate. In our design, the pieces which are ornamented

with the pattern, in braiding, are set on, being made of very fine linen, shaped, braided, and then stitched on to the lawn or nainsook, as seen in the engraving. Then the plaits are laid at the top, and the lower ones are simply folded by the iron when the dress is done up. The braiding is continued all round the bottom of the skirt, and a narrow ruffle, edged with Valen ciennes is put on to stand up, as may be seen. The yoke is of linen, braided to match, and edged with Valencien. Strings of the lawn are braided, and tie at the waist in the back.

Next we give a flannel skirt, braided with

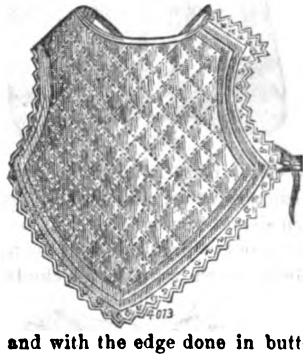
fine, white silk braid. This skirt has a waist adjusted to it, pointed at both ends, and with a long slit made near the arm-hole, through which one end passes and ties at the back with fine linen tape-strings. The shoulder-straps for infants' skirts, made in this manner, do away with the necessity for pins, which are always undesirable in making a baby's toilet.

Next we give a skirt-body, made of fine linen double, with shoulder-straps buttoning in front and with buttons around the waist, tied at



the back with soft linen tape-strongs; to this the over-skirt is buttoned, allowing the child's skirts to be removed without undressing.

The patterns for "bibs," one in flannel pique,



braided, and with the edge done in button-hole stitch; the other made of fine mull, and quilted

over a half sheet of wadding, backed with linen

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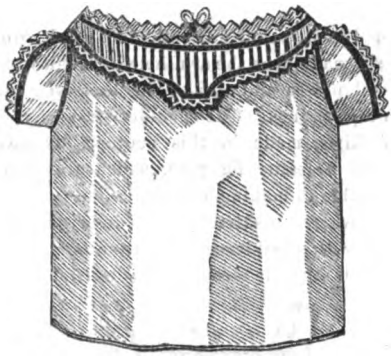
edged with Hamburg embroidery. Either of these "bibs" are desirable for teething children.

Next we give a very pretty pattern for the linen under-skirt still in use, though not so

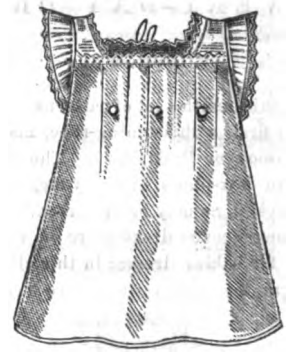


generally as it used to be, and the indispensable "napkin-cover" for the child as soon as it is put into short dresses. It should be made of

the finest cotton flannel for winter, and of cambric for summer wear; and nothing less than a half dozen should be provided.

We also give two pretty designs for the useful apron-slip so much worn by all children from

one year to four or five. Like the dresses, the yokes may be made high in the neck, and the sleeves long; but, in our Southern States, nothing could be more desirable than these low-necked,



almost sleeveless slips; and they are a good substitute for dresses in hot climates, made of linen lawn or nainsook, and of brown Holland for morning wear.

A novelty in the way of a water-proof cloak for a young lady completes our list for this month. It is made of navy-blue water-proof cloaking, cut in a long, loose sacque, long enough to admit of belting in at the waist. The sleeves are large coat-sleeves, with a cuff turned back, ornamented with two buttons. The sacque buttons all down the front, of course. The cape is cut in the circular shape, bound with alpaca

braid, and the piece on the back is of black cloth, also bound and set on with six buttons, and simulated button-holes; very stylish, and an improvement upon the hood which we have had for so long a time. Three and a half to four yards of cloaking, three dozen buttons, quarter of a yard of black cloth or cashmere for the cuffs, pockets, and back-piece will be required.

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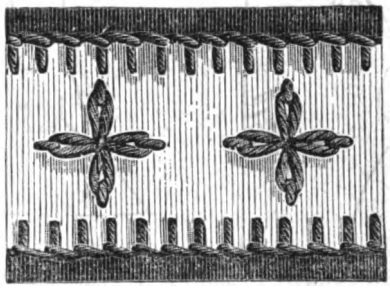
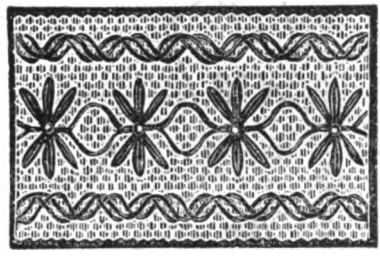
BORDER IN DARNED NET, AND IN EMBROIDERY.





DOUBLE-BREASTED POLONAISE, BELTED IN AT THE WAIST.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

In presenting this beautiful design to our fair readers we also, as usual, on the next page, give a diagram, which will enable them to cut it out and make it themselves.

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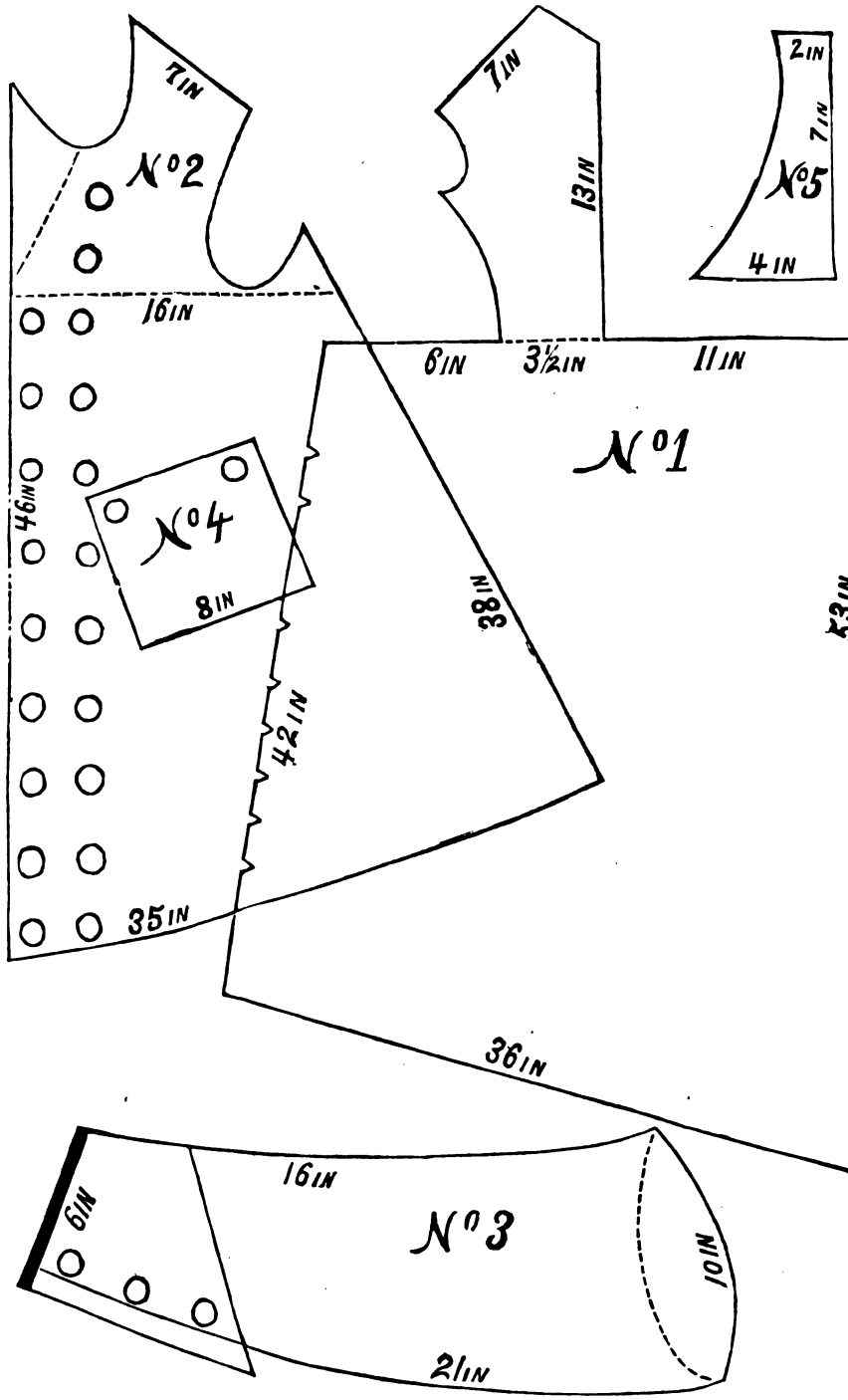

No. 1. Half of Back.
No. 2. Half of Front.
No. 3. Sleeve and Cuff.
No. 4. Pocket.
No. 5. Collar.
The dotted line shows the collar turned back.

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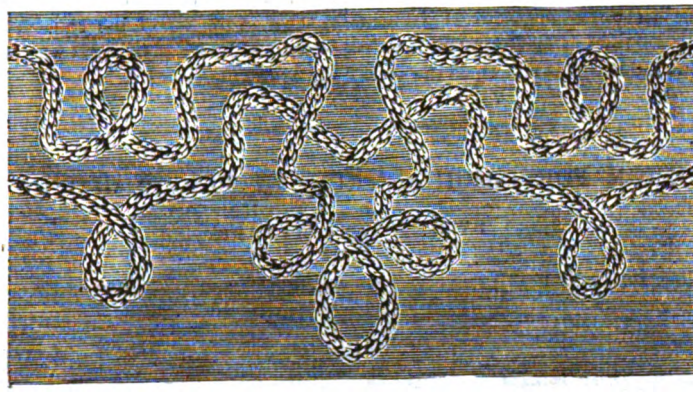
DESIGN IN CHAIN-STITCH EMBROIDERY.



CHILD'S JACKET AND BORDER.

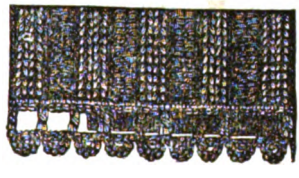
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Materials: Six ounces Lady Betty wool, medium-size bone crochet-hook, knitting-needles, No. 14, Bell guage.

Make a chain of 200 stitches; join round.

1st Row: Double crochet. The next 56 rows are of Gobeline crochet, that is, put the hook under both the horizontal threads of the stitch.

Divide the skirt in half, leaving 12 stitches on



each side for arm-hole Take a knitting-needle, and pick up the stitch from arm-holes, front side.

1st Row; Knit 3, purl 3 backward and forward for 24 rows, decreasing one at the commencement of each row. This decrease is made by knitting or purling two together, as the rule may be. The back is knitted the same as front.

For the shoulder-straps, cast on 63 stitches. Knit these in ribs for 24 rows, decreasing one at the commencement of each row. These are sewn to the front and back, as shown in the illustration. For the sleeve, make a chain of 60 stitches; join round, work 20 rows of Gobeline crochet without increasing; in the 21st row and five succeeding ones, increase one by putting the hook twice in the same stitch. This forms the shape of top of sleeve. Take four needles and pick up first row of sleeve; rib the same as top for 22 rows. This forms the cuff. The whole edge of jacket is worked with one row of double crochet. The edging is worked with two rows.

1st Row: Two chain, one treble in the center stitch of each rib. 2nd Row: Five chain, one single into the first chain, one double in the treble of last row. This forms a picot edge. A ribbon, half-inch wide, is run through. Cast on

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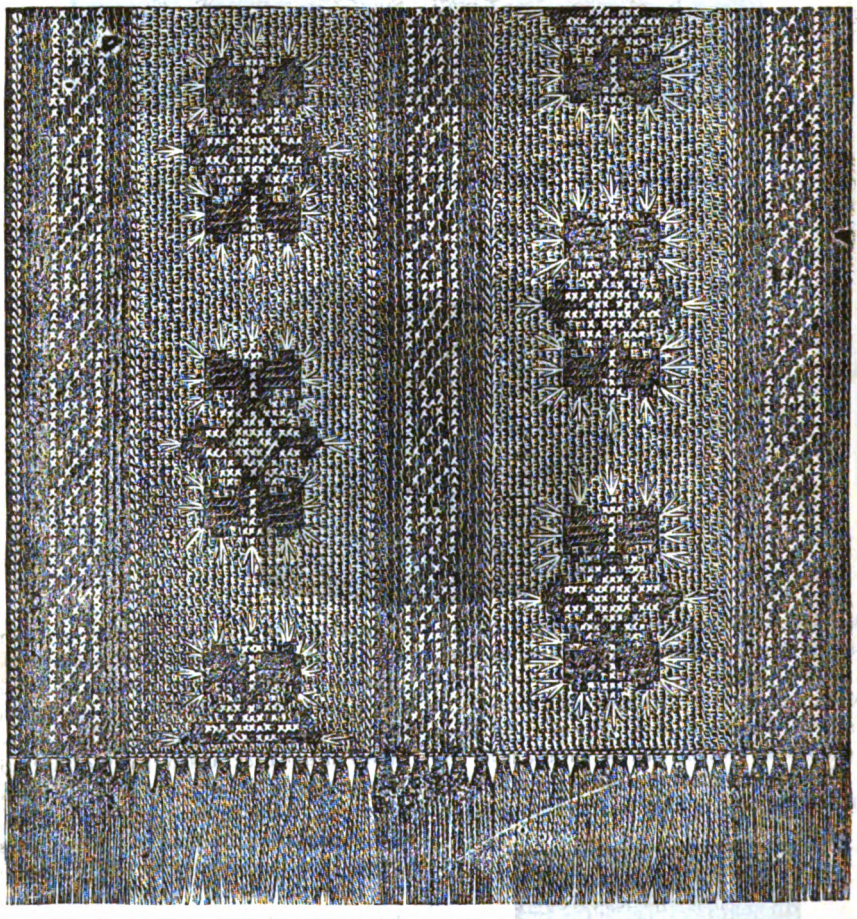
270 stitches, knit plain backward and forward, taking two together at the 71st, 135th, and 206th stitch, and the last two on the needle This is done on each of the six rows to make the corners, as een in the illustration. This is sewn on the neck-band. The sleeve-band consists of 60 stitches and is knitted plain backward and forward, and is sewn on the top of the cuff. The bottom of jacket and sleeve is trimmed with the same edging as the top of jacket.

DESIGN FOR CARRIAGE-RUG, IN TRICOT CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This kind of cover is suitable for cradles or basket-carriages, for covering a baby, or for a chaise-lounge. The foundation consists of broad and narrow stripes, which are crocheted lengthwise in Victoria stitch, anc joined together by a row of slip stitches. The broad stripes are alternately of green and red wool, and consist of thirty-one rows worked backward and forward; the narrow one, which are worked entirely with black wool, have only fifteen rows. According to the illustration, the broad stripes are ornamented with a design worked in cross-stitch and point-russe, with Berlin wool and filoselle, in a variety of bright colors; the narrow stripes have a Greek border, also worked in cross-stitch, with maize filoselle. Round the edge a fringe is made about four inches long of tufts of Berlin wool in various colors, corresponding to those of the cover. Instead of Turkish colors this cover can be worked in two shades of the same color.

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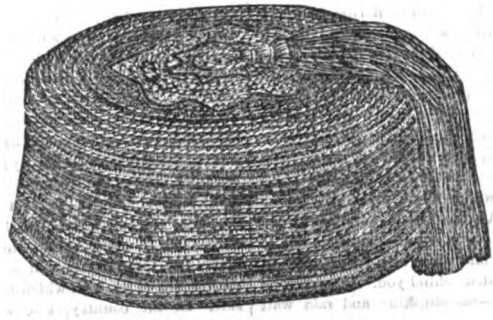
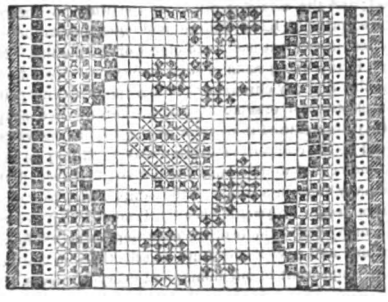
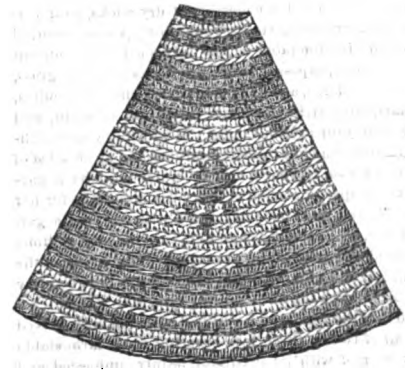
SMOKING-CAP, WITH BORDER AND CROWN IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

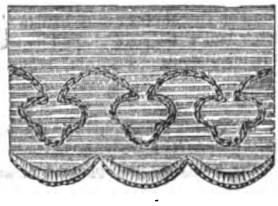


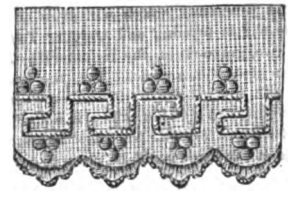
The cap is worked over fine white cord, about the size of ordinary whip-cord, in double crochet, with purse-silk aad steel hook. When you have worked the crown a sufficient size to fit the head, work another row, and draw up the cord. This forms the edge of the crown. For an ordinary size, the crown of the cap should be seven inches in diameter, and the depth of the border three inches. If a larger size is needed, the increase can be made by working more rows of the ground color. The cap is lined with silk, and finished with a hansome tassel. For colors, use black, green, maize, white, which are most effective.





EMBROIDERED EDGING.





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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Town Gardening.—Now that the fall has come to nip the buds for this season—one word to amateur florists and horticulturalists. We have written so frequently advice for them in this department, encouraged so heartily the taste for this gentlest of arts, and given so faithfully practical directions which we knew to be practicable, that we feel entitled to add a word of warning, especially to city readers, drawn from a long experience of defeat. Nothing is as tempting, or as disappointing as a garden in town. You move, perhaps, from one house encircled with brick pavements, to another, behind which lies a patch of ground. Behold your opportunity! All the bits of Paradise owned by your friends rise before you; you will put them all to shame. The land is as a desolate wilderness before you, but it shall be as the garden of Eden behind you. What can be easier? There is the ground—the sunshine and rain wait overhead. A few dollars will purchase seeds, roots, cuttings, and everybody is ready with advice. The florists' books open a bewildering array of beauty for your choice. You choose discreetly those plants marked, "of easy culture." You give the culture: where the ease lies you cannot discover; certainly not in your aching back, or anxious brain. You arm yourself with pruning-hooks, and knives, and patent floral tools; you heap on the fertilizers, grow learned in the matter of loam, sand, wood, earth; you weed, dig, hoe, and then you leave the matter to beneficent Nature, while you attend to more important affairs. Whereupon, July finds your rhododendron-bed a collection of dry sticks, your verbenas yellow, straggling stalks, your costly roses devoured by one of the innumerable worms furnished by beneficent Nature for that purpose. There are docks in your grass, thistles in your ferns, and dandelions everywhere; curculios, caterpillars, bugs, strip the green leaves out of sight, and moles destroy your precious bulbs. Meanwhile your neighbor's garden blooms in exquisite neatness, and an *abandon* of color. The reason is your neighbor either employs a gardener, or sets apart a portion of every day absolutely for her flowers. Nobody need hope to succeed with an ornate garden in a city, who cannot devote to it either money or time. Both ground and atmosphere are utterly different from the succulent soil and untainted air of the country and country towns. Even after the most skillful care, you will be chagrined to find the rose, which you had with difficulty coaxed to a height of two or three feet, covering some farm-stable to the very roof with its luxuriant beauty, unheeded and unvalued. Foreign, half-hardy plants, which the beginner in gardening is most apt to choose, require as constant watchfulness of their individual traits and humoring of their idiosyncracies as children; and the mother who has the growth of her human plants to care for, should not attempt their culture unless she would earn a sure disappointment.

Let her devote the "patch of ground" to the hardy herbaceous plants and perennials, which will grow on from year to year, while she is pruning and training Tom and Mary. A tree or two, grape-vines, the innumerable hardy roses, the honeysuckles, the American ivy, the crimson trumpet creeper, will cover brick walls and bare ground with color and perfume, and give her at last, if not a "bit of Paradise," an old-fashioned garden. No better back-ground for their memories of childhood could be given to her little ones.

Home Work for October.—With the first cool nights the crowds of city people, chased by heat and disease out of dusty streets and rows of baking houses into mountain glens or gusty sea-beaches, begin to troop back, we can fancy with how many lingering looks behind. The dust begins to be cleared away from the modest little house-front in the suburb, and from the stately stone door-ways in fashionable quarters. Home is to be made ready in both houses for winter. The rich connoisseur in art brings back some treasure from Paris or Vienna to decorate the one, and the little shop-girl, bright-eyed and rosy after her brief holiday among the hills, dresses the parlor of the other with rare lichens and ferns, stopping to put a bit of gray moss under the blue ribbon of her hair. But with both there is the same sense of coming in-doors again; the same quickened desire to bring into their homes something of the wider beauty of nature and of art with which they have made friends outside. In the country, too, where householders are not driven from under their own roofs by the inhospitable-summer, fall is the season for not only cleaning, but for the altering and beautifying of the house for winter. Now are the parlors repapered, and the new curtains hung. With every year, too, there is developed among the people a higher taste and wider knowledge to apply to these ends. A few weeks ago we happened to see the state "keeping-room" of a well-to-do farmer, furnished precisely as it had been sixty years ago. Circular mats of glaring-colored rags, braided together, fitted the floor; on the corner cupboard, which still fitted the angle of the wall, stood a stuffed parrot; vases of wax-fruit, the like of which never grew, were on the mantle-shelf; and the sole decoration of the walls, a gorgeously-colored print of King George and Queen Caroline—their clothes the evident *motif* and object of the picture. Now-a-days, in the living room of such a house, we would find most probably a pretty chromo or photograph of a fine painting, or a plaster cast of some of the world-renowned shapes of beauty, bequeathed to us from past ages; in the vases, too, would be the real fern or autumn-leaves. It may be that the chromo or cast would cause a real artist to shiver; but they are many steps in advance of the sampler and parrot. This general, eager groping for beauty, ignorant, as it necessarily is in many cases, is one of the most hopeful signs of our civilization; and now is the time, of all others in the year, to make it apparent in our homes and every-day lives.

The Gems of Art has been so popular, this year, as a premium, that we shall continue it for next year. It consists, as we have already said, of twenty-five of the best steel-engravings that have appeared in this magazine. We will send it, in place of the premium picture, "Not Lost, But Gone Before," if preferred. Many ladies wrote to us, last year, that if they had known of it in time, they would have taken it for their premium instead of the mezzotint. They will now have a chance to secure it.

More For the Money can be had in "Peterson" than in any other ladies' magazine. On this point the newspaper press is unanimous. "Peterson" is just the magazine for the times.

The Novelet of "Theo," as our fair readers are finding out, is the best Miss Hodgson has ever written, and altogether the best that has appeared in any periodical this year.

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OUR PREMIUM MEZZOTINT FOR 1874, in the opinion of all who have seen it, is unequalled. The title is, "Not Lost, But Gone Before." It is best described by two quotations from Scripture. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." "In heaven *their angels do always behold* the face of My Father which is in heaven." No household will be complete without this touching and beautiful picture. By getting up a club for "Peterson," at our extremely low terms, you can secure this invaluable premium, which, at a retail store, would sell for five dollars. Understand, it is no cheap lithograph, but a first-class mezzotint. Begin, at once, to get up your clubs! Specimens of the magazine will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not soil your own copy.

TABLE-COVER, WITH ROMAN EMBROIDERY.—Half of one of the ends, and a small portion of the side-border, is given in the full size. This cover is particularly suitable for a boudoir-table. The cover may be of cloth, reps, or any suitable material. The border is of the *ecru* material, especially adapted to this work, and it is button-holed round the edge, and embroidered with silk of the same color. When the embroidery is finished, the *ecru* material is cut away outside the pattern, and furniture satin is placed under the back of the embroidery. An *ecru* linen-point braid is button-holed round the edge, and sewn over with long stitches, as shown in the design. A fringe, either *ecru*, or of the color of the satin, finishes the cover. The same design could be worked in nainsook muslin upon net, and would make a very beautiful antimacassar, the middle of which could be ornamented with any small pattern.

IT IS SAFEST, always, when remitting for a magazine or newspaper, to subscribe to the old established ones. Periodicals like "Peterson," that have been published for half a lifetime, involve no risk. But new enterprises, more than half the time end in disaster; and persons subscribing to them, lose their money as a consequence. Not one magazine out of a dozen that is started, succeeds; they live on for a few months, or years, and then die. It is only the long-established periodicals, in which tens of thousands of capital are invested, and whose circulation ensures stability as well as superiority, for which it is safe to subscribe in advance.

BE EARLY IN THE FIELD.—Now is the time to begin to get up clubs for 1874. You cannot commence too soon. Every year ladies write to us, that, if they had begun a little sooner, they could have had larger clubs. This is important, because the larger the club, the cheaper the magazine is to each subscriber. "Everybody prefers 'Peterson,' and says it is the cheapest and best," is what all tell us. If you start soon enough, you will have no difficulty in getting a club, or even several clubs, and so earning all the premiums. Ask your friends to compare "Peterson" with other magazines, and to observe how much better it is than those at the same price.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Young Lady's Friend. Edited and Revised by the author of "Unsettled Points of Etiquette. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—In republishing this excellent manual for young ladies, the new edition has done very good service to the rising generation, and one for which all parents will be grateful. Her part of the work is gracefully and pleasantly contributed, and the suggestions on good manners she offers to her readers will be found worthy of acceptance. Even a superficial reading of the volume by young ladies cannot fail to benefit them in morals, health, and manners, for it treats of all these things with serious consideration and singular good sense.

May. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.—If they all were not so excellent in plot, characters, and execution, we would be tempted to say that this is the best of Mrs. Oliphant's novels. But even when most absorbed by the exquisite style, purity, and strength of May, we recollect "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Margaret Maitland," and other works of hers, and remember that we have always thought her last novel the best. This present one is a curious and attractive study of those subtle forces of the mind which direct the actions of men and women to certain ends. Pure and passionate in its delineations of the master passion, love; introducing characters so true and good as to prove that the author's knowledge of the better side of human nature is broad and deep; a plot that will not be unraveled before the proper moment, despite the closest search; and beautiful in its descriptions of nature, this story will have all the reading world for its admirer. Mrs. Oliphant possesses that rare secret of literary art, how to excite to the utmost the interest of her readers without the most distant resort to any power of sensation. "May" aptly illustrates her power in this particular, for it is only an every day story, such as any of us may be called upon at any time to take part in.

Work. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—The author of this strong, wholesome book, which is full of what Carlyle calls "the endless significance of work," modestly designates it "a story of experience." From cover to cover its moral purpose asserts itself, and while we are not sure that novels, considered purely as works of art, ought to have any such purpose, we can find no objection to it in "Work." How pleasantly and attractively Miss Alcott writes is known to almost every one, for the number of intelligent people who have not read "Little Women," and "Little Men," is a very small one. Neither of those volumes, however, had the deep, earnest tone of "Work," though no doubt each was a story of experience as this one is. Miss Alcott here is writing for every young girl and woman—striving to use the talents that God has put into her hand or brain. She tells, in the form of a novel, what one young girl did, how, and why, and where she failed; how, and why, and where she succeeded—and her novel is as a guide-book to other young girls, who would work if they but knew the way. We had been better pleased if the sweet love story of the book had ended happily, but the sterner purpose of the author forbade such a conclusion.

Wit and Wisdom of George Eliot. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—This handsomely bound and printed volume of two hundred and fifty one pages, contains brief selections from the novels of George Eliot, made with taste and judgment. If this great novelist had written no more than is herein published, her fame would be only less than it now is, for she is an author who thinks profoundly and feels deeply. Out of her eventful experience have come these many wise deductions; and out of her exceptional intellectual strength and delicacy these words of exquisite wit.

I Go A-Fishing. By W. C. Prime. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Mr. Prime has, at various times, gone almost everywhere. He went boating in Egypt, tenting in the Holy Land, to the "Old House by the River," and in "Later Years" traveled about indiscriminately, and whenever he came home from one of his pleasant journeyings, he told us in the most attractive and absorbing manner all he had seen, heard, or learned. In "Going A-Fishing," he saw and heard a great deal, and this book recites it all. It is a good, chatty, lazy bit of scholarly gossip, making most charming reading.

Must it be? By Carl Detlef. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—This is a clever translation from the German of a very clever story, full of all manner of German philosophy, often inexpressibly sad, but ending happily for hero and heroine, and not so happily for those attempted to destroy their future. The book is very admirably illustrated.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

BOOKS BY THE BEST AUTHORS! IN SETS!—A set of each of the following works should be placed in every Library, and be found in every family in the land. They are published this day, and are for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia:

MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH'S WORKS.—Complete in 35 volumes, bound in morocco cloth, full gilt back, price $1.75 each; or $61.25 a set, each set in a neat box.

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS' WORKS. Complete in 20 volumes, bound in morocco cloth, full gilt back, price $1.75 each; or $35.00 a set, each set in a neat box.

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CHARLES DICKENS' WORKS. PEOPLE'S DUODECIMO EDITION.—This edition is printed on fine paper, from large, clear type, leaded, and contains Two Hundred Illustrations on tinted paper. Complete in 22 volumes, gilt back, price $1.50 each; or $34.00 a set, each set in a neat box. Green Cloth Edition, 22 vols., price $42.00 a set. Illustrated Octavo Edition, 18 vols., price $31.50 a set. Illustrated Duodecimo Edition, 34 vols., price $50.00 a set. Editions of all of the above are also issued in fine half calf bindings.

MISS ELIZA A. DUPUY'S WORKS. Complete in nine volumes, bound in morocco cloth, from new designs, full gilt back, price $1.75 each; or $15.75 a set, each set in a neat box.

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CHARLES LEVER'S WORKS.—Complete in ten volumes, bound in cloth, price $2.00 each; or $20.00 a set, each set in a neat box.

Sets of any of the above Works will be sent to any one, at once, to any place in the United States, free of expense for freight or postage, on remitting the price of the set or sets of books wished, to the Publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS.—Mr. J. H. Johnston's advertisement, 179 Smithfield street, Pittsburgh, Penn., has been published in this magazine during the past year. An annoying error has appeared in his advertisement in the price of Double Shot Guns. The minimum price of these goods should have been published at $8, instead of $3. We thus take this method of correcting the mistake.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. IX.—TEETHING—*Concluded.*

When children are cutting teeth, they should have the benefit of pure air, and more especially should this be attended to when fever occurs as the result of irritation from this cause. The room should be well ventilated, bed-curtains dispensed with, and the covering of the child, when confined to its couch, should be as light as is consistent with moderate warmth merely. Children who have passed through the more alarming stages of dentition, or some disease during this period, are frequently met with, who still seem to waste, to lose strength, and manifest great disinclination to take food. In these cases it becomes a nice question to determine whether purgative medicine should be administered. This point can safely be determined by distending the lips, and, though the tongue may appear clean, if the cavity of the mouth is found lined with adhesive, thick saliva, presenting the appearance of a gummy exudation, laxatives are clearly indicated.

In such cases rhubarb and magnesia (Husband's) can be advantageously administered, and the child will soon be more disposed to partake of nourishment. In the next place, where the tongue is clean, there is no medicine comparable with the aromatic sulphuric acid, in small doses, twice a day, to remove the debility, or restore the strength, and hasten convalescence.

Eczema, or clusters of vesicles, with burning heat, and porrigo, or scald-head, attended with or without enlargement of the submaxillary glands, (swelling beneath the under jaw,) often arise during dentition, and are obstinate affections. Attention to the gums, an occasional dose of rhubarb and magnesia, elder ointment, or dilute citrine ointment, will soon remove the cutaneous eruption; and an emetic of ipecac, at least twice a week, will generally soon cause an absorption of the glandular difficulty. Sometimes a little of the ointment of iodide of potassium is required to be rubbed around the swellings; and in cases of debility, it is well to administer the elixir of vitriol, or compound syrup of phosphates.

Very much more should be said in reference to the sympathies of dentition, to do the subject full justice; but these hints must suffice, with the addition of a few words in reference to a prejudice existing in the minds of some mothers against scarifying the gums. A popular error is, that if the cut gum heals before the tooth advances through it, a hard cicatrix is formed over it, which adds greater difficulty to subsequent protrusion. This is a fallacy, as the anatomy of the parts and daily experience declare; for the gums are of a spongy nature, very unlike muscular fibre, being soft and plentifully supplied with blood-vessels; and it matters not how often the lance is used, no increased hardness is ever observed. The other popular notion, that the gums should never be lanced until the teeth are near the surface, is equally fallacious, since the necessity and urgency of the operation are frequently as imperative when the teeth are deep-seated, because the capsules in which the teeth are inclosed become congested with blood, producing pressure on delicate nerves in contact with the advancing teeth, and thus occasioning the most severe pain. The free flow of dark, grumous blood, with the great relief afforded by it, is sufficient argument in favor of the remedy.

I have never known any injurious effects to arise from lancing the gums, but the cases are numerous, indeed, in which the most fatal consequences have resulted from neglect of this safe and simple act. Nay, it is sometimes necessary to scarify the gums when the points of the teeth, especially the canine and some of the molars, appear through the gum; for these sharp points become very broad toward the base, and the spaces in which the eye-teeth appear are often contracted by the teeth on either side, and they are, in consequence, cut with much more pain and difficulty.

Squinting, convulsions, water on the brain, and various spasmodic affections, and even the sudden loss of the power of walking, are among the serious products of a neglect of a timely free incision of the gums.

STAINING FLOORS.

New city houses, and a great many country houses also, even of not large cost, are most frequently built with hard wood floors; and now that October has come, and the question of getting new carpets is a serious one, we give receipts

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for staining floors, so that they will resemble closely the best hard wood. For sitting-rooms, libraries, and bath-rooms halls, and stair-ways, they are especially attractive.

To stain wood red, take two ounces of Brazil-wood, and two ounces of potash; mix them with a quart of water, and let the composition stand in a warm place for several days, stirring it occasionally; with this liquor, made boiling hot, brush over the wood, till the desired depth of color is obtained; then with another brush, brush over the wood, while yet wet, with a solution of alum, in the proportion of two ounces of alum to one quart of water.

For a pink or rose red, use double the quantity of potash.

For a less bright red, dissolve an ounce of dragon's blood in a pint of spirits of wine, and brush over the wood with the tincture, till the stain appear to be as strong as is desired; but this is, in fact, rather lacquering than staining.

For a pink or rose red, add to a gallon of the above infusion of Brazil-wood two additional ounces of the pearl-ashes; the red may be rendered yet paler, but it is proper, when more than this quantity is added, to make the alum-water stronger.

To stain wood black, brush the wood several times with a decoction of logwood, then several times with common ink.

To make a very fine black, brush over the wood with a solution of copper in nitric acid as for blue, and afterward with logwood, till all the greenness of the copper solution is gone.

To stain wood yellow, infuse an ounce of turmeric in a pint of spirits of wine, and let the mixture stand for several days, closely covered, shaking it occasionally. Brush this infusion over the wood . A reddish yellow may be given to the color by the addition of a little gum tragacanth. Diluted nitric acid will produce a similar color.

SLEEPING APARTMENTS.

"It must not be forgotten," remarks Hufeland, "that we spend a considerable portion of our lives in the bed-chamber, and consequently that its healthiness or unhealthiness, cannot fail of having a very important influence upon our physical well-being."

Every one, in fact, who is actuated by a due regard for his health and real comfort, will consider an equal degree of attention necessary in regard to the size, situation, temperature, and cleanliness of the room he occupies during the hours of repose, as of his parlor, drawing-room, or any other apartment; and yet how often do we find families crowded at night into obscure and confined chambers, of dimensions scarcely more ample than those of an old-fashioned closet, while, perhaps, in most instances, the best rooms in the house will be set aside for the sole purpose of ostentatious display.

It is all important that the largest and most lofty room, upon the second floor, be appropriated for the sleeping apartment, and that it be freely ventilated, during the day-time, at all seasons, when the weather is not rainy, or otherwise very humid. There are few houses, the rooms of which are so situated as to render the latter impracticable, and the influence of the practice upon the health of the inmates is too important to permit its being neglected from any slight cause.

A bed-chamber should be divested of all unnecessary furniture, and unless of considerable size, should never contain more than one bed. There cannot be a more pernicious custom, than that pursued in many families, of causing the children, more especially, to sleep in small apartments, with two or three beds crowded into the same room.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that cleanliness, in the most extensive signification of the term, is, if possible, even more necessary, in reference to the bed-chamber, than to almost any other apartment.

FRECKLES.

The September days are the harvest time of the summer's sowing of freckles. They are either natural, or proceed accidentally from jaundice, or the action of the sun upon the part. Heat, or a sudden change of the weather, will often cause the skin to appear of a darker color than natural, and thereby produce what is called *tan*, *sunburn*, etc., which seem to differ only in degree, and usually disappear in winter. Persons of a fine complexion, and those whose hair is red, are the most subject to freckles, especially in those parts which they expose to the air.

The origin of freckles has been thus explained: in the spring, the skin, from the warm covering which the body has had in winter, and from various other causes, is peculiarly sensitive. The heat of the sunbeams now draws out drops of moisture, which do not dry as rapidly as in summer. These drops operate like a convex glass, to concentrate the rays, which are thus made to act powerfully on the *rete Malpighii*, and the carbon which it contains is half acidified, and this substance, in this state, always has a dark color. In the same manner arises the dark tint which the skin in general assumes in summer, and which fire communicates to artisans who labor constantly in its immediate vicinity. The only bad effect of freckles is, that they induce ladies to keep themselves shut up from the influence of the weather, or to apply injurious washes to the face to remove them.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

Soup with Poached Eggs.—Poach some eggs (one for each person, and one over) in salted water, with a little vinegar, some peppercorns, and a few leaves of parsley, in a shallow pan, just long enough to set the yolks slightly; take out each egg with a slice, brush it clean with a paste brush, and cut it with a round, fluted paste-cutter, about two inches in diameter, so as to get all the eggs a uniform shape, and leave neither too much nor too little white round them. Turn the egg over carefully, brush it clean, and lay it in the soup tureen, ready filled with boiling hot, clear, jelly-broth. The water in which the eggs are poached should be kept at boiling point, but never boil. Some leaves, or very small sprigs of chervil, may be served in the soup.

Julienne Soup.—Cut some carrots, turnips, leeks, onions, and celery into shreds; boil the leeks and celery in salted water until quite done. Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into a stew-pan; place it on the fire, when melted, throw in the carrot and turnip, stir it over the fire five minutes, then throw in the onions; fry all together until it begins to color; stir the whole time; drain the butter, and put in about a gill of clear stock; let it boil quickly until reduced to a glaze, then add as much clear stock as you require soup; l[illegible] it boil ten minutes very gently, skim off the fat, th[illegible] in the leeks and celery, a few leaves of tarragon, and a litt[illegible] salt to taste, add a small piece of white sugar; let it come [illegible] the boil, and serve.

Soup from Calf's Feet.—Take four feet, clean them nicely, and put them on to boil with rather more water than to cover them. Add to this three onions, sliced, three turnips, cut in quarters, three carrots, sliced, a bunch of parsley, the green top of a head of celery, chopped fine, with salt and pepper to the taste. While boiling, remove all the fat and scum. If the water boils away too much, add a little more. Just before serving, roll a piece of buttter in some flour and stir it in.

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MEATS.

Beef-steak and Kidney-Pudding.—Take two pounds of rump-steak, two kidneys, seasoning to taste with salt and black pepper; suet crust made with milk, in the proportion of six ounces of suet to each pound of flour. Procure some tender rump-steak, that which has been hung a little time, and divide it into pieces about an inch square, and cut each kidney into eight pieces. Line the dish with crust made with suet and flour in the above proportion, leaving a small piece of crust to overlap the edges. Then cover the bottom with a portion of the steak, and a few pieces of kidney; season with salt and pepper, and then add another layer of steak, kidney, and seasoning. Proceed in this manner till the dish is full, when pour in sufficient water to come within two inches of the top of the basin. Moisten the edges of the crust, cover the pudding over, press two crusts together, that the gravy may not escape, and turn up the overhanging paste. Wring out a cloth in hot water, flour it, and tie up the pudding; put it into boiling water, and let it boil for at least four hours. If the water diminishes, always replenish, as the pudding should be kept covered all the time, and not allowed to stop boiling. When the cloth is removed, cut out a round piece in the top of the crust, to prevent the pudding bursting, and send it to table in the basin, either in an ornamental dish, or with a napkin pinned round it. Serve quickly. For a pudding with two pounds of steak and two kidneys, allow four hours.

Beef Cooked in a French Manner.—Procure five pounds of beef, and three-quarters of a pound of fat bacon; cut the latter into strips, and roll each strip separately in a seasoning of parsley and pepper, and then lard the beef thickly over with them. Place some veal-bones at the bottom of an earthenware-pan, which has a cover to it; tie the larded beef round with a fillet, and place it upon the bones. Then pour over it, very slowly, two tablespoonfuls of rum, taking care that the rum sinks gradually into the beef. Place a thin slice of bacon at the top; then wash and cut up the following vegetables: a few carrots, an onion, half a turnip, and one head of celery. Put these into the pan, together with three bay leaves, some peppercorns, and a bunch of sweet herbs, tied up in a muslin bag, and pour over the whole a large cupful of stock. Cover the pan, and, to prevent the aroma from escaping, paste a strip of paper round where the lid joins. Bake in a moderate oven for four hours; garnish when cold with jelly, and with the vegetables which have been stewed with the meat.

To Roast Ducks.—Be careful to clear the skin entirely from the stumps of the feathers; take off the heads and necks, but leave the feet on, and hold them for a few minutes in boiling water to loosen the skin, which must be peeled off. Wash the insides of the birds by pouring water through them. Put into the bodies a seasoning of boiled onions, mixed with minced sage, salt, pepper, and a slice of butter. Cut off the pinions, at the first joint, from the bodies, truss the feet behind the backs, and roast the birds at a brisk fire, but do not place sufficiently near to be scorched; baste them constantly, and when the breasts are well plumped, and the steam from them draws toward the fire, dish, and serve them quickly, with a little good brown gravy poured round them, and some in a tureen. Young ducks should be roasted half an hour; full-size, from three-quarters to one hour.

Barbooch'e.—Shred some onions very fine, and fry them in butter of a nice brown. Mince some cold, boiled beef very fine, add to it a tablespoonful of curry-powder, and mix with the onions and sufficient good stock to make it about the consistence of thick bread-sauce. Put all together in a sauce-pan, and let it simmer gently for ten or fifteen minutes. Fill some small pudding-cups with the mixture, grating some fine bread-crumbs over the top of each; set them in the oven, and let them remain a quarter of an hour.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Eggs for Hatching.—To all more or less experienced chicken-rearers, a few practical suggestions on hatching should be far from inappropriate. As regards eggs, after an experience of twenty years, we confess our utter inability to tell what sort of egg contains a cock or hen chicken, and, after comparing notes with the most intelligent and trustworthy breeders, we believe no mark or shape of egg can determine the much-desired information. For fortunate hatching, nevertheless, the egg must be picked. A thin-shelled egg is almost certain to be broken, and so spoil a whole nest. An unusually long egg, if of ordinary thickness or a little more, has, in all probability, a double yolk, and will produce, in most cases, nothing, and, if anything, a monster, probably. A shorter egg than usual is also to be discarded, and so should one laid upward of ten or twelve days, if strong, lively ones are wanted. Eggs one month old will hatch, but the produce are nearly always of feeble constitution. The shape will depend much on the particular breed; but, compared with the standard of its own class, the oval, neither too long nor too short, is best for hatching. There is no need, as some have supposed, of turning those preserved for that purpose every day. But, in cold weather, gather them from the nests twice or even thrice a day, and do not expose them to the air when gathered, and store them with the narrow end downward.

Household Hints.—Keep your meat in a dry, cool place, your fish on ice, and your vegetables on a stone floor free from air. Cut your soap when it comes in, and let it dry slowly. Keep your sweet herbs in paper bags, each bag containing only one description of herb. They should be dried in the wind, and not in the sun; and when ordered in a receipt should be cautiously used, as a preponderance in any seasoning spoils it. When oranges or lemons are used for juice, chop down the peel, put it in small pots, and tie them down for use. Apples should be kept on dry straw, in a dry place, and pears hung up by the stalk.

To Clean a Silk Dress.—Take one quarter of a pound of honey, one quarter of a pound of soft soap (buy the latter at a chemist's,) and a gill of gin or spirits of wine. Add to this two quarts of boiling soft water, and let it stand all night. With the mixture scrub the silk on a clean deal table with a small hard brush, putting each piece as it is cleaned through water three times, twice through soft water, and then through hard. Hang the pieces up somewhere to drain, and iron it while still wet, laying over it a fold of muslin to prevent the iron (which iron must be hot) from coming in contact with the silk.

Nourishment of Plants.—In respect to nourishment, plants differ from animals. In the latter, fullness of feeding advances productivity; but in plants, where they receive abundant nourishment, their flowers and fruit are long in appearing; but when the nourishment is feeble, and the vegetable languishes, its reproductive powers act with rapidity. The less nourishment it receives, the more ready it is to reproduce.

To Wash White Alpaca and Mohair Garibaldis.—Boiled white soap and lukewarm water must be used, (hot water will make the material yellow at once,) and after the alpaca has been washed in this, and the soap thoroughly removed by rinsing in cold water, it must pass through water with a very little blue in it, and afterward ironed while damp with a handkerchief or linen cloth over it.

To Remove Grease from Silk.—Mix fuller's-earth into a paste with water, and put it upon the spots. Rub it off when dry. The grease will be removed without injury to the silk.

Starch for Fine Muslin.—Isinglass is a very delicate starch for fine muslin, also rice. Some add a very little fine salt to starch.

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Cleaning Black Lace.—Sponge the lace carefully with gin, or, if preferred, with green tea, and wind it round a bottle to dry, as if touched with an iron it would become glossy and have a flattened appearance. It must not be put near the fire, as it would lose its color, and look rusty.

To Restore Linen that has Long been Stained.—Rub the stains on each side with wet, brown soap. Mix some starch to a thick paste with cold water, and spread it over the soaped places. Then expose the linen to the sun and air; and if the stains have not disappeared in three or four days rub off the mixture, and repeat the process with fresh soap and starch. Afterward dry it, wet it with cold water, and put it in the wash.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF TWO SHADES OF BLUE SILK.—The skirt has points of light blue, laid on plain, with a bias band of the lighter color as a heading, surmounted by a larger point of the darker shade, edged with the lighter. The upper-skirt is pointed, and edged with the light. The basque is cut in deep points, both front and back, with a plain binding of light. Coat-sleeves, ruffled at the hand. Bonnet made of two shades of velvet. Straw-colored gloves.

FIG. II.—RECEPTION-DRESS OF GREEN SILK.—The skirt is quite plain, and the waist is round, worn with a belt and buckle. The velvet mantelet is drawn in at the waist, which forms a sleeve, trimmed in the back with two lace flounces, and headed by a satin band. The fronts are edged with narrow lace, which is carried around the neck.

FIG. III.—DINNER-DRESS OF MAROON SILK, trimmed, with three bias pieces of velvet of the same shade, six inches wide at the edge of the skirt, narrowing toward the waist, and extending over the shoulders, and edged with a box-plaiting of silk. Coat-sleeves, with trimming to match the skirt.

FIG. IV.—MORNING-DRESS OF WHITE CASHMERE, MADE WITH A WATTEAU PLAIT IN THE BACK.—The skirt is trimmed in front with a ruffle of cashmere, which extends from the edge to the neck, headed by a quilting of purple silk or ribbon. Very wide sleeves, with coat sleeves underneath, trimmed in the same way.

FIG V.—VISITING-DRESS OF GREEN SILK.—The skirt and waist are plain; the mantelet is the same shade as in Fig. 2. Bonnet of black velvet, with green feather.

FIG. VI.—SUIT FOR A GIRL OF SIX YEARS.—The skirt is dark-green velveteen; the Polonaise is made of gray cloth, edged with Grebe fur. Brown felt hat, with velvet band and wing.

GENERAL REMARKS.—During the present month there will be very few novelties to chronicle. Never do I remember fashion so independent; it is varied to an unprecedented extent; the selection of styles is so great as to be confusing. The fronts of costumes may be plain or covered with flounces and bows, the train opening to show off the ornaments. Polonaises and bodices with basques and tunics are both equally fashionable. The Polonaise is considered the more *negligé*, and the more suitable for day and in-door wear. When the skirt is trained, then the Polonaise is no longer worn, except it differs in material from the skirt.

FOR TRAVELING COSTUMES, alpaca has come into great favor. Steel-gray is a favorite color, and it is usually trimmed either with black velvet, or with faille to match the material. These alpaca costumes are almost invariably made with a silk waistcoat, and often with a white pique one likewise, the latter being trimmed with a narrow quilting of muslin, festooned at the edge. These waistcoats make a convenient change when traveling, as they afford variety without adding considerably to the luggage.

SASHES are always worn with white muslin dresses, whether they have high or low bodices; and, indeed, ribbons are now arranged in the most fantastic manner in front, at the back, at the side, on one shoulder, and on both shoulders; and they are manufactured in every imaginable variety. They are of all widths, too, and seem to have no wrong side. Some are watered on one side and satin on the other; half moire and half faille; or half faille and half gauze. Another variety is thick, with fine satin stripes that look like streaks of lightning traversing the color. Ribbons are also made of two shades, and worn on dresses of the same tints—dark-violet or dark-blue on one side, and light-violet or light blue on the other, of two different colors to suspend a locket or cross from the neck, black on one side, and the color of the dress on the other—that is gray, blue, or green; in fact, French ingenuity appears to have devoted itself specially to ribbons and laces this year.

Now that lace jackets and mantles are re-appearing, it is amusing to note how many half-square lace shawls have been converted into mantelets and tunics. The simplest plan to make a fashionable fichu with a "lace point," as it is technically termed, is to take it with both hands in the center of the back, and gather it up until it is the size of a large fichu; then put it over the bodice, cross the ends in front, and cross them carelessly at the back, either at the waist or lower down, on the skirt, if the point is large enough. The plaits are fastened at the top of the back of the neck, under a watered ribbon bow with long ends. It is a transformation which answers in a way, but is, of course, not so satisfactory as a real fichu.

There are a thousand novelties in *lingerie* to record, but I will only here enumerate those most generally adopted. Tulle fraises, mounted under white plaitings of either pink or blue silk, are now universally worn on black dresses; neck-tye of China crepe and Valenciennes lace, collars and sleeves of sailor-blue linen, edged with narrow Valenciennes; bodices of blue linen, braded with fine white braid, and trimmed with Irish guipure; Louis XIII. bodices, all of guipure, copied from old patterns; under-sleeves and fraises, also guipure, are all in vogue. These guipure bodices are sometimes lined with colored silk, and prove very effective.

The fashions in ornaments are undergoing quite a revolution, as very few earrings and lockets are now worn by our *elegantes*. Bracelets, which had to some extent been abandoned, are now, on the contrary, very much in favor, particularly a style of bracelet called "porte-bonheur," which is a plain gold circlet, of equal width all around, and without the slightest ornamentation. The only styles of earrings now affected, are diamonds and pearls without drops. Chatelaines are in great favor, and especially old ones; and on the right or opposite side there is a silver or gold hook, from which is suspended the large black fan, painted with flowers, and mounted on ebony sticks.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A GIRL OF EIGHT YEARS, MADE OF GRAY CASHMERE.—The skirt has a flounce eight inches deep, headed by a ruching of blue velvet. The Polonaise is looped in the back only, and is trimmed to match the skirt. Low felt hat, trimmed with flowers, and a short veil.

FIG. II.—SUIT FOR A GIRL OF FIVE YEARS.—The skirt is made of maroon poplin. The coat is made of dark cloth, trimmed with a stamped velvet ribbon. Round hat.

FIG. III.—SUIT FOR A GIRL OF FIVE YEARS, MADE OF WHITE PIQUE.—Plain skirt, waist made open over a chemisette. Rabagas hat.

FIG. IV.—HIGHLAND SUIT FOR A BOY OF SIX YEARS.

FIG. V.—SUIT FOR A GIRL OF SIX YEARS.—The skirt is plain, with a peplum basque. Watteau Polonaise of striped blue, and black silk, with a quilling of blue. Gipsy hat, with blue ribbon and flowers.

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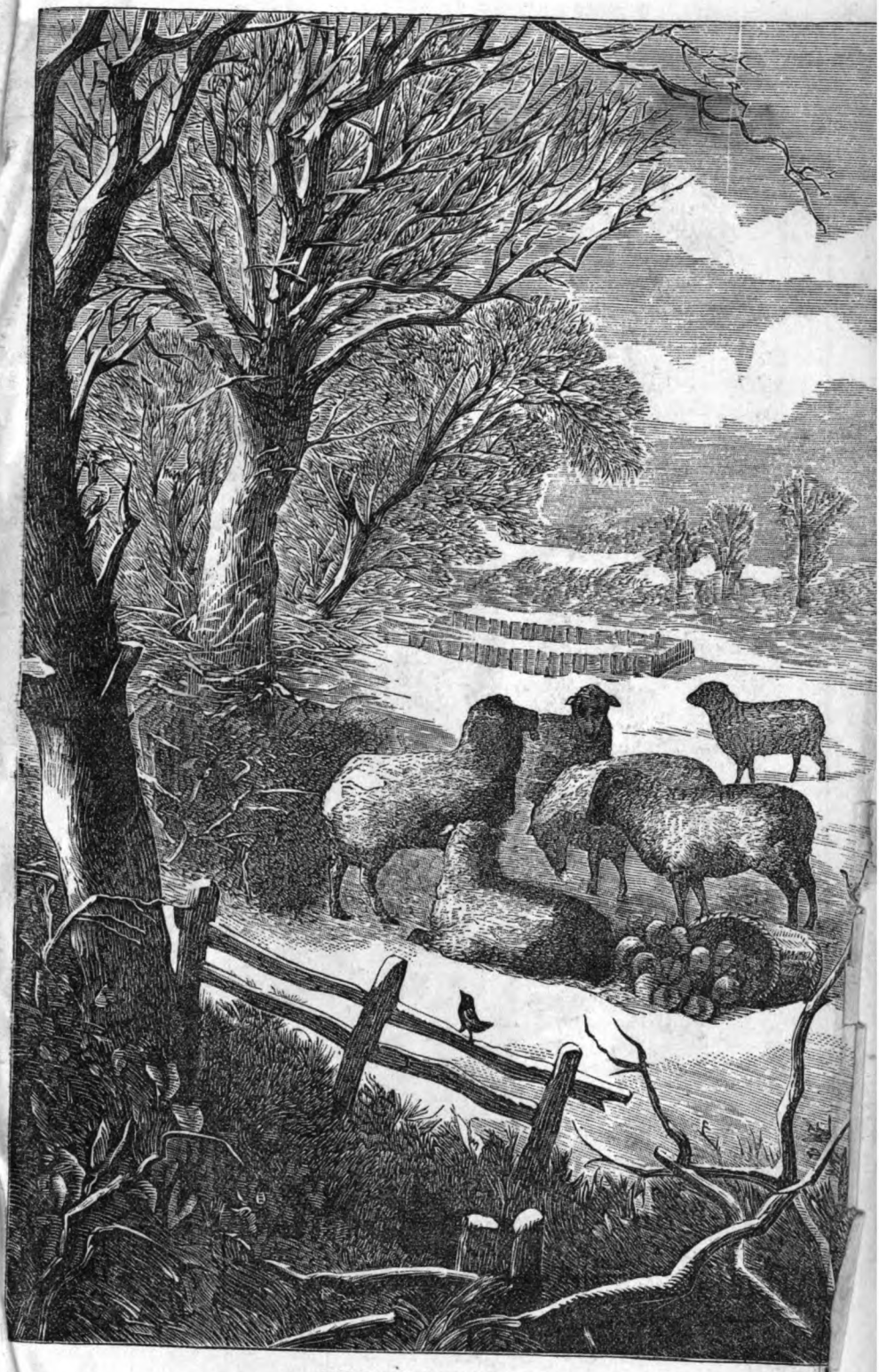

THE FIRST NOVEMBER SNOW.

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CROSS OF THE BROOK.

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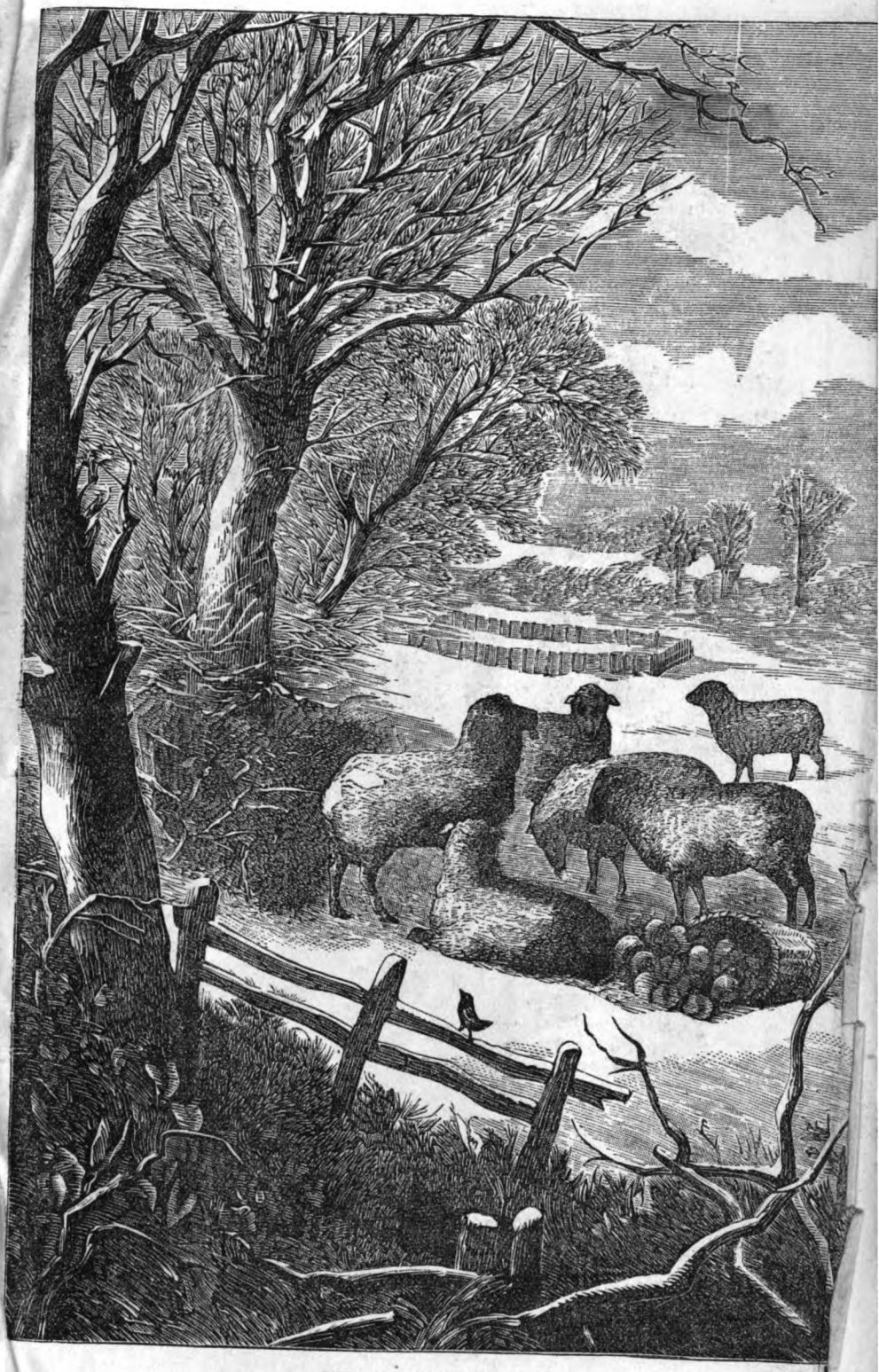

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

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BRAIDED TUSSORE SILK COSTUME (FRONT.) LACE FRAISE.

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BRAIDED TUSSORE SILK COSTUME (BACK.) CHEMISETTE AND CUFF.

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EVENING HEAD-DRESS (BACK.) CHIGNONS

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NEW STYLE HATS.

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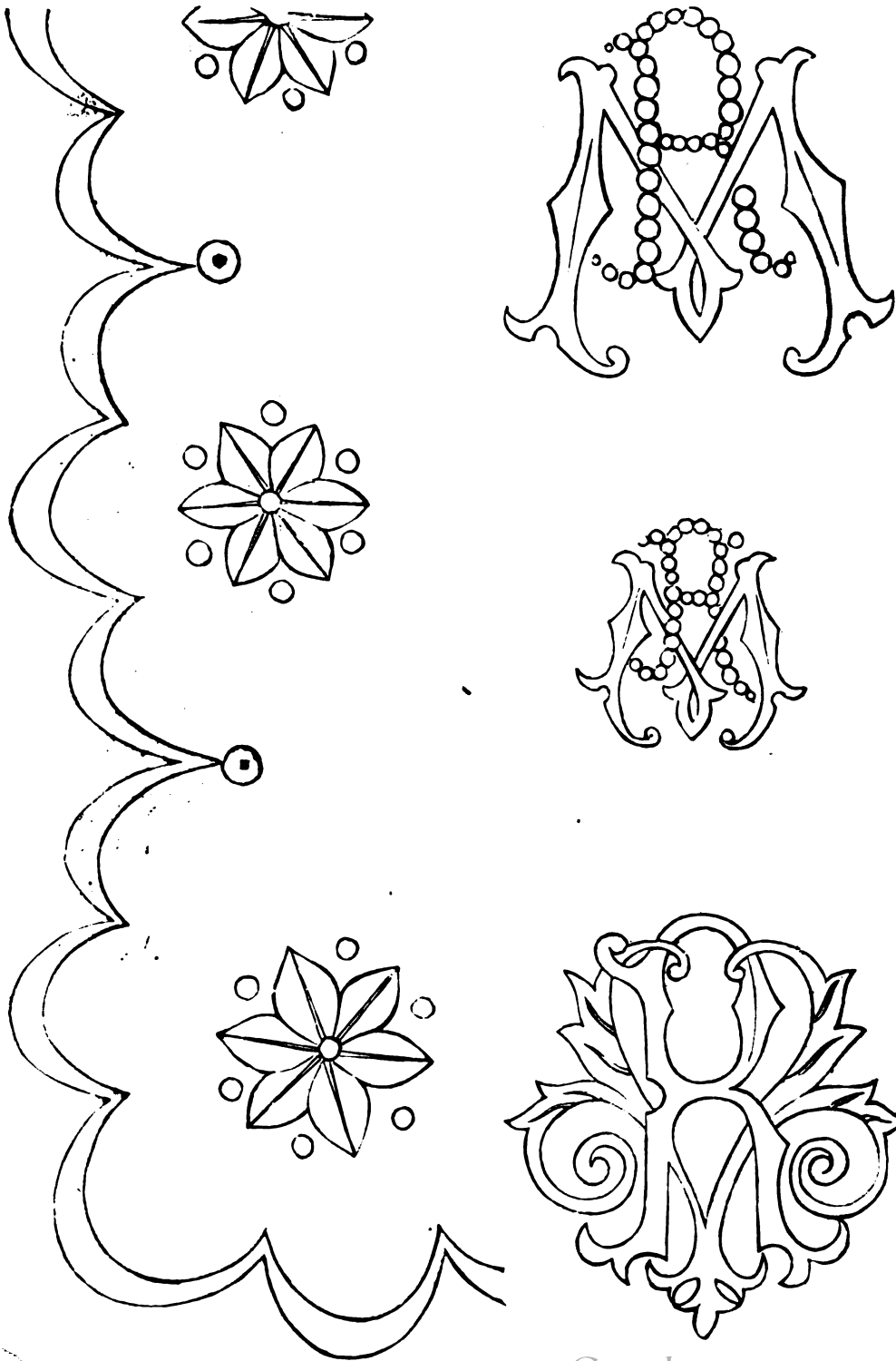

PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY. MONOGRAMS.

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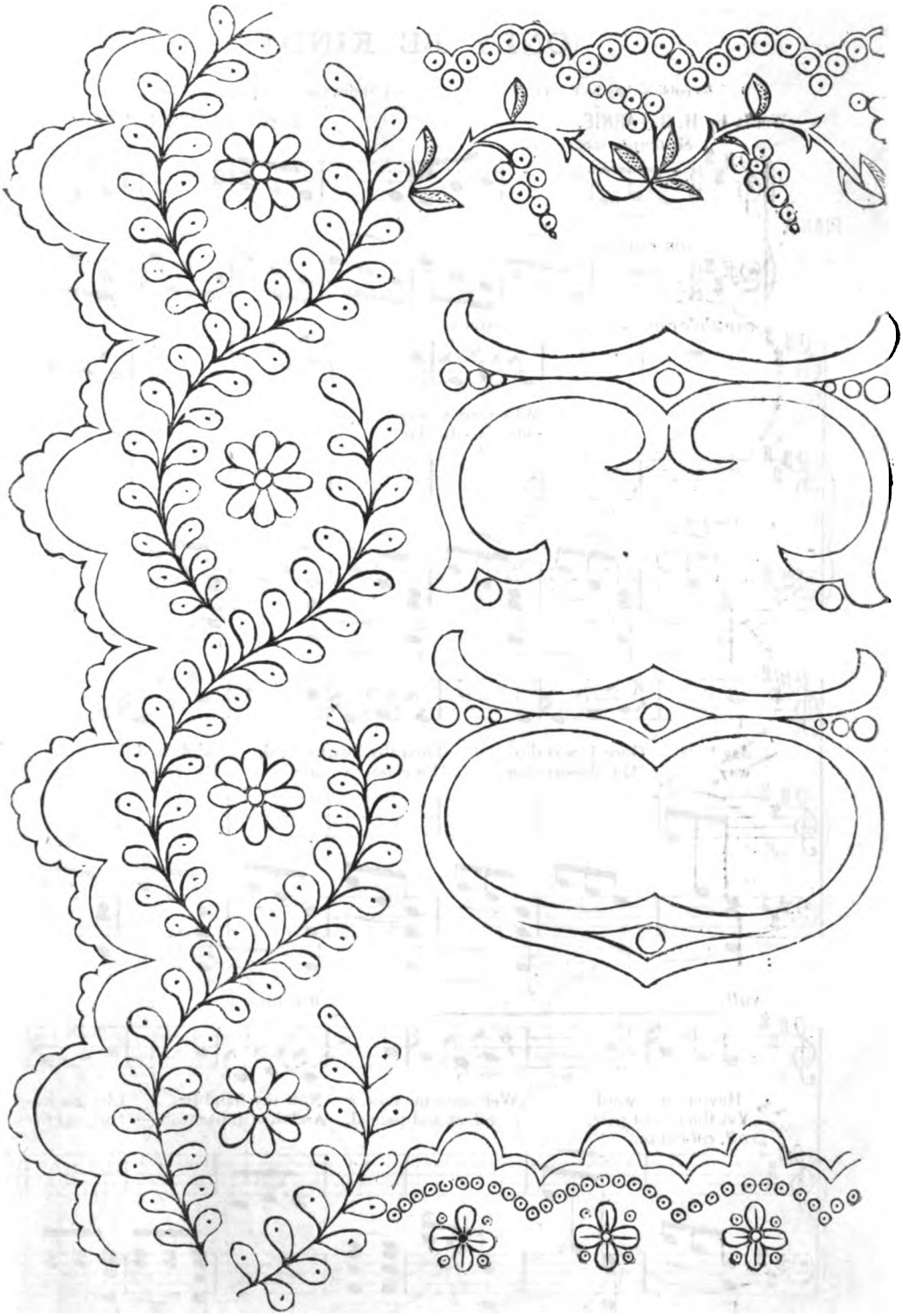

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SPEAK TO ME.

(ONLY BE KIND.)

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Words by H. B. FARNIE. Music by FABIO CAMPANA.

Sostenuto assai.

PIANO.

con espress. *rit.*

cantibile espress. e molto accentato.

1. Why turn a - way When I draw near? Why cold to-
2. One i - dle day Thou didst deplore Some cast a-

p *a tempo.*

day? Once I was dear! Then thy heart stirr'd, And flush'd thy brow;
way On de-sert shore; 'Twas but a tale By po - et feigned,

rall. *a tempo.*

Nev-er a word Welcomes me now. Now thy hand lies List-less in
Yet thou didst pale, Silent and pained, And thou didst moan,— Sad, sad to

rall. col canto.

sf

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mine, Once its replies Spake love di - vine! Cold, as if we Never had
be Ut - ter-ly lone By the bleak sea! My life is drear; I cast a-

sf

rall. *a tempo.*

met, Can it then be Hearts can for-get? Ah! ..... Speak to me,
way; Give me the tear Thou shedd'st that day.

sf *col canto.*

speak; Be my heart heard, Or will it break For one poor word!

a tempo.

con grazia. *con grazia, rall.*

No vow to bind, No pledge I seek, On-ly be kind, Speak to me, speak!

rall. col canto.

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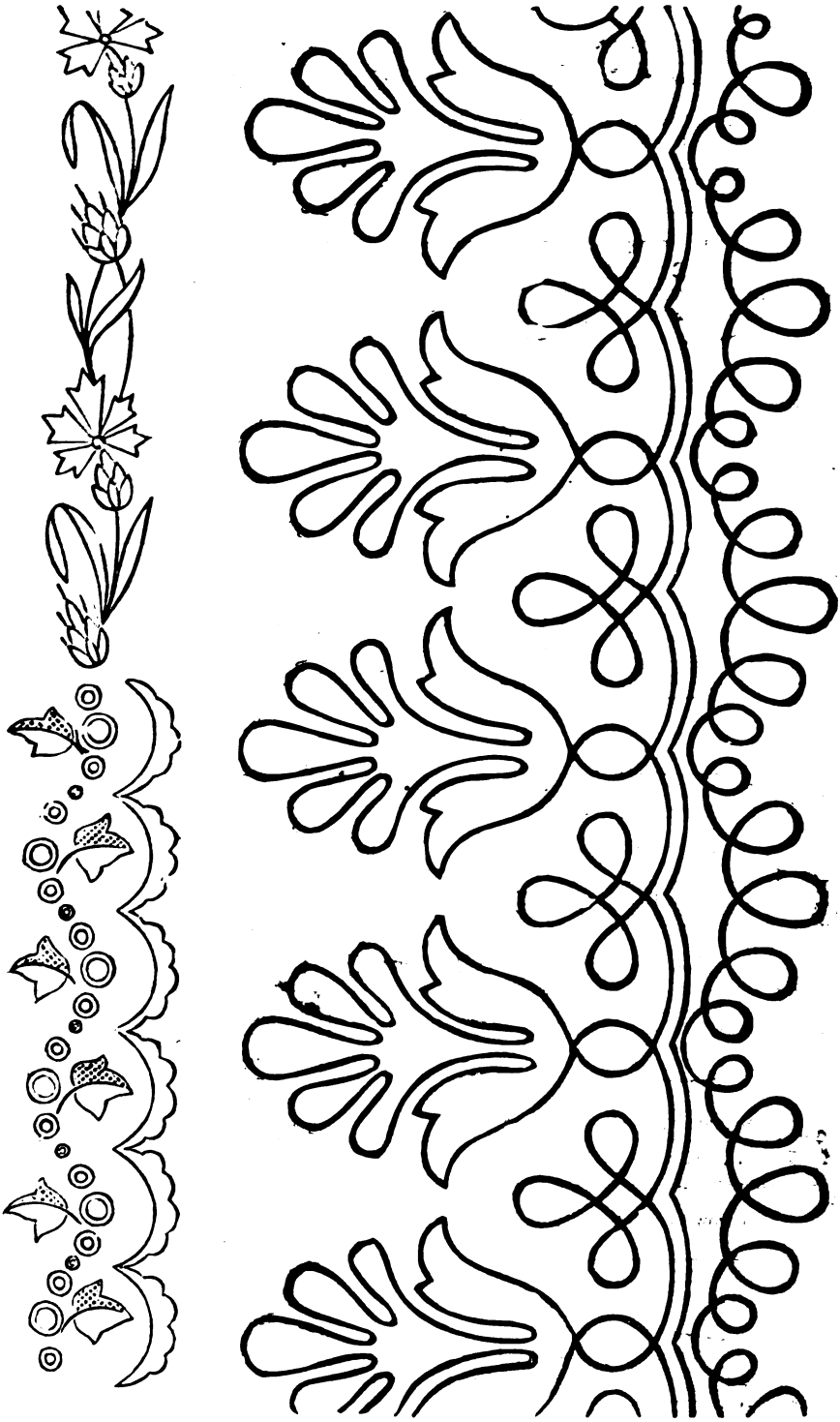

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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ROGER AND I.

BY ELIZABETH LAURENTS.

"I'LL be at St. Charles Hotel at two this afternoon. Don't disappoint me, if you still love your—Nell."

I had been married nearly a year, when I found this torn scrap of a note in my husband's coat-pocket one bright spring morning. He had gone away, as usual, after breakfast, kissing me good-by with more than customary tenderness, and I came up to our room to find and read this bit of treachery.

For a moment my brain seemed turning to ice, and the place grew dark around me; but outraged affection and indignation soon brought me to my senses, and I sat down to think. Alas! it was impossible! For an hour I was at the mercy of my tumultuous feelings, and only forced myself to calmness by the necessity of seeking some explanation of the mystery.

We had been living in N—— C—— since our marriage, and had no friend who answered to the name signed to the note. My husband was an only child, and had no relative except his parents and a couple of uncles, who lived in Vermont. I had two sisters and a few cousins, but not one named Nell—no, nor even a friend. Clearly, it must be some one of whom my husband had never spoken to me.

As I tormented myself with various doubts, I suddenly remembered the the solicitude with which he had spoken of my health the evening before, when I was persuading him to accompany me to a little picnic to be given that day by a friend in the country.

He thought it wouldn't be prudent for me to be so long out on the ground, which was still a little damp from the past week's rain, that the day would fatigue me too much—in short, as he had said, "I couldn't think of letting my little wife expose herself so *now*;" and as I recalled his look as he lowered his voice at this last word, my whole being seemed filled with hatred to the man who had played me false, and with eyes from which anger had dried the tears, and cheeks blazing with excitement, I planned my course of action.

The coat in which I had found the treacherous note was one which needed repairing, and, as was my custom, I emptied the pockets before sending it to the tailor, and so had discovered what he had evidently neglected to destroy. I determined to send the coat, say nothing of the note, and make my own observations.

It was now nearly noon, and I lay down to get a few moments' rest before performing the task upon which I was resolved, as the morning's excitement had told upon my strength, not now of the best. As my eye fell on different objects in the room I was reminded of the happy days I had spent there since my marriage. We were both nearly alone in the world, and had been all in all to each other, and then my embittered heart whispered mercilessly, "Yes, and while you thought him so careful of you he was only arranging to meet his 'still loved Nell!'—love him, trust him, if you can!" Love tried to plead for him, but her gentle voice was drowned in the tumult of bitterness, anger and hatred which overwhelmed me. I yielded myself to these stormy passions till, in the burning face and tight-shut lips of the resolute woman who stood before the mirror, I scarcely knew the happy wife of six hours before. My purpose gave me strength, and I was astonished how I told my little maid-of-all-work to prepare dinner an hour later, as I was going out.

With a firm, rapid step I walked to the St. Charles. I happened to know that No. 11 was a private parlor, and seating myself in one opposite, leaving the door open, I waited. As I sat in the shadow there was little danger of any one entering the room opposite seeing me, and I had purposelydisguised my dress, and wore a heavy veil.

The clock on a neighboring church struck two,

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and as I heard footsteps approaching, forgetting my caution, I threw back my veil and saw a lady entering No. 11. She was slight, and dressed in deep mourning. Scarcely had she closed the door when I heard another step, which made my heart sink, and I dropped my veil involuntarily. Nearer it came, and nearer; ah, I knew it so well—too well! The door opened, closed, and all was still.

I sat quiet, silent—immovable as though turned to stone. Had I seen all this and still lived? Where was my heart that it did not ache? Where were the memories of those happy days that they did not rouse me to action? Where were those kisses that they did not fire my lips to words of keenest reproach and scorn? Where were the hopes that had lately blossomed in my breast that they did not drive me mad? Alas! I knew not. Every thought and feeling seemed to have died within me, and I sat cold and still.

A noise roused me, and I saw the couple leaving their trysting-place. It was well their own thoughts kept them from seeing the eager eyes which looked at them from my white face. Her veil was down, but I caught a glimpse of golden hair, and saw that a little, white hand rested on his arm. "We will take a carriage, and have just time to catch the express"—then they were gone; gone, and with them my happiness. I had often said I would sacrifice my happiness for his; could it be that I was to be taken at my word?

I went home. Home! It was my home no longer! Where should I go? I had heard that there were things a person could take which would put them to sleep so they would never awake. I thought how I should look, and wondered if Roger would come and find me: if he would be sorry; if he would kiss me, and think how happy we used to be. Then the thought came like a flash that I was not alone, there was some one else for me to think of, and one day to care for. After this my only thought was to find some place where I could hide myself away, and make ready for my treasure. I longed to go to my sister, but she was far away; and I think now that in all my misery and anger I must have loved my husband, for an instinctive feeling rose in my heart against exposing him by going home. The memory of my childhood's nurse came to me; she was now living in a little village not many miles from N——C——, and though now growing old, I knew she loved me well, and would care for me. As I gathered together a few things for my present need the old love came back to me, and the tears flowed fast as I was ever reminded of the watchful love which had cared for my wants so tenderly, and I found myself unwilling to part with so many little evidences of this affection. Then came the recollection of the day's bitter experience, and I steeled my heart to all such weakness and dashed my tears angrily away. Did he shed tears when he left you for her? Did his heart ache when he pressed his faithless kiss upon your lips?

I wrote a note to Roger, telling him the events of the day, and bidding him farewell. There was no tenderness or even friendliness in it. I wrote as I felt, bitter, stern, and hard-hearted. I took care to give no clue to my whereabouts, and left it on our table.

Just as I was leaving the house his messenger-boy brought me a note, saying he had been obliged to go to Scarborough, a town twenty miles distant, in great haste, but would return at midnight; in the meantime I must not be lonely, he would come as soon as possible. My mind was made up past all wavering now. Could anything be cooler or more deliberate than this? Was he not at the hotel with her, and could not even tell me good-by! Ah, well! he would have no hindrance now; and, after all, if he was happy, it wouldn't matter much about me, I felt that I should soon be at rest. I told my girl she might have holiday for a week, and leaving the key with a neighbor, as I often did if going out when Roger was away, I took the train for L——, reached there about nine o'clock, and went to nurse Amy's. I found her alone, had strength enough left to ask her to let me stay, and then I knew no more.

The first thing after that that I remember was early on a beautiful morning; I heard the birds singing, and felt the pure cool air on my face. Before I opened my eyes I knew the sun was shining, and smelled the fragrance of the rose I saw near my bed. Everything looked so fresh and clean in the room, which was strange to me. I lay looking around, feeling too weak and happy to move or think how I came there, when I heard a tiny cry, and looking, saw beside me a wee little baby. It seemed so odd, but before I could think further it turned and looked at me with Roger's eyes.

Then I knew—then all the past came back to me, but only for a moment. I was too weak to think long, and gave myself up to the delicious sense of rest and peace which possessed me. When I opened my eyes again, Roger himself was bending over me with a look on his face I shall never forget.

"My dear little wife," he said, in the clear old tone, "God has been very good to give you

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back to me. I thought once," and his voice trembled. Never mind now, don't try to remember anything. Some day I will tell you. Kiss me now and go to sleep, darling."

Too happy to do anything else, I obeyed him, and when I awoke again, I felt like myself once more.

Very precious to me were the days which followed with my husband and my boy. I did as Roger told me, and lived only in the present.

One day early in September we went back to our own little home. Roger had it put in order, and nurse Amy was to go with us to stay through the winter. That night, after we had gone to our room, and little Lloyd was asleep in his cradle, Roger called me to him and opened his arms. But I sat on a low stool at his feet with my head on his knee and my hand clasped, and waited. This is what he told me.

When at college, my dearest friend was Nellman Eliot. He was younger than I, and, partly because he was in delicate health, and partly because he was shy and grave, I became his champion in his sports and plays, and his protector where he would never have defended himself. Having no brother, he seemed very near to me, and it was a trial to us both when he went to India to join his father at the completion of his course. A year or two after I heard of his death, and it was not until that day I learned it was a false report. He had returned to Scarborough the week before, heard that I was here, and sent for me to meet him at the hotel, as he was not well enough to hunt me up. I went, but found his sister, who told me he was too ill to leave home, but wished me to come to him. There was no time to lose—I could only write you a word. He had been taken suddenly worse after his sister left, and I only reached him in time for a dying farewell. I took the first train home to ask you to go and stay with his poor young wife, and I found——" Here, for the first time, he stopped. His hands were wet with my tears, and he leaned forward to clasp me in his arms, but I drew back—I was too unworthy. How could he, so noble and true, have ever loved me through all my silly, wicked suspicion? Could I ever look at him again? for my shame it seemed as though I could not bear the gaze of those clear, dark eyes—how could I ever have distrusted him?

Something of this he must have seen in my downcast face, for he raised me tenderly, saying, "My poor child, you were not so much to blame—I had left you too much alone. I ought to have told you, you were far from well. We will forget it all now."

I slipped from his knee and brought him our baby. Dear Roger, for his sweet sake, forgive me! I know I was wrong——" but he would not let me finish. Taking us both in close embrace, he said,

"Little wife, let us both thank God that He has kept us for each other, and given us this precious gift to gladden our hearts and brighten our days. And now the past is all forgotten, and we are glad to be at home."

There was a new tenderness in his voice and manner, and as he kissed us both, I knew that I was very happy.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

How was it? Well, at first he came and went
As others did; he talked to each in turn;
His mind on farming suddenly was bent,
He seemed desirous every way to learn;
He told the boys of every fond intent,
Talked with the mother of her patent churn.
The flattered father felt himself more wise,
Such growing interest lit the stranger's eyes.

And then, somehow, he always seemed to find
A vacant seat by Lucy; and he took
To holding skeins for her small hands to wind.
Sometimes we caught a shy, admiring look
In his brown eyes, a gesture more than kind
Of his strong hand. One day we found a book,
Gilt-edged and nice, among our Lucy's things—
A new gold band out-shone her other rings

And soon he lingered by the porch at night,
Forgetful of the Summer dews that fell,
While Lucy, with her blue eyes all alight,
Would bring her weary father from the well
A cooling draught; and then, as if by right,
He joined her there, there seemed so much to tell
Or hear—it matters little to my rhymes—
Her pitcher overflowed a dozen times.

So things went on, until the mother found
That Lucy, who was such a careful child,
Had thrice forgotten, in her daily round,
To skim the milk; and like a tangled wild
Grew every day her bit of garden ground,
Where once the roses and carnations smiled.
It was the Old, Old Story, and you know
That naught but marriage out of that can grow.

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THAT ODIOUS ENGLISHMAN.

BY HELEN MAXWELL.

"WASHINGTON at last! I thought the journey would never be over."

"Are you there, Bertie?" called some one from the platform.

"Why, of course, I am here, Forrester; where else should I be, pray?" said Bertie's sweet, petulant voice, in answer to her brother's inquiry.

"Awfully tired, eh?" said Forrester, after he had struggled past the throng of outgoing passengers, and made his way to Bertie's seat.

"I am tired and bored to death. Fancy ten hours in the cars with an odious Englishman one doesn't know sitting opposite, and staring at one?"

"Where is the man?" demanded Forrester. "Was he impertinent?"

"Oh, no," says Bertie, "only disagreeable and stupid. He would open and shut windows for me, and offer me papers. Lucy, have you my bag, and my shawl, and my umbrella?"

This last was addressed to a trim little maid who stood by loaded with boxes and packages.

"Yes, miss," was the reply.

"And my dressing-case, and all the novels?"

"Here, Lucy, let me relieve you of some of these things," said Forrester, taking the bag and shawl away from the unresisting maid, and leading the way from the car.

"Did papa come to meet me?" Bertie asked, as they walked down the long platform leading into the depot.

"No, he is still at the Senate. You will find Clara at home."

"And so you are married, Forrester?" says Bertie, plaintively. "I do so hate sisters-in-law."

"You won't hate Clara, however," said Forrester. "The most loveable, charming, amiable——"

"Oh, spare me, pray!" cried Bertie. "I am afraid you are in love with each other! If I find that the case I shall certainly not stop to be bored, but go back to New York."

Forrester only laughed. By this time they had reached the street. A large sombre-colored private carriage stood before the entrance to the depot. The footman was off his box in a moment, the door flew open, Miss Bertie and her maid stepped in.

"And now I'll see about your luggage," said Forrester, taking numberless checks from Lucy. "One, two, three—seven. Good Heavens, Bertie! how many gowns have you brought with you?"

"Don't be absurd, Forrester——" commenced Bertie, and then suddenly leaning far back in the carriage, she exclaimed, "That odious Englishman again!"

"Where is he? What did he do?" asked Forrester, looking angrily around.

"Nothing much," Bertie said, emerging from the corner with pinker cheeks than ever. "He only took off his hat as he drove away."

"Was that all?" asked her brother, suspiciously, uncertain as to whether he had not better pursue and punish the offender.

"Indeed it was, Forrester. I dare say the man means to be civil, only one gets so tired of men, you know."

"Yes, I know— you!" said Forrester, laughing, as he went off to see about the trunks and belongings of his sister.

The carriage drove up the wide, smooth avenue, turned into Fifteenth street, and finally stopped before the door of a large, handsome house. The front door was open, and Forrester's pretty wife stood within. With all her avowed hatred of sister's-in-law, Bertie could not resist the bright, frank face, and smiling brown eyes. She returned the cordial welcome and embrace with affection, and entered the house with an arm clasped about the waist of her new sister.

Clara Courtly was a "Washingtonian" by birth, and thinking, with all the enthusiasm that characterizes the residents of that old place, that there was no place in the world fit to live in except Washington, her husband had gratified the dearest desire of her heart by purchasing a house in her own old neighborhood, and consenting to live there a few months in the year at least. His father was now in the Senate, and gladly removed from his bachelor quarters in the Arlington, and took possession of a room at his son's home. But it was only after much persuasion that Bertie consented to come on for a month's visit, early in the spring. She found it as impossible to exist away from New York as Clara from Washington. She had, from a child,

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been under the care of a widowed aunt, who lived in New York, and Bertie thought the Park and the Fifth Avenue necessary to her happiness.

The day after her arrival in Washington, Bertie stood looking rather disconsolately from the drawing-room window, and wondering what on earth she should do to amuse herself. She could just see the corner of "the square," from where she stood, and the thick, budding branches of the trees in and surrounding it. The broad, winding paths, and dark evergreens, appeared so tempting, that she thought she might venture to take a walk there alone, without fear of losing her way. The day was too bright and lovely to waste half an hour of it in-doors.

The square looked green and fresh, and very attractive to Miss Bertie, and she settled herself comfortably upon a bench, under a magnolia tree, and breathed in the balmy spring air with perfect delight.

"Oh, if I could only be in love!" sighed Bertie, as she looked enviously at a very spooney couple who were seated on a neighboring bench. "It must be rather an odd, nice sensation to see a man making a fool of himself over one, and not hate him for doing it!"

The spooney couple, all unconscious of the scrutiny they were undergoing, laughed and talked in low tones. The man, a handsome, long-legged fellow, with dark eyes and brilliant teeth, looked fixedly at the graceful figure and piquant face beside him. The girl did most of the talking. Her bright, animated expression, and a little coquettish way she had of looking suddenly up into the face of her companion, and then turning away with an impatient movement and pout, as if she read something there which did not quite please her, was very interesting and instructive to Bertie. She felt impelled to go and do likewise. But where, alas, was the lay figure on which to practice.

At that moment a gentleman appeared, lounging slowly along the winding path. He raised his hat as he passed to Bertie's spooney neighbors, and then his eyes fell upon Bertie herself, seated so demurely under the magnolia tree.

"That odious Englishman!" thought Bertie, wishing herself at home, or that Clara was with her, and pretending to look abstractedly at the gravel-walk, while she was, in fact, perfectly conscious of the eagerly-recognizing, admiring glance directed upon her.

Bertie only waited for the slow, reluctant steps to pass, and then started up and walked quickly to the gate opposite St. John's church. But, looking down H street, she saw the "odious Englishman" had just left the square, at the corner below, and was coming toward her. He lifted his hat respectfully, but Bertie only flashed an indignant glance upon him, and did not deign to move her head.

That evening there was to be a small party at the French legation. One was quite sure of a charming party at Madame M——'s, especially after Lent, when one is at liberty to ask only the nicest people, having done duty in inviting all the world in February. So, upon this occasion, the beautiful rooms were only pleasantly filled. The women were pretty, well-dressed, and—*chic!*

Among the men the diplomats naturally predominated; but there was a sprinkling of the necessary beardless, dancing youths of nineteen and twenty. The music was good, and the familiar strains of the "Blue Danube" greeted Bertie as she entered the reception-room.

Madame M—— was very gracious to the pretty stranger, and said, in an audible aside to a young *attache* who stood at her elbow, surveying everybody through a glass screwed into one eye, that she found Mademoiselle "*tres gentil.*"

"*Tout-a-fait belle!*" said the *attache*, and then said something to madame, in an undertone.

"Mademoiselle Courtly, let me present M. le Comte d'Auville," said madame.

M. d'Auville muttered a few words of unintelligible English, and offered Bertie his arm. With one despairing glance toward her sister, she took it, and they moved to the dancing-room. D'Auville then said something about a "*tour de valse,*" slipped his arm about Bertie's waist, and whirled her off. The floor was smooth, and d'Auville danced well. Bertie found herself in her element, and was fully prepared to enjoy the evening.

The waltz was scarcely over, before Mrs. Courtly approached her sister, leaning on the arm of a gentleman. Bertie was now on excellent terms with d'Auville. He had found, much to his relief, that she spoke French, and they ran ahead laughing and chatting like old acquaintances.

"Bertie," said Mrs. Courtly, putting her hand on her sister's white, round arm, "Mr. Longworth desires to be presented to you."

Bertie turned, graciously, as was her wont, and looked up into the stranger's face.

"That odious Englishman!" She nearly said the words aloud. Her pretty smiling face clouded over at once, and she bowed rather haughtily. Mr. Longworth asked for the next waltz, and she, of course, had nothing to do but accept. M. d'Auville, after a petition for another dance,

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which was quickly granted, moved away, and Bertie was left to the mercy of the Englishman.

He stood looking gravely down upon her, and she did not make any attempt to speak, but waited calmly, playing with her fan, and looking about the room.

"Shall we walk?" finally asked Mr. Longworth.

"If you like," Bertie said, indifferently, and taking great care not to glance toward her companion.

"Or perhaps you would prefer being seated until our waltz begins?"

"Yes, I should," said Bertie.

He pushed up a low, satin chair, into which Bertie gracefully dropped, and continued her amusement of looking calmly about the room.

Mr. Longworth leaned up against the wall, and said nothing.

How long this condition of things would have continued, it is impossible to tell; but, at last, the lovely beat of the waltz throbbed through the room. Bertie rose reluctantly.

"Of course, he dances horribly. Englishmen always do!" she thought.

But Bertie was greatly mistaken. Mr. Longworth was an exceptionally good waltzer. Bertie found herself guided smoothly over the mirror-like floor, and, in spite of her prejudice, was forced to acknowledge to herself that she had never more enjoyed a waltz, and when they stopped by an open window, she quite graciously acceded to Mr. Longworth's proposition, that they should go out upon the balcony.

"He is not a very great bore," thought Bertie, diplomatically; "and, of course, as he dances so well, I shall be civil to him."

Mr. Longworth showed great discretion, as well as good-breeding, in never once alluding to any previous meeting. He even asked Bertie how long she had been in Washington; and when she looked up consciously, half-blushing at the question, he gazed frankly and innocently into her eyes, and seemed to have spoken in perfect good faith.

D'Auville came peering into the balcony, glass in eye, to claim his dance.

"Will you give me the German?" whispered Longworth, pleadingly, as they separated.

And Bertie said, "With pleasure!" and oh! inexplicable woman, meant it!

"By the way," said Mrs. Courtly, as they talked over the party the next morning, "did you meet your 'odious Englishman' last night?"

"Yes," said Bertie, blushing slightly.

"Which one was it?"

"It was Mr. Longworth," said Bertie, with an entreating look at her sister; "but really I found him not so very bad after all."

"I should think not," laughed Mrs. Courtly. "You were with him more than half the evening, and I fancied I heard something said about his coming here to-day as he put you into the carriage."

"He wanted to hear me sing," apologized Bertie. "You know one must be civil!"

The spring in Washington is a time when friendship and love may easily be cultivated. One lives out of doors, and Lafayette Square is a charming place of meeting. Sociable parties, little dinners, picnics, luncheons, follow each other in rapid succession.

Bertie and Longworth sat under the shade in the Square, and emulated the example of the spooney couple Bertie had once envied. It became a very dangerous thing for Forrester or Clara to allude jokingly to the "odious Englishman." Mr. Courtly wondered at Bertie's willingness to stop so long away from New York; and the old aunt in vain wrote imploring letters, urging her return. Bertie was infatuated with Washington, and would not leave.

One fine day, as Bertie was slowly sauntering up H street, she met a party of girls, who rushed up to her with enthusiasm.

"Oh, Bertie!" cried one, "we are all asked to a party at Mount Vernon; we are to go in a government steamer, have a splendid lunch—the marine band and dancing on board."

"But I am not invited," said Bertie, piteously.

"Yes, you are. Mrs. Alling told us to ask Mr. and Mrs. Courtly and yourself, and we were now on our way to your house. It is to be very informal, and not more than thirty people in all."

"How awfully nice," said Bertie. "All the men will be asked, of course?"

"Longworth will be there, dear. You need not be alarmed."

"Oh, I was not thinking of him," said Bertie, with indifference, which deceived no one.

"Of course not!" was the laughing chorus.

They were all to meet at the Navy Yard at about eleven o'clock the next morning, and when Clara and Bertie drove to the wharf, they found that they were the last of the party. A merry, brilliant group were collected at the side of the steamer, and greeted them eagerly as they drove up. Mr. Longworth was waiting to hand them from their carriage, and Bertie, as she stepped upon the polished deck and made her way to Mrs. Alling, felt that she was quite the happiest girl in the world.

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Every one has taken the lovely trip down the Potomac to Mount Vernon, so description is unnecessary. But to go in a private party, in a government steamer, with lovely music and a capital lunch, is about as pleasant a way of amusing oneself as could be desired. Bertie certainly found it so, and she sat under the awning with Longworth, of course, at her side, her pretty, high-bred face tinted becomingly with the glow from the rose-colored lining of her parasol, her little foot, in its Continental shoe and blue-silk stocking, sticking saucily from the skirt of her dress, as ravishing a specimen of young ladyhood as could be found anywhere. Longworth evidently thought so, for he looked with undisguised pride and admiration upon her, and monopolized her so openly that the chaperones ventured upon making dignified allusions to "the engagement" to Mrs. Courtly. Poor Clara could only pretend not to understand, for Bertie had told her nothing, and she began herself to be somewhat uneasy at this very marked flirtation, if flirtation it was.

Mount Vernon was reached, the grave and the old mansion duly visited, and then the party divided, and wandered about the woods and grounds. Bertie sat under a great tree on the lawn, looking down upon the beautiful river, subdued by the quiet of the scene, and almost awed by the solemn sound of a passing steamer's tolling bell. Longworth had but little to say; he lay on the grass at her feet, and smoked his segar in indolent ease.

The afternoon gradually faded away, and the sunset light was almost quenched in blue mist before the party made a move to return to the steamer. They all at last met, and started together down the rough path to the wharf. The steamer loomed up before them in the river, but somehow it looked very odd, and many startled glances were directed toward its massive sides, which seemed to be raised from the water to a remarkable length. Was it the effect of the heavy shadows from shore, or what?"

There was a dull and ominous silence as they neared the end of the wharf; four long, slender row-boats were resting motionless upon the water, each manned by four sailors in regulation dress of white shirts and dark-blue collars. It was a pretty and picturesque sight, but what did it mean? It meant, alas, that the tide had gone down, and the noble steamer was stuck in the mud! The officers had endeavored to evade the evil by going out into the river and sending boats for the passengers; but it was of no use, the relentless river had fallen lower and lower, the thick mud had clung closer and closer, until all hope was over, and it was a fixed fact that they must wait for "time and tide."

At first the effect upon the gay party was most depressing, but finally the fun of the thing began to strike the younger people; the band was ordered to play, the dancers waltzed with even more than usual enthusiasm and abandon; the remnants of the luncheon were collected for supper, and midnight found them quite happy, and persuaded that there never had been so jolly a *contre-temps*. The older members of the party were yawning dismally, and gently snubbing the poor officers, whose wretched mismanagement they opined was at fault.

Suddenly over the dark river, darker than usual, as there was a heavy mist which threatened rain, there gleamed a faint light like a star, and the rapid, musical paddle of wheels was heard breaking the water, and gradually the outline of a "tug" was seen approaching the wharf.

"Tug, ahoy!"

"Ay, ay!"

The tug plowed its little self up to the big steamer and stopped. Negotiations were entered into. The captain of the tug consented to take the "distinguished party" back to Washington, provided the "Fairy" was large enough to accommodate them all. After much laughing and planning, they were all settled in the hospitable tug, and the "Fairy" sped away to the promised land.

Bertie and Longworth were "stowed away" (the occasion must be my excuse for so much naucal lingo,) in a snug corner of the miniature deck. It was beginning to rain, and all who could get standing room were crowded into the little cabin; but Bertie had declared she did not mind the rain, and as Longworth was, of course, like all Englishmen, provided with an umbrella, they cozily settled themselves under it, and bid defiance to weather.

"This has been the happiest day of my life," said Longworth.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Bertie.

The umbrella dipped lower here, and the conversation under it was inaudible for some time, then Bertie's voice was heard in a sweet murmur,

"I never meant to like you! I quite hated you in the cars that day, and I called you," this with deep contrition, "That odious Englishman!"

"Darling, I forgive you!"

Washington was too soon reached for this pair of lovers; but the other members of the party did not find the crowded cabin and deck of the

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Fairy and the pelting rain so agreeable, that they were not willing to relinquish them for their own carriages. Impatient horses and coachmen soon brought all safely to their homes, none the worse for the day's adventures.

Bertie could not sleep that night till she had told Clara her news. Clara, who had been half asleep, woke up completely as the tale was told, and after kissing and congratulating her little sister-in-law, she ran into her own room and shook Forrester, (who had tumbled into bed, and was already dreaming,) and exclaimed, with comical emphasis,

"Who do you think Bertie is going to marry?"

"Who?" said Forrester, sleepily.

"'THAT ODIOUS ENGLISHMAN,' of course!"

MOTHER AND FATHER.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

UP to her azure home of rest,
My mother calls me every night;
Her tender arms I see spread wide,
She says she dwells in God's own light.

Fain would I go, for well I know
Ther's many a precious one beside,
Who put this clayey temple off,
And went with Jesus to abide.

Ah! whither go, or shall I stay?
I see my father's silvery hair,
And his dear face with anguish pale,
When friends my grave-bed shall prepare.

And, oh! I know him tried and true,
Whoever failed, whoever fainted;
His love has ever wrapped me close,
Yet heavenward calls my mother sainted.

Most loving Lord,
The problem is too hard for me;
If I have work to do on earth,
My weakness asketh strength from Thee.

I will not talk of life nor death,
But in Thy hand the issues leave;
Oh! give me skill the tangled threads
Of will and destiny to weave.

A LOCK OF HAIR.

BY BERTHA BERTON.

NOTHING but a lock of hair,
Yet I treasure it with care;
Though I often wonder why,
It so speaks of days gone by,
For it seems a little thing
From the past such thoughts to bring.

Silent, yet it has a voice
That can make the heart rejoice,
Or may weigh it down with care,
Sorrow deep, or dark despair.
Long ago, with careless grace,
It adorn'd a fair young face

That again shall never wear
This bright lock of soft brown hair.
Though the locks it lay beside
Now are far beyond the tide,
Yet a thing of life it seems,
Not alone in fancy's dreams.

As it 'round my finger twines,
As the light upon it shines,
And it is a joy to press
To my lips, in mute caress,
This memento, strangely fair,
Nothing but a lock of hair.

SUNLIGHT.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

SWEET and sunny light of day,
Dawning on the night,
Come with all thy fair array,
Come in gladness bright!
Thy smile is life to all the earth,
Is sweetest life and sweetest mirth.

Winter dark and darkling night,
Speed away at thy delight;
Thou killest all the dark and dread,
Then come, oh sunlight, sweet and sheen!

Sweet and gentle, golden, bright,
Summer sun and day,
Come with all they gorgeous light,
Come and with us stay.
Thy course is like the good man's race,
At morning fair, at noontide grace;
Evening finds thee flushed with gold,
Fair as faith can e'er behold,
Thou sinkest in the love-lit West,
And so the good man blessedly rest!

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"MADE A FOOL OF MYSELF."

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

A VERY pleasant room—a bedroom—though not a comfortable one, in the American sense of comfort. It has only a broad square of carpet laid in the middle of the floor; the washing apparatus is of the most limited dimensions; the easy chair is a hollow mockery, and the narrow sofa a rack. But narrow and short as the sofa is, it is wider and longer than the bed, which has a puffy, down quilt on it just large enough to cover one's stomach.

However, the sun streams in, golden and bright, and the windows look far down upon a wonderful scene—the upper end of Lake Geneva, in Switzerland. The room is in Pension Vautier, and the Pension Vautier is in the village of Montreux, and Montreux is perched on a narrow plateau away up the mountain side; a plateau with just width enough to hold the straggling street and pointed houses.

Above towers the frowning cliff; below, a road nearly as perpendicular as the precipice leads down into a continuation of the village, but the continuation is easily established on the shore of the lake, and bears a name of its own.

There is a very cross, miserable man sitting in this sun-lit chamber (which is reached by two flights of steep, narrow stairs; everything being steep and narrow at Montreux, even to the staircase.) The cross, miserable man's name is Robert Barton; he is thirty years old, and an American. In short, to be perfectly confidential, I am Robert Barton.

I have been eight weeks at Montreux; it is now the fourth week in October. I ought not to have come here at all; at least, I ought not to have stayed. I had promised to reach Paris early in September to meet some relatives. But I came here from Geneva, and once here I could not tear myself away. The experiences of this season have taught me that one is punished for not keeping one's promises, even to relations.

Eight weeks, and during the last six I have been making a fool of myself. If I had gone on to Paris according to agreement, this would not have happened, or if Laura Devon's old aunt had not been advised by some absurd doctor to try the air of Montreux for her bronchitis. But it is of no use to speculate on what might have been or might not have been, I did stay at Montreux. The absurd doctor did recommend this air for that old woman's complaint. Laura Devon did come with her relative, and I have made a fool of myself.

I wish I could describe Laura Devon; but the greatest word painter that ever lived would fail in that effort. I should like to do it, since if I could make you understand what she was like, it might serve as a sort of excuse for the idiocy I have betrayed at my sober age. Because there is no good in denying facts; I did not get in love, or grow in love, or lapse into foolishness. Not a bit of it. She appeared, I looked at her; it was all done! I had loved her all my life; been an idiot all my days.

Not tall, but so perfect in form, so graceful in carriage that she gave one the idea of height. Her features were regular; that is a defect usually, because they never change. Laura's face never wore the same expression for five minutes. Such marvelous eyes; were they black, or violet, or gray? Nobody could ever decide. My own opinion is that they were golden, and took all sorts of opaline lights and shadows, but they were beautifully soft, and mournful, too, like a dog's eyes. And that wealth of bronze-colored hair, golden in certain lights, dark auburn in others. And her bewildering smiles—sweet, proud, insolent, haughty, cruel, deprecating—all that in her character, too. You never knew whether she would be stately as Zenobia, or mild as Girsel; elegant and fine, ladyish, or mischievous and full of fun as Puck.

But it is only another proof of my idiocy to go on in this way; she was just Laura Devon; there are no comparisons for her, because there never was anybody like her. No man, or woman either, could resist the peculiar magnetic influence she exerted wherever she passed; one might hate her, but one yielded and loved her all the same. Impatient, imperious, too, illy bearing the slightest contradiction, yet gentleness itself. Indolent, self-indulgent, yet able and willing for any exertion or sacrifice, from climbing mountains to attending her aunt or any other invalid who chanced to stand in need of kindly services.

So she dawned upon Montreux, and the forty or fifty people congregated in the Pension Vautier. I wish I was writing a book, that I might describe those people—waifs from every nation

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under the sun. Burly Englishmen, English women, uneasy in their clothes, restless Americans; lymphatic Germans, chattering Frenchmen, lazy Russians, a Wallachian count, who combed his beard at table with a fork, young men and women, artists and dandies, elegantes from the world of fashion, and mild girls who blushed at the sound of their own voices.

Everybody goes to Montreux; there are no hotels to speak of, so everybody piles into the Pension Vautier, which in the autumn is so full that there are stories current of guests roosting on poles, or making a hammock of bed-cords and sheets.

But it is no matter about anybody except Laura Devon; she brought life, interest, occupation. She was never bold; simply by right she took her place as queen, and all crowded about her. Parties of pleasure, drives, horseback rides, excursions among the mountains—there was no end to our enjoyments. Yet she found plenty of leisure to take care of her aunt and cheer half a dozen invalids besides. I do not know where she ever found time for, or acquired her accomplishments. My own idea is, that she was born speaking half a dozen languages, singing like an Italian angel, painting like a second Elisabetta Sirani. At all events, she did all these things; had read everything, seen everything; yet she was no more a pedantic or a blue than she was coarse or unfeminine. She was so full of delightful inconsistencies too; she could leap a horse over a four-barred gate, and would turn pale at a mouse. She could dress a wound skillfully—I saw her do it once for a poor boy who cut himself with a sickle—yet she would cry like a baby when she thought no one saw her over the spectacle of suffering for which there was no relief; if there was anything to be done, she never remembered that she had nerves or tears.

My family and Mrs. Devon had once been very intimate. I recollected the old lady in my childish days, but for several years past she and Laura had been wandering over the world; been everywhere, from Queen Victoria's court to the borders of Abyssinia.

That first evening! Mrs. Devon was too tired to come down stairs; she knew I was there, and allowed me to go up to her salon. At least eighteen men were sorely tempted to murder me for having the privilege—they had seen Laura as she entered the house, several of them already knew her and had come to Montreux on purpose to see her.

Mrs. Devon was lying on a sofa, a fire had been kindled, though the evenings were still warm, for Mrs. Devon's delicacy made her *frileuse*—excuse the French word. On a low chair sat Laura Devon, dressed in some sort of white gown with vivid blue decorations.

"This is Laura," said the old lady when she had welcomed me and asked numerous questions about my relations. "Laura, shake hands with Robert—I always did call you that, and I shall now."

"How do you do Robert?" added Laura, holding out her hand—oh, that perfect hand—and looking wicked. "I am disappointed, I thought you would look like your sister. Why don't you look as I expected you to? But I forgive you; only don't step on the cat. Are you glad we have come? You'll have to wait on us, for old Antoine has stayed in Paris."

I didn't know what I said or what I did, only that in avoiding the cat I stepped into the fire, then sat down on my hat, then got my wits a little back, and was able to laugh at my own confusion.

"You supercilious dandies are always shy men in society," said Laura, in answer to my acknowledgments of my stupidity.

I denied the just charge, and then we quarreled; then were old acquaintances at once.

I forgot to go to bed that night; I did not know it till in the gray dawn I found myself sitting by my window staring out across the lake at the Dent du Midi, where all night long the full moon had played and flashed across the eternal crown of snow that circles its frowning brow.

I have my doubts whether I have slept since, or eaten or done anything but be in love. A place was given me as to an old friend by Laura and her aunt; everybody recognized my right; the men hated me, but were good-natured because it was I who arranged all our excursions, and they wanted to be invited. If I had superior privileges, I had tortures, too, which other mortals were spared. For one half hours' pleasant talk, Laura made me suffer at least three hours' martyrdom. She teased me, she laughed at me; but she let nobody else do it. All the world—for the people you chance to be among make your world—knew just the state I was in: a baby would have known it, no doubt. It made no difference to me; I cared for nobody, never remembered there was anybody else in existence when Laura came in sight.

"Mademoiselle Mury says you nearly ran over her this morning; go at once and apologize," said Laura.

"Come with me and I will."

She takes my arm; we go up to the little

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frizzy, frowsy, fussy old Frenchwoman who is amiability itself, and bursts at once into eulogisms of Laura's beauty, and what she called *mon air noble*.

"Dear mademoiselle, I come to apologize. Miss Devon says I was rude this morning; it was her fault. She called me; if I had not obeyed at once, she would have been cross all day."

"He would like to make me to blame even for his bad manners," pouts Laura.

The old maid laughs, and calls us her *chus enfants*.

"I never let anybody treat me as you do," cried Laura, in a fury, as we turn away. "How dare you be so rude; I don't mean rude, but cool and self-possessed, and always ready to turn the tables against me, and make me feel you have the best of it?"

I set this down simply to show you how odd it was that she seemed to think I held my own, when I and everybody knew that I was like wax in her hands. I did fight a little; not from any idea that it was unmanly to be a slave, but just for the pleasure of seeing her angry—having a quarrel—the delight of a reconciliation. She always said so many outrageous things if I preserved an appearance of calmness in these encounters that her conscience reproached her afterward, and she would be sweet as honey to atone for her dreadful speeches.

In any other woman, Miss Devon's manner would have been called coquettish, flirting; somehow nobody said it of her. Even her natural enemies, women, owned that she possessed an innate desire to please; she took as much pains with dumb animals as humans—she wanted to be liked.

Another odd thing, you could go just so far and no farther. I must have showed my love—of course I must—but I never dared put it in words. I knew that would be the end; haste would be considered an insolence, and whatever else she forgave, anything approaching a liberty, she could not pardon. She was free and easy with me one hour, as if I had been her brother; an iceberg the next, and I could never account for the change. We talked on every possible subject, we read books, we were almost always together, but there was no love-making. Absolutely, I did not think, did not look forward. Each day was so complete in itself, so full of ecstatic enjoyment, of pleasant misery, such a life in itself that I never went beyond. All night I thought of her; asleep or awake I thought of her. I never asked myself how it was to end; I did not even trouble much as to whether she cared for me; I was absorbed by my love, filled with it. There was neither past or future, there was just the present and Laura.

Such days, such charmed days, come straight down out of heaven! Such walks, and drives, and picnics. Excursions in every quarter, from the old Castle of Chillon, that lay along the lake-shore beyond Montreux, to the cold fastnesses of the Col de Jarnin that towered above the village. Wherever you turned there was beauty. Just back of the town was the Chanderon, a beautiful brook, leaping into a cascade among the rocks, where ages since some dire convulsion of nature had hollowed out this chauldron-shaped spot in the mountains, now with grassy sides, steep paths, old trees, nooks to rest, and in the midst, the cascade tumbling, foaming, spouting down toward the lake that lay stretched out far below like a golden mirror in which the cliffs could survey their own loveliness. Up to Les Avants—peaks towering under the Jarnin cliffs—peaks that would have been vast mountains had not that cliff raised itself even above their heads. Away by rail to Martigny, carriage to Chamouni, a day and night close to Mont Blanc. Delicate as she was, Mrs. Devon was an insatiable sight-searcher—she must go everywhere—Laura followed, the rest of us followed in her train. All the villages knew us—Clarens, made immortal by Rousseau, and, to-day, as unlike Rousseau's. Clarens as possible; notable for its picturesque cemetery perched on the hill-road between Montreux and Vevay—a peaceful, blessed spot, where so many wanderers from England and America sleep in the soft sunshine, with the mountains to watch their rest, and the blue lake to sing a lullaby. Then there was La Tour, with its pretty ruined chateau; Vevay, with its quaint old houses and narrow streets. And sail-boats, wherein we lived on bright afternoons, floating away down almost to Lausaune, into sight of Mont Blanc, grand in the distance; coming home by train in the evening, merry, hungry—a polyglot crowd, talking nearly all the languages heard at the Tower of Babel, but of course, making French a common meeting tongue.

Such days, such evenings! St. Paul tells of a man lifted into the third heaven—which is Paradise—and hearing and seeing things unutterable. Sometimes we less-favored mortals are lifted into Paradise; we, too, hear and see things unutterable. It is when love comes to us; love that men laugh at and mock about; love which is the one taste of heaven God gives us in this world—His best gift, for which no comparison could be irreverent, no devotion too intense, no suffering too dearly bought. St. Paul did not

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murmur when he was forced to come back from Paradise, he had seen, however black earth looked, it could not obliterate that memory. So it is when we go up into the heaven of love; we may be forced out, we may fall down, down, and lie mangled and crushed on the cruel rocks; but we have been in heaven, no pain can deprive us of that recollection, no agony be sharp enough to counterbalance its bliss.

Where was I? It is not worth while to rave any more.

Six weeks of bliss, and then the end.

"So Charley Moulton is coming at last," said Mrs. Devon, abruptly, as I sat reading to her one day—Laura had gone to her room to write letters which she said could be no longer put off.

"Charley Moulton?" I repeated.

"Yes; hasn't Laura told you? Why I supposed of course Laura had told you."

The old lady looked so disturbed that an answering trouble rose in my mind—vague, but sharp and quick.

"I never heard the name before," I said. I could hear that my voice sounded quiet; that was a sort of comfort.

"Well, well, Laura will tell you," cried Mrs. Devon, impatiently. "I never meddle with Laura's concerns. Go on reading, if you please."

She was rather an imperative little old woman at times, but very nice, and I liked her. A dragon with seven heads could not have helped acquiring some agreeable qualities by living in the society of Laura, and Mrs. Devon was no dragon, nor did her own head lack sense any more than her heart lacked love and gentleness.

We talked of other things and did not talk easily; the moment there is a subject of conversation tabooed, that moment it haunts me. Besides, I confess I was in a state of unaccountable agitation. I dreaded something—what, I had not leisure to think, for Mrs. Devon desired me to read aloud to her, and scolded me soundly if she discovered by my voice that I was not paying proper attention to my task.

"Either one reads or one lets it alone," said she, with severe sententiousness and her usual abruptness. I suppose I had slurred over some passage, and the book was by one of her favorite authors. "I hate things half done." Then her face softened—worked a little as if from some hidden trouble. Her eyes met mine with a look of anxiety. She stretched out her hand and patted my coat-sleeve as she might have done when I was a child. "Don't mind me, Robert," she added, trying to laugh. "I am cross and odious this morning, and that's the truth. I could not sleep for—for my head aching. No, that's a fib—I hate fibs! I was bothered and got to thinking, and that kept me awake. Go off now, and I'll try to doze a little. Good-by, Robert—you're a good old boy, and I'm very fond of you if I am cross."

I was not sorry to receive her dismissal. I looked about the house for Laura; she was nowhere visible. A friendly chambermaid, who, German-woman like, made all her b's into p's when talking French, informed me that Miss Devon was still in her room. It was impertinent, for I had not asked, but I felt that she meant it kindly. Of course, everybody knew what a fool I was; and a German chambermaid can no more be expected to be blind than other people. I went to my room for a while, then went out along the road that wound up the mountain. I turned into a steep side-path used by the peasants and the goats and toiled on toward Glion. It was a glorious day; there is no good in attempting to describe the view that unfolded as I mounted up, up, so I shall say nothing about it. But it was a sight to make me think of heaven and wonder what it must be like since even God's footstool was so beautiful.

Perhaps to you it will sound unnatural after telling you with what a vague, biting disquietude Mrs. Devon's abrupt words caused me, to add that I soon forgot it when I had left my room where I first introduced myself to you. But I did. Up, up, I journeyed, and then sat down in a sunny nook to rest and dream—you know of what, of whom.

It was toward sunset when I descended to the village. I remembered a little commission that Mrs. Devon had given me at a shop near the railway-station and walked on, for the station is down near the lake in that continuation of Montreux which I have before mentioned, calling itself Vernex.

I came face to face with a party of the young people from the Pension. Lingering behind the rest I saw Laura Devon leaning on the arm of the handsomest man I ever beheld in my life. I recognized and admitted his beauty, even in that first instant. What an instant it was! His head, glorious as that of a Grecian god, was bent toward Laura Devon: her eyes were cast down, her face half turned away with an expression which, well as I knew that countenance, I had never before seen.

I went mad! I am morally certain that as I looked I went stark, staring mad. People talked to me, I answered; there was laughter and nonsense, there were jests at my expense—I know I took my part admirably.

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Here was Laura, she was introducing that man to me; I saw a quick look of annoyance on her features at my coming. Mr. Charles Moulton and I talked—everybody was watching us. We talked, and, oh, how exquisitely patronizing and insolent he was, with a drawl which he had learned in England!

One thought started up in the midst of my insane misery, a commonplace, vulgar thought, but I shall set it down. If Mr. Charles Moulton and I were obliged to meet for three days in succession—well, the days for duels were over—but I should kick Mr. Charles Moulton down the inclined plane from Montreux to Vernay, or he would kick me, that was certain.

That was a gay evening at the Pension; we danced to the music of that blind man's zither—everybody who has been at Montreux must remember him. I was in excellent spirits, I felt like a man intoxicated with hasheesh. My dream-world had crumbled and let me down into the depths of purgatory, but I made no sign.

Mr. Charles Moulton was always beside Laura—a stranger to both could not have failed to see the truth. Old Mademoiselle Mury got hold of me and expressed the sentiments of the house in soluble French.

"She is engaged to him; we all think you have been dreadfully treated, but you don't seem to care. The people thought they would be able to laugh at you, but now they say you must have just been amusing yourself like la belle Laura."

"My dear mademoiselle," said I, laughing, "it is only we Americans who really understand flirtation."

"So it seems," said she, and looked utterly bewildered.

The room went round and round; the women were only clouds of blue, and white, and pink; the most familiar faces looked strange and distant. Mrs. Devon was not present. I asked Laura to dance.

"I'll be generous," said Mr. Moulton, before she could speak. "A new comer has his privileges, but I'll give her up for a little."

I laughed—one can laugh in a way that cuts deeper than words. Laura looked angrily at us both.

"I shall dance with neither," said she. "You are both tiresome to-night," and she walked away.

Mr Charles Moulton and I stood and looked in each other's eyes, and the people looked at us.

"I know your cousin, Talbot Forbes," said he, in his soft, lazy voice. "What a capital fellow he is."

"And anybody who can appreciate Tal I am sure to like," said I. We talked as amiably as possible for some moments, and our eyes glared into each other's the while like those of two tom-cats waiting for a spring. It would sound more poetical to say tigers, but I have a conviction that it was like a pair of tom-cats we looked, so I set it down.

The next day an excursion by boat to Vevay, and a walk back along the hill-road from Clarens.

In the golden sunset I found myself up by the old church, that is the limit of Montreux—the last building on the mountain-road. A picturesqe, gray-towered old structure hanging over the precipice, crowned with ivy; just a narrow plateau at the side, famous for its views. At the left, Chillon, looking as if you could throw a stone down upon it, the Dent du Midi, on the opposite side of the lake, glorious with rich colors, the sweep of the waters stretching on and on, till in the distance, hills and horizon mingled in a glorious line of rainbow-tinted light.

Leaning over the stone parapet stood Laura Devon. My gayety had not once deserted me during the day. I had made her feel, too, I was certain of that. Heartless as she was, I had tortured her—it hurt me to do it, but I could not resist my demon.

Now I walked close to her before she saw me.

"Circe waiting to see the ship heave in sight which is to bring new victims—nice subject for a picture," said I.

She turned quickly; she was pale, there was wrath in her great eyes, her mouth set in its hardest, proudest curve.

"You are a very rude man, Mr. Barton," said she. "I have been thinking that all day, and I am glad to free my mind."

"Open confession is good for the soul," returned I. "Sometimes, Miss Devon, frankness comes rather late."

"I don't understand enigmas," said she, haughtily. "Words must be put plainly to suit my comprehension."

"Then, perhaps, you will let me emulate your frankness?"

"Pray do."

She seated herself on one of the rustic benches scattered about, and looked at me as a snow-woman, with eyes of fire, looked at men in the old Norse legends,

"I have not very much to say," I continued.

I could feel my breath come in gasps; there was an odd darkness all about me; only that pale, proud face, with its fiery eyes, distinctly visible.

"Then I run less risk of being worried," she

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replied. "I am glad of it, for I confess you have tried my patience sorely to-day."

"How jolly to have produced any impression," cried I, laughing; while her voice and my laughter sounded away off, for something beat, beat in my ear like the roar of an angry sea. "At least to be considered rude and disagreeable is better than receiving no notice."

"My aunt sent for you to come to her," she said, in an altered voice. "She is unwell and can't leave her room."

"I was very sorry to refuse," said I, "but I was busy."

I knew what Mrs. Devon wanted; to smooth matters, to coax me to forgive Laura—not to pain the girl by letting her see that she had broken my heart.

When I made my answer, the sudden softness died out of Laura's face; she was furiously angry now, she looked as if a little of my madness had touched her.

"You had something to say," cried she, "say it and be done."

"Only to thank you for the lesson you have given me," said I. "It is good to gain wisdom; I'm a wiser man than when I met you."

"I should say you had still a good deal to learn; I'd wait till I had made more progress before I became so very thankful," retorted she.

"I am satisfied now, perfectly satisfied."

"I have nothing to do with that; if you only wanted me to listen to your own praises I will go home, they don't interest me."

"Just a few words; I'll not detain you long."

Always that savage beat in my ears, growing each instant stronger; the billowy glory of the sunset about, a mad chaotic sight to my dizzy eyes; a song-sparrow perched on a window-sill of the church at our backs, pouring out a happy gush of melody—we two, looking at one another, and a relentless fate urging us on.

"I trust that I have helped give you amusement for a few idle weeks——"

I stopped a second, wondering stupidly who it was that had spoken. Why, it was my own voice—I thought a stranger spoke!

"They have come to an end now. I had no right to expect kindness or forbearance—you are a woman. A man would have had to give some hint—not you, being a woman! You played the game to the last, you made a grand finale—dramatic women like that. I don't blame you, one must always be sorry for women being what they are. Pretty little actresses, and always a victim to be found—for men are fools and not likely to change. You did it well, you missed nothing, the climax was perfect."

"Oh, go on," I heard her white lips faintly hiss. "Go on! I wouldn't stop you if the mountain was falling and one sign from my hand would check it! If it was for peace here and hereafter, I wouldn't stop you—go on."

"There's no more," I heard my hoarse voice say. "It was my fault to be duped by so poor a show, so old a drama—my fault."

"All your fault!" she cried. "*I* act a part—what you have dared to call me? Just what *you* are, I know now—cruel, ungenerous, ungentlemanly; you have been all to-day. I'd pardon a murder sooner than either crime."

"You cannot deny a word I have said—you know it is truth."

"I deny nothing—nothing! That you could call me what you have is enough—my lips are sealed."

She drew a letter from her pocket, tore it into a thousand pieces, and flung it over the parapet.

"What was that?" I asked.

"Nothing to you," she answered. "If I die first, I'll take care you know what it was, but not before—nothing to you."

If there was anything mysterious in her words which might have struck some dim perception, even through my frenzy, her next speech drove the possibility away.

"Perhaps, though, it might have defended your conviction in regard to me," she went on. "Ah, if I had remembered that in time, I'd have shown you that letter. But it's gone now. Well, I am tired of this, I shall go home, Mr. Barton."

"I wish you'd tell me something first," said I.

She turned and faced me again.

"I am sure I will, it is certain to be something disagreeable—I shall tell you with all the pleasure in life."

"How long have you been engaged to Mr. Moulton?"

"Let me see, let us be exact," and she laughed again. Put your question differently."

"Then—though I see no difference—when did you become engaged to him?"

"I was seventeen," said she.

"And you are twenty now—what constancy."

"So you do grant me one virtue? How good of you,"

"Don't you remember what Chastelard said to Mary Queen of Scots? Other women had need of virtues—she needed only her beauty—had all in that."

"Just so; and I'm a very handsome woman! I never cared much about it before, but I am glad of it now—glad."

"Yes, it will help you to fulfill your mission—

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that of bringing trouble and pain to men innumerable."

She hurried on a few steps, then came back.

"So long as I live I will never forgive you," she said, in a low voice. "I will never forgive you in this world or the next! I did not know I could be so wicked, but I mean what I say—never, never!"

She was gone.

In an hour I was in the train, off to Villeneuve and Brieg; the next day, by post-carriage, across the Simplon, into Italy. I spent two years in incessant journeying from one end of Europe to the other; away into the East—round the world. I felt like the Wandering Jew, but I could not keep still.

What a weak, miserable idiot I was to let my life be thus made a wreck and ruin. I was wasting the best years of my manhood. There was work to be done in the world, and I was shirking my part therein. For one whole year my insanity kept me from thinking of that, but the idea made itself felt at last, and haunted me persistently. Still, for a time I would not yield. There was nothing to work for—why should I toil? I cared nothing for my kind—why should I help them?

I know that away into the fartherest cycles of eternity the memory of those wasted years will haunt me. No matter what peace may come, no matter what usefulness in this life, or in the new life we shall have beyond the stars, there will always remain that memory like a blot. A deeper sin—I mean what men would call so—might more easily be effaced. I could not even plead engrossing passion in some wicked pursuit. I only hated existence—myself for being alive; I rendered life as much a dead-letter as I could.

Two years! Well, God is very good; I dimly comprehend now that He may pardon in us what we can never pardon in ourselves. That dreary round ended, and I was in America at last. I went to work—I was a rich man—there was enough to be done. I did not want fame or praise; I wanted work, and I found it in the dispensing of my stewardship—and real, earnest, commonplace toil it was: a work that shall continue, God helping me, till I go "beyond these voices" to something more complete. But it ceased to be puerile, and coarse, and commonplace—the scales fell from my eyes, and I saw loveliness under it all.

You have many a time shuddered over the hideousness of some creeping thing, some tiny garden monster, or horned horror from the sea. You have, too, maybe, marveled at the beauty of some object disclosed by the microscope—asked eagerly what that new unknown thing could be which nature had taken so much pains to fashion into perfection. So it was the despised worm, or the many-legged monster, at which you shuddered in your delicacy, wondering why God saw fit to form such hideous things.

I have no space to work out my simile; I think you will not find it difficult to apply it to your own life. Narrow, and poor, and mean—maybe a hewer of wood and a drawer of water; perhaps you are a woman, toiling over her baking-pan, haunted by phantoms of youth and dreams that make the present more loathsome, or what is harder to bear, more stale and monotonous. Never mind what the life is, the beauty can be found if it is only in the discipline against which we rebel, but which, struggle as we may, refuse to hasten the work as we will, shall help souls on to perfection in God's own time, and in God's own way.

I am awake, body and soul, and I toil on—halting, stumbling; bruising body and soul often—but I get on.

So another year goes—three years since I showed you myself, alone in my room at Montreux, chafing under my folly; three years since I went mad on parting with Laura Devon in the old church-yard.

So in the bright Indian Summer season I go away into the country for a little rest; because we all need rest, and it is very pleasant to have earned it, we have no more right to make a sin of our duties than we have of our pleasures.

And I find at my country-house a knot of relatives to welcome me; and I try to be grateful for their affection, to be patient under their commiseration of my changed face and gray hair.

At the end of my first year of wandering, a traveler, encountered in the East, told me of some charming people he had lately left—Mr. Moulton and his beautiful wife. I think that blow—expected, but a blow—helped me in lifting myself out of the slough of despond where I had wallowed. A blow is a good thing, sometimes. Stripes are occasionally good for children, in spite of modern theories, and a good, sound buffet is profitable for men, too.

So I am in the country, and I enjoy my season of repose. I drift away to a mountain village off on the borders of Vermont, and there, no long after my arrival, I met Mrs. Devon—very like her old self. There are people about—I express a hope that Mrs. Moulton is well. She looks a little surprised at my asking—before she can answer, some one else claims her attention. After awhile we are side-by-side again, and she says,

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"Laura is not well; has not been for a long time. Do come and see me, I am at the hotel at the other end of the village."

So the next day I go, am shown up stairs, and there is—not Mrs. Devon, but her niece. I turn blue and cold, for just as I enter, some guest addresses her,

"I assure you, my dear Miss Devon——"

I hear no more, I only know there has been some blunder in my mind—Laura is not Mrs. Moulton.

I advance, she too; we speak, we shake hands. Ah, she is greatly changed—thin, pale, but so beautiful; a beauty that is beyond the brilliant loveliness of that other season. We talk; other people talk, for there are several in the room, but I don't know what any of us say. Then another lady enters, and I hear Laura's voice,

"My cousin, Mrs. Moulton, Mr. Barton."

The other people will not go away, so I go—stupefied. I pass the night in a state of stupefaction. I have no right to go near Laura again, she does not want me. But we meet often during the next few days, and Mrs. Devon watches us both anxiously, and at last she says to me,

"You're a fool, Laura's a fool—we're all fools! Go and ask her what that letter was she tore up the night you and she did melodrama in the Montreux church-yard."

It is sunset; I am with the old lady in her room. At that moment I catch the flutter of a white dress at the farther end of a long gallery. I go straight toward the figure and I say,

"What was that letter you tore up the night we did melodrama in the Montreux church-yard?"

She looks at me wistfully; she does not color, she is not agitated.

"Why do you want to know?" she asks.

"Because I love you; because I always shall love you; because I want to hear you say you have forgiven my cruel words."

Now I have no more intention of saying this when I open my lips than I have of flying—but I say it. I say a great deal more, too; then I beg her pardon for wearying her, because she has grown pale and shivers a little.

"You might have said all this that night," she answers, and still her wistful eyes hold me fast.

"And if I had?"

"Then we should not have gone mad with evil temper, and I should have let you read the letter."

She is crying softly, now. I think I am mad or dreaming. I am on my knees by her chair—or I dream it—and her hands are in mine.

"And the letter?"

"It was telling you all about Charley Moulton's love for my cousin—about the difficulties her step-father put in the way, because he wanted to keep her fortune in his hands. He took advantage of that silly old flirtation between Charley and me to say we had been seriously engaged. It was showing you how you could help us—asking you to do it for my sake."

"Oh, my God!"

I am awake; no dream could hold such an agony of remorse as smites me now. She hastens to soothe my pain.

"It was my fault as much as yours. My behavior was fiendish. Oh, my dreadful temper!"

I do not think we said much for awhile.

"Laura, could you forgive, could you care for me a little? See, I am not fit or worthy, but I am trying to make something of my life! Ah, Laura, if you could give me any hope, I would be so patient; I would wait, strive to earn——"

Then we hear another voice.

"That Robert Barton is mad! Listening? Of course, I have been listening. Two fools! Kiss him this minute, Laura Devon, or I'll box his ears and yours afterward. A pretty pack of nonsense; and you have loved him from the first; and he has nearly killed you—the brute! Oh, my dears, I am so happy—so happy!"

There is a sob and a gurgle, and Mrs. Devon goes off, leaning on her gold-headed cane. Laura and I sit alone in the sunset-glory, and I think it is heaven that opens before us at last.

FORGIVE.

BY MRS. SARA WOLVERTON.

Forgive! though I scold my own,
'Tis but the foam on the goblet's brink;
I would silence each word,
Ere its accents were heard,
Did I stop for a moment to think.

Forgive! you know we are apt,
When bent by the wrath of the wind,
To forget but a cloud
Doth glory enshroud—
The silver-bright shining behind.

"I do!" I know it is said,
My place is as surely my own,
As if wide apart
Were the doors of your heart—
All its boxes of treasure-trove shown.

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"THEO."

BY FANNIE HODGSON, AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN'S LOVE-STORY," ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 262.

CHAPTER V.

"MR. DENIS OGLETHORPE has gone away. He will not come back again until July, when he is to marry Miss Gower."

This was the last entry recorded in the little pink-and-gold journal, and after it came a gap of months.

It was midnight after the memorable day spent in Broom street that the record was made, and having made it, Theodora North shut the book with a startled feeling that she had shut within its pages an unfinished page of her life.

It was a strange feeling to have come upon her so suddenly, and there was a strange kind of desperateness in its startling strength. It was startling; it had come upon her without a moment's warning, it seemed, and yet, if she had been conscious of it, there had been warning enough. Warning enough for an older woman—warning enough for Denis Oglethorpe; but it had not seemed warning to a girl of scarcely seventeen years. But she understood it now; she had understood it the moment he told her in that strained, steady voice that he was going away. She had delivered his message to Lady Throckmorton, and listened quietly to her wandering comments, answering them as best she could. She had waited patiently until Sir Dugald's barbarous eleven o'clock supper was over, and then she had gone to her room, stirred the fire, and dropped down upon the hearth-rug to think it over. She thought over it for a long time, her handsome eyes brooding over the red coals, but after about half an hour she spoke out aloud to the silence of the room,

"He loved me," she said. "He loved me—me. Poor Priscilla! Ah, poor Priscilla! How sorry I am for you."

She was far more sorry for Priscilla than she was for herself, though it was Priscilla who had won the lover, and herself who had lost him for ever. She cared for him so much more deeply than she realized as yet, that she would rather lose him, knowing he loved her, than win him feeling uncertain. The glow in her eyes died away in tears, but she was too young to realize despair or anything like it. The truth was that the curious enchantment of the day had not been altogether sad, and at seventeen one does not comprehend that fate can be wholly bitter, or that some turn in fortune is not in store for the future, however hopeless the present may seem.

In this mood the entry was made in the little journal, and having made it, Theodora North cried a little, hoped a little, and wondered guilelessly how matters could end with perfect justice to Priscilla Gower.

The household seemed rather quiet after the change. Mr. Denis Oglethorpe was a man to be missed under any circumstances—and Theo was not the only one who missed him. Lady Throckmorton missed him also, but she had the solace of her novels and her chocolate, which Theo had not. Novels had been delightful at Downport, when they were read in hourly fear of the tasks that always interfered to prevent any indulgence; but in those days, for some reason, they were not as satisfactory as they appeared once, and so being thrown on her own resources, she succumbed to the very natural girlish weakness of feeling a sort of fascination for Broome street. It was hard to resist Broome street, knowing that there must be news to be heard there, and so she gradually fell into the habit of paying visits, more to Miss Elizabeth Gower than to her niece. The elder Miss Gower was always communicative, and always ready to talk about her favorites, and to Theo, in her half-puzzled, half-sad frame of mind, this was a curious consolation. The two spent hours together, sometimes, in the tiny parlor, stumbling over Berlin wool difficulties, and now and then wandering to and fro, conversationally, from Priscilla to the octagon-stitch, and from the octagon-stitch to Denis.

Priscilla was prone to reserve, and rarely joined them in their talks; and, besides, she was so often busy, that if she had felt the inclination to do so, she had not time to indulge it. But she was even more silent than she had seemed at first, Theo thought, and she was sure her pale, handsome face was paler, though, of course, that was easily to be accounted for by her lover's absence.

She was a singular girl this Priscilla Gower. The first time Theo ever saw her display an in-

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terest in anybody, or in anything, was when she first heard Pamela's love-story mentioned.

She was sitting at work near them, when Theo chanced to mention Arthur Brunwalde, and, to her surprise, Priscilla looked up from her desk immediately.

"He was your sister's lover, was he not?" she said, with an abrupt interest in the subject.

"Yes," answered Theo; "but he died, you know."

Priscilla nodded.

"The week before their wedding-day," she said. "Mr. Oglethorpe told me so."

Theo answered in the affirmative again.

"And poor Pam could not forget him," she added, her usual tender reverence for poor Pam showing itself in her sorrowing voice. "She was very pretty then, and Lady Throckmorton was angry because she would not marry anybody else; but Pamela never cared for anybody else."

Priscilla got up from her chair, and, coming to the hearth, leaned against the low mantel, pen in hand. She looked down on Theodora North with a curious expression in her cold, handsome eyes.

"Is your sister like you?" she asked.

Her tone was such a strange one that Theo lifted her face with a faint, startled look.

"No," she replied, almost timidly. "Pamela is fairer than I am, and not so tall. We are not alike at all."

"I was not thinking of that," said Priscilla. "I was wondering if you were alike in disposition. I think I was wondering most whether you would be as faithful as Pamela."

"That is a strange question," Miss Elizabeth interposed. "Theodora has not been tried."

But Priscilla was looking straight at Theo's downcast eyes.

"But I think Theodora knows," she said, briefly. "Are you like your sister in that, Theodora? I remember hearing Mr. Oglethorpe say once you would be."

Theo dropped her ivory crochet-needle, and bent to pick it up, with a blurred vision and nervous fingers.

"I cannot tell," she said. "I am not old enough to know yet."

"You are seventeen," said Priscilla. "I knew at seventeen."

Theo recovered the needle, and reset it in her work to give herself time, and then she looked up and faced her questioner bravely, in a sort of desperateness.

"If I knew that I loved any one. If I had ever loved any one as Pamela loved Mr. Brunwalde, I should be like Pamela," she said. "I should never love any one else."

From that time she fancied that Priscilla Gower liked her better than she had done before; at any rate, she took more notice of her, though she was never effusive, of course.

She talked to her oftener, and seemed to listen while she talked, even though she was busy at the time. She said to her once that she would like to know Pamela; and, emboldened by this, Theo ventured to bring one of Pam's letters to read to her; and when she had read it, told the whole story of her sister's generosity in a little burst of enthusiastic love and gratitude that fairly melted tender-hearted old Miss Elizabeth to tears, and caused her to confide afterward to Theo the fact that she herself had felt the influence of the tender passion, in consequence of the blandishments of a single gentleman of uncertain age, whose performances upon the flute had been the means of winning her affections, but had unhappily resulted in his contracting a fatal cold while serenading on a damp evening.

"He used to play 'In a Cottage near a Wood,' my dear, most beautifully," said Miss Elizabeth, with wild pathos, "though I regret to say that, as we did not live in a musical neighborhood, the people next door did not appreciate it; the gentleman of the house even going so far as to say that he was not sorry when he died, as he did a few weeks after the cold settled on his dear, weak lungs. He was the only lover I ever had, my dear Theodora, and his name was Elderberry, a very singular name, by the way, but he was a very talented man."

When Theo went into the little back bedroom that evening to put on her hat, Priscilla Gower went with her, and, as she stood before the dressing-table buttoning her sacque, she was somewhat puzzled by the expression on her companion's face. Priscilla had taken up her muff, and was stroking the white fur, her eyes downcast upon her hand as it moved to and fro, the ring upon its forefinger shining in the gaslight.

"I had a letter from Mr. Oglethorpe yesterday," Priscilla said, at last. "He is in Vienna now; he asked if you were well. To-night I shall answer him. Have you any message to send?"

"I?" said Theo. It seemed to her so strange a thing for Miss Priscilla Gower to say, that her pronoun was almost an interjection.

"I thought, perhaps," said Priscilla, quietly, "that a message from you would gratify him, if you had one to send."

Theo took up her gloves and began to draw them on, a sudden feeling of pain or discomfort striking her. It was a feeling scarcely defined

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enough to allow her to decide whether it was real pain or only discomfort.

"I do not think I have any message to send," she replied. "Thank you, Miss Priscilla."

She took her muff then, and went back to the parlor to kiss Miss Elizabeth in a strange frame of mind. She was beginning to feel more strangely concerning Mr. Denis Oglethorpe, and it was Priscilla Gower who had stirred her heart. She found Lady Throckmorton waiting at home for her, to her surprise, in a new mood. She had that evening received a letter from Denis herself, and it had suggested an idea to her.

"I have been thinking, Theo," she said, "that we might take a run over the Channel ourselves. I have not been in Paris for four years, and I believe the change would do me good. The last time I visited the Spas, my health improved greatly."

It was just like her ladyship to become suddenly possessed of a whim, and to follow its lead on the spur of the moment. She was a woman of caprices, and her caprices always ruled the day, as this one did, to Theo's great astonishment. It seemed such a great undertaking to Theodora, this voyage of a few hours; but Lady Throckmorton regarded it as the lightest of matters. To her it was only the giving of a few orders, being uncomfortably sea-sick for a while, and then landing in Calais, with a waiting-woman who understood her business, and a man-servant who was accustomed to traveling. So when Theo broke into exclamations of pleasure and astonishment, she did not understand either her enthusiasm or her surprise.

"What," she said, "you like the idea, do you? Well, I think I have made up my mind about it. We could go next week, and I dare say we could reach Vienna before Denis Oglethorpe goes away."

Theo became suddenly silent. She gave vent to no further exclamations. She would almost have been willing to give up the pleasure of the journey after that. She was learning that it was best for her not to see Denis Oglethorpe again, and here it seemed that she must see him in spite of herself, even though she was conscientious enough to wish to do what was best, not so much because it was best for herself, as because it was just to Priscilla Grower. But Lady Throckmorton had come to a decision, and forthwith made her preparations. She even wrote to Vienna, and told Denis that they were coming, herself and Theodora North, and he must wait and meet them if possible.

It was a great trial to Theodora, this. She was actually girlish and sensitive enough to fancy that Mr. Denis Oglethorpe might imagine their intention to follow him was some fault of hers, and she was uncomfortable and nervous accordingly. She hoped he would have left Vienna before the letter reached him; she hoped he might go away in spite of it; she hoped it might never reach him at all. And yet, in spite of this, she experienced an almost passionately keen sense of disappointment when, on the day before their departure, Lady Throckmorton received a letter from him regretting his inability to comply with her request, and announcing his immediate departure for some place whose name he did not mention. Business had called him away, and Lady Throckmorton, of course, knew what such business was, and how imperative its demands were.

"He might have waited," Theo said to herself, with an unexpected, inconsistent feeling of wretchedness. "I would have stayed anywhere to have seen him only for a minute. He had no need to be so ready to go away." And then she found herself burning all over, as it were, in her shame at discovering how bold her thoughts had been.

Perhaps this was the first time she really awoke to a full consciousness of where she had drifted. The current had carried her along so far, and she had not been to blame, because she had not comprehended her danger; but now it was different. She was awakening, but she was at the edge of the cataract, and its ominous sounds had alarmed her.

CHAPTER VI.

The letters that were faithfully written to Downport during the following month, were the cause of no slight excitement in the house of David North, Esq. The children looked forward to the reception of them as an event worthy of being chronicled. Theo was an exact correspondent, and recorded her adventures and progress with as careful a precision as if it had been a matter of grave import whether she was in Boulogne or Bordeaux, or had stayed at one hotel or the other. It was not the pleasantest season of the year to travel, she wrote, but it was, of course, the gayest in the cities. Lady Throckmorton was very kind and very generous. She took her out a great deal, and spent a great deal of money in sight-seeing, which proved conclusively how kind she was, as her ladyship knew all the places worth looking at, as well as she knew Charing Cross or St. Paul's. And at the end of a month came a letter from Paris full of news and description.

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"We reached Paris three days ago," wrote Theo, "and are going to remain until Lady Throckmorton makes up her mind to go somewhere else, or to return to London. She has a great number of friends here, who have found us out already. She is very fond of Paris, and I think would rather stay here than anywhere else; so we may not come away until spring. We went to the opera last night, and saw Faust again. You remember my telling you about going to see Faust in London the first time I wore the rose-pink satin. I wore the same dress last night, and Lady Throckmorton lent me some of her diamonds, and made Splaighten puff my hair in a new way. Splaighton is my maid, and I don't know what to do with her sometimes, Pamela. You know I am used to waiting on myself, and she is so serious and dignified that I feel half ashamed to let her do things for me. Two or three gentlemen, who knew Lady Throckmorton, came into our box, and were introduced to me One of them (I think Lady Throckmorton said he was an *attache*) called on us this morning, and brought some lovely flowers. I must not forget to tell you about my beautiful morning robes. One of them is a white merino, trimmed with black velvet, and I am sure we should think it pretty enough for a party dress at home. I am glad you liked your little present, my darling Pam. Give my dearest love to Joanna and Elin, and tell them I am saving my pocket money to buy them some real Parisian dresses with. Love and kisses to mamma and the boys from

Your THEO."

She did not know, this affectionate, handsome Theo, that when she wrote this innocent, school-girl letter, she might have made it a record of triumphs innumerable, though unconscious. She had never dreamed for a moment that it was the face at Lady Throckmorton's side that had caused such a sudden accession to the list of the faithful. But this was the case, nevertheless, and Lady Throckmorton was by no means unconscious of it. Of course, it was quite natural that people who had forgotten her in London should remember her in Paris; but it was even more natural that persons who did not care for her at all, should be filled with admiration for Theo in rose-colored satin. And so it was. Such a change came over the girl's life all at once, that, as it revealed itself to her, she was tempted to rub her bright eyes in her doubt as to the reality of it.

Two weeks after she reached Paris she awoke and found herself famous; she, Theodora North, to whom, as yet, Downport and shabbiness, and bread-and-butter cutting, were the only things that appeared real enough not to vanish at a touch. People of whom she had read six months ago, regarding their very existence as almost mythical, flattered, applauded, followed her. They talked of her, they praised her, they made high-flown speeches to her, at which she blushed, and glowed, and opened her lovely, half-uncomprehending eyes. She was glad they liked her, grateful for their attentions, half-confused under them; but it was some time before she understood the full meaning of their homage. In rose-colored satin and diamonds she dazzled them; but in simple white muslin, with a black-velvet ribbon about her perfect throat, and a great white rose in her dark hair, she was a glowing young goddess, of whom they raved extravagantly, and who might have made herself a fashion, if she had been born a few years earlier, and been born in Paris.

Lady Throckmorton was actually proud of her, and committed extravagances she might have repented of, if the girl had not been so affectionately grateful and tractable. Then, as might be expected, there arose out of the train the indefatigable adorer, who is the fate of every pretty or popular girl. But in this case he was by no means unpleasant. He was famous, witty, and fortunate. He was no less a personage than the *attache*, of whom she had written to Pamela, and his name was Victor Maurien. He had been before all the rest, and so had gained some slight footing, which he was certainly not the man to relinquish. He had gained ground with Lady Throckmorton too, and in Denis Oglethorpe's absence, had begun almost to fill his place. He was graceful, faithful in her ladyship's service; he talked politics with her when she was gravely inclined, and told her the news when she was in a good humor; he was indefatigable and dignified at once, which is a rare combination; and he thought his efforts well rewarded by a seat at Theo's side in their box in the theatre, or by the privilege of handing her to her carriage, and gaining a few farewell words as he bade her good-night. He was not like the rest either. It was not entirely her beauty which had enchanted him, though, like all Frenchmen, he was a passionate worshiper of the beautiful. The sweet soul in her eyes had touched his heart. Her ignorance had done more to strengthen it than anything she could have done. There was not a spark of coquetry in her whole nature. She listened to his poetic speeches, wondering but believing—wondering how they could be true of her, yet trusting him and all the world too seriously to accuse him of anything but partiality.

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To the last day of his life Victor Maurien will not forget one quiet evening, when he came to the hotel and found Theodora North by herself, in their private parlor, reading an English letter by the blaze of a candelabra. It had arrived that very day from Downport, and something in it had touched her, for when she rose to greet him, her gipsy eyes were mistily soft.

They began to draw near to each other that night. Half-unconsciously she drifted into confiding to him the yearnings toward the home whose shadows and sharpnesses absence had softened. It was singular how much pleasanter everything seemed, now she looked back upon it in the past. Downport was not an unpleasant place after all. She could remember times when the sun shone upon the dingy little town and the wide-spread of beach, and made it almost pretty.

"I am afraid I did not love them all enough," she said. "Lady Throckmorton does not intend that I shall go there to remain again; but if I were to go, I feel as if I could help them more—Pamela, you know, and mamma. I want to send Joanna and Elin something, to show them that I don't forget them at all. I think I should like to send them some pretty dresses. Joanna is fair, and she always wanted a pale-blue silk. Do you think a pale-blue silk would be very expensive, M. Maurien?"

She started, and colored a little the next moment, recognizing the oddity of her speech, and her little laugh was very sweet to hear.

"I forgot," she said. "How should you know, to be sure. Political men don't care about pale-blue silk, do they?" And she laughed again, such a fresh, enjoyable little laugh, that he was ready to fall down and worship her in his impulsive French fashion. Until Lady Throckmorton came, she amused him with talking of England and the English people, until the *naivete* of her manner had an indescribable fascination for him. He could have listened to her forever. She told him about Downport and its small lines, unconsciously showing him more of her past life than she fancied. Then, of course, she at last came to Broome street, and Miss Elizabeth, and Miss Priscilla, and—Mr. Denis Oglethorpe.

"He is very talented, indeed," she said. "He has written, oh! a great deal. He once wrote a book of poems. I have the volume in one of my trunks."

He looked at her quietly but keenly when she said this, and he did not need more than a second glance to understand more than she understood herself. He read where Mr. Denis Oglethorne stood, by the queer, sudden, inner light in her eyes, and the unconscious fluctuation of rich color in her bright glowing face. He was struck with a secret pang in a second. There would be so frail a thread of hope for the man who was only second with a girl like this one.

"I know the gentleman you speak of," he said aloud. "We all know him. He is a popular man. I saw him only a few weeks ago."

Her eyes flashed up to his—the whole of her face flashed with electric light.

"Did you?" she said. "Where was he? I didn't know——" and there she stopped.

"He was here," was the answer. "In Paris—in this very hotel, the day before you came here. He had overworked himself, I think. He was looking paler than usual, and somewhat worn-out. It was fatigue, I suppose."

Her eyes fell, and the light died away. She was thinking to herself that he might have waited twenty-four hours longer—only a day—such a short time. Just at that moment she felt passionately that she could not bear to let him go back to England and Priscilla Gower without a farewell word.

In all the whirl of excitement that filled her life, through all the days that were full of it, and the nights that were fairly dazzling to her unaccustomed eyes, she never forgot Denis Oglethorpe. She remembered him always in the midst of it all, and now her remembrance was of a different kind; there was more pain in it, more unrest, more longing and strength. She had ripened wonderfully since that last night in Broome street.

Among the circle of Lady Throckmorton's friends, and even beyond its pale, she was a goddess this winter. Her dark *viante* face, with its innocence and freshness of beauty, carried all before it, and this her first season was a continuation of girlish triumphs. The chief characteristic of her loveliness was that it inspired people with a sort of enthusiasm. When she entered a room a low murmur of pleasure followed her. There was not a man who had exchanged a word with her who would not have been ready to perform absurdities as well as impossibilities for her sweet young sake.

"How kind people are to me," she would say to Lady Throckmorton. "I can hardly believe it, sometimes. Oh, how Joanna and Elin would like Paris!"

They had been two months in Paris, and in the meantime, had heard nothing from Denis Oglethorpe. He had not written to Lady Throckmorton since the letter dated from Vienna, so they supposed he had lost sight of them and thought writing useless. There were times when

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Theo tried to make up her mind that she had seen him for the last time before his marriage, but there were times again when, on going out, her last glance at her mirror had a thrill of expectation in it that was almost a pang.

She was sitting in their box in the theatre one night, half listening to Maurien, half to the singers, and wondering dreamily what was going on in Broome street at the moment, when she suddenly became conscious of a slight stir among the people in the seats on the other side of the house. She turned her face quickly, as if she had been magnetized. Making his way toward their box was a man whom at first she saw mistily, in a moment more quite clearly. Her heart began to beat faster than it had ever beaten in her young life, her hand closed upon her bouquet-holder with a nervous strength; she turned her face to the stage in the curious, excited, happy, and yet fearing tremor that took possession of her in a second. By some caprice or chance they had come to see Faust again, and the Marguerite who had been their attraction, was at this very moment standing upon the stage, repeating softly her simple, pathetic little love-spell,

"*Er lieber mich, er lieber mich nicht.*"

Theo found herself saying it after Marguerite to the beating of her heart. "*Er lieber mich, er lieber mich nicht. Er lieber mich,*——" and there she stopped, breathlessly, for the box door opened, and Denis Oglethorpe entered.

She had altered so much since they had last met that she scarcely dared to look at him, even after the confusion of greetings and formalities was over, and he had answered Lady Throckmorton's questions, and explained to her the cause of his protracted wandering—for though she did not meet his eyes, she knew that he was altered, too. He looked worn and fatigued, she thought, and there was a new unrest in his expression.

It was fully a quarter of an hour before he left Lady Throckmorton and came to her side; but when he did so, something in his face or air, perhaps, made Victor Maurien give way to his greater need in an impulse of generosity.

There was a moment's silence between them after he sat down, during which, in her excited shyness, Theo only looked at Marguerite with a fluttering of rich, warm color on her cheeks. It was he who ended the pause himself.

"Are you glad to see me, Theodora?" he said, in a low, unsteady voice.

"Yes," she answered, tremulously. "I am glad."

"Thank you," he returned. "And yet it was chance that brought me here. I was not even sure you were in Paris until I saw you from the other side of the house a few moments ago. I wonder, my dear Theodora," slipping into the old careless, whimsical manner, "I wonder if I am doomed to be a rascal?"

It might be that her excitement made her nervous; at any rate there was a choking throb in her throat, as she answered him.

"If you please," she whispered, "don't."

His face softened, as if he was sorry for her girlish distress. He was struck with a fancy that if he were cruel enough to persist, he could make her cry. And then the relapse in the old manner, had only been a relapse after all, and had even puzzled himself a little. So he was quiet for a while.

"And so it is Faust again," he said, breaking the silence. "Do you remember what you said to me the first time you saw Faust, Theodora—the night the rose-colored satin came home? Do you remember telling me that you could die for love's sake? I wonder if you have changed your mind, among all the fine people you have seen, and all the fine speeches you have heard. I met one of Lady Throckmorton's acquaintances in Bordeaux, a few days ago, and he told me a wonderful story of a young lady who was then turning the wise heads of half the political Parisians—a sort of enchanted princess, with a train of adorers ready to kiss the hem of her garment."

He was endeavoring to be natural, and was failing wretchedly. His voice was actually sad, and she had never heard it sad in all their intercourse before. She had never thought it could be sad, and the sound was something like a revelation of the man. It made her afraid of herself—afraid for herself. And yet above all this arose a thrill of happiness which was almost wild. He was near her again! he had not gone away, he would not go away yet. Yet! there was a girl's foolish, loving comfort in the word! It seemed so impossible that she could lose him forever, that for the brief moment she forgot Priscilla Gower and justice altogether. In three months the whole world had altered its face to her vision. She had altered herself; her life had altered she knew, but she did not know that she had been happier in her ignorance of her own heart than she could be now in her knowledge of it.

Her little court were not very successful tonight. Denis Oglethorpe kept his place at her side with a persistence which baffled the boldest of her admirers, and she was too happy to remember the rest of the world. It was not very polite, perhaps, and certainly it was not very

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wise to forget everything but that she herself was not forgotten; but she forgot everything else —this pretty Theo, this handsome and impolitic Theo. She did not care for her court, though she was sweet-temperedly grateful to her courtiers for their homage. She did care for Denis Oglethorpe. Ah, poor Priscilla! He went home with them to their hotel. He stayed, too, to eat of the *petite souper* Lady Throckmorton had ordered. Her Ladyship had a great deal to say to him, and a great number of questions to ask, so he sat with them for an hour or so accounting for himself and replying to numberless queries, all the time very concious of Theo, who sat by the fire in a mist of white drapery and soft, thick, white wraps, the light from the wax tapers flickering in Pamela's twinkling sapphires, and burning in the great crimson-hearted rose fastened in the puffs of her hair.

But Lady Throckmorton remembered at last that she had to give some orders to her maid, and so for a moment they were left together.

Then he went to the white figure at the fire and stood before it, losing something of both color and calmness. He was going to be guilty of a weakness, and knowing it could not control himself. He was not so great a hero as she had fancied him, after all. But it would have been very heroic to have withstood a temptation so strong and so near.

"Theo," he said. "The man who ran away from the danger he dared not face is a greater coward than he fancied. The chances have been against him, too. I suppose to-night he must turn his back to it again, but——"

She stopped him all at once with a little cry. She had been so happy an hour ago, that she could not fail to be weak now. Her face dropped upon the hands on her lap, and were hidden there. The crimson-hearted rose slipped from her hair and fell to her feet.

"No, no!" she cried. "Don't go. It is only for a little while; don't go yet!"

CHAPTER VII.

He did not go away. He could not yet. He stayed in Paris, day after day, even week after week, lingering through a man's very human weakness. He could no longer resist the knowledge of the fact that he had lost the best part of the battle; he had lost it in being compelled to acknowledge the presence of danger by flight; he had lost it completely after this by being forced to admit to himself that there was not much more to lose, that in spite of his determination, Theodora North had filled his whole life and nature as Priscilla Gower had never filled it, and could never fill it, were she his wife for a thousand years. He had made a mistake, and discovered having made it too late—that was all; but he blamed himself for having made it; blamed himself for being blind; blamed himself more than all for having discovered his blindness and his blunder. Thinking thus, he resolved to go away. Yes, he would go away! He would marry Priscilla at once, and have it over. He would put an impassible barrier between himself and Theo.

But, though he reproached himself, and anathematized himself, and resolved to go away, he did not leave Paris. He stayed in the face of his remorseful wretchedness. It was a terrible moral condition to be in, but he absolutely gave up, for the time, to the force of circumstances, and floated recklessly with the current.

If he had loved Theodora North when he left her for Priscilla's sake, he loved her ten thousand fold, when he forbore to leave her for her own. He loved her passionately, blindly, jealously. He envied every man who won a smile from her, even while his weakness angered him. She had changed greatly during their brief separation, but the change grew deeper after they had once again encountered each other. She was more conscious of herself, more fearful, less innocently frank. She did not reveal herself to him as she had once done. There is a stage of love in which frankness is at once unnatural and impossible, and she had reached this stage. Even her letters to Priscilla were not frank after his reappearance.

Since the night of their interview after their return from the theatre, he had not referred openly to his reasons for remaining. He had held himself to the letter of his bond so far, at least, though he was often sorely tempted. He visited Lady Throckmorton and Theo as he had visited them in London, and was their attendant cavalier upon most occassions, but beyond that he rarely transgressed. It was by no means a pleasant position for a man in love to occupy. The whole world was between him and his love, it seemed. The most infatuated of Theodora North's adorers did not fear him, handsome and popular as he was, dangerous rival as he might have appeared. Lady Throckmorton's world knew the history of their favorite, having learned it as society invariably learns such things. Most of them knew that his fate had been decided for years; all of them knew that his stay in Paris could not be a long one. A man whose marriage is to be celebrated in June, has not many months to lose between February and May.

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But this did not add to the comfort of Denis Oglethorpe. The rest of Theo's admirers had a right to speak—he must be silent. The shallowest of them might ask a hearing—he dare not for his dishonored honor's sake. So even while nearest to her he stood afar off, as it were, a witness to the innocent triumph of a girlish popularity that galled him intolerably. He puzzled her often in these days, and out of her bewilderment grew a vague unhappiness.

And yet, in spite of this, her life grew perilously sweet at times. Only a few months ago she had dreamed of such bliss as Jane Eyre's and Zulick's, wonderingly; but there were brief moments now and then when she believed in it faithfully. She was very unselfish in her girlish passion. She thought of nothing but the wonderous happiness love could bring to her. She would have given up all her new luxuries and triumphs for Denis Oglethorpe's sake. She would have gone back to Downport with him, to the old life; to the mending, and bread-and-butter cutting, and shabby dresses; she would have taken it all up again cheerfully, without thinking for one moment that she had made a sacrifice. Downport would have been a paradise with him. She was wonderfully devoid of calculation or worldly wisdom, if she had only been conscious of it. An absurdly loving, simple, impolitic young person was this Theodora of ours; but I, for one, must confess to feeling some weak sympathy for her very ignorance.

Among the many of the girl's admirers whom Denis Oglethorpe envied jealously, perhaps the one most jealously envied was Victor Maurien. A jealous man might have feared him with reason under any circumstances, and Denis chafed at his good fortune miserably. The man who had the honorable right to success could not fail to torture him.

"It would be an excellent match for Theo," was Lady Throckmorton's complacent comment on the subject of the *attache's* visit, and the comment was made to Denis himself. "M. Maurien is the very man to take good care of her; and, besides that, he is, of course, desirable. Girls like Theo ought to marry young. Marriage is their *forte;* they are too dependent to be left to themselves. Theo is not like Pamela, or your Priscilla Gower, for instance; queenly as Theo looks, she is the veriest strengthless baby on earth. It is a source of wonder to me where she got the regal air."

But, perhaps, Lady Throckmorton did not understand her lovely young relative fully. She did not take into consideration a certain mental ripening process which had gone on slowly but surely, during the last few months. The time came when Theodora North began to comprehend her powers, and feel the change in herself sadly. Then it was that she ceased to be frank with Denis Oglethorpe, and began to feel a not fully defined humiliation and remorse.

Coming in unexpectedly once, Denis found her sitting all alone, with open book in her lap, and eyes brooding over the fire. He knew the volume well enough at sight; it was the half-forgotten, long-condemned collection of his youthful poems; and when she saw him, she shut it up, and laid her folded hands upon it, as if she did not wish him to recognize it.

He was in one of his most unhappy moods, for some reason or other, and so unreasonable was his frame of mind, that the movement, simple as it was, galled him bitterly.

"Will you tell me why you did that?" he asked, abruptly.

Her eyes fell upon the carpet at her feet, but she sat with her hands still clasped upon the half-concealed book, without answering him.

"You would not have done it three months ago," he said, almost wrathfully, "and the thing is not more worthless now than it was then, though it was worthless enough. Give it to me, and let me fling it into the fire."

She looked up at him, all at once, and her eyes were full to the brim. Lady Throckmorton was right in one respect. She was strengthless enough sometimes. She was worse than strengthless against Denis Oglethorpe.

"Don't be angry with me," she said, almost humbly. "I don't think you could be angry with me if you knew how unhappy I am today." And the tears that had brimmed upward fell upon the folded hands themselves.

"Why to-day?" he asked, softening with far more reason than he had been galled. "What has to-day brought, Theodora?"

She answered him with a soft little gasp of a remorseful sob. "It has brought M. Maurien," she confessed.

"And sent him away again?" he added, in a low, unsteady voice.

She nodded; her simple, pathetic sorrowfulness showing itself even in the poor little gesture.

"He has been very fond of me for a long time," she said, tremulously. "He says that he loves me. He came to ask me to be his wife. I am very sorry for him."

"Why?" he asked again, unsteadily.

"I was obliged to make him unhappy," she answered. "I do not love him."

"Why?" he repeated yet again; but his voice had sunk into a whisper.

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"Because," she said, trembling all over now—because I cannot."

He could not utter another word. There was such danger for him, and his perilled honor, in her simple tremor and sadness, that he was forced to be silent.

It was not safe to follow M. Maurien at least. But, as might be anticipated, their conversation dagged in no slight degree. The hearts of both were so full of one subject that it would have been hard to force them to another. Theo, upon her low *sultane*, sat mute, with drooped eyes, becoming more silent every moment. Oglethorpe, in regarding her beautiful downcast face, forgot himself also. It was almost half an hour before he remembered he had not made the visit without an object. He had something to say to her—something he had once said to her before. He was going away again, and had come to tell her so. But he recollected himself at last.

"I must not forget that I had a purpose in coming here to-night," he said.

"A purpose?" she repeated, after him.

"Yes," he answered. "I found last night, on returning to my hotel, that there was a letter awaiting me from London—from my employers, in fact. I must leave Paris to-morrow morning."

"And will you not come back again," she added, breathlessly almost. The news was so sudden that it made her breathless. This was the last time—the very last!

They might never see each other again in this world, and if they did ever chance to meet, Priscilla Gower would be his wife. And yet he was standing there now, only a few feet from her, so near that her outstretched hand would touch him. The full depth of misery in the thought flashed upon her all at once, and drove the blood back to her heart.

"Why?" she gasped out unconsciously, through the very strength of her pangs. "You are going away forever."

She scarcely knew that she had uttered the words until she saw how deathly pale he grew. The beads of moisture started out upon his forehead, and his nervous hand went up to brush them away.

"Not forever, I trust," he said, huskily. "Only until—until——"

"Until July," she ended for him; "until you are married to Miss Priscilla Gower."

She held up one little, trembling, dusky hand and actually began to tell the intervening months off her fingers. She was trying so hard to calm herself that she did not think what she was doing. She only knew she must do or say something.

"How many months will it be?" she said. "It is February now; March, April, May, June, July. Five months—not quite five, perhaps. We may not be here then. Lady Throckmorton intends to visit the Spas during the summer."

From the depths of her heart she was praying that some chance might take them away from Paris before he returned. It would be his bridal tour—Priscilla's bridal tour. Ah, if some wildly happy dream had only chanced to make it her bridal tour, and she could have gone with him as Priscilla would, from place to place; near him all the time, loving and trusting him always, depending on him, obedient to his lightest wishes. Miss Priscilla was far too self-restrained to ever be as foolishly, thrillingly tender and fond, and happy as she, Theodora North, would have been. She could have given a little sob of despair and pain as she thought of it.

As it was, the hopeless, foolish tears rose up to her large eyes, and made them liquid and soft; and when they rose, Denis Oglethorpe saw them. Such beautiful eyes as they were; such ignorant, believing, fawn-like eyes. The eyes alone would have unmanned him—under the tears he broke down utterly, and so was left without a shadow of control.

He crossed the hearth with a stride and stood close to her, his whole face ablaze with the fierceness of his remorseful self-reproach and the power of his love.

"Listen to me, Theo," he said. "Let me confess to you; let me tell you the truth for once. I am a coward and a villain. I was a villain to ask a woman I did not truly love to be my wife. I am a coward to shrink from the result of my vanity and madness. She is better than I am—this woman who has promised herself to me; she is stronger, truer, purer; she has loved me, she has been faithful to me; and God knows I honor and revere her. I am not worthy to kiss the ground her feet have trodden upon. I was vain fool enough to think I could make her happy by giving to her all she did not ask for—my life, my work, my strength—not remembering that Heaven had given her the sacred right to more. She has held to our bond for years, and now see how it has ended! I stand here before you to-night, loving you, adoring you, worshiping you, and knowing myself a dishonored man, a weak, proved coward, whose truth is lost forever.

"I do not ask you for a word. I do not say a word further. I will not perjure myself more deeply. I only say this as a farewell confession. It will be farewell; we shall never see

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each other again on earth perhaps; and if we do, an impassable gulf will lie between us. I shall go back to England and hasten the marriage if I can; and then, if a whole life's strenuous exertions and constant care and tenderness will wipe out the dishonor my weakness has betrayed me into, it shall be wiped out. I do not say one word of love to you, because I dare not. I only say, forgive me, forget me, and good-by."

She had listened to him with a terrified light growing in her eyes; but when he finished, she got up from her seat, shivering from head to foot.

"Good-by," she said, and let him take her cold, lithe, trembling hands. But the moment he touched them, his suppressed excitement and her own half-comprehended pain seemed to frighten her, and she began to try to draw them from his grasp.

"Go away, please," she said, with a wild little sob. "I can't bear it. I don't want to be wicked, and perhaps I have been wicked, too. Miss Gower is better than I am—more worth loving. Oh, try to love her, and—and—only go away now, and let me be alone."

She ended in an actual little moan. She was shivering and sobbing, hard as she tried to govern herself. And yet, though this man loved her, and would have given half his life to snatch her to his arms and rain kisses of comfort upon her, he let the cold little hand drop, and in a moment more had left her.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

WHAT KATY DID.

BY L. B. B.

We strayed adown the orchard path,
Among the fragrant clover,
One Summer eve, sweet Katy Lee,
And I, her bashful lover.

I plucked for her the daisies bright,
That bloomed in bounteous showers,
She, with deft fingers twined a wreath,
I crowned her with the flowers.

I said, "earth owns no fairer queen
Than thou, my sweet queen Kitty;"
She turned away her pretty head
And hummed an old love ditty.

And silent then we wandered on,
To where the drooping willows,
Enfringe the banks where Otter Creek
Rolls up its mimic billows.

We watched the stars come slowly out,
The ether bending o'er us,
And saw their tiny, lambent flame
Reflected there before us.

The crescent moon above the hills,
Came up in regal splendor,
And bathed us in her silvery light,
So soft, subdued and tender.

Till tender words came unawares—
'Tis so true love confesses—
And Katy hung her head and hid
Her blushes 'mong her tresses.

I said, "sweetheart, my love is thine,
And in my love confiding,
Wilt thou not breathe into my ear
The secret love is hiding?"

No more her blushing face was hid,
But close to mine uplifted—
When suddenly a Katydid
Sang out—a cloudlet drifted

Across the moon, its light was hid—
We stood within the shadow,
And "Katy-did," and "Katy-did,"
Resounded through the meadow.

But what she did, the bird ne'er sung—
Don't think that I'll reveal it—
Naught but the river heard our vow,
And the kiss I took to seal it.

AUTUMN DAYS.

BY MARY ANNIE BROWN.

Oh these, these are the days I love,
The days of all love I;
Be out and in the mellow light
Of a hazy, golden sky.

To be out and in the brown old woods,
While drop the crimson leaves;
While the hale and busy farmers
Gather in the golden sheaves.

To sally forth with joyous song,
While dropping nuts fall fast;
Floating down upon the bosom
Of the streamlet flowing past.

To rustle 'mong the brown old leaves,
That bury my roving feet;
While softly falls the hazy light,
On the brooklet flowing fleet.

Oh these, these are the days I love,
These quiet Autumn days;
When the prairies and the woodlands,
Are bathed in golden haze.

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MADAM BOURNE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

Of course, all Tarrytown knew that Miss Phillips and her corps of teachers had been invited to tea at Madam Bourne's. Now that the Edgeworth Seminary for young ladies had proved its right to be, by two successful terms, the leaders of society in Tarrytown, had thought it proper to receive Miss Phillips within its sacred pale, the doctor's wife had given her a state dinner. "Four courses, and all in city style," said Miss Ann Bennett, who conducted all the births, deaths, and dances of Tarrytown. "It took us a week to get up the jellies. No pies. Pies, Dr. Vanhorn says, are considered low in Harrisburg, which, as I said, was too bad; for, have what opinion you please of Mrs. Vanhorn, as a lady or as a church-member, as for pies, there's nobody in Tarrytown that can touch her, especially when you come to mince. No; no pies. Ice-cream, which I made in Mrs. Hill's big coffee-boiler, and stained red with poke-berry. You know the shape of that boiler? Well, it turned out beautifully."

Mrs. Hill herself, (the judge's wife,) had them to a supper of canned-oysters and chicken-salad; then they were asked to a sewing-party at the minister's; after which "the Browns and Harts, and their set, brought them in," as Miss Ann reported, "quite in a family way, cold tongue, biscuit, jelly-cake—all very plain, you know. The best thing they could do, poor things; but it showed a good intention."

When Madam Bourne invited them, however, all Tarrytown nodded a pleased approbation, as the courtiers did, no doubt, when the king held out his sceptre to Esther.

Not that there was any chance of ice-cream or canned-oysters there. But even Miss Ann's soul ranked the Bourne house by other tests than that of its larder.

"They're decayed," she said to Miss Phillips, the day before the eventful visit. "Decayed! there's no doubt of that; but, bless you, my dear, Madam Bourne's grandfather, Wetherill, drove his blooded horses, and the Hills groomed them. She's the only one of the old stock left. Her husband is—— Well, Jim Bourne's people are strangers hereabouts, and he's been a no-account, shiftless fellow, since the days he was young, till now."

"And the young person—Jack?"

Miss Ann's sallow cheek almost blushed. "He's not a Wetherill! I hope you did not think that, except in a left-handed way. It's one of those unfortunate family histories. Really, as I often say, Jack Bourne is not a subject to be discussed in any family-circle where there are children."

"He appeared to me a most pleasing, agreeable young man," Miss Phillips said, dryly; and much to Miss Ann's disappointment, asked no further questions.

Whatever preparations for the entertainment of the discreet lady and her fair corps were made, were due, if the truth must be told, to this mysteriously-tainted wether of the flock, Jack. Early in the morning he deserted the frame-shanty, outside of which hung the sign, *John Bourne, Attorney-at-Law*, and where he perpetually sat like a spider, waiting for the prey that never came, and betook himself to the kitchen of the Bourne house. There he found Miss Carpenter, who, at present, "assisted with the work," with her red hair down, and flounced-skirt draggling, up to her elbows in dish-water; plates and cups rattling in dire premonition of a coming storm. The Republican blood of "help," in country villages, usually rises to fever heat on the occasion of a tea-drinking—it is the day and hour they find most fitting to declare equality and the rights of man.

"I come to oblige Miss Bourne, in the first place; but if she thinks I'll hand round the tea, she's much mistaken. Ladies, indeed? I'm as good as any of the rubbishing lot."

Old Mr. Bourne, a beef's-tongue in hand, which he had just brought in from the smoke-house, stood waiting at the kitchen-door, with the certain deference which he always showed to women, until this tirade was finished. "Very well, Sarah," he said, calmly. "As you forgot to soak the tongue over night, steep it in warm water, with frequent changes, and then boil."

"I'll see that the butter is good," interposed Jack; "and with Sarah's delicious bread and honey, and some peaches, that Warrick sent in this morning, it will be all right, uncle. Don't trouble yourself further. I'll look over the table when it's set."

If Jack had been a pale, mild-mannered lad, his occupation might have seemed unmanly; but even Miss Carpenter could see that the stout,

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jolly young fellow tasted butter, or placed napkins precisely as he would have boarded a ship, or tramped over a desert, or cut a steak from a buffalo, or gone through any other work which necessity had placed in his way.

Both he and his uncle habitually lowered their tones in the house. Madam Bourne abhorred a noise as much as she did tobacco, or free-thinking, or the political party she hated, or any virtue or vice with which she had not been acquainted before she was nineteen.

"I want none of your new ideas," she was wont to say to the young clergymen, who sometimes visited the Tarrytown pulpit. "They are exactly like these new-comers and upstarts that are filling up the village. Trash, sir; with neither sense nor good-breeding."

For some unknown reason, Jack was especially anxious about the success of the coming evening. He wandered about the old stone-house, with its heavy panels, patched carpets, and faded furniture, opening a window here, and drawing a trailing vine into sight there. Do what he would, its aspect was gloomy and dull. The sole ornaments were gigantic vases, filled with wax flowers, marvelous pictures, worked in chenille by Madam Bourne in her youth, or landscapes in filagree, by the same hand.

"A woman could do it—I can't!" muttered Jack, after his final attempt to brighten the great parlor.

He hardly thought of Madam Bourne, in her work-room overhead, as a woman. That she should oversee parlor or pantry, the placing of flower-pots, or boiling of tongues, was an impossibility which had never entered into the mind of man since she was born into the purple of Tarrytown. Now, indeed, the purple had faded, and would have been rags, if she did not earn money with her own hands. She sat, therefore, in that dismal upper-chamber, working purple-velvet bags with gold beads, netting purses, embroidering white dresses with wreaths of parti-colored flowers—the fashion of the day having luckily brought the accomplishments of her youth into use. But she kept about her a ceremony of self-sacrifice, of poverty, quite as imposing as any state, or pomp of wealth, in her younger days. Kitchen and pantry were regions which Madam Bourne never degraded herself by visiting.

Jack, having completed his tour of the lower rooms, went out into the garden to find his uncle. It was an old-fashioned garden, even for Tarrytown, and unusually large, having absorbed, first one and then the other, of two-acre lots, which opened into it, filling them with their beds of vegetables, clumps of peonies, old apple and plum-trees, and shady alleys, lined with privet and currant-bushes. In one obscure corner was a tumble-down shed, which Mr. Bourne had called his laboratory, when he gave his attention to chemistry; in another, a work-shop, full of rusty carpenter's tools, which he had used when he was inventing a patent cultivator; back of the asparagus-patch was the boiler, with its queer valves and escape-pipes, in which he once undertook to manufacture a new kind of toilet-soap. The garden was, in fact, full of hints of his attempts to make a fortune. "Here are my failures," he used to say to his guests, rubbing his lean hands cheerfully, "strewed about like Brummell's cravats."

There was a cranberry bog, where the ground was swampy, given over now to frogs and mullein; there were rows of famous raspberries, overgrown with iron-weed; there was a broken roof, covering rows of patent bee-hives, in which the last swarm had long since died.

Mr. Bourne came down from the stable-loft, by way of a ladder, to meet Jack. He was in his shirt-sleeves, as usual, his thin cheeks red with excitement, and his large, lightish eyes sparkling.

"I really think I'll save his life, Jack!"

"Whose life?"

"The dog's. Cap. Colder's Raven. The captain gave him up, and was going to shoot him; but I asked him to let me try what I could do. You know the decoction I made out of that curious herb at the foot of the garden?"

"Yes, I know," said Jack, absently. "There was a matter I wished to speak to you about, uncle."

"In a moment, Jack. Now that herb is Chinese. At the time I experimented in growing the tea-plant, some odd seeds were forwarded to me, and I sowed them just there. I've no doubt that herb is the product. It certainly has some remarkable medicinal properties. I anticipate great results, if it prove to be all that I expect of it."

"And, meantime, you're experimenting on poor old Raven?" laughed Jack.

"He's recovering. I assure you I see the most marked change within the last hour," replied Mr. Bourne, eagerly. "Come directly up to the loft and see for yourself."

Jack, who was the embodiment of good nature, went up. When he came down, however, his face betrayed an uneasy, almost angry, discontent, at variance with his usual grave quiet. Whatever his cause of trouble was, he had not disclosed it to Mr. Bourne. A moment's reflection had showed him the folly of that course. How could a man, who was utterly incapable of

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earning his livelihood, by any steady employment, help him to one? Had not the old man sat, year in and year out, in the very shanty which he now occupied, waiting for a legal practice which never came. When, at last, his wife's influence brought him in Justice of the Peace, did he not go about smoothing over all complaints, patching up all quarrels, with his cheery, "pooh, pooh," and "well, well, think the matter over," until not two disputes came to a lawsuit, and, consequently, his fees amounted to but six dollars in the year? Was this the man to whom one could talk of business?

Jack, with a sudden change of determination, turned his steps toward the house, and, after a moment's hesitation, went up the stairs leading to Madam Bourne's room, a place which he never had visited but twice before in his life.

"Come in!" responded a thin, wiry voice, to his tap at the door.

Madam Bourne was seated stiffly erect at a table, on which lay, in orderly piles, squares of different-colored stuffs, and skeins of silk. She was a tall, spare woman, dressed in a Turk-satin of a yellow-brown, which Jack remembered since his babyhood. Her face was lean and sharp, her eyes light, and curiously steady; above the puffs of sandy hair on her forehead rose the folds of a thin muslin turban, such as old ladies had worn when she was young.

"What do you wish, John?" stopping him at the door with a look.

He took a sudden, hasty step forward. "Madam Bourne," he said, "I am tired of this life I lead. I asked you, two years ago, to relieve me from my dependence on you. Now, I must be free. There are reasons——"

"What are the reasons?" she said, calmly.

Jack hesitated, the color rushing to his face, which Madam Bourne quietly noted. "It is a woman," she thought, knowing it would not be long before she would discover who the woman was. There were no such detectives as those pale, keen eyes.

"You can do as you will," she said, in the same calm, chilling tone. "What future do you propose for yourself?"

"I have no plan, nor hope, or ambition, beyond work, which will enable me to support myself. I could go to the city and get employment as a carpenter. I know the trade well enough—I prefer it to any other. I could earn my food and clothes as a day-laborer—anything rather than be the pauper I am."

Madam Bourne listened with a quiet contempt.

"Carpenter, and day-laborer?" she said, "Those are your mother's tastes, I presume?"

A sudden, terrible change passed over the young man's face, but he made no answer.

"And yet you are singularly like your father," she went on to say, still as impassive as a Fate. "But you have none of his blood apparently in your veins. My brother had all the instincts, as well as the birth of a gentleman. One moment——!" as Jack would have spoken, raising her hand. "You know what I have done for you?"

"I do know it! God knows there is not a day in which I do not sum it all up to myself!" cried poor Jack, bitterly. The weight of his obligation of gratitude, in which, despite all his efforts, he could not infuse affection, was more than he could bear.

"When my brother Edward," pursued Madam Bourne, calmly, "was dying, he wrote to me that he left a child. I went to Cincinnati, found your wretched mother dead in a house, which had been her home for years, and which even now I dare not name. What your fate would have been you may imagine. In the almshouse, would you have been less a pauper than with me? I have educated you as my son. My husband insisted on giving you his name. I have had a pride in thinking my brother's son would be a gentleman, in this old home of the Wetherill's. Now," rising, "you have a home—you have a profession. I am ready, while I live, to keep you in the position Edward's son should hold. What more do you want?"

Jack saw that the lean face grew more haggard, and the steady gaze more intense. Even this sign of emotion moved him. Whether it was pride, or affection for her dead brother, that actuated her, he knew that the struggle of her life had been to keep him in the position that was so intolerable to him. He spoke with difficulty.

"You are a practical woman, Madam Bourne," he said, trying to steady his voice, "as well as a self-sacrificing one. You must see that your scheme is impracticable. In the country town, perhaps, there might be a chance for me to earn my living as a lawyer; but here, what little business there is has belonged to Judge Hill for forty years, and he would starve, if he did not carry on farming beside."

"All the Wetherill's have been lawyers," she said, obstinately. "What are the Hills, that they should stand in your way? John Hill's father was a blacksmith."

"It is madness for a strong, able-bodied man to sit idle, year after year, while a woman works to support him!" he cried. "You shut out all sense of manhood from me—all the chances which belong to a man! It is meant for kindness, but it is slavery—galling, unendurable slavery!"

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The passion of the young man moved her, as he had never seen her moved before. "Bear the slavery for a little longer," she exclaimed. "For a year—I will ask no more; you owe me so much."

It was not in Madam Bourne's nature to suffer any one to forget gratitude to her. But underneath the hard, self-assertion, there was some potent feeling struggling, which Jack could not understand.

He stood irresolute.

She came forward, laid her hand on his arm.

"Grant me so much. I am an old woman."

There was a certain humility, a pathos in the appeal, incredible in Madam Bourne.

Jack felt the water rush to his eyes.

"I will do what you wish," he said, "rather than give you pain, madam. I wish you had tested my gratitude in some other way. But God knows, the sacrifice of my life would not pay my debt to you."

"You will remain for a year, then?"

"Yes."

But he turned, after he had said it, and went slowly down the stairs.

Madam Bourne sat down to her monotonous stitching. Her life was narrow, which Jack had not remembered; he had not remembered either that she had but one idea, that of her race, and that she was the last of them. He had not counted on the keen delight her bigoted, prejudiced mind might find in seeing her brother's son, born even as he had been, go in and out of the house a gentleman, where the Wetherills had been a race of gentlemen, in looking at the old sign swinging outside of his vacant office.

Jack belonged to the present day, with its tough, practical reality. He had no conception of the absolute ideas of gentility and caste, which are rigid as death to those who hold them.

Presently, Madam Bourne laid down her needle. "He is the last of the Wetherells," she said. "If he goes——"

She put her hands over her eyes, and sat motionless for a few moments. Then she began to work with double rapidity. The boy, possibly, wanted spending-money—little gayeties which other lads had. She must supply him better—must work harder.

Madam Bourne's keen eyes were vigilant that evening. Jack brought in a vase of flowers, for the center of the table, and a little bunch of heliotrope, with a moss-rose, which he placed in a tiny cup, by a certain plate.

It was not Miss Phillips who sat there, when rustling in their silks and shimmering in muslin, she and her flock of teachers were placed at the tea-table; nor was it the angular music-mistress, nor the sharp-nosed Canadian Frenchwoman, nor the pensive widow from New Hampshire. It was a chubby little girl, whom Miss Phillips introduced as teacher of the infant department, and who seemed to have no name but Fanny.

"Black eyes and red lips," thought Madam Bourne. "There is the secret of John's mystery." She scanned Fanny sharply over the tea-urn. "A scheming adventuress, who expects to make her fortune by marrying among the Bournes and Wetherills," was her decision. She determined to put an effectual bar to the young woman's designs before tea was over.

It was a very pleasant hour, the poor teachers thought, at the Bourne table. They wrote home accounts of the quaint silver-service, and the old Canton china, and the stately relic of antiquity who presided over them. Mr. Bourne, with his white hair and whiskers brushed from his thin face, told his best stories, and took one after another of the strangers into his confidence, in some favorite hobby. The presence of so many kindly, gentle women was like drinking new wine, he whispered to Jack, more than once. As for Jack, that young fellow seemed suddenly to have plunged from the winter of his discontent into all the heat and delight of summer.

"A manly, gallant young man," thought shrewd Miss Phillips. "Not a bad match for poor little Fanny, if he is the heir of this noble house, and the property it represents."

"The boy is a Wetherill," thought Madam Bourne. "His father's son! See how that little minx angles for him," watching Fanny's sudden blushes and frightened smiles.

Fortune favored Madam Bourne's plan. Jack was called out before they rose from table.

"Your son has the features of your family," said the widow, glancing up at the portraits on the wall.

Madam Bourne was silent. Her husband turned to her a look of eager deprecation, and then to Fanny. The old man had found out the secret of the guilty pair.

"John is not my son," said Madam Bourne, steadily dropping the sugar into her cup. "Even his name is not his own; my husband permits him the use of it on sufferance——"

"My dear!"

"You will allow me to go on, Mr. Bourne. The Wetherills have never concealed a family blot. Being constantly before the eyes of the world, they judge it best to affect no disguise. This unfortunate boy," addressing Miss Phillips, "is a natural son of my brother. We took him from the depth of poverty and infamy, and have

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fed and clothed him; he is still, in fact, dependent upon our bounty. We have reared him, it is true, as our own son and heir. But I would be sorry to impose him upon strangers in such a character."

There was an awkward silence, in which the spoons rattled loudly in the cups.

"If God had given me a son," said Mr. Bourne, slowly, "I could have wished for nothing truer or nobler than I have found in Jack."

Fanny Jennings, who had grown curiously pale during the last few minutes, suddenly turned to the old man with her eyes full of tears. But she did not speak; and Miss Phillips adroitly turned the conversation to the old portraits.

"What a singular, truthful, and noble character has Madam Bourne," said the pensive widow, as they went into the drawing-room.

"She is a diabolical old witch," said Fanny, vehemently. "Her bread-and-butter choke me!"

When the other ladies sauntered out into the garden, Fanny wandered by herself down a dusky alley of pear-trees, and there Jack found her; instantly discovered the trace of tears, in spite of the twilight, and proceeded to remove them from her hot cheeks by means of both hands and lips—from which we may conclude that matters had progressed farther between the young people than anybody had suspected.

If Madam Bourne meant to degrade John, in the eyes of this little adventuress, and cause her to fling him off, she had not hit upon the best method, apparently.

"Oh, you poor Jack!—you noble, dear boy!" she cried, sobbing with utter disregard of tears or grammar. "If I could work for you! If I could keep you from their—their maligning and gossip! Oh, dear, dear!" And, whereas, this shy little creature had heretofore barely permitted Jack to touch her hand, or give her a solemn good-by kiss, she now hung upon him, stroked his manly shoulders and beard, patted his hands, his buttons, with something of the adoring worship of a vestal for the great Apollo, and the protection of a mother for a baby.

"I'd run away!—that's what I'd do," more vehement than ever. "I'll—I'll make up my mind now, Jack, though I wouldn't before. I'll marry you any day, and we'll go to town, and you shall have clients, and I'll teach; and we'll take nobody's name on sufferance!"

"Ah—h!" Jack drew his breath sharply between his teeth. He guessed the cause of Fanny's excitement now; but he asked no questions. He stroked her little hand quietly awhile before he spoke.

"No, Fanny, I cannot go. I have promised to remain where I am for a year. Then——"

"Then, probably, I shall be in a different humor," sitting up, stiffly. "Indeed, I'm in it now. Of course, if you prefer to give your life to Madam Medusa, instead of to me, I have nothing to say."

"I owe my life to Madam Medusa, as you call her. You do not know her. I will give her the year she asks," said Jack, quietly. "But, Fanny, I love——"

"That is such an old story. I'm tired hearing it. We'll go into the house, if you please."

Miss Jennings accordingly marched into the house with as stately a step as her little figure could command, and thereupon devoted herself to the Medusa, with such amiable affectien and sprightliness, that Jack gnashed his teeth out of sheer bewilderment.

When they were all gone, Madam Bourne summoned him before her.

"Close the door, John," she said. Then, after a moment's pause, "I heard your conversation with Miss Jennings, this evening. No, you need not be indignant. I was not eaves-dropping. I heard her by accident. It was to marry her you wished to leave me?"

There was an unwonted quiet and womanliness in her manner which puzzled and startled Jack.

"I would have wished to go, if I had never known her. But I intend, some day, to marry her."

"She loves you, I think." A queer smile flickered over her face. "It is a long time since I remembered there was such folly in the world. It is a very agreeable folly," tapping softly, for a moment, on the table. "And she," raising her voice, "is not an adventuress, as I supposed. She is an honest, well-meaning little girl, although she calls me Medusa. She does not know me, as you said; nor do you. I hold you to your promise. Stay with me for the year. Perhaps I may release you from it sooner. God knows."

So Jack's life dropped into one of those vacant spaces, which make up half the sum of human lives everywhere but in novels. He saw Fanny at rare intervals; but let her pass on her way. Why should he stay her? What word was there to say? He felt himself a slave to a woman's whim.

"A year is but a little while to wait, after all. It is no very heroic sacrifice," said Jack, when the yoke was heaviest on his neck.

He was without his uncle's companionship now, as Mr. Bourne was making perpetual mysterious journeys to Pittsburg, of whose cause or result he told the secret to nobody.

It was during one of these absences that Jack was released from his promise.

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He stood, by the dining-room fire, waiting for his dinner, one day, when Miss Carpenter appeared at the door.

"I wish you'd go bring the old lady down," she said. "I've rung till I can ring no more."

There was no reason why he should not go. Yet, as he went slowly up the stairs, his feet lagged unwillingly, and a strange, new presentiment filled his heart. It was the first time he had entered her work-room since the day she had fettered and handcuffed him by a promise.

He tapped at the door, pushed it open, and went in. Madam Bourne sat upright, as usual, at her table, the needle in her fingers, the heaps of colored silks and velvet before her. Her head was turned toward the door; the steady eyes fixed him with their cold and stony stare.

Jack did not speak to her, as he intended; he never could tell why, but went close to her, and, for the first time in his life, touched her hand. It was icy cold.

"She is dead. She has been dead for hours!" he said calmly, aloud. Then there came to him, as with a flood, a sense of the reality of her death and his life; the terrible loneliness in which she had lived, working for him; the knowledge of the love she bore him, underneath the bitterness of her bigotry; the consciousness that a little affection from him, a kindly word or look, might have made her life different—different!

"But I never gave it," said Jack, looking at the dead face, whose eyes were fixed upon his own. "I never spoke to her a single word of affection. I never touched her hand till now, and it is dead!"

He went out of the room; but the dead eyes followed him, full of reproach.

She had died, the physicians told him, of a terrible disease, which she had concealed for years. She left a letter for her husband, in which she said, "I have concealed my ailment, because it is incurable, and I do not wish to annoy others. It is not the habit of the Wetherills to be selfish. In the upper drawer of my wardrobe will be found my burial clothes, and a sum sufficient for the expenses of my funeral. I especially desire the coffin to be lined with quilted satin—quilted, not plain; I want nothing mean. I wish the Poindexters and Stronds in the next county, and the Morgans, to be notified of the funeral, and the pall-bearers selected from amongst them. They will doubtless bring their coaches. They are the only families cotemporary with the Wetherills now living." At the close of the letter, there was a line or two written in different ink. "Tell John to forgive me for keeping him beside me until the last. I knew it would come soon. John is a Wetherill." Still farther down was written, "I never had a son," as though still pleading for forgiveness.

It is two or three years since Madam Bourne was laid in her grave, and the house is full of sunshine and laughter, and, stranger than all, of evidences that money abounds. In the lower part of the garden there is a spacious building, where Mr. Bourne superintends the concoction of his patent medicine, which we will not advertise by naming here. Enough to say, the long-looked-for fortune is made at last.

"And it all came from trying experiments on that dog of Colders!" he cries, as the dividends rise week by week. "If I could only have tried it on your poor aunt. She might be with us now!"

The old gentleman usually goes down with Jenny to meet Jack, in the evening, as the train comes in; for there is a train now to Tarrytown, and Jack goes down every day to this country-town, where he is known as an attorney of credit and renown. There is no happier man than he, as he jumps from the cars, to meet them, and take the baby out of Jenny's arms.

But sometimes a pair of dead eyes haunt and follow him with an inexorable reproach.

"I did not know her," he thinks. "Which of all those that are living, do we know? And to how many are we just?"

A WOMAN'S QUESTIONS.

BY ETTA NELSON.

Will you love me when the roses
From my cheek are faded;
When my feeble, tottering feet
Cannot go unaided?

Will you love me when the curls
That you prize so now,
Lie in bands of shining silver
O'er my wrinkled brow?

When the voice that now is music
Shall be cracked and shrill;
And the fresh, young beauty faded—
Will you love me still?

Will your heart be true and tender,
When our hearts grow old?
Not only true in Summer weather,
But in Winter's cold?

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WIDOW STENIE'S ANNIVERSARY-DAY.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"PUT on the best chiny, Melindy," said aunt Susan Goss, wiping her spectacles, "and the finest linen table-cloth, and the silver spoons; you haven't been here long enough to know my sister's peculiarities. Take out all the best things; this is Marthy's anniversary-day."

"Yes'm," replied the girl, with a wondering stare, as she took the keys of the china-closet, and the linen-chest. "Are we going to have company, Miss Susan?"

"No, child; no company. Father Beek, he used to make one of us at such times, and Miss Ann Bessom, who was bridemaid; but they are both dead and gone—so there's to be nobody but us."

Melinda walked thoughtfully out of the room. Here was a puzzle. What was the anniversary for, if everybody was dead and gone, or, at least, the minister and the bridemaid? And whose wedding was it, and why was it for a wedding at all, in a house where lived only an old maiden lady and a middle-aged widow?

The girl carried the china from one room to the other, still puzzling over the matter, and laid the table with great circumspection. Miss Susan, she now saw, had put on her black silk, and wore new ribbons in her cap. Presently, the door opened, and in came widow Stenie, magnificently arrayed, at least to the eyes of the wondering Melinda. A small, pale woman, with iron-gray curls, eyes of the softest blue; Martha Stenie appeared that morning dressed in a stone-colored moire-antique, showing by its decided creases, that it had long been folded away. A corner handkerchief of rich lace was fastened at her throat by a small diamond pin. Her face, as she entered, was singularly radiant; indeed, as Melinda afterward said, it seemed somehow to light up the whole room.

"Isn't it a beautiful day, sister Susan?" she asked, kissing her as the two women met. "It is always so; for ten years the sun has shone always on this day, as I would have it of all days in the year."

"I hope it always may, dear," said Miss Susan, quietly.

Still the girl Melinda wondered, standing behind Martha Stenie's chair, handing her the formal silver dishes of such old-time patterns, listening to the pleasant chat of the two, why the widow should thus dress for a gala-day, and what the anniversary was for.

"Be very careful of that glass, Melindy," said Miss Susan, as she furnished the girl with a damask napkin. "It has been in the family over a hundred and fifty years."

"Yes'm," responded Melinda, her suddenly-awakened reverence tingling like nerves to her finger's ends, and making her twice as awkward. "And is these silver things all old, too?"

"Old! I should think they were; that little milk-jug—the old folks always called it a jug—is almost two hundred years old; the ornament on its handle is a part of the family coat-of-arms. The sugar-bowl was given to my great-great-grandmother on her marriage-day—that and the tea-urn, which we seldom use on account of its thinness. Oh, yes, Melindy; they are very old, and we think everything of them."

"I don't wonder you do, ma'm," responded Melinda, in a vague kind of way, looking with new interest at the array of quaint dishes. "But, Miss Susan, if it's not asking too much, will you tell me what sort of an anniversary this is to day?"

"A wedding anniversary," said Miss Susan, taking her knitting to the window.

"Why, I thought," said Melinda, letting a tumbler slide out of her hand, and recovering it dexterously, "I thought Stenie was a wider."

"And so she is, Melindy, and so she has been these ten years past; you see she had only been married five years, when she lost her husband. Melindy, there's a crumb on the carpet, right on that black line."

Melinda stooped, and dutifully picked off the bread-crumb, and looked for another, but there was no other there.

"And so he died," said Melinda, after a long pause, during which she had wiped and polished the glasses a dozen times or more.

"Of course he died, child, or she wouldn't be a widow," said Miss Susan, lifting her sharp black eyes from the stocking.

"Yes'm," Melinda responded, her very cheeks flushing a deeper crimson. "Of course."

"But he wasn't taken in the ordinary way," continued Miss Susan, her voice grown solemn. "Dear me, but it was such a strange Providence! Oh, yes, we know he died, bless you.

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The ship was wrecked, and parts of her were found—all hands perished, of course. I prevailed upon sister Martha to have a stone put up—one might as well buy one's grave-lot when death has come into the family; but she was dreadful opposed to it for a long time. However, I prevailed at last, and it's the prettiest stone in the church-yard—almost a moniment, in fact, with his name on it in gilt letters."

"Was he a sailor?" asked Melinda.

"Bless your soul and body, no. I guess not;" and Miss Susan's black eyes snapped almost angrily. "He was a merchant."

"Oh," said Melinda, feeling very much as if it had suddenly thundered, as she timidly rubbed the silver, "I didn't know."

"He was very fond of Marthy, and Marthy was very fond of him," pursued Miss Susan, reflectively, as the tips of her needles glistened in the sunlight. "I reckon that was a love-match. They waited nigh fourteen years, till Marthy was thirty, anyhow; and I never saw a happier couple. Marthy was a handsome woman; she's handsome yet, I call her; and she took his death in the most curious manner."

The spinster shook her head, and continued to shake it so long, that Melinda let her towel dip into the dish-water, and began to wonder if Miss Susan had been taken with the shaking palsy. It stopped presently, however, ending with now and then a shake, and Miss Susan sighed.

"Somehow it don't seem to me," she resumed, speaking rather to herself, "that Marthy's been right since; you see it was enough to shock one; but she didn't take on properly, nor wear black, as a widow should. Did you ever hear of such a thing, Melindy? She didn't even go into mourning."

Melinda, whose thoughts went back to a miserable home, and a day more miserable, in which her father was brought in dead, and whose mother was too poor even to buy a black ribbon, did know of such a thing by bitter experience, but she kept her own counsel.

"I never understood it," continued Miss Susan, with a repetition of the head-shaking, "I should plunge into the blackest black all over; but she would hear to nobody; and if you'll believe it, when the next anniversary of her marriage-day came round, she sent for the minister who married her, and her bridemaid. Well, it was the strangest thing I ever heard of; do you know I always feel as if there was a ghost at the table."

Melinda gave a feeble cry of horror. The ancient silver, and the choice glass, the fine linen, and the fragile china, had all lost their charm on the recital of this weird story. The very house seemed changed to her, and the sun looked white where it crept along the floor, as if following the feet of some invisible spirit.

"I don't know how to account for it," muttered Miss Susan, going on dreadfully with her head, till poor, pale Melinda wanted to cry out, "Oh, please, do stop, Miss Susan; please do!"

"Marthy was always like other young women before. She's just the same as she used to be in everything else, and she seems sane enough in that; but I don't know. I—— Gracious! that goose is scorching! Run, Melindy, and I'll tend to putting things away."

Melinda ran, and so did the cold chills down her back; why she could scarcely tell; but to her some ghostly influence seemed at work. It might be in the kitchen at the spit, or it might be in the pantry, for the dishes did rattle dreadfully, sometimes; or it might be in the furniture, which often cracked, as if somebody was splitting it for spiritual kindling wood. Melinda remembered, as she drew the ponderous old-fashioned tin-kitchen back from the ruddy blaze of the great hickory sticks, that only the last night she had heard the queerest sounds, tappings on the window-panes, creaking along the floor—snap, snap, snap, in the old, black, worm-eaten wardrobe. She had given them but little attention at the time, but now they took in a weird and ghostly aspect. Perhaps, as she had heard of some people, Mrs. Martha actually talked with the ghost of her dead husband, and so to her he seemed just as much alive as he had ever been. Maybe he walked the house—was there behind her; and with a nervous scream, she turned, and ran plump into the arms of Miss Susan, who had a fashion of running about almost noiselessly.

"Oh, I thought—I thought it was a ghost—a spirit!" half-sobbed the bewildered Melinda. "Miss Susan, do you believe he will be at the dinner-table?"

"Why, who knows?" queried the spinster. "You foolish girl, are you frightened?"

"If I wasn't bound, ma'am, and my poor mother depending on me, I'd leave the house this moment," howled Melinda.

"You ridiculous girl; don't be so silly. There's no danger that you will ever see such a thing; they only come to those who wan't 'em, if they come at all."

"Is that so, Miss Susan?"

"Of course, it's so; of course, I'm sure," said Miss Susan, in a severe voice, for this ignorant girl, giving way to her fears, might take it into her head to leave at any moment; and Miss

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Susan did not feel equal to kitchen and dining-room duties at the same time.

"Now watch the dinner, Melindy," she said, "and don't give way to any more ridiculous fancies; if you do, I shall scold you—and you won't want to hear me scold twice."

The dinner was excellent. It seemed a pity, Melinda thought, to get up so splendid a feast for only two persons. The girl had donned her best white apron, and a rose-colored ribbon nestled in the thick braids of her hair. She had recovered somewhat from the fears of the morning, though never, never, she said to herself, should she see her mistress sit down without fancying that the man who was dead sat beside her, and she fell to speculating upon his appearance, as she put the last polish on the quaint old tumblers.

Mrs. Martha came down to dinner in even more state than she had appeared in the morning. She had added a gold chain and watch, and a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses, and her thin, delicate hands were decorated with fine, old, back-lace mits, that were, as nearly everything was in that house, an heir-loom. If possible, her face wore a brighter illumination, and she brought with her to the table a good appetite.

"I have taken my usual walk," she said, "and feel in excellent spirits. Susan, we must have more evergreens planted round the grave. It struck me this morning that we might make an arbor over the head-stone, and set out ivy—old English ivy. I know where I can get some. Won't that be beautiful?"

Miss Susan looked over at her sister, whose eyes were at that moment contemplating a choice tit-bit of roast goose, and gave a series of infinitesimal shakes; then, as Martha glanced up, she said,

"Why, if you think so, of course."

"I do think so. We adorn our own homes; why leave the last resting-places of the dead, who enjoyed those adornments, in cheerless, uncared for solitude? Melinda, child, do you know it is impolite to stare?" she added, in the same breath, without looking up.

"Good gracious! she's got eyes in the back of her head," thought poor Melinda, her cheeks rivaling the ribbon in her hair; and she was so confused that but for a solemn lunge at the old knocker, by some person outside, she would not have known what to do with eyes or hands.

"For ten years such a thing has not happened!" exclaimed the widow, in some trepidation.

"Surely," echoed Miss Susan. "Who on earth can it be? Quick, Melindy, put her in the parlor, whoever it is, and say we're at dinner. Well?" for Melinda had been out, and appeared again at the dining-room door.

"It's a gentleman, ma'am," said the girl.

"A gentleman!" chorussed both ladies. "Who, pray?" continued Miss Susan. "You know who comes here."

"It's nobody as comes here, Miss; but an oldish one, with the biggest gray beard I ever laid eyes on, ma'am."

"Did you put him in the parlor?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did he seem easy, or hurried? Who can it be, Susan?"

"He didn't seem a bit hurried, ma'am. He said, tell the ladies I can wait. He asked was you both in and well, and said, when the ladies was at liberty, he would be pleased to see Miss Susan."

"Ah, Susy!" exclaimed the widow, laughing, "it's your old beau, Mr. Stepson, depend upon it."

"Now, Marthy!" said Susan, with great deliberation, while the faintest tinge of pink touched her comely cheeks.

"Why, of course it is. I haven't a doubt. It's almost five years since he was here."

"But, my dear, he didn't send in a card, or his name by word of mouth. No, dear, depend upon it, it's some traveling agent, or missionary, or something of that kind. Still, I don't know, but I'd ought to go and see."

"Because you know if it was Mr. Stepson, we ought to ask him in to dine; there's a lovely piece of the breast left."

Meantime the stranger had settled himself on the lounge, after walking about the room distractedly for a few moments, and was rubbing the palms of his hands softly together. His beard was patriarchal; his eyes were black, and kindly in their glances, and his manners peculiar. He looked over the furniture, over every little decoration smilingly, and sometimes he chuckled to himself.

"I couldn't send for her," he muttered. "It might kill her. Gracious! can it really be? Isn't it a pleasant dream, from which I shall wake up presently? Well, bless my soul and body, if here ain't Susan!"

As for Miss Susan, she had no sooner entered, than her hands dropped, a livid pallor spread over her face, and she seemed ready to faint. The man sprang forward and caught at her hand, but she waved him off.

"Go back, Marshall Stenie," she cried, in a broken voice, "You are dead and buried."

"Susan, your wits have forsaken you, and I

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don't wonder; but it is really me, flesh and blood—Marshall Stenie. Come, Susan, take my hand; welcome me! I have been almost perishing for the touch of a friendly hand like yours."

"Oh, Marshall! can it be true?—can it?" She put her hand to her head, and looked at him bewildered.

"It is true, my dear sister," he said, gravely; "as true as that this day is the anniversary of our wedding."

"Oh Marshall! Martha! Do you know she has never really mourned for you?—that every year, for ten years, she has kept this day—is keeping it now?" There was a sob in her voice. How shall I tell her? Will she die for joy, do you think? Or has some angel whispered to her that you were living still."

"Perhaps it is even so. In all these years of pain and solitude, never expecting again to set foot upon the soil of my native land, I have hoped, have prayed that it might be so. On my way to the house, I crossed the old church-yard, with a friend, who pointed out my tombstone, and you may imagine with what sensations I looked at my own name. But let us lose no more time. I will tell you my story by-and-by. Susan, I want to see Martha, my dear wife."

Do you think I could describe that meeting? The cry of rapture, the prayer of thanksgiving; the doubts that were so speedily changed to certainties; the happy, happy re-union; the fright of poor Melinda at the thought that it might be a ghost after all; the solemn, fervent joy—the new beauty of the wife who, in her heart of hearts, had never felt that he was dead. Or need I tell of the recital of the wreck in mid-ocean; the drifting for days and weeks of a little company, dying one after another, till only this strong heart was left; of his solitary sojourn in a desert place for years. I think not.

And there he sat at the table, next to his wife, chatting, eating—actually eating that choice bit of breast which seemed to have been saved especially for his delectation, while Melinda dropped the precious glass, and knocked the ancient silver about, without one complaining glance from sharp Miss Susan.

"Well, I declare!" said that damsel, in her sojourn to the kitchen, "I never will believe crackings again—no more knockings on the winders, or nothing of the kind. Here I have been shivering all day, thinking that there would be a ghost at the table, sure; and the dead's come back alive and hearty, and eating goose and apple-sarce, and cracking jokes at this minite, as if he'd went away yisterday. And I never!" she continued. "How handsome Mrs. Martha do look; like a young girl, to be sure, all but her gray hair. If I ever! It's a marvel, and that's what it is. Well, well, the place'll be a good deal pleasanter with a master to it—it's only half a place, to my thinking, with no man about. I wonder if he's handy?"

Just then Melinda was called into the dining-room, and Miss Susan was saying,

"How about that arbor, Marthy? Shall you plant the ivy there now?"

"No, Susan," was the reply. "I shall send, and have the stone taken up this very day—this happiest of all ANNIVERSARY-DAYS."

ANTE MORTEM.

BY ESEL H. DORF.

Sad heart, sweet heart, soon, soon I'll be lying
Under a stone;
Silent and lone where a willow is sighing.

Sweet heart, sad heart, come thou in the morning
With thought of me still;
Pause at my grave, sweet, the dew all a scorning,
At foot of the hill!

Rich heart, rare heart, lean, lean in your sweetness,
The flowerets above;
Crown my lone grave with your shadow's completeness,
My darling—my love!

Fond heart, full heart, no more in the gloaming
We wander at will;
Nor is the end bitter, for, after roaming,
We've memory still!

Lone heart, large heart, I thought to make grander
The skies o'er your head!
Failure? Will it all count as nothing, I wonder
When I am dead?

Great heart, true heart, had it been wiser,
In silence to live?
Nay, such, methinks, were the part of the miser
Withholding to give.

Dear heart, rare heart, yours is the story,
Mine is the death;
Honors await you, plaudits and glory,
I pant for breath.

Leal heart, lone heart, lean low in thy weeping;
Dissolve love in tears,
And rising, assert thou thy glory, progressing
Through on-coming years.

Sweet heart, sad heart, soon, soon I'll be lying
Under a stone,
Silent and lone where a willow is sighing.

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THE LOST INHERITANCE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 284.

CHAPTER XXV.

OLD Mr. Ingersoll returned home in a sad state of bewilderment, which amounted almost to distress. Being an old man, burdened with many sordid cares, he had given little thought to the growth and beautiful development of his granddaughter into her sweet womanhood. To him, regarding her from the standpoint of his own old age, she was a mere child, who would grace his meagre home many years before a thought of marriage could naturally come to her. To him she was the dearest and sweetest creature in existence—the one flower that had bloomed out of his hard poverty. Now—now, when she was the only sunbeam in her bleak home, that young man, almost a stranger, must come and take her from him, by the force of a great passion. Did she love the young man? And had he been so blind as not to see it? He had felt so safe in the shelter of his poverty; so confident that every hope and feeling of her heart was known to him, that this blow had never been anticipated.

Was it too late for him to remedy the evil? Had Maud really given her heart to this youth; so far that it could not be drawn back into her home again? Must that home be utterly without light forever more?

"I brought her home safe," said little Maggie, who seized Mr. Ingersoll's hand, and danced up stairs by his side as he mounted slowly to his own room. "You can trust Maudie with me. I never went to sleep but once, and never mean to again."

"Alas!" thought the old man, looking sadly down upon her, "I have been asleep too long. What a dreary thing life will be when Maud leaves us alone. But will she leave us? Has it come to that?"

Maggie saw that his face was troubled, and laid her rosy little cheek against his hand, turning to kiss it more than once in her quick sympathy.

The old man's eyes filled with tears. It was not often that his composure was so shaken; but the caresses of this little creature reminded him so vividly of Maud's sweet childhood, which seemed but a dream of yesterday, that his eyes grew moist, and his slender, patrician hand shook as the child's cheek pressed against it.

Maggie was conscious of this, and it troubled her; but when she lifted her blue eyes to that disturbed face, they found something there that kept her silent and wistful. When they reached the door of Mr. Ingersoll's apartment, Maggie still clung to his hand; leading him into the room, where Maud was flitting about like a restless bird, when the little creature went close up to her friend.

"Maudie," she said, "grandpar is sorry about something. He don't want me just now; but you'll take care of him, won't you?"

With this Maggie kissed again the hand that held hers, and went to the door, looking back with wistful, earnest tenderness, at a sorrow she could feel but not understand.

Maud cast one glance at her grandfather, then stood before him like a criminal, no longer flushed, but pale as a lily, and with her eyes cast down in guilty suspense.

"Is it true, Maud?"

The girl began to tremble, and unconsciously clasped her hands; but she dared not lift her eyes, and could not find the courage to speak.

"Is it true, my child, that you wish to leave your old grandparents?"

The words, and more still, the broken tones of his voice overwhelmed the poor girl. She unclasped her hands, and held them toward him imploringly.

"Oh, no! no! Not that. I never thought of that. Leave you, grandfather? I would rather die!"

The old man took the fluttering hands in his, and, seating himself in the oaken-chair, drew her toward him. The girl sunk to her knees by his side, and as Maggie had done, fell to kissing his hands, which were cold and trembling now.

"But you love him? You love this young man, Arthur White?" he said, with infinite gentleness.

"Yes, grandfather. I—I could not help it."

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The girl was no longer pale. A flood of burning crimson swept over her face, and she strove to hide it in the old man's scanty garment. "We neither of us meant it."

A faint smile quivered about the old man's mouth, and he softly smoothed the masses of light hair which helped to veil the young girl's blushes.

"There, there, my child! It is no sin, that you should tremble so. I am not angry with you."

The girl lifted her head, and held her breath.

"Only—only I did not expect it. Old age has made me forgetful and selfish. Youth is so far away from me, Maud, that I have almost forgotten its needs, or what the good God intended for it."

The old man spoke with such sad kindness, that Maud reached up her arms, and wound them tenderly about his neck.

"Oh, grandfather, you have always been so good to me!"

"If you love this youth, heaven forbid that I should say one word to turn this natural feeling into pain. Only, my child, you are very young."

"So is he, grandfather."

"Yes, I know. Far too young for any serious thoughts."

"Oh, grandfather!"

"Not of love—that is involuntary; but of settling for life."

"Oh, he can wait. We haven't any thought but of waiting. Only do not think hard of him."

"No, child, no; far from that. I think well of him."

"Do you?—do you, indeed?" cried Maud, joyfully.

"But we must know more about him. Something of his father and family——"

"Of his father—and family?"

"Yes. Such things may be important one of these days. Who knows?"

"Not to us, grandfather. What do we care so long as he is so handsome, so talented, so—so——"

Again the old man smiled. He was getting interested in this love affair, and grew lenient toward it, bitter as it had seemed at first.

"There, now, go away child, and leave me to think this strange matter over. There are many things to consider."

"Only you will not go against him in any way. Promise me that, grandfather."

"Did I ever go against anything that you loved Maud. There, there, run away and let me think."

The old man kissed Maud on the forehead as he spoke, and put her gently away from him. She lingered awhile near the door, half ashamed to meet little Maggie, who sat upon the stairs, singing to herself in a low voice, but finally ventured forth, and sat down by the little girl.

"Have you done it?" whispered the child, leaning over upon Maud's lap, and looking earnestly in her eyes.

"Yes, Maggie; he knows all about it."

"Then I needn't keep hushing myself up any more," said the child, with a joyous sense of relief. "Oh, here comes Mr. Burke; ain't I glad."

True enough, half way up the interminable flights of stairs, Maud saw Burke looking well and cheerful, as if some wholesome purpose had found its way into his dreary life. He took off his great, soft hat, and approached the girl uncovered, as if she had been an empress.

"Is Mr. Ingersoll in?" he inquired, fixing his great, dark eyes on Maud's brightening face, with a look that shortened her breath, it was so intense.

"Oh, yes. I'll open the door for you," said Maggie, starting up. "Dear me, how glad he will be. Here he is sitting in the big chair thinking things over. Walk in, Mr. Burke."

Mr. Ingersoll started and looked up when Burke presented himself at the door.

"Oh, Burke!" he said, rising. "You have come back at last. We have missed you."

"Yes," answered Burke, flinging his hat on the table, and drawing a chair close to that in which the old man reseated himself. "I've had a little trip into the country, which has done me good. Nothing like a breath of sea-air to build up a broken-down man. Had a gleam of luck, too, which I come to tell you about."

"Indeed! I am glad of it."

"Knew you would be; but, after all, whether it is luck or not, depends a good deal on you, Mr. Ingersoll."

"On me?" asked the old man, with a sweet, patient smile. "No luck can depend on me."

"But I am sure of it. A man cannot live alone in a great rambling house, and be happy anyway; now can he?"

"No, I should think not, unless he were a very selfish fellow, indeed."

"Just that. You have hit the question exactly. Now I have got the house in pretty good shape, too, and enough bread to feed a family."

"You!"

"I have, indeed. An old house, with plenty of room in it; a garden that can be choked up with flowers, if any one has a fancy for them. We will have a horse and cow or two, with plenty of chickens—and such a view! Thirty

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miles out to sea on a fair day. Now what do you think of it?"

"Think of it? What can any one think of a place like that, shut up in a room fifteen feet square, and under the roof."

"Exactly. That was the way I reasoned. Bright sea air for him and the old lady; plenty of fresh milk and vegetables of his own raising, for I mean to give up the garden and front yard to you and the young lady."

"To me!"

"Of course. Haven't I made that understood. The farm is nothing to me, just worse than nothing, unless you and the ladies come down and make it homelike. It will be as much as I can do to work the land; but how am I to do that without some one to take care of the house."

"Are you in earnest?" asked the old man, with sudden longing in his eyes.

"In earnest! Ask a half-starved man if he wants to eat, and you nearly reach my case. I am a stranger now in my own house. It is all I own in the world; been lying to waste almost as long as its master. I am now without relatives or friends outside of the two ox-hearted men that found me out, and your family—not forgetting that little angel child on the stair-case. Now I want company, intelligent company, and a good, comfortable home, for which I am ready to work night and day. Will you come with me?"

"Me! I am an old man; besides, my powers of toil have always been feeble. I never had strength to match yours."

"You have all I want. The old place has got miserably out of repair, and wants renovating. It was a fine old homestead once, and can be made so again. I shall have no time to attend to that; but want some one who has the taste to direct about things out of doors. In-doors, the ladies can help immensely. I shall want a man to help on the farm, and a woman for the kitchen; so, if you don't object, I was thinking of Thorp and his wife. There's a wing quite separate for them—so the little fellow in the cradle would be out of hearing; and as for that little sunny-haired girl, she'd be pleasant as a butterfly about the house. Now tell me, Mr. Ingersoll, what do you think of it?"

"It is a tempting offer to a man who loves the country as I do; but——"

"But! There, now, Mr. Ingersoll, please let that word alone—there is no "but" about it. The farm is there; the house is pretty well arranged, till we can put on the improvements. If you consent to go with me, and help me build it up again, well and good; I shall consider my life worth something. If not, I'm all afloat again, not much better than the vagabond you found me not long ago in the garret yonder."

"Could we indeed be of such use to you?" inquired the old man, anxiously. "Do not deceive me in this."

"So much use that unless you accept my proposition, I shall give the whole thing up," was the positive reply.

Mr. Ingersoll reached out his hand. A glow of absolute happiness had come to his face, as he said,

"Then we will go, my friend. Just now it will be a safe shelter and haven of rest to us—I cannot tell you how welcome."

Burke wrung the slender white hand held out to him with grateful energy. His great eyes absolutely filled with tears, and his voice shook.

"Mr. Ingersoll you have made a man of me. I did not think anything could make me feel so much. I will be better than a son to you. Now, if you don't object, I'll go and tell my friends, the Whites, that it is all arranged."

"The Whites!"

"Yes. You know them? God's own noblemen, each in his way. I knew the elder one years ago, when he was only a boy."

"And the other?" said Ingersoll, eagerly. "Did you know him?"

"I have seen him," answered Burke, with sudden reserve; "but there was a lapse of many years before I met him again. He was a mere child then, very beautiful, and—and a singular child."

"Can you tell me more about him?"

"Why do you ask? Is the young man anything to you?" said Burke, sharply.

"He may be. I do not know; but it is proper that I should be made acquainted with all that relates to him."

"In that case you had better ask Daniel White. He will tell you all there is to know," said Burke, in a voice that had suddenly become constrained and hoarse. "He is down on the coast now, close by the old homestead we were speaking of."

As he spoke, Burke took up his hat, stood a moment, as if lost in thought, and went away.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The next day Maud Ingersoll went to Lady Oakley's rooms at the hotel, as she had promised—went with more eagerness, because of the bright prospects opening to her family; for young White had visited her grandfather in the evening, and had entered so earnestly and warmly into his plans for a removal into the country, that the whole family began to look upon it as a

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peak into Paradise. Mrs. Thorp, too, was overwhelmed with the important position she was to hold in the new household; and little Maggie fluttered from room to room in that grim tenement, carrying her news about as bees convey honey from flowers to their hives.

Lady Oakley was alone in her sitting-room when the girl came in after her usual gentle, gliding fashion, which had more grace than timidity in it.

My lady was reading, and had not heard the servant when he opened the door; but when she looked up and saw that fair young creature in the opening, a sudden shock came over her, and, for a moment, all the color left her face. After a moment, she rose slowly, and went forward to meet this strange apparition, as if it had been a ghost.

"Do you—— Is it me you want?" she faltered, still keeping her startled eyes on the girl's face.

"No, madam, the lady who desired me to come is older, and—and——"

By this time Lady Oakley had in some degree regained her composure. When the girl paused, embarrassed for words to designate the lady she had come to serve, she took her up promptly.

"Oh, you mean Mrs. Rochester, my mother. She will be in presently; but I did not know that she had made an engagement with any one."

Maud blushed slightly, and answered with a tinge of pride in her manner, that it was hardly an engagement. She had only come to arrange some laces for the lady.

Lady Oakley again lost her color. There was something in the girl's voice that shot through her like the remembrance of a far-off pain. She motioned that Maud should take a seat, and resumed her book, but without reading a word. Every other moment she glanced over the volume at the strange young person sitting there, like some familiar object she had known all her life. A desire so unusual that it astonished herself seized upon her to hear the sound of that voice again, but she was at a loss how to begin.

"You—you understand laces, I fancy, or mamma would never intrust you with hers," she said, smiling.

"Enough to do them no harm, at any rate," answered Maud. "Still I am quite at a loss why the lady should have chosen to intrust them to me; but she seemed to desire it very much."

"If she had seen you before I should not wonder," answered the lady, with a gentle inclination of the head. "You must have learned these things in the old country, I fancy."

"No," answered Maud. "I never was abroad."

"Not English, then, nor—nor——"

"Irish, you would say," answered the girl, smiling at the lady's hesitating speech. "No, I am neither, though I think my father was an Englishman."

"Indeed! And his name?"

The lady asked this with a sort of spasm in the voice, as if she could not draw a free breath till her question was answered.

"My name is Ingersoll," said Maud.

Lady Oakley fell back in her chair, and seemed to yield up some painful anxiety that had haunted her mind; but she still kept her eyes furtively turned on the girl, as if fascinated by her beauty, or some memory that it had aroused.

Directly Mrs. Rochester came in, all in a flutter of frivolous excitement; but the sight of Maud subdued her at once, and with a little snarl of impatience, she said,

"Ah, yes. I expected you, of course—quite expected you; but it is such trouble to get one's things about. Beatrice, have you nothing convenient that the young lady can go to work on? My maid has been so busy that she has arranged nothing."

"I—I can go," said Maud, rising with alacrity. "Some other day will do as well."

Before her mother could speak, Lady Oakley arose. Some unaccountable impulse had seized upon her, which forbade the departure of this strangely beautiful girl.

"It would be a pity to give you the trouble of coming," she said, graciously. "Step this way until my mother is prepared."

Maud arose, and followed the lady into a superb dressing-room, that might have belonged to a palace, so splendid in all its graceful appointments, that the picture it made fairly took away the girl's breath.

Lady Oakley bade her be seated, and, going to a chiffonaire, drew from it a couple of flounces of Brussels' lace, so fine and diaphanous, that they seemed woven from frosty air.

"I think there is a little break in this," she said, running the filmy web through her fingers. "Yes, here it is. Can you undertake it?"

Maud took the lace in her hand. There was, indeed, a small strain in the leaf of a morning-glory vine, that formed a fairy-like border to the flounce.

"Yes," she said, after a moment's examination. "I can do the stitch."

"That is strange," said Lady Oakley, seating herself by Maud, and gathering up the bright overflow of lace in her lap. "I did not think a person could be found in this country capable of doing it."

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"I do not know how that is," said Maud. "I learned it of my grandmother, who knows every dainty art that ladies ever understand, I am sure. She thought it might be useful to me sometime."

"It is a rare accomplishment," said the lady, "but scarcely known to ladies of this generation."

"My grandmother is an old lady," answered Maud, "and knows so many things that seem a marvel to me."

"So accomplished, and yet——"

Lady Oakley broke off her speech with a faint blush. She was about to say, "Yet so poor, that her grandchild is glad to do this rare work for strangers and for money," but checked herself, ashamed of the thought.

Maud understood the impulse and the recoil. The girl had a great deal of her grandfather's dignity, and had never yet felt absolute shame for the poverty which was no fault of hers, only a painful misfortune.

"It is a great blessing," she said, gently, "when accomplishments can win independence to those who possess them. With us they have sometimes failed. Even my grandfather's great learning sometimes goes to waste."

A burning blush crimsoned Lady Oakley's handsome face. She could not apologize for words that had not been spoken; but the quick perception of the girl was full of embarrassment.

"Your grandfather is living, then?"

"Oh, yes; or it seems to me that I should not care to live."

Again the lady searched that downcast face with thrilling scrutiny. Why did it move her imagination so? or was it indeed memory that caught at her breath every moment. There was nothing to keep Lady Oakley in the room now, but a charm of fascination held her there. The presence of this strange girl had interested her, as nothing else could have done. She was about to question her more closely, when Mrs. Rochester came in, with her hands full of yellow old point, and her head vibrating with unusual nervousness. Even then Beatrice lingered in the room, and listened to her mother's chatter, which was addressed liberally to Maud, as a hungry bird searches among ridges of chaff for a grain of wheat.

Thus the first day of Maud's engagement passed not unpleasantly: for this glimpse into a life more sumptuous than anything she had ever dreamed of, was full of romantic interest to a girl whose experiences of life had been so barren and bleak that she could have no idea how narrow and meagre existence can be surrounded by all this pomp of realism. When Lady Oakley heard her mother giving rather ostentatious orders that a carriage should be called to take the young lady home, she wondered at it a little; for Mrs. Rochester was not given to such generous consideration for others, but was pleased with it, and heard an arrangement made that she should come again with unreasoning pleasure. It seemed to her, why she could never tell, that in some way this young girl was to be a connecting link between her and some great want that had been haunting her for years.

On the second day Maud was kept very busy. Mrs. Rochester was ardently interested in her work. No lady yet ever searched her choice laces and embroideries, with a view to repairs, without finding a great many more defects to remedy than she had dreamed of. Thus it happened with little Mrs. Rochester, lengths of filmy Valenciennes, trimmings of guipure-heavy point, that ignorance would have desecrated as the cover to a chair, but which Maud knew to be as precious as diamonds, were brought forth, and the girl was kept busy until after the gas was lighted. She did not object to this: knowing how soon her grandfather had settled on leaving the city, she was herself eager to complete her task, and be at liberty to enter her new life with perfect freedom. She had begun to tire of Mrs. Rochester's empty pretensions and hollow politeness. Besides, the preparations going on at home gave an unusual interest to the tenement-house, which made her restless anywhere else. At last she was ready to go, and rose from the little tea-table, where a delicious repast had been served her on china delicate as the leaves of a white rose, a repast for her alone, which Mrs. Rochester had insisted on ordering.

"You will find a carriage at the door," said the old lady, who insisted on tying the girl's bonnet, and arranging the shawl with her own hands, that shook and fluttered more than usual, for her continued unrest had been remarkable all day. I hope the dear grandfather will not be uneasy about you. What a splendid specimen of the old Englishman he is!"

Maud smiled sweetly. She loved to hear her grandfather praised in an atmosphere which she could not help thinking was natural to him; but was just then too eager in her wish to return home for more than a smiling recognition of this sweet praise.

A man stood near the steps as Maud descended them, as if expecting some one.

"This way," he said, leading to a close carriage, which stood at the entrance.

It was getting dark now. Indeed the evening had set in a little cloudy, and all the street-lamps

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were lighted. Maud had never been out so late before, and all this might have terrified her, but for the novelty and shelter of the carriage. As it was, she scarcely noticed that the way home seemed long, until she felt a change in the motion of the vehicle, and knew, by the sound, that the horses were tramping over wood. Then, to her astonishment, it was checked, and she felt the sway and splash of water, blended with the low, dull roar of an engine at work.

Maud was thoroughly terrified now. She seized the handle of the door and attempted to wrench it open; but it seemed to be securely fastened outside, and she could not even raise the glass. Then she uttered a faint cry, trembling lest it should be heard, and after that a sharp hysterical scream.

Then the carriage door was opened an inch or two, and a man's face looked in.

"Beg pardon, Miss," he said. "I forgot to tell you before; but the old gentleman has gone down to the Jersey coast, and left word that you should be brought along as fast as possible."

"Where is my grandfather? How far is it?" questioned Maud, breathless with surprise and bewilderment, but giving full belief to this statement, else how could this man know anything of her grandfather's intentions?

"How far. Oh, no distance to speak of, after you once get on the cars. An hour or so will bring you to him."

"And—and my grandmother?"

"All right. She is with the old gentleman, and will be waiting, you know."

Maud drew back into her seat, and this unknown man closed the carriage-door. Directly, she heard the noise of a slight scuffle behind the carriage, and a childish voice that she knew, calling out as if in anger or distress. This sound was hushed in a moment, but the voice haunted her as the carriage swung off the wooden bridge of the ferry, and rattled over the pavement into the darkness of some suburb.

CHAPTER XXVII.

While that carriage stood waiting before the hotel, a little figure, half lost in shadows, came creeping around the corner, and drawing itself close to the wall, stood waiting at the private entrance, darting forward like a bird every time a person mounted or descended the steps. It was little Maggie, who had become frightened by the absence of Maud after dark, and had of her own volition run out to make sure that the young lady did not lose her way home in the dark. She had been standing full half an hour on the watch when Maud came in sight, setting her pretty form and good little heart all in a flutter.

At first the child darted forward till the light fell on her sweet, young face, revealing all its eagerness, if there had been any one near to look on. But the radiance of those glowing lamps were too much for her courage; she had seen her friend, and drew into the shadow again, resolved to dart upon her when she came that way. But, all at once, he heart gave a quick leap, and she rushed out of her concealment. Maud, instead of walking timidly that way, as the child had expected, stood a moment speaking to a strange man, then entered a carriage that had been waiting there ever since Maggie came up.

"Maud! Maud! I say, Maudie!"

No one heard that sweet, eager voice; and she was close to the carriage when another strange man sprang over the wheels, and took his seat by the driver—a man who wore high boots, drab clothes, and had a band around his hat.

"Oh my! What are they going to do with her?" thought the child, in an agony of fear. "Maybe it is home they are going. Anyway, I'll know."

With these swift thoughts in her mind the little girl gave a great leap just as the carriage turned, threw herself up behind, and was swung off with it, moving so swiftly that her head turned. More than once she was almost flung to the earth by the swift motion of the vehicle, to which she clung with wonderful courage.

She, too, was astonished and terrified when the horses left the pavement and sent out a hollow tramp from the ferry-bridge. The noise of the engine and underflow of water added to the terror that had already seized upon her. But for the certainty that Maud was within the carriage, and in some kind of danger, she would have dropped off her uneasy perch, and betaken herself to the wilderness of streets through which she had been hurried so wildly.

By-and-by the child heard a scream. She knew the voice, and dropped down from her seat, like a wounded bird, fluttering and frightened.

"Maudie! Oh, Maudie! Don't be frightened! I'm here!"

While this cry was on her lips, a man's hard palm was dashed over them, and she was flung back against the partition of the engine-room with a swift violence that stunned without really injuring her. Before she could gather herself up, or make her voice heard, there was a great jar of the boat, and the carriage rolled away into the darkness, leaving her there, half-frightened

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to death, and so terribly bewildered, that she could only drop her little hands, and sob out the agony of her fright and disappointment.

While she sat there, like a poor little roblet, trembling in its shelter of fern-leaves, a bell rang, and the boat swayed off upon the water again, bearing her back to the city in spite of herself.

It seemed as if some beautiful intuition guided the child through the crowded entanglement of streets she had never seen before. For, like some wild bird flitting through the gloom of a forest, she took the nearest way to her object, and reached home before the evening had verged into utter darkness. Once in sight of the tenement-house, her heart beat slower, and new life came to her weary little frame. She spang forward, half leaped, half straggled up the staircases, halted at her mother's door, and pushed it open.

"Don't you be frightened, mother. I'm home all safe. Couldn't get here before to save my life."

Having uttered this encouraging assurance, the child flew panting to the top of the house, and before her presence was noticed, stood by the elbow of Mr. Ingersoll's chair.

"Don't be frightened, grandpar," she said, in a hushing, sweet voice, that scarcely rose above a whisper. "Don't, now; but they have run away with our Maudie. I saw them do it"

The old man dropped the book he was reading as if it had been lead. He was naturally pale, but every ray of color left his face. Still he spoke almost calmly.

"What did you say, child?"

"I—I went after her, you know, 'cause it was too dark, and mar says I must see to Maudie. So I went almost up to the door, and waited for her to come into the street. Then I meant to pop out unawares from the dark, as she was going by, catch hold of her hand before she knew it, and lead her home to you, just as cozy as could be. It would have been such fun to see her start, and smile, and be so glad to have somebody along."

"Well, child, well!"

"Yes, I know. She did come; but they got her in a carriage."

"They! Who?"

"A man. Two of them at last. One with boots and a band on his hat."

"Ha!"

"Yes, you know. Him that hangs about here so, ever since that English gentleman gave up coming."

"You are sure you saw him?"

"Sure as sure!"

For an instant the iron stillness that had come over Mr. Ingersoll's face gave way. He remembered that Mrs. Rochester had spoken of sending Maud home, and the thought came to him with a sense of relief.

The child was watching him, and seemed to understand this feeling, for she spoke at once, and eagerly.

"No—no! They didn't mean to bring Maudie home, but took her across the water—clear across."

"Across the water?"

"Yes, and off into the dark."

The old man arose, took his hat, and grasped the child's hand so hard that she lifted her blue eyes to his face, all swimming with tears of pain, like violets under water, and said, piteously,

"Grandpa, you hurt me so."

The old man loosened his clasp on her hand, but said nothing. His soul was too full for gentle sympathies. Still, he remembered that Mrs. Thorp would be anxious, and turned into the room where she was seated with his wife, amid the half-packed household goods prepared for removal.

"I am going out with the little girl. She will be safe," he said, in a low, hoarse voice, that caused his wife to look up anxiously, and Mrs. Thorp to insist that he should wrap himself up from the night air.

The walk from that tenement-house to the hotel was not a long one, for, in great cities, affluence and even squallid want are crowded together in such close contrast at times that the effect is appalling to men who think of such inequality with reference to its abatement. Not a word did the old man speak until he stood within the wide corridor of the hotel, then he addressed a servant, who was passing.

"Show me the way to Lady Oakley's apartments," he said, with an air of calm authority. That the man obeyed impulsively. Waving the servant back with his hand, Ingersoll flung the door open, and the next instant stood before Lady Oakley and her mother, stern, pale, and, for a moment, silent with contending emotions. At last he spoke.

"Woman, what have you done with my child?"

He was not looking at Lady Oakley, but at her mother, who sat quaking with abject terror among the cushions of her couch.

"I—I! What do you mean?" she faltered.

"I mean that my grandaughter, Maud Ingersoll, has been taken from this house against her knowledge or wishes, and by your connivance."

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Mrs. Rochester made a faint struggle for defiant strength.

"You are a false, a—a——"

The poor old creature broke down, unscrewed her vinagrette with her little quivering hands, and began to sob.

Lady Oakley arose, flushed and indignant.

"What intrusion is this? Who dares to address my mother in this fashion," she said, with supreme haughtiness.

Mr. Ingersoll turned his face full upon her. Then she uttered a sharp cry, and stepped back, as if that handsome old face had something appalling in it. For half a minute there was dead silence in the room; then the lady spoke low and hoarsley, as if she had been addressing a ghost.

"Lester Oakley! Oh, Heavens! Can sorrow have aged you like this?"

The old man waved his hand with a gesture, which seemed to put aside all subjects but the one which had brought him there.

"I am not the man your perfidy slew," he said; "but his most unhappy father!"

"His father! Lester Oakley's father!" faltered the lady, turning white. "Is he, oh, tell me, is he still alive?"

"He is dead!"

Lady Oakley seemed to shrink up. Her face was white and locked. She was like a woman from whom some great hope had suddenly torn its way into darkness.

"Dead! Dead!"

"It is his child I am seeking for."

"His child! That girl! Oh, I felt it! I knew that some great spell was upon me. Married! Married! Who was the woman that had a right to hold his head when dying?"

"One who had loved him always. He had not known it when your marriage with his cousin taught him all the bitterness of treason—the desolation of an unloved life. Then his sympathies became keen; he discerned the love that had been lying waste, while his was trampled under foot. In his own isolation he sought to lighten that of another. But it was all in vain."

A look of keen joy shot into Lady Oakley's eyes—joy that flashed through the gloom there, as lightning rends the cloud.

"He did not love her then—this woman, whom he married?"

"He died in less than a year after that marriage."

"And she?"

"Died also, leaving behind this girl, whom your mother has stolen from me."

"No, no! It was not me. I did nothing!"

"No. You did nothing years ago, only kill one noble being with your craft, and poison the soul of your own child till she was ready to yield up love for gold, honor for position. He is dead, and she is Lady Oakley. Was not that enough. Must you destroy the child as well as the parents?"

"His child! Mother, what does this mean?"

"I—I am sure I don't know. How should I?" whined the withered hypocrite.

"Has any harm befallen that girl through you, or—or——"

Lady Oakley paused, struck dumb by a cruel conviction; but a wild light came to her eyes, and they seemed to search her mother as with fire.

"Where is Maud Ingersoll? Mother, I will know?"

"How can I tell?" whimpered the old woman. "She left the house soon after dark. You saw her go."

"But where? She is not at home."

"How can I help that?" answered the old woman, with snappish impatience. "I will not stay here to be insulted. What is this old man talking about. I did nothing to his son. He was not engaged to me. You may endure this insolence if you like; for my part, I beg leave to retire."

Here the trembling old creature struggled out from among her cushions, picked up her handkerchief, and some other dainty articles with which she always surrounded herself, and fluttered angrily out of the room.

Lady Oakley followed her.

"Mother," she said, the moment they were alone, "You know where this girl is. Tell me?"

The old woman was terrified by the stern pallor of that beautiful face. She turned like some small animal driven to bay.

"Go ask your son, if you wish to know about it," she said, with trembling spite. "I wash my hands of the whole affair."

"My son!" said Lady Oakley, growing cold. "My son!"

"I know nothing about it. How should I? If the girl is with him, I suppose it is because she wanted to go. I am not in her confidence.

"Mother, where is my son?"

"Roaming, as usual, I suppose," answered the old woman, viciously; for the spite of a wildcat was kindling up her little remnant of resistance.

Lady Oakley grew coldly rigid. Her very lips were white.

"Mother, once for all, tell me what you know of this affair. If you ever expect me to address you as mother again in this life, tell me truly!"

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The old woman was frightened; her pale-blue eyes filled; her lips worked nervously. She saw that craft and falsehood would not answer.

"Upon my honor, he told me nothing. He promised you to go down to the coast and search after my poor boy. It was too kind for reality. That is all!"

"This is all you know," said Lady Oakley, hoarsely.

"All."

"How came the young lady to be in your employ?"

"He asked me to have her here as a charity, and to treat her as a lady, especially about the carriage. Now pray take your eyes from my face. I have told you everything. If Sir Charles has carried the girl of——"

"Hush, mother! I will not believe it. His daughter! The thought is terrible."

Before the old woman could answer, Lady Oakley was in the room with Mr. Ingersoll.

"Do not be troubled; I entreat you have patience," she said, ringing first one bell and then another. "His child can be in no danger—*shall* be in no danger. Now tell me all you know of this. Who says that the young lady is missing? Wait a moment."

Here a servant came to the door.

"A carriage, quickly."

She turned, in her hurried walk to and fro, to address the old man again; but another knock interrupted her, and a lady's maid appeared.

"Pack up a few things, and tell my mother that I shall not be back to-night."

The woman disappeared. Then Lady Oakley turned more composedly to the old man.

"Now tell me."

"The child knows more than I do. Ask her!"

Then Lady Oakley dropped on one knee by the child, and, with both arms around her, got the whole story, which seemed to fire her all over with indignation. When Maggie had told all she knew, the lady sprang to her feet again.

"Will the carriage never come?" she cried, in an agony of impatience.

The door opened, and a maid appeared, with a bonnet in her hand, and a camel's-hair shawl on her arm. Behind her was another servant.

"Ah, the carriage is ready. Come! come!" she cried, folding herself in the shawl, and tying the bonnet-strings as she turned for the stairs.

Mr. Ingersoll and the child followed her, and, in a few minutes, Mrs. Rochester, who was listening, heard the carriage that contained them drive away from the hotel.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE SPARROW'S FALL.

BY RUTH ADAMS.

To my hushed thought,
The tender words our Saviour once did say—
Dear words whose meaning seemeth new alway,
Are somehow brought.

"Two sparrows small,
Are sold for just one farthing; yet your God
Doth mark each one that falleth to the sod;
He cares for all!"

So that which seems
But death and loss, to us who yet do dwell
Far from the mansions incorruptible,
'Mid pain and dreams,

May look no ill
To those who see as God sees; and we cry
"Nothing of Thine can perish utterly;
We trust Thee still!"

MY BABY.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

NESTLED so close to my bosom,
Cradled to sleep on my arm;
Would I might always be near thee,
Shelter thee, thus, from all harm.
Sweet be the slumbers that follow,
Tinged with no shade of unrest;
Free from the false and the hollow,
Pure as a dream of the blest.

Sin hath no share in thy bosom,
Sorrow no shade on thy brow;
Would they might always be spotless,
Free from life's shadows as now.
Kneeling at eve-tide beside thee,
She who hath lulled thee to rest,
Prayeth no ill may betide thee,
Sowing its seed in thy breast

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give here a stylish house or walking-costume of mohair in light-buff or gray. It is made

with the lower-skirt just to touch, which is trimmed with a gathered flounce, eight inches deep, placed a little lower than half the skirt. Through the flounce two rows of velvet are placed, and form an insertion. This is done by cutting slits in the flounce at equal distances, and turning the square made in this way back on the wrong side, then run the velvet ribbon in and out. The velvet should be an inch wide, no more. The rounded tunic is trimmed to match, and is fastened on each side by a bow and ends of wider black velvet. Round-waisted bodice, open in front, with a narrow gathered flounce and velvet insertion, arranged to match the skirt, but of narrower width. Same trimming at the sleeves, This costume would be very effective for a dinner or evening-dress for a small party, say in this way. The under-skirt to be of silk of one color, and the flounce, tunic, and waist, of French Swiss muslin, with the black velvet insertion. An old dress could be thus retrimmed to look quite fresh, and certainly very stylish and effective. An old pink or blue silk skirt, with the muslin and black velvet trimmings, could not be more effectually brought into use, and at very little expense. Fifteen or sixteen yards of mohair, two pieces of one-inch black velvet, four yards of two-inch, for bows, six yards of half-inch, for the waist and sleeves.

Above we give a walking-costume for a young

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lady, composed of two kinds of material, a plain silk for the under-skirt, of any solid color, or black, and the tunic and vest of bodice of striped poplin of lighter and darker shades. These striped poplins and mohairs come in blue and back, two shades of brown, two shades of green, and, in fact, so many nice combinations, that almost any half-worn silk dress can be matched in color, or else in a contrasting color for the tunic and vest. The under-skirt is trimmed with one deep flounce, slightly full, and put on with a frill to stand up, separated by a row of narrow, black velvet ribbon. The apron-front is simply trimmed to simulate an apron, with a narrower flounce, and a wider row of velvet. The tunic is faced in front with some of the silk, and the flounce with which it is trimmed, is the same as

the under-skirt. The basque-bodice has a vest of the striped material, and the rest of the bodice and sleeves are the same as the under-skirt, trimmed with the same width velvet as upon the apron of the skirt. Seven yards of striped poplin or mohair, one piece of inch-wide velvet ribbon, and four yards of half-inch, will be all that is required to alter an old silk into a new and fashionable costume. A black silk, with a blue and black stripe, or black and white stripe tunic, makes a very pretty combination.

We also give above a walking-dress. with outside basque, for a Miss of twelve to fourteen years. It is to be made of cashmere, merino, or poplin, of any solid color, trimmed with black velvet ribbon, and narrow white silk embroidery braid. There is but one skirt, with two narrow gathered ruffles at the bottom, headed by one row of the velvet ribbon, bordered on both sides with one row of silk braid. The waist is a plaited skirt, with the plaits trimmed to match. The

over-basque is cut like a loose sacque, belted in at the waist, finished with a large sailor collar and deep cuff, all trimmed to match the skirt. Seven to eight yards of cashmere or merino, ten to twelve yards of poplin, two pieces of velvet ribbon, one and a half inch and one inch in width, one long piece of white silk embroidery braid, eighteen metal buttons, or black velvet ones, as may be preferred, will be required.

The above is a design for a black silk apron for a young lady's home-toilet, trimmed with bands of watered ribbon, ornamented with jet or steel buckles.

In the front of the number will be found our Tidy Pattern, to be worked in Java canvas. The design, besides being entirely original, is a very striking one, and as admirable for its simplicity as for its beauty. It can be made of almost any size, and worked in any particular color desired, but, as presented in our cut, it cannot fail to be greatly admired.

SAILOR JACKET AND SKIRT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give on the next page a description of the Sailor Costume, seen in the cut and diagram. No. 1 indicates the front of the sailor jacket or blouse; the dotted line shows where it is turned back to meet the collar at the back. At the waist it is finished with a drawing-string of elastic. The skirt consists of one front gore, the half of which is given—two sides gores like No. 7, and four back gores like No. 8, with the bias seam sewn to the bias seam of No. 7, making a straight

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seam at the back. The skirt is put upon the waistband, No. 8. The costume will fit a girl of twelve years, and is to be made of navy-blue flannel, trimmed with sky-blue merino, put on in three bands upon the skirt, two inches wide, bordered on both sides with two rows of white cotton or worsted braid, quarter of an inch wide for the first row, and the second row is of the narrow embroidery braid, either the plain or the kind known as "star braid." The cuff, collar, and facings of the front of the jacket are all of the sky-blue merino, edged with the braid to match the skirt. Pocket and sash, tied at the side of the blue merino. To be worn over a cambric shirt, with tiny collar, tied with a bow of blue ribbon to match. Seven yards of blue flannel, one yard and a half of sky-blue merino, four pieces of white braid, quarter inch, twelve pieces of the narrow embroidery braid, nine buttons, brass or oxydized silver. For cool days in the autumn an under-vest of flannel may be substituted for the cambric shirt, made exactly like the jacket, only closed from the throat to the waist, and a trifle shorter in the waist; this should be buttoned to the waistband of the skirt. The blouse-waist, or jacket, falls loose over the waistband. No over-garment is required with this costume. A sailor straw-hat, with dark-blue ribbons, completes this costume. This is a very pretty garment, and will not cost over six or seven dollars at the outside.

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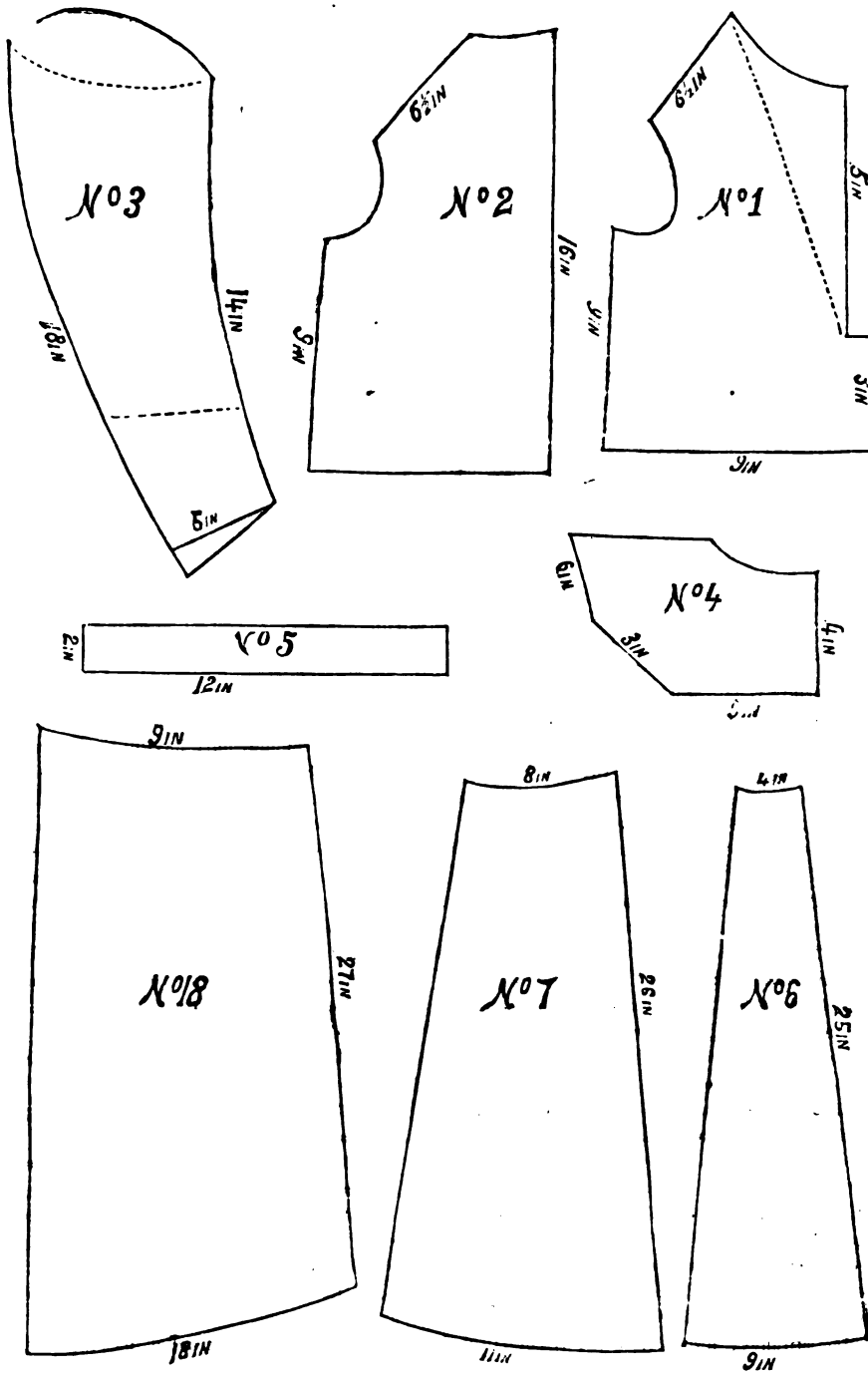
No. 1. Half of Front.
No. 2. Half of Back.
No. 5. Half of Waistband.
No. 6. Half of Front Gore of Skirt.



No. 3. Half of Sleeve and Cuff.
No. 4. Half of Sailor Collar.
No. 7. Half of Side Gore of Skirt.
No. 8. Back Gore.

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INFANT'S BOOT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Material: Berlin wool, Shetland wool for trimmings and tassels, four-thread Berlin wool, and a fine bone crochet-hook.

This little boot is begun at the side, and worked in straight rows backward and forward. Make a chain of twenty-four.

1st Row: Twenty-four double in successive stitches; turn.

2nd Row: Twenty-four double in successive stitches (taking through both stitches;) turn.

3rd Row: One row of tricot, worked in the following manner: Place the needle under the wool, hold it firmly with the third finger, put your needle through the two stitches of the first double crochet, draw the thread through, and in this loop make one chain. Keep all the loops on the needle until the loops are taken up throughout the row, and in returning, as in ordinary tricot; take through two stitches. Repeat these three rows three times.

13th Row: One double in each successive stitch, leave the thread hanging, take a fresh piece of wool, leave ten stitches at the bottom, and on the 11th, 12th, and 13th stitches make one double in each eleven tricot stitches in successive stitches; finish off these tricot stitches with the same thread, and fasten off. With the thread left hanging work in each successive stitch one double crochet, still keeping your twenty-four stitches. Work the other side of the boot to correspond, only having the one seam at the back (the back of the tricot is the right side of the work,) and finishing at the side with two rows of double crochet; fasten off.

14th row: Begin at the bottom of the boot, work thirteen tricot in successive stitches along one side of the boot, leaving eleven unworked for the ankle of the boot. Pass over eleven stitches on the other side of the boot, and work thirteen tricot in successive stitches; turn.

15th Row: Work one row of double crochet on each of the tricot stitches: turn.

16th Row: Double crochet, passing over two in the centre; * turn.

17th Row: Tricot in each stitch, passing over two in the centre: turn.

18th Row: Double crochet, passing over two in the centre; turn.

19th Row: Double crochet, passing over one at each side, and two in the centre.

For the next three rows repeat as from *; turn.

23rd Row: Tricot, passing over two in the centre; turn.

24th Row: Double crochet, passing over two in the centre; fasten off.

For the sole make a chain of ten.

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1st Row: Double crochet in each stitch; turn.

2nd Row: Same as 1st. (Take through both stitches throughout the sole.)

3rd Row: Same as 1st.

4th Row: Double crochet in each stitch, making two in the first and two in the last.

5th Row: Same as 4th.

6th Row: Double crochet.

7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th rows: Same as 6th row.

11th row: Double crochet, passing over one at each end.

12th and 13th Row: Same as 11th row.

14th Row: Double crochet in each stitch.

15th Row: Same as 14th

16th Row: Double crochet, making two at each end.

17th Row: Same as 16th.

18th Row: Double crochet in each stitch.

19th Row: Double crochet, passing over one at each end.

20th and 21st Rows: Same as 19th.

22nd and 23rd Rows: Double in each stitch; fasten off.

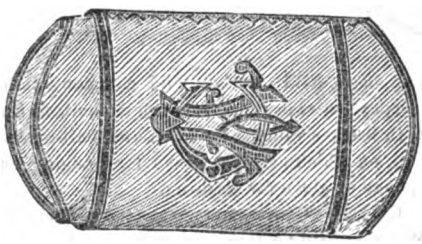
Sew the upper on to the sole, and for the trimming knit as follows: Round the top take double Shetland wool, cast on four stitches, and knit loosely the required length as follows: Twist the wool round the needle, and purl two together.

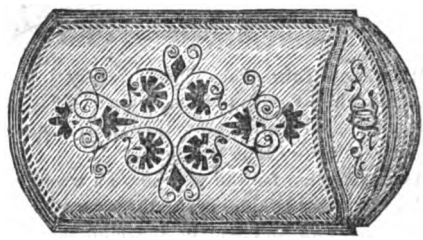
For the Bow in Front: Wind the wool round a card sufficient to make a nice bow; then twist the wool round the centre, and sew it on in front.

For the Cord: Take Shetland wool four times double, each a yard in length, and work a chain. Put it round the top of the boot, and make little tassels on the ends.

CIGARETTE-CASES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





Materials: Cardboard, thin, gray leather, silk the color of the leather, purse-silk of two shades, and silk braid the color of the darkest shade of purse-silk.

The foundation, of cardboard, must first be cut to the required shape and size. The outer case measures four inches in length, and two and a half inches in width. The inner one two inches in width. The silk must be gummed on to one side of the cardboard for the lining of the case. The leather, which must be previously embroidered, is then slightly gummed and stretched smoothly on, and the edges of the case bound together with the braid. These cases, if well made, are exceedingly pretty and useful.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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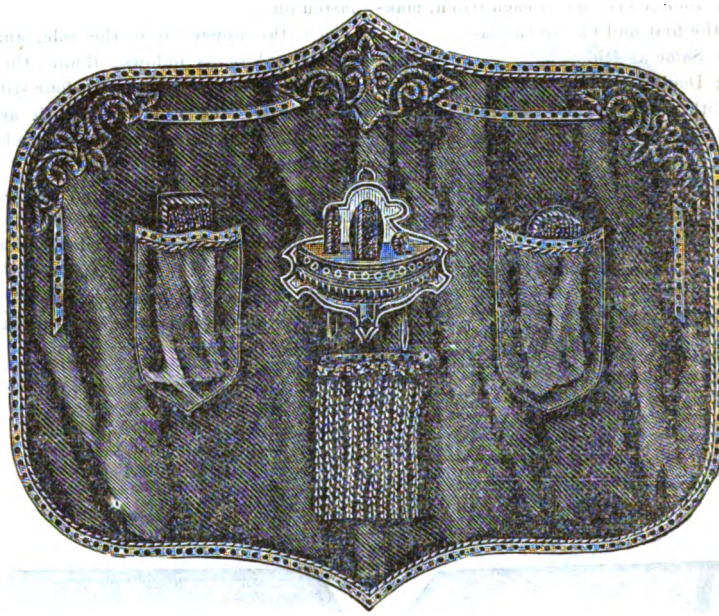
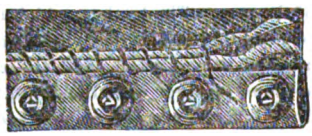
WALL-COVER AND WASHING-GLOVE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials: Thin, black leather, gray linen, gray and white tightly-twisted twine of different sizes, black purse-silk, gray thread, and nineteen dozen white China buttons.

As a protection for the wall above a washing-table, this cover is hung up by three cord-loops, one at each end and one in the middle. The cover of thin, black leather, is 22½ inches high and 29¼ inches long, being cut to a point in the



middle above and below, and lined with gray linen. A strip of gray linen, half-inch wide, trimmed with white China buttons, gives the binding all around. The finish of this binding and the arabesque shapes are of two rows of twine, one gray and the other white, put beside each other and crossed over with black. No. 1 shows a piece of the edge-trimming on this cover in the full size, thereby giving the size of the twine, buttons, etc. Arabesques connect these bands. Similar arabesques are easily composed. The middle part of the cover has two pockets, put on to hold a velvet and common clothes-brush; between these is a small shelf, finished with leather valance for tooth and nail-brushes, etc., on which are also hooks for hanging on a sponge or glove for washing.

KNITTED GLOVE FOR WASHING.—Materials: White knitting cotton, and red marking cotton.

This glove is drawn over the hand in washing. It is of a knitted piece, 6¾ inches long, 9½ inches wide, sewn together, made of white knitting cotton, finished all round with two rows of crocheted picots, the foundation 48 stitches; 134 rows are made backward and forward in common patent knitting.

1st Row. Put the thread in front of the needle, raise off one stitch, (putting the needle through the stitch as if about to purl,) one stitch plain

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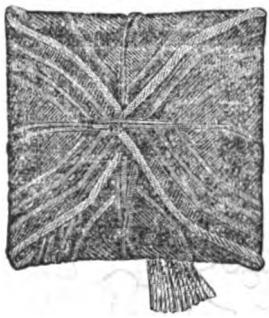
In each following row, the stitch over which the thread lies must be knitted off together with it; then put the thread in front of the needle, and raise off the next stitch. This shows the size of the knitting on the right side, and the way the picot-edge is made with red marking cotton. Each picot is of four chain, one double, putting the hook back into the first chain, and one double in the knitted edge. A line, 1¾ inches long, of chain stitches, serve to hang up the glove.

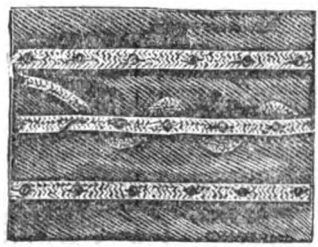
SPONGE-BAG—OPEN, CLOSED, AND BORDER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Materials: A piece of American cloth, 22 inches square, a piece of oil-silk the same size, black braid, 1 inch wide, narrow, yellow braid, black beads, and four black buttons.



Take the square of cloth and cut each point into the shape of a scallop. To do this evenly fold the square in half, crosswise, three times, then cut out in the middle, between the points, a curve seven inches deep. The bag is ornamented with narrow braid and beads, as shown in the engraving, and lined with oil silk. The edges are bound with black, and finished at each point with a black button; loops of braid are



sewn at the corners for suspending the bag. It may also be folded as shown in the cut, thus rendering it extremely useful on a journey in preventing the sponge wetting other articles near which it may be placed.

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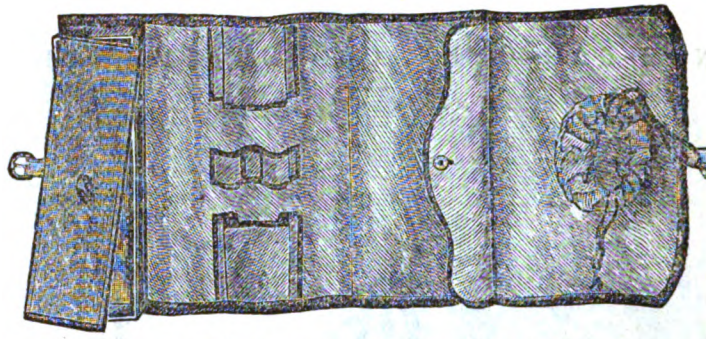
TRAVELING DRESSING-CASE—CLOSED AND OPEN.

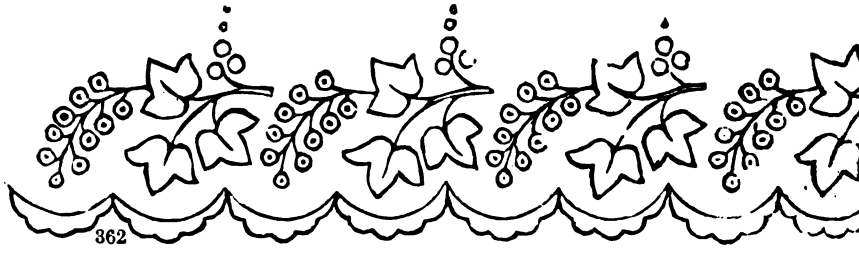
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials: Black, American cloth, brown Holland, scarlet braid.

Cut a piece of American cloth, 30 inches long and 12 wide. The inner part is of Holland, the exact size. Slant the corners a little at one end. The piece for the pocket is of Holland, 9 inches deep, 2 inches of which fold over to button. The sides and middle straps are of double Holland. The side straps are 6 inches long and 4 inches wide, and the center 1 inch wide and 6 inches long. For the sponge-bag cut a piece of Holland about 3 inches wide and 16 inches long. Run a string through, to draw it together, and fasten it to the case, as shown in the design. At the end a double pocket, 5 inches deep, is put in. This is made to hold a tin box for soap, tooth-brush, etc., and must have spacious gored ends. All the pockets are bound round with scarlet braid. The inside must be made entirely before it is fixed to the outside; and if the American cloth is ornamented with a design in braid, as is shown in the cut, it must be worked before the inner part is put in. Then the whole is put firmly together, and bound at the edges with velvet braid. The strap is of the same material.

EDGING.



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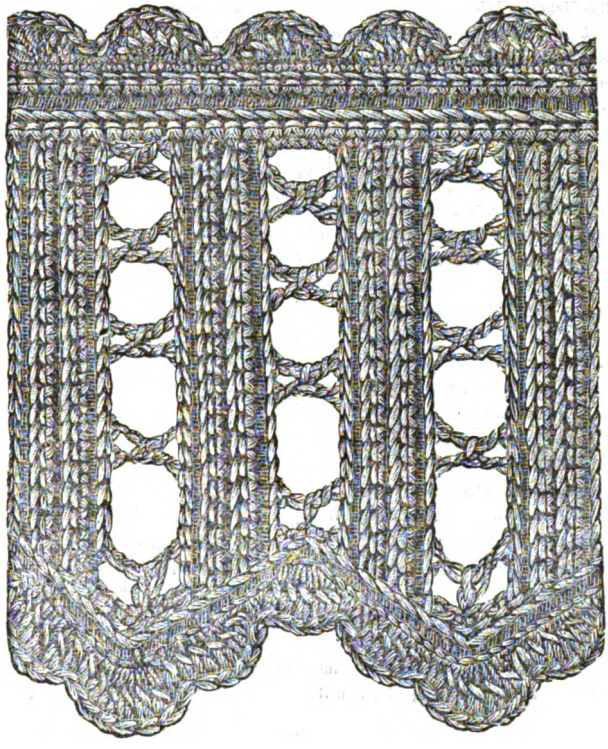
CROCHETED BORDER FOR QUILT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Material: Strutt's cotton, No. 8, medium size hook.

Make a chain of twenty-two stitches. Work seven rows of double backward and forward, always taking up the back stitch. Increase one stitch at the end of the first, third, and fifth rows, so that when the seven rows are worked, you have twenty-five stitches.

8th Row: Four chain. one double-treble into the third stitch of preceding row; one chain, one cross double-treble back into the first stitch of preceding row. (The cross double treble is worked thus: Put the cotton once round the hook, insert the hook through the middle of previously-worked treble; put the cotton once more round the hook, insert the hook into the specified stitch, and work back in the ordinary way.) * Two chain, pass over five, one double-treble into the next, one chain, one cross double-treble back into the third of the five just passed over. Repeat three times more from * [one chain, pass over one treble into the next.] The next seven rows are worked in the same manner as the first seven, decreasing one at the beginning of the second and sixth, so as to leave on twenty-three stiches the same as at the beginning.

16th Row: Same as the eighth, omitting that inclosed in brackets.

For the heading, work four rows of double to correspond with the stripes; then, lastly, a row as follows: Six graduated treble in successive stitches, viz., * two treble, two double-treble, two treble, one double. Repeat from, * to the end. The edge is worked in the same manner as the heading; but only two rows of double are worked instead of four.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1874.—We call attention to our Prospectus for 1874, to be found on the last page of the cover. We claim there that this Magazine is *better and cheaper* than any periodical of its kind. Our enormous edition, exceeding that of any lady's book in the world, enables us to offer "Peterson" at these unprecedentedly low rates; for we find by experience that a small profit on a large circulation is more remunerative than a large profit on a small one.

Great improvements will be made in the fashion department. *The principal editor has been in Europe all the summer*, making arrangements to secure exclusive and advanced patterns. No other magazine, in this respect, will be able to approach "Peterson" hereafter. We shall continue to give, not only the more expensive dresses, but also those for every-day use: and these latter, while economical, will also be stylish, which cannot be said of the cheap patterns given in other magazines. As to our mammoth, colored, steel-plates, it is conceded, everywhere, that they are the most beautiful, tasteful, and reliable issued in the United States; but for 1874 they will, in consequence of our recent arrangements, *be handsomer than ever.*

The original stories and novelets in "Peterson" have long been acknowledged to be the best in any lady's book. *We pay more for literary matter than all the others combined.* For 1874 our stories will be better than ever. The novelets alone will be worth the subscription price.

Now is the time to get up clubs! Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits are fairly presented. The best way to present these merits is to exhibit a number. We invite comparison. *Be the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.—During the few last years society, so called, has learned to migrate *en masse*, from town to country and back again, swinging, like a pendulum, every year, from the indulgence in the extremes of luxury and physical ease to delight in the severities of uncivilized nature. In this month, city life reaches its height of haste, and heat, and splendor. Trade of all kinds is invigorated by the next month's holidays, as Christmas anthems, sung by the heart, are apt to relax the purse-strings. The days are full to satiety with money-making, and the nights with opera, lecture, or ball. Women in the city put on their richest attire, and women from the country come to copy it, now-a-days, just as they did when the Prophet lamented over the vanity of their broidered work and mincing step.

There is apt, however, in these semi-annual exchange of visits between town and country, to be a total misapprehension of each other. The squire and his wife, who used to dispense a lavish hospitality in their own county, where their family has been known and respected for generations, find the city turns but a chilly face to them in their winter visit. At home, every child's face was familiar, every neighbor, even the poorest, shared his joy and sorrow with them; here they are passed by indifferent, well-bred crowds. Human nature, they argue, suffers an inherent change when brought under compression in brick and mortar. These townspeople do not know, nor care to know, their next-door neighbor; there is no lending or borrowing, no sewing-bees. The sick are tended by doctors or nurses; there is no friendly crowd of acquaintances, as in a village, about the dying bed; the funerals are matters of an undertaker's ambition, all sham and show, instead of the warm outpouring of sympathy from rich and poor, to which they are accustomed. The truth of all which is, that the more narrow the bounds of a man's life are, the more interested he becomes in personal matters. The farmer, isolated in a great measure from libraries, art, politics, find his range of ideas confined to his crops, and the physical health of his family and neighbors; his city cousin is not one whit less kindly or sympathetic in his nature because, in the press of other ideas, he has learned to give these a place of inferior importance. Put the squire for two or three years where he would feel the flux and reflux of the great currents of trade, knowledge, and even news, and he would find his interest in gossip gradually lessen, and while his sympathy for one neighbor's asthma, or another's neuralgia might be less keen, he would be far more likely to comprehend, and attempt to relieve, the mass of suffering incumbent on humanity as a whole. The Good Samaritan, who succored his brother, and poured oil in his wounds with his own hand, was no doubt a countryman. In the city he would have sent him to a hospital.

The habit of migration from city to country and back again, becoming so universal among us, will serve a higher use than its ostensible purpose of health, if it opens our eyes to the fact that there is less difference in human nature than our vanity prompts us to think. In this case, as in every other, familiarity is likely to breed, not contempt of our brother, but a much more liberal judgment of him. The crab, according to Æsop, who came out of his shell, was surprised not only to find how big and warm the world was outside of it, but how many other crabs, as hearty and good-looking as himself, were there to enjoy it. Our only danger is that as nature does not compel us, like the crabs, to change our shells once a month, we suffer them to grow too tight about us, sometimes, ever to be able to look outside of them.

THE GEMS OF ART has been so popular, this year, as a premium, that we shall continue it for next year. It consists, as we have already said, of twenty-five of the best steel-engravings that have appeared in this magazine. We will send it, in place of the premium picture, "Not Lost, But Gone Before," if preferred. Many ladies wrote to us, last year, that if they had known of it in time, they would have taken it for their premium instead of the mezzotint. They will now have a chance to secure it.

TO MAKE HOME HAPPY you should always try you best to be accommodating and cheerful. It is the little things of life, after all, that worry us the most. A husband, or wife, can bear a great deal of trouble, if when they meet each other, after the cares of the day, they are mutually kind and forbearing.

SAVE A DOLLAR by subscribing to "Peterson." All the other first-class magazines are so much dearer, that even full-price subscribers, who pay us two dollars, get this magazine cheaper than they can get others, not so good, in clubs.

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Our Premium Mezzotint for 1874, in the opinion of all who have seen it, is unequalled. The title is, "Not Lost, But Gone Before." It is best described by two quotations from Scripture. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." "In heaven *their angels do always behold* the face of My Father which is in heaven." No household will be complete without this touching and beautiful picture. By getting up a club for "Peterson," at our extremely low terms, you can secure this invaluable premium, which, at a retail store, would sell for five dollars. Understand, it is no cheap lithograph, but a first-class mezzotint. Begin, at once, to get up your clubs! Specimens of the magazine will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not soil your own copy. *But see the Prospectus for* 1874 *on the last page of the cover.*

It is the Wisest and Safest, always to do right, no matter what comes of it, for whatever may be the temporary consequences, the final results will be satisfactory. The Great Author of our existence works by law, and not by chance! he never allows evil to triumph in the end; it is only permitted to succeed for awhile, even when it seems to succeed, in order to try our faith and endurance. As the March winds stimulate the young boughs, giving them vitality and hastening forward the buds, so the troubles of this world strengthen our characters and elevate our aims. Sunk in ease and pleasure, we should deteriorate! Compelled to struggle, we rise to a higher and nobler life. Be right, therefore, even when the right, at first, threatens suffering! Always, always be right!

Be Early In The Field.—Now is the time to begin to get up clubs for 1874. You cannot commence too soon. Every year ladies write to us, that, if they had begun a little sooner, they could have had larger clubs. This is important, because the larger the club, the cheaper the magazine is to each subscriber. "Everybody prefers 'Peterson,' and says it is the cheapest and best," is what all tell us. If you start soon enough, you will have no difficulty in getting a club, or even several clubs, and so earning all the premiums. Ask your friends to compare "Peterson" with other magazines, and to observe how much better it is than those at the same price.

Your Wife, or Sweetheart, will thank you more for a copy of "Peterson's Magazine" for 1874, than for anything else which can be had at the same price. Try her!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Diana of Meridor; or the Lady of Monsoreau. A Novel. By Alexander Dumas. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—While works of imagination have power to draw the reader, those of Dumas, who deservedly ranks as one of the greatest of the great masters of fiction, will undoubtedly be read with the same interest and avidity as they are to-day. As vivid pictures of the life and manners of the times to which they relate, and of political incidents of the greatest moment, they have a historical value which must give them permanency, while in romantic quality it is not likely they will ever be surpassed. "Diana of Meridor" is a specimen work, to which all that has been said above especially applies, and commends itself strongly to all lovers of romance.

Miss or Mrs.? and Other Stories. By Wilkie Collins. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Messrs. Peterson & Brothers have in course of publication a new and cheap edition of the works of this most enjoyable author, of which the volume under consideration is the first issue. It includes, in addition to the very fascinating novelet, "Miss or Mrs.?" two entertaining short stories, entitled "Blown up with the Brig," and "The Fatal Cradle."

The Gipsy's Warning. By Eliza A. Dupuy, author of "All for Love;" "The Mysterious Guest;" "The Planter's Daughter," etc. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Miss Dupuy's novels possess a strong similarity in the one respect of the thorough fascination they exert upon the reader by the artistic arrangement of the plot, and the romantic elements of which they are composed. Otherwise each is fresh and original in style, while distinct in incident and manner of treatment, and the conclusions are ever wrought in a manner not more striking than unhackneyed. Among the many popular productions of her pen, we are, however, inclined to give a very prominent place to the one under consideration. Taking the story of the unhappy union of a fair young girl with the selfish and unscrupulous son of her not less unprincipled guardian, an English baronet, into which she has been led through their influence and her own inexperience, as the leading incident, there is interwoven with this the circumstance of her love for a worthier object, the tragic page of English history embodied in Monmouth's Rebellion, and the varied incidents of the theme that ever claims human attention and sympathy—the manifestations of human passion and suffering—of love's devotion and love's triumph.

London's Heart. By B. L. Farjeon. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of "Grip" was hailed as the coming man among young novelists; but while his place is among the foremost of English story writers, it is not in the very front. In "London's Heart," he had a great subject, and though he has not treated it greatly, he can regard his work with very pardonable feelings of satisfaction, for it is measurably well done. It has characters, and a good many of them, that bear a striking resemblance to people we have known; they are people actuated by very humane motives, and do very natural things. The scene of the story is the vast London, which has afforded to so many novelists a weird, mysterious back-ground for their pictures, and a good deal of its mystery Mr. Farjeon has got into his book. If we say that very often it reminds us of Dickens, and that, like Dickens, its author aims to be a reformer as well as a novelist, without being quite so successful in either particular, we will only say what "London's Heart" will make apparent to its readers.

Annual Record of Science and Industry for 1872. *By Spencer F. Baird. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This bulky, well-printed volume is the record of a series, in which it is proposed to present, year by year, the most important discoveries in the various branches of science, theoretical and applied; the selection of subjects made, primarily, on the ground of their absolute importance, as marking the stages of scientific advancement; and secondly, as being of interest to the general reader. There is also prefixed to the work a general summary of progress for the year in the different departments, intended to give a connected idea of what has been actually accomplished.

Questions of the Day. By Rev. John Hall, D. D. New York: Dodd & Mead.—This volume is composed of a series of discourses originally addressed by their learned author to the Bible Class of the church over which he presides. They are an effort to bring to bear upon the temporal questions of to-day the lessons taught by the Scriptures; and they evince in their treatment both research and intellectual vigor.

Artiste. By Maria N. Grant. Boston: Loring.—Artiste is one of Loring's reprints, intended for railroad readers, and as it is well and pleasantly written, it will probably be popular with the class for whose edification it is printed.

Cast Adrift. By T. S. Arthur. Philada: J. W. Stoddart & Co.—"Cast Adrift" is a temperance novel, intending to show the dreadful evils which result from the abuse of alcoholic liquors. The publishers have handsomely illustrated it.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

Mrs. Stephens' New Society Novel.—Bellehood and Bondage, is the taking title of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens' New Society Novel, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Pa. No one is better adapted to give us a correct picture of Society than this well-known and popular writer, and all her many admirers will want this, her last published book. "Bellehood and Bondage" is issued in a large duodecimo volume, uniform with Mrs. Ann S. Stephens' twenty other works, and is for sale at all the Bookstores at the low price of $1.75 in cloth, or $1.50 in paper cover; or copies will be sent by mail, to any place, post-paid, by the Publishers, on receipt of the price of the work in a letter to them. The new novels just published by this well-known house, The Heiress in the Family, by Mrs. Daniel; Miss or Mrs.? by Wilkie Collins; The Gipsy's Warning, by Miss Dupuy; Margaret Maitland, by Mrs. Oliphant; The Artist's Love, by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth; The Master of Greylands, by Mrs. Henry Wood, etc., are especially good, and are having large sales, and should be read by all. Send to T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Philadelphia, Pa., for one of their complete Catalogues. Lady canvassers wanted; constant employment, and good wages given.

A Grand Victory Over Every Competitor in the World.—The following Cable Dispatch from Vienna will convey the glad intelligence to the world that the "World Renowned Wilson Sewing Machine" has not only taken all the highest Awards at Fairs and Expositions in the United States, but that it has overwhelmingly defeated every Sewing Machine manufactured in the World, and carried off the first Grand Prize at the Vienna Exposition:

Vienna, Austria, Aug. 15, 1873.

To W. G. Wilson, President Wilson Sewing Machine Company, Cleveland, Ohio:

"The Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine was awarded the Grand Prize at the Vienna Exposition for being the *best Sewing Machine.*" Raynor.

Advertisements inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

HORTICULTURAL.

Success in Window-Gardening.—He, or she, who first thought of a window-garden, was really a public benefactor. What is more beautiful, as the "Horticulturalist" says, than ivy twining around the edges of the window-sash, or on a stand in front of the pane, a pot of geraniums, and over all a basket filled with drooping plants?

To that excellent journal we are indebted for some valuable hints on window-gardening. "There are a few items which every cultivator will do well to bear in mind. Much that is essential to success in the in-door culture of plants must be learned from experience, and can be learned in no other way. One great mistake is a wrong choice of *the soil*; many often suppose that any soil will do; hence, especially in cities and villages, they are often apt to choose soil from the back yard, unfit for its needs, being either too dry, devoid of fertilizing material, or already exhausted by continual draughts from the numerous roots of the plants around. The best, and in fact only soil, should be a compost of loam, one part, sand, one part, leaf-mould, one part, and well-decayed cow-manure, a fourth part. The use of the sand is to assist drainage; the proportions of the manure may be varied according to the needs of the plant. Ivies, for instance, need a rich soil, but bulbs need little or none, pure sand being much the best for the last which should never come in contact with manure. The sand should be well mixed with compost. In the bottom of every vessel, box or basket, there should be laid a few bits of broken crockery for the most perfect flow and drainage of surplus water. Most vessels have holes in the bottom also, but in hanging-baskets this cannot be expected, so the crockery must take its place.

In selecting your plants, you had best purchase from a florist until you have become more familiar with the *modus operandi* of propagation. Select plants of good, short-jointed, stocky habits, with leaves of healthy look; large specimens are not desirable; it is better to get those plants which are well started, and are growing finely, and let them develop gradually. There is a very remarkable difference among florists in the raising of plants. Many seem to grow only for the sake of saying they have so big a quantity, while regardless of quality; others pay more attention to the need of maintaining a good reputation, hence send out nothing but well grown specimens, until their business becomes too large for their popularity, and then they too grow slack, and are glad to send off anything. Usually *beginners*, i. e., young florists, anxious to win a good name, can be found most anxious to please, and careful to send only good plants; but many of the old favorite dealers do not yet forget the principles of good quality, which, after all, are the only safeguards to help a man to maintain a good business. When you have got your new plants, be careful of too sudden a change from the old quarters to the new. This hasty transition is very trying to plants; the hot, dry air of the living room is a severe test upon any plant brought from the cool outer air, or the moist atmosphere of the florist's greenhouse. It would be best that this change should be gradual. Just bring them in-doors, and place them in a room without fire for a short time. If you have a light, dry cellar, this will be a good place, if not liable to frost. Here they need only moderate watering; after a short time they can be transferred to the window; here they must enjoy plenty of light. In mild weather, pull down the upper window and ventilate the air. Keep their foliage free from dust and insects; wash them with a sponge, and syringe the plants with a good supply of water once a day. If the water soaks away in the soil rapidly, then it is in good condition. Never water when the soil is already full of moisture; never water at midday, or when the sun is shining.

Avoid very high temperatures, and also guard against low ones. A temperature of sixty to seventy degrees in the day, equable and uniform, is a good medium, but at night it should range from forty to fifty degrees. Beware of the danger of frost. Many housekeepers, in letting their fires go out at night, often forget their plants, and in the morning awake to find a sudden change of weather, frost on the window-pane, and their plants tipped also. The only safe plan is to throw newspapers over the plants between them and the window. All plants suitable for green-houses, needing much heat, should be avoided for ordinary parlor culture; only the more simple plants, that can be easily managed, should be used. But such plants as Geraniums, Azaleas, Daphne, Yellow Jessamine, Oxalis, Fuchsias, are always desirable and easily managed.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. X.—Convulsions—Their Cause.

Children of highly nervous temperaments, and who are consequently easily excited, are more prone to convulsions than those of a more phlegmatic temperament.

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Painful dentition, producing continued irritation, is the most frequent exciting cause of convulsions in children, as is proved from the fact, that after the first set of teeth is cut, they are observed to happen much less frequently. Such prolonged irritation, in the first place, causes impairment of the powers of the stomach, and offensive secretions, in consequence, gradually accumulate in the bowels. And from imperfect digestion at this early age, a copious deposit of lithic (red) acid will sometimes be observed in the urine of the child by the mother, which she should bear in mind is often a premonitory symptom of convulsions, with a tendency to effusion of water within the brain.

The necessity of attending to the child's gums, and removing these morbid secretions, as measures for preventing convulsions, cannot be too often enforced upon the minds of mothers.

Convulsions in very young children, long before the period of dentition, may arise from the milk of the mother being of an unhealthy quality, rendered so by her habits of life, and unsuited to the delicate stomach of the infant. This is particularly liable to be the case in mothers of highly nervous temperaments with active and anxious minds, interested in their husband's affairs, speculations, etc.

Convulsions are also met with in weakly, debilitated children, with pale countenances, transparent skin, languid circulation, and the blood evidently deficient in red particles. In these cases, the brain suffers from deficiency of nervous energy, and the vital powers soon become of such low order, that very slight causes of irritation are sufficient in themselves to bring on an attack of convulsions.

When offensive secretions or indigestible matters are retained in the bowels; or when the stomach is surcharged with rich pastry, nuts, cheese, unripe fruits, etc., the brain is very apt to become sympathetically affected, and convulsions are liable to supervene. In the former case the symptoms are heaviness of the eyes, drowsiness, more or less irritative fever, and a characteristic blueness of the tongue. An active cathartic is here demanded, and is nearly all that is necessary to remove this state of oppression. In the latter cases, nothing is comparable to an emetic of ipecac to remove the contents of the stomach, and thus free the brain from sympathetic oppression.

Another cause of convulsions arises from the injudicious use of external applications alone, for the hasty cure of cutaneous diseases that have long existed; and if the disease affects the scalp, the repellent action of ointments, applied not unfrequently, gives rise to inflammation of the brain, and consequent effusion.

Mothers should not take counsel of old nurses and uneducated "doctoresses," in respect to infallible cures for various eruptions of the skin, which are to be applied locally, without suitable constitutional treatment being conjoined, of which this class of persons are ignorant. Worms, as a cause of convulsions, will be spoken of in some subsequent number.

THE WINTER THAT IS COMING.

The winter, with its chilling blasts, its snows and rains, are the greatest enemies of health, the most certain helps to consumption, which is so much to be dreaded in our climate. Every reader of our magazine should take a "bond of fate" against the approach of this disease, by paying proper regard to the following advice. To parents they are particularly applicable:—

1. If consumption has prevailed in either of your families, use the earliest precautions to prevent your children from falling victims to the same disease.

2. Though consumption may not have been common on the side of either, yet precaution is not the less important. Two or three neglected colds in winter, with improper clothing, may, in an infirm constitution, securely seat the relentless destroyer—at the best, wretched health will be a certain consequence.

3. When they who must be ignorant of the essential difference between a common cold and consumption, boast of their cures, hear, but heed them not.

4. It is wise to check a cold the first week; but much wiser the first four-and-twenty hours.

5. Attempt not the treatment of your own or your children's colds, lest what may in reality have been, in the first instance, a trifling disease, should, by your mismanagement, be converted into a confirmed consumption.

6. All remedies which do no good in either colds or consumptions, invariably do a great deal of harm.

7. A strictly sober life, regular, active exercise, and a cheerful and contented mind, are the most certain means by which those predisposed to consumption may escape its attack, and preserve their lives to an advanced period.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Savory Stew of Veal.—Cut the meat from the bones into pieces about two inches square; put them into a frying-pan with two ounces of butter, and an onion, cut in thin slices; when the butter is hot put in the veal, and fry it to a nice brown; put it on a dish, and pour a teacupful of water into the frying-pan; let it boil up and pour it out. Stew the bones in rather more cold water than will cover them for three hours. This will make excellent broth, which may be flavored with parsley, celery, or any other vegetable. A pint of this broth, before any other flavor than parsley has been added, is needed for the meat, which should be put into a sauce-pan with it and the liquor which was made after frying the meat, and gently stewed for an hour. A teaspoonful of flour and a little catchup, with Cayenne pepper and salt, should be added. Give it a boil up, and serve with sippets of toasted bread round the dish.

Steak-Pie.—Cut rump or beef-steak in conveniently-sized pieces; flour and fry them a nice brown; place the fried steak in a stew-pan, with sufficient water for the amount of gravy wanted, pepper, salt, and some finely-chopped onion and bay-leaf, and stew for an hour or two, according to the quantity of meat, till tender; place the stew in a pie-dish lined with paste; add some hard-boiled eggs; cover with paste, and bake. A couple of kidneys stewed with the meat greatly improves the flavor.

Polpetti.—Take two tablespoonfuls of very finely-chopped cold roast beef, and a dessert-spoonful of the under fat of the sirloin, very finely chopped; one tablespoonful of bread-crumbs, soaked in broth, one tablespoonful of grated cheese, the yolks and whites of two eggs; flavor with lemon-peel and juice, and pepper and salt to taste. Mix all together, and make into balls; roll in fine bread-crumbs, and fry them; drain them, and serve with fine parsley on a folded napkin.

Stuffing for Veal.—Chop up a quarter of a pound of beef-suet, very fine; put in a basin, with eight ounces of bread-crumbs, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a little powdered thyme and marjoram, half the rind of a lemon, grated, and the juice of half a one; season with a spoonful of salt, and a quarter spoonful of pepper, and a quarter of a nutmeg; mix the whole with three whole eggs. This will do also to stuff turkey or baked fish, adding some more chopped parsley.

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Stuffing for Rabbit or Turkey.—Take half a pound of beef-suet, chopped very fine, some parsley, a little thyme, pepper, salt, and spices, the same quantity of crumbs of bread as of suet, an egg or two, and mix the whole with a little milk. It would not be amiss to put to it a very small bit of butter, and to pound the whole in a mortar for a short time. This stuffing may be used with baked pike, or with either roasted or boiled turkey, roasted hare, etc.

Method of Re-dressing Cold Roast Beef, Mutton, or Lamb.—Cut the meat into small, thin slices, season well with pepper and salt, and dip each lightly in beaten egg, and then in bread-crumbs. Fry them a nice brown.

VEGETABLES.

To Boil Maccaroni.—Put into a large sauce-pan plenty of water, salted to taste; when the water boils fast, throw in the maccaroni, broken into convenient lengths, but not too short; stir frequently. When the maccaroni is done to your taste, pour in a jugful of cold water, and strain the maccaroni quite free from any water. According to its size, maccaroni takes from twenty to thirty minutes to cook; it should not be done too much. The French cook maccaroni too much for the Italian taste; and the English like it even more overcooked than do the French.

To Boil or Bake Beetroot.—Throw them into boiling water, and, if large, boil for two hours and a half. Pare and serve them whole, or thickly sliced, and send melted butter to table along with them. If you wish to bake the beet, lay it in a dish, and let it remain in a gentle oven for four or five hours.

Rissolets.—Chop the beef small, add three-quarters of a pound of sausage-meat, a little chopped parsley, one egg, and a piece of bread, which has been steeped previously in hot water. When these ingredients have been well mixed, form them into balls, and fry them in butter which has first been made quite hot, until they are crisp and brown.

DESSERTS.

Baby's Pudding.—Butter slightly a large cup, without a handle, or a small basin, and break lightly into it a penny sponge-cake; pour over it one large, well-whisked egg, mixed with a quarter of a pint of milk; let it stand half an hour, and boil it gently, or steam it, for eighteen minutes. Lay writing-paper over it, and then a thin, well-floured cloth before it is put into the sauce-pan. The safer plan is to set it into about an inch and a half depth of boiling water, and to keep the cover closely shut while it is steaming in it, taking care that neither the cloth nor the paper over it shall touch the water The pudding should not be turned out of the basin for five minutes after it is taken up.

Orange-Pudding.—Soak the crumbs of a roll in milk; let it drain in a colander for half an hour; break it with a spoon in a basin; add two ounces of sugar, grated, one ounce of butter, warmed, the yolks of four eggs, the juice of four oranges, the grated rind of one, and the whites of four eggs, beaten, not too stiffly, on a plate with a knife, and bake in a buttered dish, in a quick oven. The pudding will be equally good boiled in a mould for an hour and a half, and served with a sweet sauce.

Bread-and-Butter Pudding.—Cut thin slices of bread-and-butter, according to the size of the dish the pudding is to be made in. Lay a layer of bread-and-butter, and then stre some currants over it, and so on alternately till the dish is full. Beat up four eggs in a pint and a half of milk, with sugar and nutmeg to taste; pour over the bread-and-butter, and bake one hour.

Apple-Snow.—Pare and core twelve apples, steam them until tender; set the apples aside to cool, then put over them a whip made of the whites of three eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. Serve with sugar and cream, flavored with extract of vanilla.

Almond Hasty Pudding.—Take two ounces of butter, four eggs, two ounces pounded almonds, two ounces of sugar, a little chopped candied lemon-peel, half a roll, crumbed. Beat the butter to a cream, add the egg-yolks one by one, beating the mixture till quite smooth; add the almonds, sugar, lemon-peel, and bread, which must have been soaked in milk, well drained in a colander, and now thoroughly broken into the other ingredients; then finally the whites of four eggs, beaten to a firm snow. Bake in a buttered dish, and serve the moment it leaves the oven.

CAKES.

Apple Short-Cake.—To one quart of sifted flour, add two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one of soda, half a teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a pound of butter, and milk or cream enough to mix it. Have the dough rather stiff, split open the whole cake, spread one piece quickly with butter; cover with well-sweetened apple-sauce; pour over some thick cream; grate nutmeg on it; place the other half on this, crust side down; spread with butter, cover with apple-sauce, cream, and nutmeg. Serve immediately.

Queen Cakes.—Wash one pound of butter in a little orange-flower water, and beat it to a cream with a wooden spoon; add to it one pound of finely-powdered loaf-sugar, and mix in by degrees eight eggs, well beaten, one pound of flour, dried and sifted, three-quarters of a pound of currants, a little nutmeg, and two ounces bitter almonds, pounded, adding last of all a wineglassful of brandy. Beat the whole well together for an hour, and bake in small buttered tins, in a brisk oven.

Nice Rolls.—Rub four ounces of butter in two pounds of flour; rub smooth one boiled potato, and beat the whites only of six eggs; mix them with the potato and a gill of good yeast; work all up in the flour, and moisten it with milk; make it into a stiff dough, and let it rise one hour. Form it into rolls, and bake in a quick oven.

Plain and Crisp Biscuits.—Mix one pound of flour, the yolk of an egg, and some milk, into a very stiff paste. Beat it well and knead it quite smooth; roll the paste very thin, and cut it into biscuits. Bake them in a slow oven till quite dry and crisp.

American Biscuits.—Have ready half a pound of butter, four pounds of flour, and a pint of milk. Rub the butter into the flour, and add the milk. Knead the dough well, and divide it in small biscuits, which should be baked in a hot oven.

Crullers.—Take four eggs, half a pound of sugar, three ounces of butter, one gill of thick cream, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, and flour enough to form a dough, Roll it out, cut the dough into strips, twist them, and drop them in boiling lard.

SANITARY.

Buttermilk.—This is advocated as food for very young children, in conjunction with rice or wheat flour. Besides being easier of digestion, it is cheaper and less liable to adulteration than milk from the cow. Dr. Van Maanen, of Barneveld, says that buttermilk is invariably used by the children of that district, and with the best effects. They get through their infantile disorders with wonderful celerity. Scrofula is unknown, and the bills of mortality are reduced to a minimum, all owing, according to the doctor, to the use of buttermilk.

Cure for Rheumatic Pains, Sprains, Agues, etc.—Six new-laid eggs, one pint of vinegar, half pint of turpentine; beat all well together until quite frothy. Rub the part affected three or four times a day; it is sure to afford relief.

Balsam for Coughs and Colds.—Tincture of Tolu and compound tincture of benzoni, of each one ounce, rectified spirit, two ounces; mix. The dose is a teaspoonful

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FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—MAROON SILK CARRIAGE-DRESS.—The skirt has one flounce, headed by a puffing of silk. The Polonaise has long, sloping fronts, with a bouffant back, edged with fur and a fall of lace. Wide sleeves, trimmed with the same. Bonnet to match.

FIG. II.—GRAY SILK SUIT.—The skirt is trimmed with a plisse of the silk, headed by three bands of brown silk. The waist is round, with an over-skirt puffed in the back, finished at the sides with a brown bow and ends. Hat with veil.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF WINE-COLORED SILK, trimmed with two shallow ruffles. Cloak with three capes, made of black velvet. Bonnet of black, with trimmings to match.

FIG. IV.—BLACK VELVET SUIT, trimmed with fur, set on to simulate an over-skirt; tabs in the back. Coat-sleeves. Bonnet to match.

FIG V.—GREEN SILK SKIRT. DARK BROWN CLOTH CLOAK, made with under-sleeves, and two points in the back, trimmed with heavy tassel-fringe. Bonnet with green feather. Brown muff.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Dresses of rich material, such as faille, gros grain, etc., will be made generally without tunics, but often at the back with a bouffant, and that not a very voluminous one; but the lower part of the skirt will be trimmed with a heavy fringe, or one bouillonne, or with folds. The front will be made short enough to show the feet, and the back with a train. Costumes will be made shorter than last season, so that there will be no necessity to hold the skirt in the hand, or to risk its being soiled if allowed to hang its full length.

COSTUMES, all made of the same material, are even more in favor than last year. Polonaises that do not match the skirts are seldom seen.

The new braided costumes differ considerably from those worn last year. The dolman, or jacket, as the case may be, is braided all over, and the tunic is not braided all over, but all round only.

Plain faille dresses, for early winter wear, will be much trimmed with revers made of damask velvet. The faille bodice will have a damask waistcoat, and this substitution can also be easily effected when remaking dresses. The damask velvet is gros grain silk, covered with detached designs, as are to be seen on silk damask, only the designs are in velvet, instead of being in satin, and the style of material is altogether first-rate.

BODICES are made at the present time either with waistcoats or as worn in Charles IX. reign, that is to say, very close-fitting, with a double coat basque rather long at the back, and frequently ornamented with pearl buttons. In front there is no basque, but a straight band of faille is carried round the neck and down each side the bodice to the waist. This ornament or band gives the stiffness to the upper part of the dress recognizable in all Velasquez's portraits. Round the throat there is a fraise of tulle or lace, and in front of the bodice there are large bows. The sleeves are made to simulate very high epaulettes, quite in Charles IX. style. The generality of the full-dress toilets are copied more from models of that epoch than of any other. The Louis XV. and Directoire costumes are considered the most appropriate for street wear. But, while adopting and remodeling these fashions, the modern Parisian, in order to give the effect of close-fitting drapery in front, ties her skirts back with such contrivances of strings and lacings, that she will soon find it impossible to walk. These extremes of styles always border on the ridiculous.

The low bodices for ball dresses are made to cover the shoulders, and are pointed very low both in the back and front. A plaited ruff is added all round the neck, but considerably higher behind than in front. The ruff is made of the dress silk with white silk lining, and a stiff muslin interlining to hold it erect. The plaits are small half-inch box-plaits, scanty enough to spread out like a fan at the top.

For traveling there is nothing more fashionable than either dark-blue violet, prune or chestnut-colored bege cashmere, fastened the entire length of the front with large, plain jet buttons. There are square pockets on the fronts, the back half fits the figure, and there is a waistband on the front only, which is confined with a large jet buckle.

The most elegant dinner-toilets at the present time are made of Chambery gauze, either striped or dotted, and trimmed with coquilles of the same. These coquilles commence in front, in the center of the skirt, widening as they descend so as to describe a tablier. At other times these coquilles are arranged at the sides, and piped with faille of a different color from the dress. The ornaments at the sides of the skirt, formerly called "quilles," are now in great favor, particularly when it is a train.

EMBROIDERED DOLMANS are very extensively worn. They are made of Sicilienne, and black is now rejected for such colors as Havanna-brown and steel-gray. The embroidery takes the form of narrow, straight bands of regular width, giving the effect of a striped material having been used for the dolman. They are generally either scalloped or vandyked round the edge.

The ENGLISH WALKING-JACKET again appears, made of warm, rough cloth, nearly half an inch thick. It retains its jaunty shape, fitting like a gentleman's coat, with high shoulder-seams, double-breasted fronts, coat collar, and three back seams, far apart at the waist, but no postillion plaits. Coat-sleeves and pockets, with flaps, complete this trim, tidy, and withal masculine-looking jacket. Children's and misses' jackets are shown in precisely the same shapes just noted.

MANTILLAS are used when greater warmth is needed than the jacket gives. They are heavily wadded, and have large scarf-like ends.

BONNETS, as shown by French models, are a comfortable improvement on those now worn, inasmuch as they will cover more of the head. The new shapes have low but capacious crowns, that fit smoothly over the high coiffure of soft puffs now worn, clasp the head snugly on the sides, and have broad coronets with a full face trimming beneath. Streamers behind that bend down, ruffs are seldom seen, and thus the bonnet is left compact, and is, besides, picturesque, pretty, and will be, generally, becoming.

COLLARS AND CUFFS are worn made of dark-blue linen or percale, edged with a cording of white; when, for a more dressy occasion, wide plaited frills, with under-sleeves to match are adopted sometimes, edged with a narrow Valenciennes lace.

GLOVES, for winter, are worn of buckskin and undressed kid, fastened by two or three buttons, without any ornamental stitching.

Very little JEWELRY is seen—that known as oxydised silver having the preference.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—SUIT FOR A GIRL OF TWELVE YEARS, MADE OF BROWN POPLIN.—The skirt is plain. The Polonaise is cut very long, and is looped full at the sides, without trimming. Rabaga hat, with feather.

FIG. II.—SUIT FOR A BOY OF FOUR YEARS.—Kilt plaited skirt of dark-blue cloth. Jacket of the same, cut in scallops. Hat, with cock's plume.

FIG. III.—SUIT FOR A GIRL OF TEN YEARS, MADE OF DARK-GRAY CLOTH.—The skirt has a row of buttons down the front. Cape, with velvet collar. Velvet hat, with feather. Parasol.

FIG. IV.—SUIT FOR A BOY OF FIVE YEARS, MADE OF STEEL-COLORED CLOTH.—Knickerbockers and blouse. Waist belted. Felt hat.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER

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HOUSE-DRESS. WINTER BONNET.

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WINTER WALKING-DRESS. BAG AND BELT.

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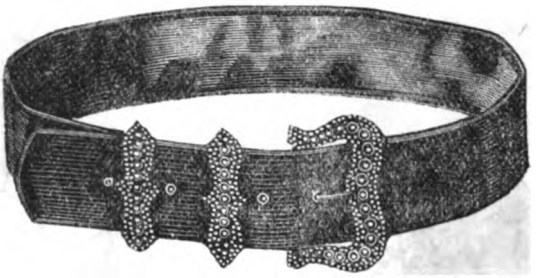

NEW STYLES FOR DRESSING THE HAIR. VELVET WAISTBAND AND BRACELET.

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LOUIS XV. WAISTCOAT. SILK WAIST. HANDKERCHIEF. JABOT.

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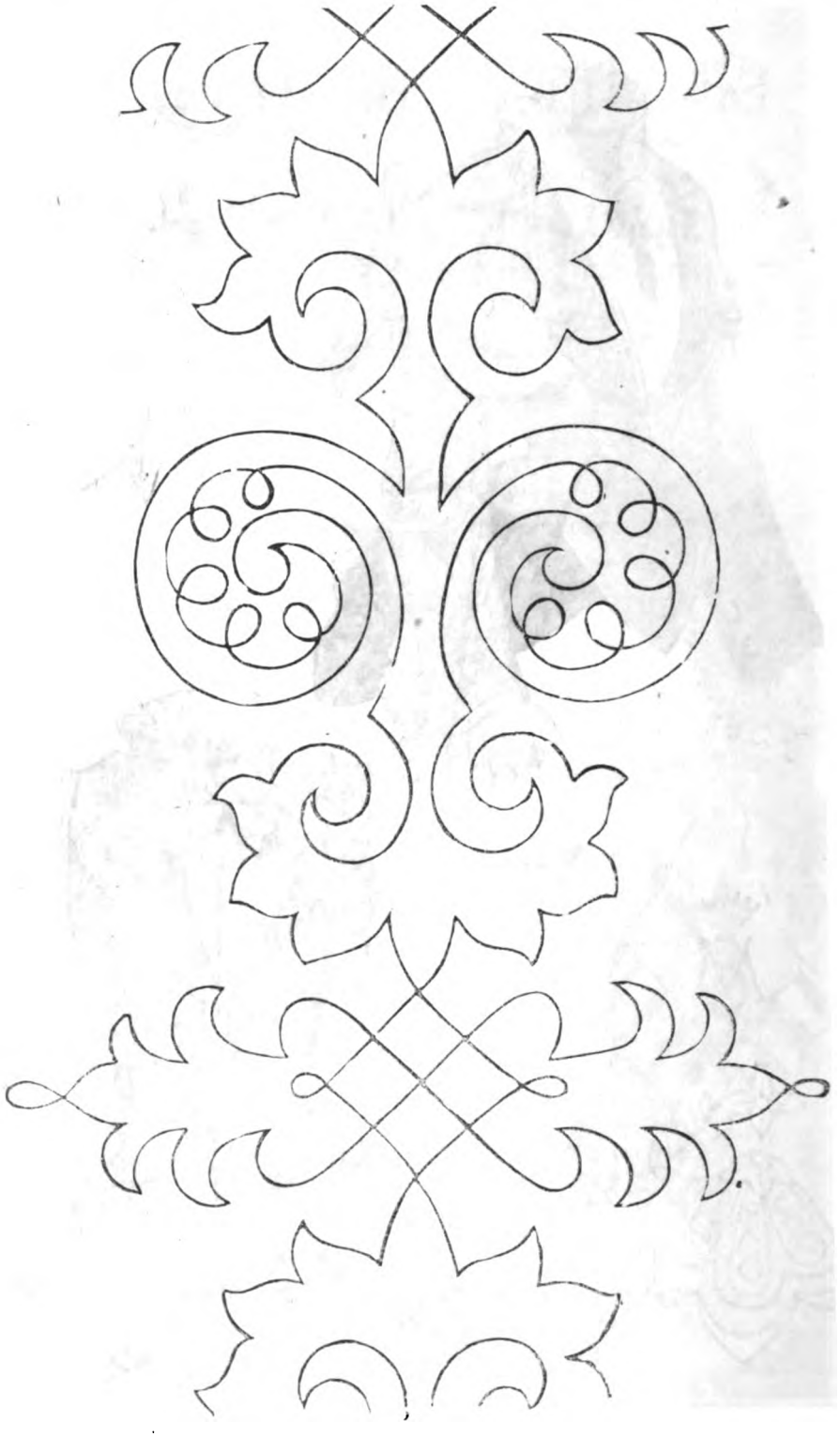

PATTERN IN BRAIDING.

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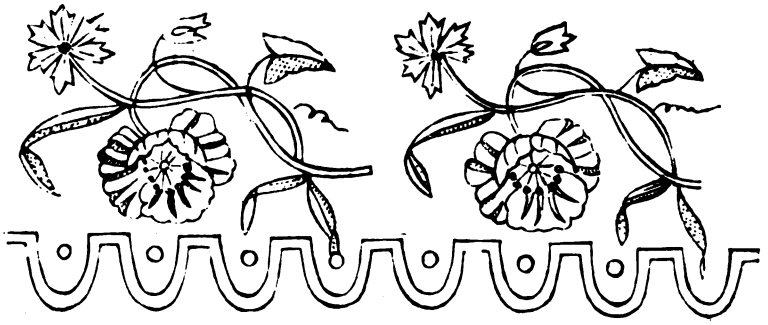

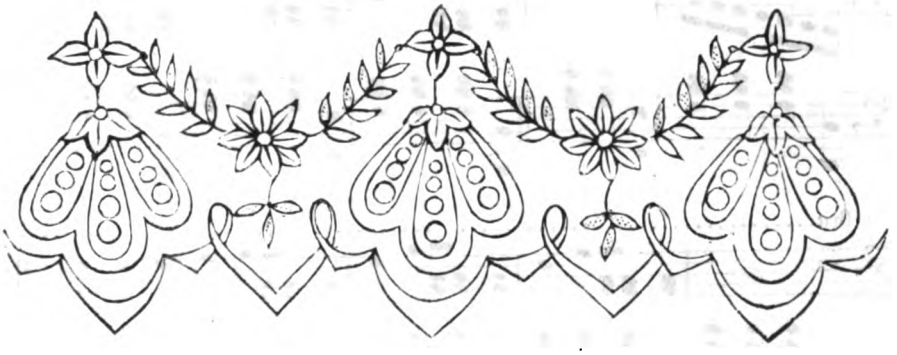

PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY.

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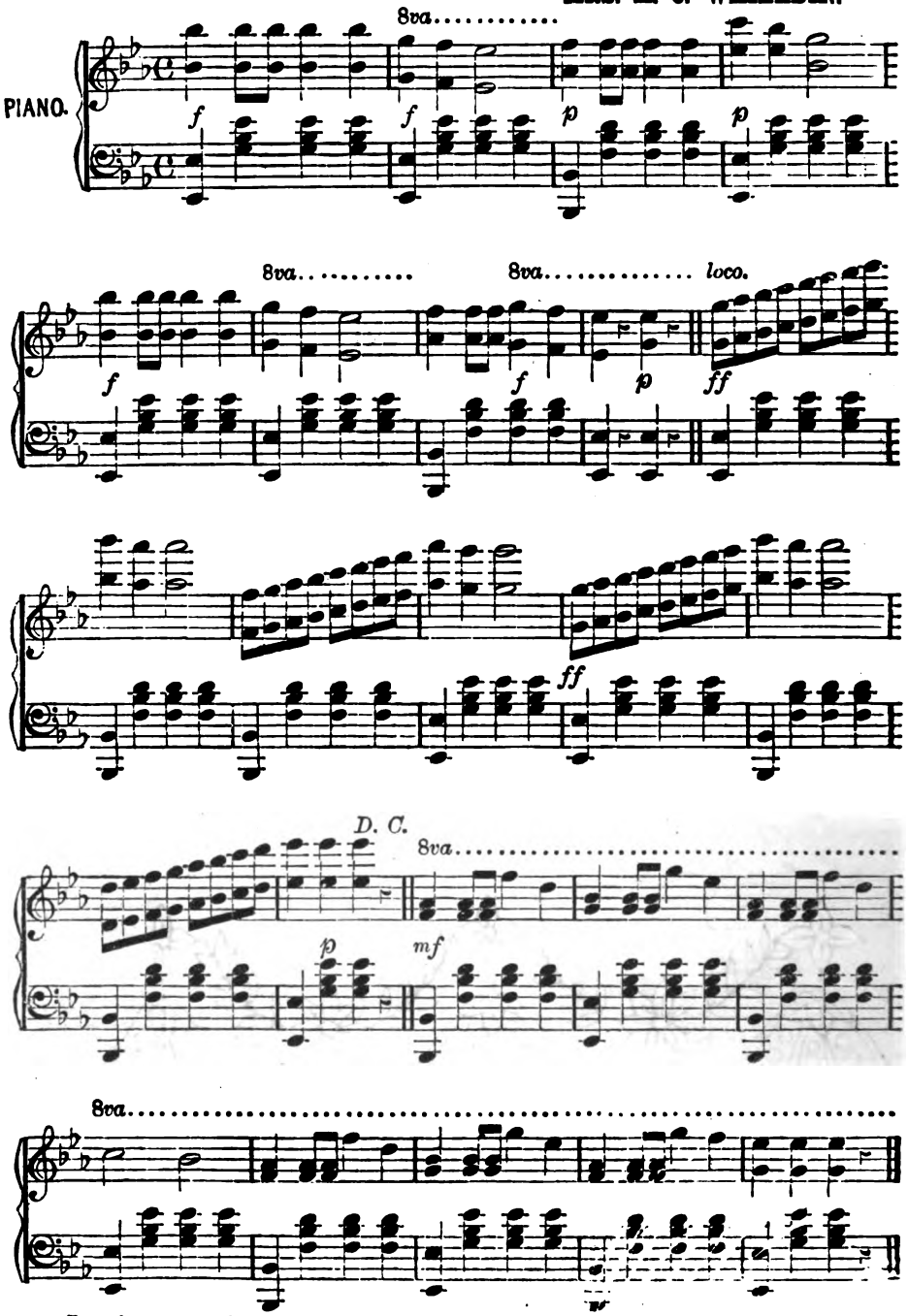

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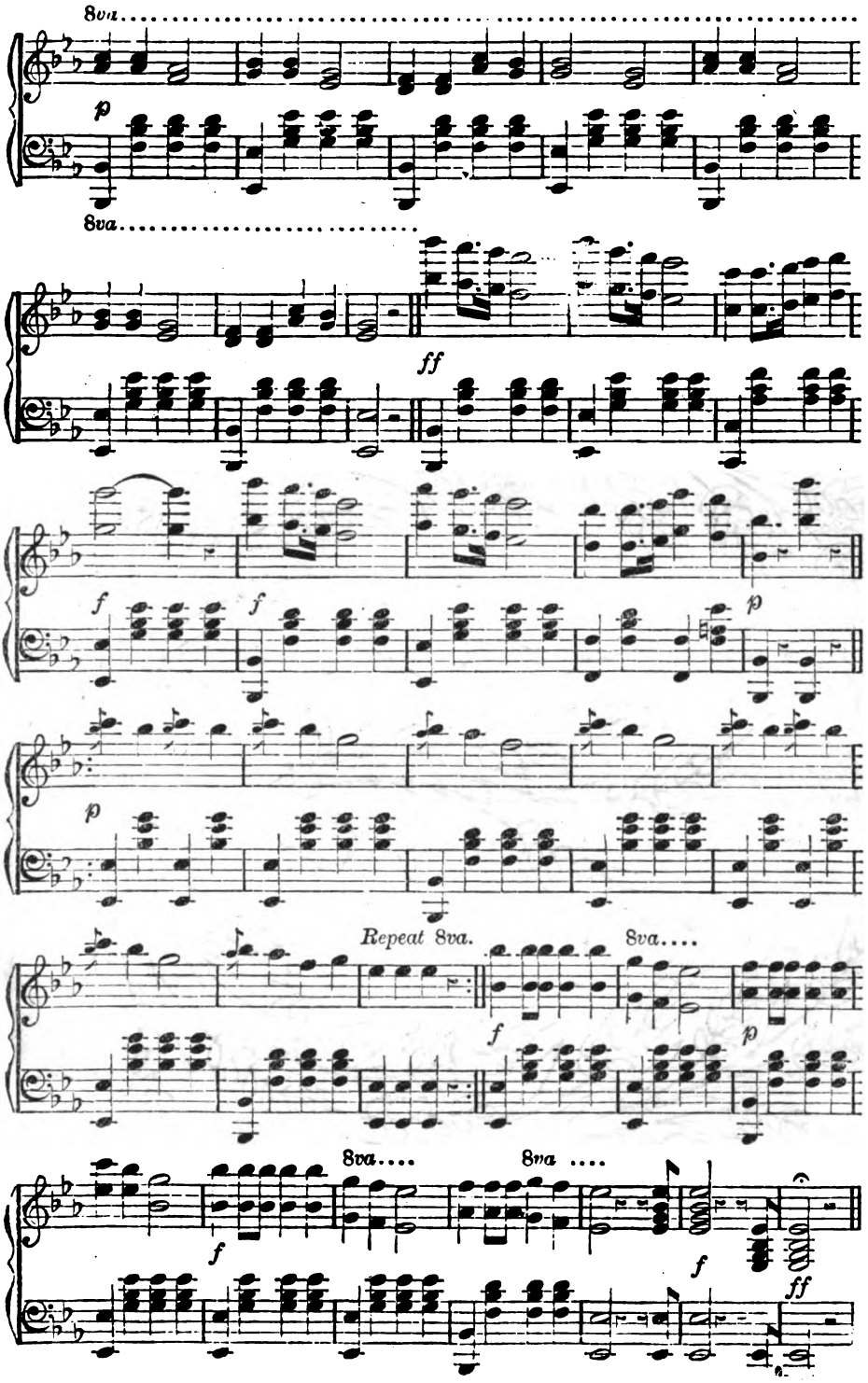

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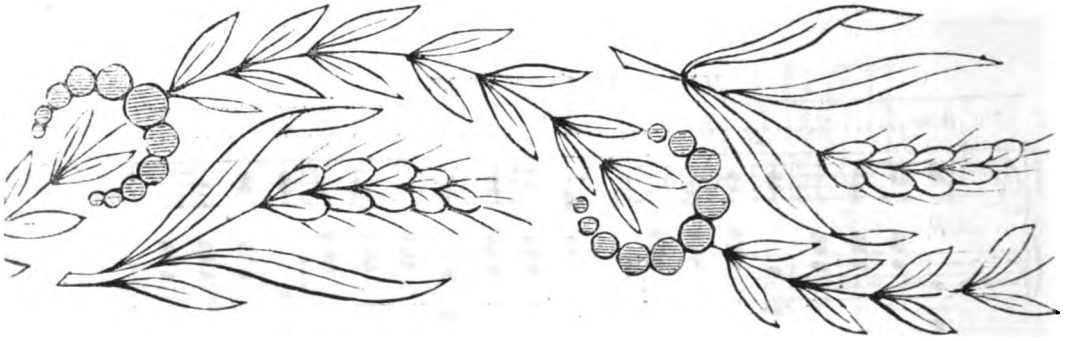

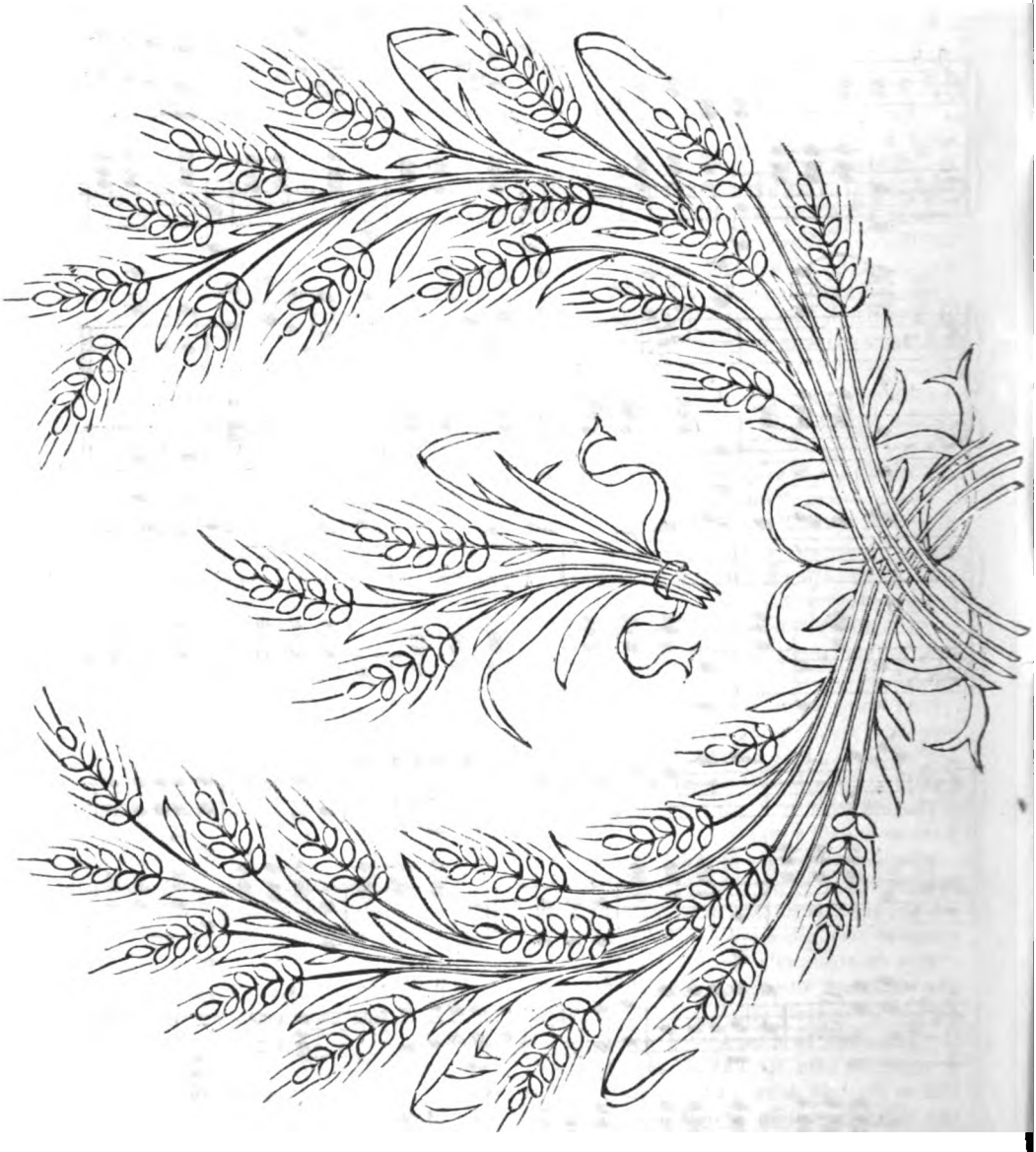

EMBROIDERY FOR CENTER OF PILLOW-CASE. EDGING.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. LXIV. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1873. No. 6.

ONLY THE CHILDREN.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

"Are you not sorry that father has gone away, to stay over night, Alice?" said one of Mr. Montgomery's children to his sister. "It rains so that no one will call; and now mother will wear that faded wrapper all day. I heard her tell Barbara 'she should have a good, long day for sewing.' We shall be sure to eat in the kitchen. She doesn't think it worth while to set even the dining-room table just for us."

"Don't you wish she would spill ink on that dress, Philip?" was the answer. "Then she wouldn't wear it any more."

"No, indeed, I don't want it any worse, for she would wear it just the same, rainy days, and when papa is away."

Now mamma, in the next room, heard this discussion of the children, and arose to take a survey of herself in the looking-glass. It was not a very pleasing picture that the polished surface gave back to her view.

"Now Harry Warren's mother," said Philip, "is always nicely dressed, anytime in the day."

"And she wears such pretty bows on her hair and neck," said Alice. "But she isn't half so pleasant as our mother," she added, loyally, "if she does look prettier."

The mother's eyes glistened, as she looked down on the old wrapper.

"To be compared to Aunt Warren," she thought, "and by my own children, too. Who would have thought they were such sharp little things? They notice every trifle."

Mrs. Montgomery's spirit was quite stirred. She would not allow such a rival, she said to herself, if she could eclipse her.

"You shall be disappointed about the old wrapper, for once, Mr. Philip," she added, smiling, as she took down a soft, bright dress, just the thing to enliven a dull day. Then she puffed her hair in her prettiest style, and proceeded to dress herself with unusual care. The delicate lace collar was adorned with a pretty bow of palest pink, and her hair was tied back with a ribbon to match.

It is wonderful how these simple additions to the toilet changed her whole appearance. A little taste does so much for a woman's toilet, and yet how small, often, is the cost. A simple knot of violet, or crimson velvet, will make a dull old dress look bright and even elegant. As a great painter said, "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle."

Mrs. Montgomery's face wore a brighter look than usual that day, as she entered the nursery. He dress had actually raised her spirits; but she was hardly prepared for the burst of admiration that greeted her. It is not often that compliments are as sincere and heartfelt as were those of her little ones that day. But the children's tone quickly changed to one of anxiety.

"Are you going away anywhere, mamma?" they asked, directly.

"No, dears, I am going to sew on the machine all day; so we can have a nice time together."

Little Alice hung over her chair a minute, admiringly, and fingered her buttons, as she said, with a smile of deep content in her eyes,

"You look nice, mamma."

Mrs. Montgomery smiled as she threaded the needle of her machine, while Philip added, proudly.

"She looks nicer than Harry's mother, even when she has her silk dress on."

That was reward enough. She had eclipsed her rival.

"I'll remember this day's lesson," said the mother, to her own heart—and she did remember it.

The rainy-day dress was doomed, and the children helped to rip it up with sincere pleasure. It made excellent linings for a new one, and often preached its old sermon over, as it hung, wrong-side out, in the closet.

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Mothers, when you allow yourselves slovenly ways among the little ones, in the seclusion of the nursery, remember "there's a chiel there takin' notes." Those notes will be read even when your head lies low. Of all the bright pictures "that hang on memory's wall," there is none to me so fair as that of a sweet, loving mother, whose appearance was always neat and tasteful, even in a working-dress.

Children may love an untidy mother, after a fashion, but they can never respect her. She cannot keep the hold on them in later years that the one of opposite habits possesses. Besides, if you are untidy yourself, they will probably grow up to imitate you. Don't neglect the little details of dress, that add so much to appearance, because there will be "no one about but the children."

IN THE SUNSHINE.

BY N. F. CARTER.

On the sunny side of life, for those that love me,
I am gladly working, praying still,
With a kingly banner flying high above me,
Symbol of a Heavenly Master's will!
So, with cheerful heart, I bear my daily crosses
In the sunshine of my daily joy,
Never counting Duty's self-denying losses,
In such holy, sweet, and blest employ;
For His presence brightens all the way,
And I know I'm climbing up to day.

In the shadowed valley, on the clouded mountain,
On the dry and sandy Summer plain,
In the tangled forest, by the cooling fountain,
On the shorelands of the roaring main,
I rejoice to make my pathway like a shining
Light of ever-beaming, brightening ray,
All around my gleaming footprints, gem-like, twining,
Love's sweet ministries to bless the day,
Beckoning others up the sunny slopes,
Leading to the Heaven of golden hopes.

On the sunny side of life I'm nightly lying
In the restful arms of sweet content,
With the self-same royal banner o'er me flying,
Gemmed, like stars, in the blue firmament;
And I smile on coming shadows thickly folding
Dusky wings above my pillowed head,
For I know God's angels, ever holding
Silent watch around my lowly bed,
Guard me well, as guard they saintly throngs
In the blessed Summer-land of songs.

Not that I am ever free from daily trials,
Like the glorified to whom I go;
Not that on my head are never poured the vials
Malice fills with bitterness and woe,
Filling all my soul, as streams the heaving ocean,
With the fretting, moaning waves of pain;
Not that e'er against me waves of wild commotion,
In their direst madness beat in vain;
Not that sin has lost its power to harm;
Not that life is one perennial charm.

But I know full well that all things work together,
Under Love's sweet ruling, for my good;
Know as well the Winter and the Summer weather
Comes with blessing as an angel would!
So in working, resting, so in walking, sleeping,
Wears this changing world a smile or frown;
I have trust in One who has me in his keeping,
And with joy press upward to my crown!
So serene with sunshine, every day
Passes, like some strain of song, away!

AT SEA.

BY LAURA DAKIN.

I STAND by my window, and into the mist and the rain
I gaze with sorrowing eyes with thoughts akin to pain;
For my lover hath sailed o'er the far distant sea,
And never, never a word hath he written to me.

And in my heart I wonder so, if false or true he be;
I wonder so, if ever, he gives a thought to me;
If 'mid spray and wave he sees the cottage far away,
And the girl who waits for word of him day after day.

Doth he know, in dreams, she hails the crew of each vessel grand,
And says, Have you seen my lover, by sea or on the land?
Do you know, good shipmen, if living or dead he be?
Do you know why never a word he hath written to me?

Not know him! Good Captain, you would know him anywhere—
You would think him a king! he is so royal, grand and fair.
Will you hail him, and ask, when next you meet him on the sea,
And tell me, surely, whether dead or living he be?

If living, I will make from the cottage garden each day
A wreath, for my grand lover, so far at sea away,
Of pansies, roses, lilies, with hearts of gold so dim,
Tell him, good Captain, they and I are here, waiting for him.

If dead he be, send no word from the far-off sea,
For my heart will know by the sad song of the birds in the poplar-tree;
Then 'twill not be long when neither the earth nor the sea
Could, from his side, and the land o' the leal, keep me.

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THE ORPHAN MUSICIAN.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

It was a stormy winter night, and the earth was white with snow, when Dr. Chester, who had just come in from a round of visits, and had seated himself comfortably before a glowing grate-fire, heard the sound of music without, and a boy's voice, weak and thin, apparently from illness or destitution, if not from both, singing, plaintively, under his window.

"God bless me!" cried the doctor, "what a night for any one to be out in, much less a child; and he seems half sick, too! I'll throw the poor little fellow a dime."

He rose, for the music had now ceased, and went to the window, drawing back the thick, warm curtains, preparatory to raising the sash. The lad, who, as yet, did not see him, suddenly struck his instrument again, and began to sing "Santa Lucia." The doctor had first heard that air years and years before, at Sorrento; and he had never heard it since, without the orange-groves, the blue Mediterranean, and the purple-clothed island of Capri rising before him. The spell was heightened, now, by the beautiful Italian face of the boy. The tears came to the good doctor's eyes.

"He looks famished; he is half-dead with cold; I'll have him in," said Dr. Chester. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of one of these," he repeated to himself, as if unconsciously, as he crossed the room to ring the bell. "Oh, what a hard world this is for many," he went on, disconnectedly; "and it's Christmas-time, too."

He soon had the lad in, who, though so Italian-looking, proved to speak excellent English; for, while the child was warmed and fed, the doctor cross-examined him. "Had he parents?" "No, not that he knew of; he had taken care of himself ever since he could remember." "Was he born in Italy?" "No, he believed he had been born in Boston; he knew nothing of Italy except what little some Italian organ-grinders had told him; as far back as he knew he had lived by singing in the streets, now in one city, now in another. The big, dark eyes looked at the doctor so appealingly, that he became profoundly interested. "God, perhaps," said Dr. Chester, to himself, "has sent me this waif; I am a bachelor; I will adopt him." And he did.

He did not spoil the child, however. He had views of his own in regard to education; and Claud Chester early learned that he must rely on himself. Old Dr. Chester soon after left the town where he first lived, and moved to a great city, where he acquired a large fortune by his practice. He lived long enough to see that his plan was a success. He saw the boy grow up a noble man, honored and respected by all, and then he died and left his large fortune to his dear child, who used it well and wisely.

For young Dr. Chester, taught by the precepts and example of his benefactor, looked upon the poor and wretched as a legacy God had left to the care of his more successful and happy children. He thought the strong ought to bear the burdens of the weak. He looked upon his great wealth as a talent God had given him on trust, not to be used solely for his own glory and gratification, but as a loan for which he would surely have to give an account to its real owner.

Not an ascetic was he by any means. He did not think the kind All-Father would have placed so much beauty in His children's path-way below, if it were wrong for them to enjoy it. He had a beautiful home filled with treasures of art. He was, indeed, a very happy man, as I think one can hardly fail to be, who lives a full, complete life, in all the higher, nobler range of his faculties.

This fortunate doctor had won, too, the sweetest maiden in all the country for his promised wife. Maud Willoughby was a beauty and an heiress; but Dr. Chester had borne her off triumphantly from a crowd of suitors, and he considered himself a very happy and fortunate man in so doing; for he knew the loveliness of her soul far transcended the beauty of her face. She was, in truth, a very noble and lovely woman, sympathizing with him fully in all his nobler aims and pursuits. She was to him what I think every woman should be to the man she loves, a blessing and an inspiration.

It was a very pleasant evening in September. Maud Willoughby had been to spend the evening with an aunt, and Dr. Chester chancing to call there just at the right time, he was walking home with her under the pleasant starlight. It was not a long walk to them, I will warrant, for they were talking of their future—they were to be married in December. Their minds were full of life and happiness—certainly death had no

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part in their thoughts. But as they crossed the stone-bridge that spanned the river, no other passenger being in sight at the time, they came suddenly upon a woman, who, but for Dr. Chester's strong arm, would have "rashly importunate, gone to her death." She was evidently just preparing to leap from the low side of the bridge, when they caught sight of her, and, dropping his companion's arm, Dr. Chester rushed forward, and, with one of his impetuous movements, he drew her back so suddenly that her head struck against the stone-work, making a small gash from which the blood started.

"What do you mean?" he asked, rather roughly, in his excitement, as he raised her to an upright position upon the ground where she had fallen.

"I mean to die," answered the woman; and, as her tattered hood fell back, it revealed a face, once beautiful, of a woman of about forty, but now haggared, wasted, looking like the face of the dying.

"What right have you to throw your life away in this manner?"

"What right have you to save it?" said the woman, trying to wipe the blood from her forehead with her tattered shawl. Just at this moment Maud came up, and the sight of the cowering form, bending with sorrow and guilt, the pale face, from which the blood was streaming, was too much for her tender, womanly little heart, and with tears starting in her blue eyes, she said,

"Poor woman, I am so sorry for you."

At these words of sympathy and compassion, perhaps the first she had heard since she had need of them, the stolid, hardened look of the woman's face melted into one of suffering. And so Maud bent down, in her gentle compassion, and laid her soft, white hand upon the poor, bruised head; the woman lifted her eyes to the pitiful, sweet face, and then covering her own distorted features with her hands, she burst into a passion of tears and sobs that shook her like a tempest, in which one might read hopelessness for the present, despair for the future; remorse for the evil-doing that had ruined her; regret, oh! such deep and poignant regret for the lost purity and innocence that were once hers, but lost to her now—lost to her forever. I think the angel of this woman—for I believe we all have an angel to attend us through this life, who is grieved at our misdoing, and rejoiced at our efforts at good—who must have wept over her, if angels ever weep, smiled as those tears flowed faster and faster; for is it not in such remorseful tears that our soul-stains are washed away, and become less scarlet.

Oh, ye philanthropists! who regard the suffering mass of blackened humanity, surging beneath you as a turbid tide, to be checked and turned back by loud words of righteous indignation; ye who scatter from barred and inaccessible palace windows, largess of glittering words of wisdom to be scrambled for by the crowd beneath; ye who fit coats of advice of excellent warp and woof to the shivering backs of sinners, to be given on application; ye who drop religious tracts from gloved fingers, "The Beauties of the Heavenly Home," on the bare floor of hovels; or, "Food for the Sick Soul," to be taken on an empty stomach; ye whose words of rebuke and denunciation have been like a whirlwind and a devouring flame, how many hearts have you melted by your wholesale method of reformation? How many tears have you caused to gush, like this woman's, with remorse and repentance? Lo! here they flow, not by words of rebuke and warning, but by the touch of a pitying hand upon the poor, sinful head; by a word of true sympathy coming from a heart full of tenderness and compassion, for all of God's suffering creatures, but, most of all, for his erring ones?

"Where is your home?" asked Dr. Chester, at last.

"Home!" sobbed the woman. "If I had a home, should I be here?"

"Well, you must stay somewhere. If you will tell me where you live, after I have seen this lady home, I will come back and go with you. I don't think you are fit to go alone."

"I can go alone," said she, rising to her feet, and drawing her thin shawl round her shoulders.

But, as she stood up, she reeled, and almost fell, and was obliged to set down again.

"I am afraid you are very sick," said Maud. "I will come and see you to-morrow, if you will tell me where."

The woman named one of the lowest localities in the city.

"You will stay here till I come back?" said Dr. Chester.

The woman bowed silently. Another mistake here, oh! ye wholesale reformers. He should not have taken her word without exacting an oath, and even then he should have shown in his countenance, and in his words, how entirely he distrusted her; for it is in such a warm, genial atmosphere that truth, that heavenly exotic, blossoms most beauteously. But Dr. Chester did not seem to doubt her, for he turned silently to his companion, and offered his arm.

Mr. Willoughby's house was only just round

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the corner, and he returned quickly, and found the woman sitting there in the same old place.

"Now I will go with you," said he.

She rose to her feet, but, as she did so, she tottered, and almost fell.

"Take my arm," said Dr. Chester.

The woman gave him a wondering glance, but obeyed, and laid her hand, defiled by the clasp of sin, where the white hand of Maud Willoughby had so lately been.

I think it was with a thrill of repulsion that Dr. Chester gave this a passing thought, as he felt the outcast's shrinking touch upon his arm. But he certainly gave no outward manifestation of it; and the strangely-assorted couple wended their way down the street; past splendid mansions, with brown-stone walls facing the street —walls that men had built high, and thick, and strong, to fence out the black wolves of the street from the white lambs within. Not high enough, nor strong enough, oh, ye rich men! Past churches, where priestly hands are raised in benediction over the kneeling worshipers; where, in response to the intoned expostulation, "Let your light so shine before men," bounteous amounts are subscribed for the heathen, happily wandering under his native palm-trees, over tropical vegetation, warmer and softer to bare feet than the icy pavements of our American cities; where eloquent words of admonition and consolation are addressed to the poor, whom the Lord left as a legacy of care to his disciples. Not loud enough, oh, ye Christian teachers! The eloquent words are beat back by the frescoed walls, die down the long arches, or float upward with the organ notes, the "*Dies irce*," the "Be pitiful, oh God!" Down from the broad, clean streets, into narrower ways of respectable poverty; down, down, down where the streets are reeking and filthy with decaying vegetables and debris of all kinds; where the gaping houses leaned over the narrow streets with shutterless, broken windows, as if clammering to tell their wild secrets of crime, and want, and horror to the respectable stranger passing beneath; where the air was putrid, as if reeking with moral miasma as well as physical. Oh, ye rich men, what chance would one of your white lambs have here, to keep itself white?

They turned, finally, round the corner of a tall tenement-house, into a damp alley, where the bright moonlight fought with mysterious shadows. Here the woman paused, and opened a door. As she did so, a current of cold, almost icy air struck Dr. Chester, as if from a charnel-house. He had a little pocket lantern, and this he lit, looking round the bare room.

"My God!" he said, "can a human being call this home?"

We read of the sufferings of the poor in our great cities, as we do of desert sirroccos, or northern glaciers and avalanches; something with which we have nothing to do, only to feel a sort of mild compassion. Indeed, if Mr. A, who is rather tender-hearted, feels a really keen emotion of pity in reading of these sufferings, he blandly congratulates himself, as being much better than neighbor B, who feels no interest, and, indeed, always doubts the truth of so much suffering. Alas, for poor humanity! had Christ looked thus upon the sins and sufferings of the world! Dr. Chester was a follower of that Christ. He thought that a dreamy pity, exhausted in compassionate reveries on silken couches, and by warm hearth-stones, did not really amount to much. He thought that if he said to this woman, for instance, "My dear madam, depart in peace; be ye warmed and fed," it was not all that was necessary for her comfort. His old nurse was married now, and kept a small boarding-house in the suburbs of the city; and he knew that for his sake she would take the stranger in, and make her dying hours comfortable; for, with the keen insight of his profession, he knew she had not many days to live. Even while he is thinking of this, the woman sunk down upon the bare, broken floor, in a deathly fainting fit.

He took her up, and laid her upon the pile of rags and straw that served as a bed, then he took his medicine case out of his pocket and gave her a restorative. After a few minutes she opened her eyes, and as the rays of the lantern fell full upon his face; she sat up and cried hoarsely,

"Man! man! are you a fiend, that you keep your youth and beauty, while I—— Look at me! Look at your work!"

He thought it was only the raving of a momentary delirium, and he said some soothing words to her. But she didn't notice them. She looked full in his face, with her large hollow eyes.

"Who are you?"

"I am Dr. Chester. I found you on the bridge, you know. Here, take some of this cordial."

He was holding it in his hand, and the light fell directly upon a ring that he wore upon his little finger. A peculiar ring, a circle of dusky gold, clasping a crescent, formed of three rubys. She looked at it intently.

"Where did you get that ring?"

He thought her mind was wandering still.

"Here, take this cordial," he replied. "I wouldn't talk any more now."

She obeyed him silently, and sank down on the pile of rags.

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Dr. Chester left her that night in care of an Irish woman, who occupied another part of the tenement, and in the morning he removed her to the boarding-house, where the clean, quiet room seemed like a palace to the outcast.

Here Maud Willoughby came often to see her. Dr. Chester attended her faithfully, and the woman's gratitude and devotion to him seemed boundless, but it was evident that her days were numbered.

One day soon after her removal, she said to the old woman who had charge of her, "That is a singular ring that Dr. Chester wears?"

"Yes," said the old lady, and with the garrulity of old age, she went on to tell a long story of how her master, old Dr. Chester—they lived in another city then—had heard a lad singing at his window one stormy winter night; how he adopted the boy; how the only thing the child had of value was a curious ring, and how, after he got large enough, he had always worn it. Then she told how they had removed to this city, and that not a soul here knew but what Claud was the old gentleman's nephew; and then, after pledging her to secrecy, for she vowed it was the first time the story had ever passed her lips, she waxed eloquent over the subject dearest her heart, of the goodness of her young master—his kindness, his generosity.

The woman listened with the hot tears falling fast and unnoticed upon her pillow, for the twilight was enwrapping the room in sombre shadow.

At the woman's request, Dr. Chester and Maud read to her often, from the Bible, the sweet Psalms of David, and the prophets' inspired words. But most of all did she love to hear of Him, who, renouncing heaven to dwell with sorrowing humanity, went about doing good, patient with a world that rejected him—a world he gave himself for.

She never made any reference to her past life, but once, though it was evident, from her conversation, that she had received the education of a lady. It was in this way, whenever Dr. Chester was in her presence, she would gaze up into his face with a look of almost worshipful gratitude; and one day, when she had been looking at him so long and so earnestly, she said to Maud, after he left the room, as if in apology for her scrutiny,

"He looks like some one I knew—some one I loved long ago."

Maud did not reply, and the woman went on, speaking as if more to herself than to her.

"Oh, how I loved that man! I had never known what love was, when I met him, a poor drudge of a governess. He had such beautiful eyes; he was an Italian. And when he offered love to me—or its poor counterfeit, how could I tell—I followed it whither it led me. Oh, my God, if we could only undo the past!"

Her excitement left her soon in such a deathly state, that Maud, alarmed, called in Dr. Chester, who was still in the next room.

It was the last day though. They had hardly thought her end was so near. She had been very restless through the day, and toward night, as Dr. Chester bent over her, she looked up in his face with a look of wistfulness, longing, and love, and then she shut her eyes, and turned her face toward the wall, and they heard her murmur,

"Oh, my boy! If I could only have one kiss from my boy, when I am dying—when I am dying!"

"She is thinking of some child she has lost," whispered Maud to Dr. Chester.

"Yes," murmured the woman, "a child she has *lost*."

In a few minutes, Dr. Chester was called out of the room for a while. The woman followed him with her eager, hungry gaze, till the door closed on him. Then she said to Maud,

"You love him?"

"Yes."

"You are to be his wife?"

"Yes, if God spares our lives."

"God bless you both!" and then, after a minute, she went on, "Sometime, in the future, as you sit in your happy home, maybe you, with a child in your arms, maybe a little boy that looks like him—it would make you happier to have it look like him—just such a noble face, such true, tender eyes—like, yet unlike the eyes I knew, because truer than they were."

"Yes, oh yes." Maud's eyes were softened by the sweet home-picture the woman was drawing, while her cheeks were hot with blushes.

"If in that happy home, in your happy hearts, a thought of me, of the poor wanderer, should ever come, how would you think of me?"

"Kindly and tenderly," cried Maud, through her hot tears.

"Yes, kindly and tenderly, that is in both of your hearts; they should never know a regret or a care that I could save them from."

But after a short pause she continued again, for the picture she was drawing of the possible future seemed to have a strange fascination for her.

"I know you will make him happy. He will work hard, for he is a toiler in life, following his Divine Master, going about doing good, in weariness often. But, in your love, in your

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bright, happy home, he will find his reward, his rest, his happiness. I love to think how peaceful that home will be; no sorrowful memories, no shame, no regret to darken that bright fireside; and if a thought of me, of the poor stranger, should ever come, let it come as a blessing, a benediction. Let the voice of the Christ speak to you through that memory, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these, ye have done it unto me."

Again she paused for a minute, and then she said, "Is that his Bible?"

"Yes, do you want it?" for she had reached out her gaunt hand for the book.

"Yes, let me take it."

Maud took it from the stand, and handed it to her. The dying woman took it, and held it in her trembling hands.

"He has held it in his hands a great many times?"

"Yes."

"Read it often—read it often, of the Christ—the wonderful, Divine Master he is following?"

"Yes."

She put it on the pillow, and laid her cheek upon it.

"What was it you read me yesterday in your book, about the sins of the world?"

Maud took up her Prayer-Book, and read from the Litany, "Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us."

"Have mercy upon us," repeated the woman.

After a time she sunk into a troubled sleep, in which, at first, she murmured fitful words—sometimes of life's weary toils and sorrows, sometimes of childish plays and games. The sleep grew deeper and more quiet, and just as the day was breaking in the east, without a struggle, or a change of feature, she passed into the presence of that Judge, who, if He is just, is, well for us poor sinners, merciful also.

Dr. Chester did not bury her in the Potter's field, but in a quiet corner of the church-yard, and there he raised a white cross over her grave. On it was carved no name, for they knew not her name, but only these words, which had seemed to soothe her dying moments, "Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us!"

And Dr. Chester never dreamed that that mute prayer carved in marble, was breathed over the grave of his mother.

NATURE'S PALACES.

BY EMMA J. CARL.

She has builded one in the crystal snow,
Where the dancing fairies may come and go;
She has hung its walls with flowers so frail,
They shrink from the touch of the moonlight pale;
She has set with gems the dazzling door,
That opens for her its queen evermore.

She has builded one, by the river side,
Where every Spring she chooses to bide;
Green buds and bright blooms are decking the walls,
While softly o'er all the sunlight falls;
Thick grass on the floor, and a mossy stone,
Where regal she sits, a queen on her throne.

She has builded one for the Summer time,
Where the breezes whisper a low, sweet rhyme,
And birds fill the place with their songs of love,
Making sweet music, like that above;
There gorgeous flowers and ripening wheat
Are wreathed in garlands, and strewn at her feet.

She has builded one in the Autumn glow,
And strewn it with leaflets rustling low,
The gorgeous hues of the Spring-time bloom,
She strews o'er the trees, bedecking their tomb;
She heaps up the fruit in ravishing rows,
Then she gathers it in before it snows.

A DIRGE.

BY ANNA L. LEAR.

We clasp in her clay-cold fingers,
The whitest flower that blows!
We look with a gaze that lingers
On her in calm repose!

We see the dear ones who love us,
Departing one by one!
Oh, help us, dear Lord above us,
To say, "Thy will be done!"

To think her not dead, but sleeping—
Not lost, but gone before;
And held in Thy tender keeping,
Safe on the golden shore.

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"THEO."

BY FANNIE HODGSON, AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN'S LOVE-STORY," ETC.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 534.

CHAPTER VIII.

He had been gone three days, and, in their lapse, Theo felt as if three lustrums had passed. Their parting had been so unexpected a one, that she could not get used to it, or believe it was anything else but a painful dream. After all, it seemed that Fortune was crueler than she had imagined possible. He was gone, and to Priscilla Gower; and she had never been able to believe that some alteration, of which she had no very definite conception, would occur, and end her innocent little ghost of a love-story, as all love-stories should be ended. It had never been more than the ghost of a story. Until that last night he had never uttered a word of love to her; he had never even made the fine speeches to her which she might have expected, and, doubtless, would have expected, if she had been any body else but Theodora North. She had not expected them though, and, consequently, was not disappointed when she did not receive them. But she found herself feeling terribly lonely after Denis Oglethorpe left Paris. The first day she felt more stunned than anything else. The second her sensibilities began to revive keenly, and she was full of sad, desperate wonder concerning him—concerning how he would feel when he stood face to face with Priscilla Gower; how he would look, what he would say to her. The third day was only the second intensified, and filled with a something that was almost like a terror now and then.

It was upon this third day that Lady Throckmorton was unexpectedly called away. A long-lost friend of her young days had suddenly made her appearance at Rouen, and having, by chance, heard of her ladyship's presence in Paris, had written to her a letter of invitation, which the ties of their girlhood rendered almost a command. So to Rouen her ladyship went, for once leaving Theo behind. Madam St. Etunne was an invalid, and the visit could not be a very interesting one to a young girl. This was one reason why she was left—the other was the more important one, that she did not wish to go, and made her wishes known. She was not sorry for the chance of being left to herself for a few days—it would be only a few days at most.

"Besides," said Lady Throckmorton, looking at her a trifle curiously, "you do not look well yourself. Theo you look feverish, or nervous, or something of the kind. How was it I did not notice it before. You must have caught cold. Yes, I believe I must leave you here."

Consequently, Theo was left. She was quiet enough, too, when her ladyship had taken her departure. It was generally supposed that Miss North had accompanied her chaperon, and so she had very few callers. She spent the greater part of her time in the apartment in which Denis Oglethorpe had bidden her farewell, and, as may be easily imagined, it did not add to her lightness of spirit to sit in her old seat and ponder over the past in the silence of the deserted room. She arose from her ottoman one night, and walked to one of the great mirrors that extended from floor to ceiling. She saw herself in it as she advanced—a regal-like young figure, with a head set like a queen's, speechful dark eyes, and glowing lips; a face that was half child's, half woman's, and yet wholly perfect in its fresh young life and beauty. Seeing this reflection, she stopped and looked at it, in a swift recognition of a new thought.

"Oh, Pam!" she cried out piteously. "Oh, my poor, darling, faded Pam. You were pretty once, too, very dear, pretty and young. And you were happier than I can be, for Arthur only died. Nobody came between your love and you—nobody ever could. He died, but he was yours, Pam, and you were his."

She cried piteously and passionately when she went back to her seat, rested her arm upon a lounging-chair near her, and hid her face upon it, crying as only a girl can, with an innocent grief that had a pathos of its own. She was so lovely and remorseful. It seemed to her that some fault must have been hers, and she blamed herself that even now she could not wish that she had never met the man whose love for her was a dishonor to himself. Where was he now? He had told Lady Throckmorton that business would call him to several smaller towns on his way, so he might not be very far from Paris yet. She was thinking of this when at last she fell asleep sitting by the fire, still resting her hand upon

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the chair by her side. It was by no means unnatural, though by no means poetic, that her girl's pain should end so.

But when the time-piece on the mantle chimed twelve with its silver tongue, she found herself suddenly and unaccountably wide awake. She sat up and looked about her. It was not the clock's chime that had awakened her she thought. It must have been something more, she was so very wide awake indeed, and her senses were so clear. One minute later she found out what it was. There was some slight confusion down stairs; a door was opened and closed, and she heard the sound of voices in the entrance-hall. She turned her head, and listening attentively, discovered that some one was coming up to the room in which she sat. The door opened, and upon the threshold stood a servant bearing in his hand a salver, and upon the salver a queer, official-looking document, such as she did not remember ever having seen before.

"A telegram," he said, rapidly in French, "for milady. They had thought it better to acquaint Mad'moiselle."

She took it from him, and opened it slowly and mechanically. She read it mechanically also—read it twice before she comprehended its full meaning, so great was the shock it gave her. Then she started from her seat with a cry that made the servant start also.

"Send Splaighton to me," she said, "this minute, without a moment's delay."

For the telegram she had just read told her that in a wayside inn, at St. Quentin, Denis Oglethorpe lay dying, or so near it that the medical man had thought it his duty to send for the only friend who was on the right side of Calais, and that friend, whose name he had discovered by chance, was Lady Throckmorton.

It was, of course, a terribly unwise thing that Theodora North decided upon doing an hour later. Only such a girl as she was, or as her life had necessarily made her, would have hit upon a plan so loving, so wild and indiscreet. But it did not occur to her, even for a second, that there was any other thing to do. She must go to him herself in Lady Throckmorton's stead; she must take Splaighton with her, and go try to take care of him until Lady Throckmorton came, or could send for Priscilla Gower and Miss Elizabeth.

"M'amselle," began the stricken Splaighton, when, as she stood before the erect young figure and desperate young face, this desperate plan was hurriedly revealed to her. "Ma'mselle, you forget the imprudence——"

But Theo stopped her, quite ignorant of the fact, that by doing so, she forfeited her reputation in Splaighton's eyes forever.

"He is going to die!" she said, with a wild little sob in her voice. "And he is all alone—and—and he was to have been married, Splaighton, in July—only a few months from now. Oh, poor Priscilla Gower! Oh, poor girl! We must save him. I must go now and try to save him for her. Oh, if I could just have Pamela with me."

The woman saw at once that remonstrance would be worse than useless. Theo was slowly revealing to her that this despairing, terrified young creature would not understand her resistance in the slightest degree. She would not comprehend what it meant; so, while Splaighton packed up a few necessary articles, Theo superintended her, following her from place to place, with a longing impatience that showed itself in every word and gesture. She did not dare to do more, poor child. She had never overcome her secret awe of her waiting woman. In her inexperienced respect for her, she even apologized pathetically and appealingly for the liberty she was taking in calling upon her.

"I am sorry to trouble you," she said, humbly, and feeling terribly homesick as she said it; "but I could not go alone, you know—and I must go. There is a lace collar in that little box that you may have, Splaighton. It is a pretty collar, and I will give you the satin bow that is fastened to it."

Scarcely two hours later they were on their way to St. Quentin. It never occurred to Theo, in the midst of her fright and unhappiness, that she was now doing a very unwise and dangerous thing. She only thought of one thing, that Denis was going to die. She loved him too much to think of herself at all, and, besides, she did not, poor innocent, know anything about such things.

It was a wonderful trial of the little old French doctor's calmness of mind, when, on his next visit to his patient, he found himself confronted by a tall, young creature, with a pale, desperate face, and lovely tear-fraught eyes, instead of by the magestic, elderly person, the perusal of Lady Throckmorton's last letter to Denis had led him to expect. It was in the little inn parlor that he first encountered Theodora North, when she arrived, and on seeing her he gazed over his spectacles, first at herself, and then at the respectable Splaighton, in a maze of bewilderment, at seemingly having made so strange a blunder.

"Lady Throckmorton?" he said, at last, in English, or in a broken attempt at it. "Oh! *Oui*—I understand. The sister of monsieur? Ah, milady?"

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Theo broke in upon him in a passionate impulse of fear and grief.

"No," she said. "I am not Lady Throckmorton. I am only her niece, Theodora North. My aunt was away when your telegram arrived, and —and I knew some one must come—so I came myself. Splaighton and I can take care of Mr. Oglethorpe. Oh, monsieur, is it true that he is dying?—will he never get well? How could it happen? He was so strong only a few days since. He must not die. It cannot be true that he will die—he has so many friends who love him."

Monsieur, the doctor, softened perceptibly under this; she was so young and innocent-looking, this girlish little English mademoiselle. Monsieur up stairs must be a lucky man to have won her tender young heart so utterly. Strange and equivocal a thing as the pretty child (she seemed a child to him) was doing, he never for an instant doubted the ignorant faith and love that shone in the depths of her beautiful agonized eyes. He bowed to her as defferentially as to a Sultana, when he made his answer.

"It had been an accident," he commenced. "The stage had overturned on its way, and monsieur being in it, had been thrown out by its falling into a gully. His collar-bone had been broken, and several of his ribs fractured; but the worst of his injuries had been a gash on his head—a sharp stone had done it. Mademoiselle would understand wherein the danger lay. He was unconscious at present."

This he told her on their way to the chamber up stairs; but even the gravity of his manner did not prepare her for the sight the opening of the door revealed to her. Handsome Denis Oglethorpe lay upon the narrow little bed with the face of a dying man, which is far worse than that of a dead man. There were spots of blood on his pillow and upon his garments; he was bandaged from head to foot, it seemed, with ghastly red, wet bandages; his eyes were glazed, and his jaw half dropped.

A low, wild cry broke from the pale lips of the figure in the door-way, and the next instant Theodora North had flown to the bedside and dropped upon her knees by it, hiding her deathly-stricken young face upon her lover's lifeless hand, forgetting Splaighton, forgetting the doctor, forgetting even Priscilla Gower, forgetting all but that she, in this moment, knew that she could not give him up, even to the undivided quiet of death.

"He will die! He will die!" she cried out. "And I never told him. Oh, my love! love! Oh, my dearest, dear!"

The little, old doctor drew back, half way, through a suddenly stranger impulse of sympathy. He was uneasily conscious of the fact, that the staid, elderly person at his side was startled and outraged simultaneously by this passionate burst of grief on the part of her young mistress. He had seen so many of these unprepossessing English waiting-women that he understood the state of her feelings as by instinct. He turned to her with all the blandness possible under the circumstances, and gave her an order which would call for her presence down stairs.

When she departed, as she did in a state bordering on petrifaction, he came forward to the bedside. He did not speak, however; merely looking down at his patient in a silence whose delicacy was worthy of honor, even in a shriveled little snuff-taking French, village doctor. The pretty young mademoiselle would be calmer before many minutes had elapsed—his experience had taught him. And so she was. At least, her first shock of terror wore away, and she was calm enough to speak to him. She lifted her face from the motionless hand, and looked up at him in a wild appeal for help, that was more than touching.

"Don't say he will die!" she prayed. "Oh, monsieur, only save him, and we will bless you forever. I will nurse him so well. Only give me something to do, and see how faithful I shall prove. I shall never forget anything, and I shall never be tired—if—if he can only live, monsieur," the terrified catching of her breath making every little pause almost a sob.

"My child," he answered her, with a grave touch of something quite like affection in his air. "My child, I shall save him, if he is to be saved, and you shall help me."

How faithfully she held to the very letter of her promises, only this little, shriveled village doctor could say. How tender, and watchful, and loving she was, in her care of her charge, only he could bear witness. She was never tired —never forgetful. She held to her place in the poor little bedroom, day and night, with an intensity of zeal that was actually astonishing. Priscilla Gower and Pamela North might have been more calm—certainly would have been more self-possessed, but they could not have been more faithful. She obeyed every order given to her like a child. She sat by the bedside, hour after hour, day and night, watching every change of symptom, noting every slight alteration of color or pulse.

The friendship between herself and monsieur, the doctor, so strengthened that the confidence between them was unlimited. She was only disobedient in one thing. She would not leave her

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place either for food or rest. She ate her poor little dinners near her patient, and, if the truth had been known, scarcely slept at all for the first two or three days.

"I could not sleep, you know," she said to the doctor, her great pathetic eyes filling with tears. "Please let me stay until Lady Throckmorton comes, at least."

So she stayed, and watched, and waited, quite alone, for nearly a week. But it seemed a much longer time to her. The poor, handsome face changed so often in even those few days, and her passions of despair and hope were so often changed with it. She never thought of Priscilla Gower. Her love and fear were too strong to allow of her giving a thought to anything on earth but Denis Oglethorpe. Perhaps her only consolation had something of guilt in it; but it was so poor and desperate a comfort, this wretched one of hearing him speak to and of her in his fever and delirium.

"My poor, handsome Theo," he would say. "Why, my beauty, there are tears in your eyes. What a scoundrel I am, if I have brought them there. What! the rose-colored satin again, my darling! Don't wear the rose-colored satin, Theo. It hurts my eyes. For God's sake, Priscilla, forgive me!"

And yet, even while they added to her terror, these poor ravings were some vague comfort, since they told her that he loved her. More than once her friend the doctor entered the room, and found her kneeling by the bedside, holding the unresponsive hand, with a white face and wide, tearless eyes; and seeing her thus, he read clearly that his pretty, inexperienced *protige* had more at stake than he had even at first fancied.

It was about six days after Theodora North had arrived at St. Quentin, when, sitting at her post one morning, she heard the lumbering stage stop before the inn door. She rose and went to the window, half mechanically, half anxiously. She had been expecting Lady Throckmorton, for so long a time, that it seemed almost impossible that it could be she. But strangers had evidently alighted. There was a bustle of servants below, and one of them was carrying a leathern trunk into the house immediately under her window. It was a leathern trunk, rather shabby than otherwise, and on its side was an old label, which, being turned toward her, she could read plainly. She read it, and gave a faint start. It bore, in dingy black letters, the word "Downport."

She had hardly time to turn round, before there was a summons at the door, and without waiting to be answered, Splaighton entered, looking at once decorous and injured.

"There are two ladies in the parlor, mademoiselle," she said, (she always called Theo mademoiselle in these days,) "two English ladies, who did not give their names. They asked for Miss North."

Theo looked at the woman, and turned pale. She did not know how or why her mother and Pamela should come down to this place, but she felt sure it was they who were awaiting her; and for the first time since she had received the telegram, a shock of something like misgiving rushed upon her. Suppose, after all, she had not done right. Suppose she had done wrong, and they had heard of it, and came to reproach her, or worse still (poor child it seemed worse still to her,) to take her away—to make her leave her love to strangers. She began to tremble, and as she went out of the room, she looked back on the face upon the pillow, with a despairing fear that the look might be her last.

She hardly knew how she got down the narrow stair-case. She only knew that she went slowly, in a curious sort of hysterical excitement.

Then she was standing upon the mat at the parlor-door; then she had opened the door itself, and stood upon the threshold, looking in upon two figures just revealed to her in the shadow. One figure—yes, it was Pamela's; the other not her mother's. No, the figure of Priscilla Gower.

"Pamela," she cried out. "Oh, Pam, don't blame me."

She never knew how the sight of her standing before them, like a poor little ghost, with her white, appealing eyes, touched one of these two women to the heart.

There was something pathetic in her very figure—something indescribably so in her half-humble, half-fearing voice.

Pamela rose up from the horse-hair sofa, and went to her.

Each of the three faces was pale enough; but Pamela had the trouble of these two, as well as her own anxiousness in her eyes.

"Theo," she said to her, "what have you done? Don't you understand what a mad act you have been guilty of?"

But her voice was not as sharp as usual, and it even softened before she finished speaking. She made Theo sit down, and gave her a glass of water to steady her nervousness. She could not be angry even at such indiscretion as this—in the face of the tremulous hands and pleading eyes.

"Where was Lady Throckmorton?" she said. "What was she doing, to let you come alone?"

"She was away," put in Theo, faintly. "And

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the telegram said he was dying, Pam, and—— I didn't come alone quite. I brought Splaighton with me."

"You had no right to come at all," said Pam, trying to speak with asperity, and failing miserably. "Mr. Oglethorpe is nothing to you. They should have sent for Miss Gower at once."

But the fact was the little doctor had searched in vain for the exact address of the lady whose letters he found in his patient's portmanteau, when examining his papers to find some clue to the whereabouts of his friends, and it was by the merest chance that he had discovered it in the end from Theo's own lips, and so had secretly written to Broome street, in his great respect and admiration for this pretty young nurse, who was at once so youthful and indescribably innocent. In her trouble and anxious excitement, Theo had not once thought of doing so herself, until during the last two days, and now there was no necessity for the action.

"And Mr. Oglethorpe," interposed Miss Gower.

"He is up stairs," Theo answered. "The doctor thinks that perhaps he may be saved by careful nursing. I did what I could," and she stopped with a curious click in her throat.

The simple sight of Priscilla Gower, with her calm, handsome face, and calm, handsome presence, set her so far away from him, and she had seemed so near to him during the few last days—she felt so poor and weak through the contrast. And Pamela was right. She was nothing to him—he was nothing to her. This was his wife who had come to him now, and she—what was she?

She led them up stairs to the sick-room, silently, and there left them. It had actually never occurred to her to ask herself how it was that the two were together. She was thinking only about Denis. She went to her own little bedroom at the top of the house—such a poor, little bare place as it was, as poor and bare as only a bedroom in a miserable little French road-side inn can be—only the low, white bed in it, a chair or two, and a barren toilet-table standing near the deep window. This deep, square window was the only part of the room holding any attraction for Theo. From it she could look out along the road, where the lumbering stages made their daily appearance, and could see miles of fields behind the hedges, and watch the peasant women in their wooden sabots journeying on to the market towns. She flung herself down on the bare floor, in the recess formed by the window, and folded her arms upon its broad ledge. She looked out for a minute at the road, and the fields, and the hedges, and then gave vent to a single, sudden desperate sob. Nobody knew her pain—nobody would ever know it. Perhaps everything would end, and pass, and die away forever, and it would be her own pain to the end of her life. Even Denis himself would not know it. He had never asked her to tell him that she loved him, and if he died, he would die without having heard a word of love from her lips. What would they do with her now—Priscilla and Pamela? Make her go back to Paris, and leave him to them; and if he got well they might never meet again, and, perhaps, he would never learn who had watched by his bedside, when no one else on earth was near to try to save him.

She dropped her face upon her folded arms, sobbing in a great, uncontrollable burst of rebellion against her fate.

"No one cares for us, my darling, my angel, my love," she cried. "They would take me from you, if they could; but they shall not, my own. If it was wrong, how can I help it? And, oh! what does it matter, if all the world should be lost to me, if only you could be left? If I could only see your dear face once every day, and hear your voice, even if it was ever so far away, and you were not speaking to me at all."

She was so wearied with her watching and excitement, that her grief wore itself away into silence and exhausted quiet. She did not raise her head, but let it rest upon her arms as she knelt, and before many minutes had passed, her eyes closed with utter weariness.

She awoke with a start, half an hour later. Some one was standing near her. It had been twilight when she fell asleep, and now the room was so gray, that she could barely distinguish who it was. A soft, thick shawl had been dropped over her, evidently by the person in question. When Theo's eyes became accustomed to the shadows, she recognized the erect, slender figure, and handsome head. It was Priscilla Gower, and Priscilla Gower was leaning against the window, and looking down at her fixedly.

"You were cold when I found you," were her first words, "and so I threw my shawl around you. You ought not to have gone to sleep there."

"I fell asleep before I knew that I was tired," said Theo. "Thank you, Miss Gower."

There was a pause of a moment, before she summoned courage to speak again.

"I have not had time yet," she hesitated, at last, "to ask you how Miss Elizabeth is. I hope she is well?"

"I am sorry to say she is not," Priscilla replied. "If she had been well, she would have accompanied me here. She has been very weak of late. It was on that account that I applied

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to your sister, when the doctor's letter told me I was needed."

"I have been expecting Lady Throckmorton for so long, that I am afraid something has gone wrong," said Theo.

To this remark, Priscilla made no reply. She was never prone to be communicative regarding Lady Throckmorton. But, she had come here to say something to Theodora North, and at last she said it.

"You have been here—how long?" she asked, suddenly.

"Nearly a week," said Theo.

"Is Mr. Oglethorpe better, or worse, than when you saw him first?"

"I do not know exactly," answered the low, humble voice. "Sometimes better—though I do not think he is ever much worse."

Another pause, and then,

"You were very brave to come so far alone."

The beautiful, dark, inconsistently, un-English face was uplifted all at once, but the next moment it dropped with a sob of actual anguish.

"Oh, Miss Gower!" the girl cried. "Don't blame me; please don't blame me. There was no one else, and the telegram said he was dying."

"Hush," said Priscilla Gower, with an inexplicable softness in her tone. "I don't blame you; I should have done the same thing in your place."

"But you ——" began Theo, faintly.

Priscilla stopped her before she had time to finish her sentence; stopped her with a cold, clear, steady voice.

"No," she said. "You are making a mistake."

What this brief speech meant, she did not explain; but she evidently had understood what Theodora was going to say, and had not wished to hear it.

But brief speech as it was, its brevity held a swift pang of new fear for Theo. She could not quite comprehend its exact meaning, but it struck a fresh dread to her heart. Could it be that she knew the truth, and was going to punish him? Could she be cruel enough to think of reproaching him at such an hour as this, when he lay at death's door? Some frantic idea of falling at her stern feet and pleading for him rushed into her mind. But the next moment, glancing up at the erect, motionless figure, she became dimly conscious of something that quieted her, she scarcely knew how.

The dim room was so quiet, too; there was so deep a stillness upon the whole place, it seemed that she gained a touch of courage for the instant. Priscilla was not looking at her now; her statuesque face was turned toward the wide expanse of landscape, fast dying out, as it were, in the twilight grayness. Theo's eyes rested on her for a few minutes in a remorseful pity for, and a mute yearning toward this woman whom she had so bitterly, yet so unconsciously wronged. She would not wrong her more deeply still, the wrong should end just as she had thought it had ended, when Denis dropped her hand and left her standing alone before the fire that last night in Paris. This resolve rose up in her mind with a power so overwhelming, that it carried before it all the past of rebellion, and pain, and love. She would go away before he knew that she had been with him at all. She would herself be the means of bringing to pass the end she had only so short a time ago rebelled against so passionately. He should think it was his promised wife who had been with him from the first. She would make Priscilla promise that it should be so. Having resolved this, her new courage—courage, though it was so full of desperate, heartsick pain, helped her to ask a question bearing upon her thoughts. She touched the motionless figure with her hand.

"Did Pamela come here to bring me away?" she asked.

Priscilla Gower turned, half starting, as though from a reverie.

"What did you say?" she said.

"Did Pamela come to take me away from here?" Theo repeated.

"No," she said. "Do not be afraid of that."

Theo looked out of the window, straight over her folded arms. The answer had not been given unkindly, but she could not look at Priscilla Gower, in saying what she had to say.

"I am not afraid," she said. "I think it would be best; I must go back to Paris, or to—to Downport, before Mr. Oglethorpe knows I have been here at all. You can take care of him now—and there is no need that he should know I ever came to St. Quentin. I dare say I was very unwise in coming as I did; but, I am afraid I would do the same thing again under the same circumstances. If you will be so kind as to let him think that—that it was you who came ——"

Priscilla Gower interrupted her here, in the same manner, and with the same words, as she had interrupted her before.

"Hush!" she said. "You are making a mistake, again ——"

She did not finish what she was saying. A hurried footstep upon the stairs stopped her; and as both turned toward the door, it was opened, and Pamela stood upon the threshold

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and faced them, looking at each in the breathless pause that followed.

"There has been a change," she said. "A change for the worse. I have sent for the doctor. You had better come down strairs, at once, Theodora, you have been here long enough to understand him better than we can."

And down together they went; and the first thing that met their eyes as they entered the sick-room, was Oglethorpe, sitting up in bed, with wild eyes, haggard and fever-mad, struggling with his attendants, who were trying to hold him down, and raving aloud in the old strain Theo had heard so often.

"Why, Theo, my beauty, there are tears in your eyes. Good-by! Yes! Forgive me! Forget me, and good-by! For God's sake, Priscilla, forgive me!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE hardest professional trouble the shriveled little French doctor had, perhaps, ever encountered, was the sight of the white, woe-stricken young face, turned up to his when Theodora North followed him out of the chamber upon the landing that night, and caught his arm in both her clinging hands.

"He will die now, doctor," she said, in an agonized whisper. "He will die now; I saw it in your face when you let his hand drop."

It would have been a hard-hearted individual who would have told the exact truth in the face of these beautiful, agonized eyes—and the little doctor was anything but hard of heart.

He patted the clinging hands quite affectionately, feeling in secret great apprehension, yet hiding his feelings admirably.

"My little mademoiselle," he said (the tall young creature at his side was almost regal, head and shoulders above him in height.) "My dear little Mademoiselle Theodora, this will not do. If you give way, I shall give way, too. You must help me—we must help each other, as we have been doing. It is you only who can save him—it is you he calls for. You must hope with me until some day when he awakes to know us, and then I shall show you to him, and say, 'here is the beautiful young mademoiselle who saved you.' And then we shall see, Miss Theodora—then we shall see what a charm those words will work."

But she did not seem to be comforted, as he expected she would be.

"No," she said. "The time will never come when you can say that to him. If he is ever well enough to know me, I must go away, and no one must tell him I have been here."

Monsieur, the doctor, looked at her over his spectacles, sharply.

The pale face at once touched and suggested to him the outline of a little romance—and he had all a Frenchman's sympathy for romance—monsieur, the doctor. It was *une grande passion*, was it, and this tractable, beautiful young creature was going to make a sacrifice of all her hope of love, upon the altar of stern honor. But he made no comment, only patted her hand again.

"Well, well," he said. "We shall see, mademoiselle, we shall see. Only let us hope."

The days and nights of watching, in companionship with Priscilla Gower, were a heavy trial to Theo. Not that any unusual coldness in the handsome face was added to her troubles as an extra burden. Both Priscilla and Pamela were very mindful of her comfort—so very mindful that their undemonstrative care for her cut her to the heart, sometimes. Yet, somehow, she felt herself as a stranger, without the right to watch with them. It was so terrible a thing to stand near the woman she had innocently injured, and listen with her to the impassioned adjurations of the lover who had been false, in spite of himself. It seemed his mind was always upon the one theme, and in his delirium his ravings wandered from Priscilla to Theo, and from Theo to Priscilla, in a misery that was not without its pathos. Sometimes it was that last night in Paris—and he went over his farewell, word for word; sometimes it was his wedding-day—and he was frantically appealing to Priscilla for forgiveness, and remorsefully anathemmatizing himself.

They were both together in the room, one evening, when he was raving thus, when he suddenly paused for an instant and began to count slowly upon his fingers, "January, February, March, April, May, June, July. My pretty Theo, what a mistake it was—only seven months, and then to have lost you. Good God, my darling!" and his voice became a low, agonized cry. "Good God, my darling! and I cannot give you up!"

Theo glanced up at Priscilla Gower, mute with misery for a moment. The erect, black-robed figure stood between herself and the fire, motionless, but the fixed face was so white that it forced a low cry from her. She could not bear it a second longer. She slipped upon her knees on the hearth-rug, and caught the hem of the black dress in her hands, in a tumult of despair and remorse.

"He does not know what he is saying," she cried, breathlessly. "Oh, forgive him, forgive him! I will go away now, if you think I ought.

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He knows that you are better than I am. I will go away, and you will make him happy. Oh! I know you will make him happier than I ever could have done, even if he had really loved me as—as he only thought he did."

A moment before, Priscilla had been gazing into the fire in a deep reverie. But the passionate voice stirred her. She looked down into the girl's imploring eyes, without a shadow of resentment.

"Get up," she said, a trifle huskily. "You have done no wrong to me. Get up, Theodora, and look at me."

Unsteadily as she spoke, there was so strange a power in her voice that Theo obeyed her. Wonderingly, sadly, and humbly she rose to her feet, and stood before Priscilla as before a judge.

"Will you believe what I say to you?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Theo, sorrowfully.

"Well, then, I say this to you. You have not sacrificed me, you have saved me!"

It was, perhaps, characteristic of her that she did not say anything more. The subject dropped here, and she did not renew it.

It was a hard battle which Denis Oglethorpe fought, during the next fortnight, in that small chamber of the way-side inn at St. Quentin; and it was a stern antagonist he waged war against—that grim old enemy, Death; but with the help of the little doctor, the *vis medicatrix natural*, and his three nurses, he gained the victory at length, and conquered, only by a hair's breadth. The fierce fire of the brain wearing itself out, left him as weak as a child, and for days after he returned to consciousness, he had scarcely power to move a limb, or utter a word.

When first he opened his eyes upon life again, no one was in the room but Priscilla Gower; and so it was upon Priscilla Gower that his first concious glance fell.

He looked at her for a minute, before he found strength to speak. But at last his faltering voice came back to him.

"Priscilla," he whispered, weakly. "Is it you? Poor girl!"

She bent over him with a calm face, but she did not attempt to caress him.

"Yes," she said. "Don't try your strength too much yet, Denis. It is I."

His heavy, wearied eyes searched hers for an instant.

"And no one else?" he whispered, again. "Is no one else here, Priscilla?"

"There is no one else in the room with me," she answered, quietly. "The rest are upstairs. You must not talk, Denis. Try to be quiet."

There was hardly any need for the caution, for his eyes were closing again, even then, through sheer exhaustion.

Theo was in her room lying down and trying to rest. But half an hour later, when Pamela came up to her bedside, the dark eyes flew wide open in an instant.

"What is it, Pam," she asked. "Is he worse again?"

Pam sat down on the bedside, and looked at her with a sort of pity for the almost haggard young face drooping against the white pillow.

"No," she said. "He is better. The doctor said he would be, and he is. Theo, he has spoken to Priscilla Gower, and knows her."

Theo sat up in bed, white and still—all white, it seemed, but her large, hollow eyes.

"Pamela," she said. "I must go home."

"Where?" said Pam.

The white face turned toward her, pitifully.

"I don't know," the girl answered, her voice fluttering almost as weakly as Denis' had done. "I don't know—somewhere, though. To Paris again—or to Downport," with a faint shudder. And then all at once she flung up her arms wildly, and dropped upon them, face downward.

"Oh, Pam," she cried out, "take me back to Downport, and let me die. I have no right here, and I had better go away. Oh, why did I ever come! Why did I ever come?"

She was sobbing in a hysterical, strained way, that was fairly terrible. Pamela bent over her, and touched her disordered hair with a singularly light touch. The tears welled up into her faded eyes. Just at the moment she could think of nothing but the day, so far away now, when her own heart had been torn up by the roots by one fierce grasp of the hand of relentless fate—the day when Arthur had died.

"Hush, Theo," she said to her, "don't cry, child."

But the feverish, excited sobs only came the faster, and more wildly.

"Why did I ever come?" Theo gasped. "It would have been better to have lived and died in Downport—far better, I can tell you now, Pam, now that it is all over. I loved him, and he loved me, too; he loved me always from the first, though we both tried so hard, so hard; yes we did, Pamela, to help it. And now it is all ended, and I must never see him again. I must live and die, grow old—old, and never see him again."

There was no comfort for her. Her burst of grief and despair wore itself away into a strained quiet, and she lay at length in silence. Pamela

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at her side. But she was suffering fearfully in her intense girlish way.

She did not say much more to Pamela, but she had made up her mind, before many hours had passed, to return to Paris. She even got up in the middle of the night, in her feverish hurry to make her slight preparations for the journey. She could go to Paris and wait till Lady Throckmorton came back, if she had not came back already, and then she could do as she was told as to the rest. She would either stay there or go to Downport with Pamela.

Fortune, however, interposed. A carriage made its appearance, in the morning, with a new arrival—an arrival no less than Lady Throckmorton herself, bearing down upon them in actual excitement. An untoward accident had called her friend from home, and taken her to Caen, and there, at her earnest request, her ladyship had accompanied her. The blunder of an awkward servant had prevented her receiving the letters from St. Quentin, and it was only on her return to Paris that she had learned the truth.

Intense as was her bewilderment at her protige's indiscretion, she felt a touch of admiration, at the simple, faithful daring of the girl's course.

"It is sufficiently out of the way for Priscilla Gower to be here, and she is his promised wife; and Pamela is nearly thirty-two years old, and looks forty; but you, Theodora—you to run away from Paris, with no one but a maid; to run away to nurse a man like Denis Oglethorpe. It actually takes away my breath. My dear, innocent little simpleton, what were you thinking about?"

It would be futile to attempt to describe her state of mind when she discovered that Denis had not learned of Theo's presence in the house.

But, being quick-sighted, and keen of sense, she began to comprehend at last, and it was Priscilla Gower who assisted her to a clearer state of mind. Two days later, when, after a visit to his patient, the little doctor was preparing to take his departure, Priscilla Gower addressed him suddenly, as it seemed, without the slightest regard to her ladyship's presence.

"You think your patient improves rapidly," she said.

"Very rapidly," was the answer. "Men like him always do, mademoiselle."

She bent her head in acquiescence.

"I have a reason for asking this," she said. "Do you think he is strong enough to bear a shock?"

"Of what description, mademoiselle? Of grief, or—or of joy?"

"Of joy, monsieur," she answered, distinctly.

"Mademoiselle," said the doctor, "joy rarely kills."

She bent her erect head again.

She had not regarded the fact of her old enemy's presence ever so slightly while she spoke, but when the doctor was gone she addressed her.

"I have been thinking of returning to London at once, if possible," she said. "Miss Gower's ill-health renders any further absence a neglect. If I go, would it be possible for you to remain here, with Miss North?"

"Pamela?" suggested Lady Throckmorton?

"Theodora," was the calm reply.

An odd silence of a moment, and then the eyes of the two women met each other, in one long steady look; Lady Throckmorton's profoundly searching, wonderingly questioning; Priscilla Gower's steadfast, calm, almost defiant.

Then Lady Throckmorton spoke.

"I will stay," she said, "and she shall stay with me."

"Thank you," with another slight bend of the handsome head. "I am going now to speak to Mr. Oglethorpe. When I open the door will you send Miss North, Theodora, to me?"

"Yes," answered her ladyship.

So Priscilla Gower crossed the narrow landing, and went into the sick-room, and her ladyship summoned Theodora North, and bade her wait, not telling her why. What passed behind the closed doors only three people can tell, and those three people are Denis Oglethorpe, his wife, and the woman who, in spite of her coldness, was truer to him than he dared be to himself. There was no sound of raised or agitated voices, all was calm and seemingly silent. Fifteen minutes passed—half an hour; nearly an hour, and then Priscilla Gower stepped out upon the landing, and Lady Throckmorton spoke to Theo.

"Go to her," was her command. "She wants you."

The poor child arose mechanically and went out. She did not understand why she was wanted—she scarcely cared. She merely went because she was told. But when she looked up at Priscilla Gower, she caught her breath and drew back. But Priscilla held out her hand to her.

"Come," she commanded. And before Theo had time to utter a word, she was drawn into the chamber, and the door closed.

Denis was lying upon a pile of pillows, and, pale as he was, she saw, in one instant, that

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something had happened, and that he was not unhappy, whatever his fate was to be.

"I have been telling Mr. Oglethorpe," Priscilla said to her, "all that you have done, Theodora. I have been telling him how you forgot the world, and came to him when he was at the world's mercy. I have told him, too, that five years ago he made a great mistake which I shared with him. It was a great mistake, and it had better be wiped out and done away with, and we have agreed that it shall be. So I have brought you here——"

All the blood in Theodora North's heart surged into her face, in a great rush of anguish and bewilderment.

"No! no!" she cried out. "No! no! only forgive him, and let me go. Only forgive him, and let him begin again. He must love you—he does love you. It was my fault—not his. Oh——'

Priscilla stopped her, smiling, in a half-sad way.

"Hush!" she said, quietly. "You don't understand me. The fault was only the fault of the old blunder. Don't try to throw your happiness away, Theodora. You were not made to miss it. I have not been blind all these months. How could I be? I only wanted to wait and make sure that this was not a blunder, too. I have known it from the first. Theo, I have done now—the old tangle is unraveled. Go to him, Theo, he wants you,"

The next instant the door closed upon Priscilla, as she went out, and Theodora North understood clearly what she had before never dared to dream of.

There was one brief, breathless pause, and then Denis Oglethorpe held out his arms.

"My darling," he said. "Mine, my own."

She slipped down by his side, beautiful, tremulous, with glowing cheeks and tear-wet eyes. She remembered Priscilla Gower then.

"Oh, my love!" she cried. "She is better than I am, braver and more noble; but she can never love you better, or be more faithful and true than I will be. Only try me; only try me, my darling,"

Three months subsequently, when Pamela and Priscilla had settled down again to the routine of their old lives, there was a quiet wedding celebrated at Paris—a quiet wedding, though it was under Lady Throckmorton's patronage. In their tender remembrance of Priscilla Gower, it was made a quiet wedding—so quiet, indeed, that the people who made the young English beauty's romance a topic of conversation and nine days' wonder, scarcely knew it had ended.

And in Broom street, Priscilla Gower read the announcement in the paper, with only the ghost of a faint pang.

"I suppose I am naturally a cold woman," she wrote to Pamela North, with whom she sustained a faithful correspondence. "I will acknowledge, at least, to a certain lack of enthusiasm. I can be faithful, but I cannot be impassioned. It is impossible for me to suffer as your pretty Theo could, as it is equally impossible for me to love as she did. I have lost something, of course, but I have not lost all."

Between these two women there arose a friendship which was never dissolved. Perhaps the one thing they had in common, drew them toward each other; at any rate, they were faithful; and even when three years later, Priscilla Gower married a man who loved her, and having married him, was a calmly, happy woman, they were faithful to each other still.

UNDER THE SNOW.

BY JULIA LEIGH.

The wind is whistling dismally,
  The day is dark and cold,
And I think of that grave in the church-yard,
  That is only a few days old;
I think of that fair and bright young face
  That I never shall see again;
Think of the hopes we cherished—
  Hopes that proved in vain.

As I sit and watch the snow-flakes fall
  I dream again the dreams of old,
Till I almost forget that she is dead,
  And out in the frost and cold;
And dreamily wonder why my heart
  Aches with such dreary pain,
Until I finally wake with a start—
  To a sense of my loss again.

The days will lengthen into weeks,
  Weeks into months will grow,
And the warm spring-rain and sunshine
  Will melt the frost and snow;
And time will heal the wounds
  That bleed so fresh to-day;
But the memory of that bright young face
  Time cannot steal away.

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TOINETTE'S MISTRESS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

It was like a bit out of some marvelous pre-Raphaelite picture, this little village in the heart of beautiful Normandy.

There was a long, irregular street, whose stones made walking a perpetual penance, over which the tall, pointed and gabled houses hung their tiny balconies, as if to establish a nearer communion with the outer world than the narrow, deep-set casement could afford. In the center of the village, this wandering village widened into a *place*, with the never-failing fountain in the middle, about which the women gathered, in their high, conical caps and short petticoats, to beat the linen between sticks and stones, to wash their vegetables, and to indulge in the newest gossip. Down in an angle stood the gray-stone church, with its moss-grown tower and its back turned upon the little square, as if to show how utterly it renounced and shut out the pomps and vanities of that small world. To enter the church, it was necessary to leave the square, and dive into the recesses of a kind of alley, across which the houses nearly met, and whereto the sun seldom penetrated, and the smells had the merit of being very ancient, if not agreeable. But once in the church, there was a fine old painted window, looking on the *place*. I don't know how many hundred years ago, some pious queen of France had brightened the church with its beauty; but there it is yet, fresh and glorious, as if generation after generation had not passed away since first its saints and martyrs caught the morning sunshine on their haloed brows.

You go out of the square; you turn to the right; you mount up, up, what is half a street, half a flight of stairs, along which you stumble and lose your breath. The village lies below you—the smooth fields stretch out beyond that; further on in the distance flashes the blue sea; at your back rise the grand old hills; chateaux peep out among the trees; convents lie half-hidden in the shadow; a picturesque ruin crowns one lofty eminence, and over all bends the clear, soft sky of Normandy.

It was still spring when Miriam Vane first came upon that little village, wandering over from America under no better care than that of her old Norman nurse, Toinette. Any place, provided it was secluded, and had the ocean between her and her childhood's home, would be acceptable to Miriam; and Toinette, with a longing to see her Normandy, after long years of exile, brought her hither—and here they had remained.

The summer came and went—the autumn and winter; summer had gone again, and autumn was here once more.

On the long range of hills above the village, between that and the ruined castle, stood a quaint, comfortable farm-house. This was Miriam's home—as unlike an American farm-house as could well be imagined. A long, low, stone building, or rather group of stone buildings, built round a court, with the stables and cow-house occupying the best position; a steep flight of stone steps led into the great kitchen, where the family always lived—a room with heavy beams darkening the ceiling, and a floor scoured to a pitch of whiteness calculated to make that ceiling ashamed of itself. A long table stood in the middle, whereat masters and servants took their meals in patriarchal simplicity—a great *potager* at one end of the apartment, a sort of compromise between a stove and furnace, provided with numberless shiny brass pots, in which Toinette's sister, the mistress of the house, concocted marvelous soups and savory ragouts.

At the top of the stone steps, another door led into an immense cave, like the den of an ogre. This cave was filled with great casks that held gallons upon gallons of stout Normandy cider, potent and foaming as champagne, and vast bins of yellow and red apples, and stores of fragrant smoked hams, and piles of wheat, and heaps of colza, and all the possessions which go to make up Norman wealth, and are dear to Norman hearts.

Close to the *potager*, in the kitchen, there were more stone steps. You might have thought one was to mount on the top of the furnace by their aid. Not a bit of it. Another door; more steps—a good deal like a precipice these—and when you had toiled up them you reached a pretty suit of apartments overlooking hills and sea. This was Miriam's eyrie. Here she and Toinette lived, and watched the summer sun gild the landscape, and heard the cruel wind blow on winter nights; and month after month went by, and no break came in the dull monotony of that life, which

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Miriam had voluntarily accepted in the bloom of her maidenhood.

Of course, she had a story—a story that sounds romantic enough in the tel'ing, though it had been very bitter and hard to live, with a touch of the prosaic about it, too, as romantic things are apt to have, when they come home to one's actual existence.

Miriam was barely seventeen, when business brought Maurice Fenton up to her father's home, on picturesque Lake George. The young man and Mr. Vane were both interested in some South Western railway scheme. Fenton had just returned from a visit to the region, and there were matters which did not look satisfactory to him. Mr. Vane was in poor health, unwilling to go down to New York; so he broke a rule he had held to since his wife's death of receiving no visitors, and begged Fenton to come to him.

Miriam was treated like a child, was busy with her studies, and was, indeed, so young and childish, that her manners and ideas would have excited the ridicule of the precocious damsels of her age, so common now in all countries. Mr. Vane was a cold, austere man, not fond of his daughter; yet she had been happy enough, owing to her fund of blithe, sunny spirits. Fenton stayed there nearly three weeks, and discovered that he had fallen in love with the child, as he too called her—made the discovery one day when he saved her from drowning in the upsetting of a boat, in which she had gone out alone.

Mr. Vane surprised him on the shore, holding the insensible girl in his arms, calling her a great many pretty, foolish names, and raving generally. Straightway the father went into a rage, and upbraided Fenton with having abused his hospitality, of having meanly tryed to win the heart of this child, for whom, he was aware, the father had other views.

So the two men quarreled, and Fenton went away, without ever having told Miriam that he loved her. Mr. Vane took her off to Montreal, and established her in a convent to be educated. Old Toinette went with her, and a few months later, Fenton, chancing to be in Montreal, saw the old woman, and her account of Miriam's dullness and unhappiness made him long to see her. This was not difficult. She was allowed to walk out each day with Toinette. Fenton met her twice; he knew it was wrong—each time he told himself should be the last. The third time was the last; but the interview had more doleful results than he could have anticipated.

He took her and Toinette out to drive; they were delayed by a storm; when they reached the convent the gates were closed—the girl was refused admittance. She was two frightened and overcome to think at all; but Fenton knew that if the adventure were discovered, the poor girl's reputation would suffer irretrievably. He could think of but one thing. Toinette agreed to it—Miriam could only cling to them both, and obey their wishes. He took the pair straight to New York, to his sister's house, and wrote a frank, manly letter to Mr. Vane, begging that he would permit their marriage to take place at once.

What Mr. Vane felt, or meant to do, no human being will ever know in this world. He set out for New York, but never reached the end of his journey. A frightful steamboat disaster numbered Gilbert Vane among its victims. Survivors told of his courage in those brief, terrible moments—of help given to others—of death met in attempting to aid a mother and child. It had been a hard, stern, unloveable life, but it came to a heroic end; and Gilbert Vane's soul went away to that existence, where we hope and trust the errors of this are set right.

Miriam forgot her dreary childhood—the cold, cheerless repression in which her early girlhood had been spent. She could put a halo about the memory of her dead; could glory, even in the first shock of her grief, over the noble self-sacrifice, which compensated for much that had been narrow and unworthy.

It was found, as is so often the case, in the sudden death of a man supposed to be wealthy, that Mr. Vane's affairs were in a hopelessly involved state. Whether he could have righted matters, had he lived, was doubtful, and did not matter; the fact remained that his property would barely serve to pay his debts. Miriam inherited from her mother exactly fourteen hundred dollars a year. By the terms of her mother's will, she came into possession of her competency at the age of eighteen—would have held it independent even of her father; so there need be no talk of guardians, as only a few months later saw her at her majority.

She remained in Mrs. Drescott's house almost a year. During the greater portion of that time Fenton was absent—away off in Texas, busy selling a valuable tract of land, which would leave him a rich man. All idea of a speedy marriage had been given up—they must wait, at least, till Miriam's mourning was over. She was happy with her books and studies—happy in the belief of Fenton's love. He had told her his story; she had been a child when she listened to it; she grew rapidly into womanhood after that.

Mrs. Drescott was a good woman in many ways—rather weak-minded in certain others.

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She lived in a constant dread that the fact of Miriam's escapade would be discovered. It was she who unintentionally first caused Miriam to understand that a certain shadow and doubt had been cast over her young life. Mrs. Drescott and Toinette were deadly enemies. People's quarrels usually hurt some innocent person; Miriam suffered from the dislike between these two.

Just before Fenton's return, when Miriam had begun dimly to comprehend, that, according to Mrs. Drescott's creed, her life held a secret that must be guarded from the world, Toinette, in her wrath, let her own suspicions become apparent to her young mistress.

Fenton came back. Some broken words of a conversation between the brother and sister, reported by Toinette, added to the doubts and fears already raised in her mind by Mrs. Drescott's silly complaints, and by Toinette's sharp censure of the woman and Miriam.

Miriam understood it all now. Mr. Fenton was going to marry her, because he believed that her reputation had been compromised by his thoughtlessness. She had lived almost a year in that house on sufferance—she was a drag and a weight in every way.

There are troubles which rouse our real characters so suddenly, that, in the eyes of those about us, it seems a quick and radical change in thought, feeling, every mental characteristic, indeed, instead of a development of qualities that had hitherto lain latent.

There was no trace left in Miriam of the pretty childishness, which had at first charmed Maurice Fenton. It was a cold, reserved, self-centered woman who met him, when, in obedience to her summons, he joined her in the library, the day after his return.

He had not seen her alone since his arriva; there were guests at the house, so that it had been easy for her to avoid such a meeting until her mind was fully made up as to the course she meant to pursue.

Maurice had always been haunted by a fear that she was too young and childish to know her own mind. Her shy, reticent letters, during his absence, had deepened this feeling. The change in her looks and manner had impressed him painfully on the previous night; it struck him, even more forcibly, as she rose from her seat at his entrance, and the light fell full upon her pale, resolute face.

"I am afraid you were just going out," she said; "I heard you say, at breakfast, you had business—I will not detain you long."

He felt hurt, but he would not allow himself to be angry. This was not the meeting he had pictured with the girl who had promised to become his wife—different, indeed, as was her face from the youthful beauty which had won his heart during those golden summer days that looked so far off now.

"Why do you speak like that?" he asked, gently. "I have scarcely seen you since I came back." He stopped, laughed rather nervously, then added. "Do you know I am almost beginning to fear that you are not glad to see me?"

He was very kind—she appreciated that. She felt a certain irritation toward him, because he had been prepared to wreck his life in order to guard her; but she recognized his nobility all the same—she was grateful to him. She put by her heart and its misery with a strong hand; there would be time enough hereafter for suffering! Her work, at present, was to convince this man that she had no intention of letting him sacrifice himself for her. She must be careful to hide her real motive, else in his goodness he would hold her to her promise. There was but one way, and she had studied it out in those hours of self-communion, which seemed like years. He must believe her untouched by his proffered love. He must gain no perception that she had discovered that kindness and pity were the sentiments which actuated him. She must speak as if that love were a reality to her, but that it had failed to reach her heart. He could not persevere after that. He would let her go.

So now, when he gave that nervous laugh, and uttered that sorry jest about his fears, she answered gravely,

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Fenton. You have been very kind to me, and I am greatful."

He came quickly up to the chair in which she had reseated herself, and said hurriedly, but with the same gentleness,

"My dear Miriam, gratitude is a word that can have no meaning between you and me; I don't understand."

"I must make you," she said. "Perhaps, after that, you will not even believe that I am grateful; but I cannot help it."

She was deathly pale. Her eyes avoided his. He thought it was fear that he read in this agitation. A terrible pang smote his heart. She had discovered her error—she was going to tell him the truth. His beautiful dream had crumbled into sudden ruin. Well, he must not let her see how he suffered—he must put by self. He loved so deeply, so thoroughly, that he could even put her happiness above his own. It was no matter what he endured, provided he did not bring trouble upon her.

"What is it you have to tell me?" he asked.

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Her lips quivered, her hands worked nervously. It was hard for her to speak—he saw that. She shrunk from giving him pain; she feared reproaches—the sight of his misery. He must help her—she must not suffer for him.

"Don't think that anything could change my feelings, Miriam," he said. "Don't fear to tell me whatever is in your mind. You are troubled, unhappy. Child, child, do you think I cannot see that? Tell me, Miriam, as freely as you would to your own soul. Try, for the moment, to believe you are speaking to an elder brother, whose dearest wish is your happiness—that will make it easier."

He felt his voice shake, but controlled it. He sat down beside her—just laying one hand over the fingers that quivered so piteously, remembered himself, and drew it away.

She had grown as quick-sighted as he. She interpreted his sudden agitation in her own way. He anticipated what was coming. Good and generous as he was, he could not help a feeling of gladness at his escape. Ah! it was all true, even to that idle talk of Mrs. Drescott's (forgotten by the lady as soon as uttered) about a certain beautiful Blanche La Tour, whom he had known in France, and whom his sister fancied he had meant one day to return and woo. It was easier now to speak. She could show her real gratitude, her sense of his goodness by giving him back his liberty.

"Mr. Fenton," she said, steadily, "I was a very childish, blind, selfish creature, up to a few months ago ——"

She broke off again. This would not do. All the onus of the break would rest upon her. He would not accept his freedom unless he believed that it was for her own peace she was essaying.

"Yes, you were a child," he said, softly. "I ought to have remembered that.'

"And now I am a woman," returned she.

How cold and proud her voice sounded, in her effort to render it quiet!

"I see the change," he murmured, remembered that the words held a sort of reproach, and added, "all the more reason why you should speak frankly to your friend, Miriam."

"I thank you," she answered. "I wish—perhaps it cannot be; but I wish I might always think of you as that."

"Always, Miriam—I promise it! Don't be afraid any longer, tell the rest now."

"Your promise holds it all," she said; "you will be my friend."

She had turned her head completely away—she dared not let him see her face. There was a very brief silence, then she heard his voice, calm and sweet still.

"I understand," he said. "You mean that it can be no more——"

"I—I was sorry to promise, I did not think, I was always so foolish——"

"Stop, Miriam, now you hurt me. I cannot have you reproach yourself," he interrupted. "From first to last, if there has been blame, it rests with me—but we need not talk of that."

So good, so generous, always ready to shield her! Ah, if all the life to come were a blank, it would not have been utterly wasted, since, by her renunciation, she prevented the sacrifice of his.

"I want to go away," she said, suddenly. "I am independent, I have no relatives, I want to go with Toinette to her old home, and live there."

"To France?" he exclaimed. "You are very young—you——"

"I can't stay here—I will not!" she broke out with sudden passion. "Your sister has been good and kind; but—— I mean I want to go away. There is no reason why I should not live with Toinette; she is quite protection enough. I want quiet and solitude—let me go to Normandy."

"I have no means of preventing you, Miriam. Indeed, there is no reason why you should not go, if you wish."

"Then that is all settled," she said, rising. "Will you tell your sister? I want to go at once—by the first steamer."

"I have some acquaintances going at that very time, who will take charge of you to Havre," he said. "Explain to me a little about Toinette's home. I have no right to do more than advise—you will let your friend do that?"

So she told him. She had been there in her childhood; during her mother's long illness they had lived abroad. Toinette had come across the sea for love of the child, left motherless in that foreign land. She told it all clearly, very rapidly, standing there with her face hidden in the shadow. She did not look at him. She was afraid of seeing some sign of relief in his eyes—she could not have borne that just yet. Let her get away, then he might be glad. He had a right to rejoice—he had acted nobly; he had a right to be glad that his sacrifice had ended—only let her get away!

A few more questions and answers, then she passed out of the room. This was their real

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parting, and it held only cold, restrained words, upon which either heart could feed hereafter; each believing that it alone cherished tenderly the poorest memory of that time.

Fenton's first task was to explain to his sister. She was angry with Miriam; glad that her brother was not going to marry the shy, proud thing; delighted to be rid of Toinette, and prepared to think that now the vague stories of a romance connected with Miriam were of no consequence, since her life was to be separated from her brother's.

A few days of hurried preparation, of wild joy on Toinette's part, mingled with bitter animosity toward Maurice and Mrs. Drescott; of constant toil on Miriam's to keep herself from thought. The latter saw little of Mr. Fenton. Mrs. Drescott kept away as much as she could. She was kind and friendly, but the position was an unusual one, and unless she had rules and examples to go by, she was at a loss how to act.

The morning of departure came. The brother and sister went down to the steamer with Miriam, and saw her under the care of her friends. It was all as commonplace as possible.

"You have not forgotten a store of lemons?" Mr. Fenton asked. "They are excellent in case of sea-sickness."

No, Miriam had not forgotten.

"Be sure and write often. I shall miss you dreadfully," said Mrs. Drescott.

Now that the moment of parting had come she knew how to behave. There are stereotyped speeches always to be made to those setting off on a journey—very calm farewells. Miriam's gloved-hand touched Fenton's—the warning bell sounded, the cannon boomed out.

Fenton put his sister in the carriage, and turned back to the wharf. He stood watching the steamer as long as he could see it. Miriam was sitting on the deck—she never once turned her head. She was thinking that there was no one to watch for a last sight of her; she could not even trust her composure enough to raise her eyes.

I told you it was spring when they arrived; that two summers and a winter had gone by. Now it was deep in autumn again.

The pale, fair American girl was well known and beloved in the village. Even the good little Cure, at first shocked to find that she did not belong to his fold, had learned to like her for her kindness to his poor. What is wealth is a relative term. Miriam was an heiress in the eyes of the staid Normans. Seven thousand franks a year; why, it was a fortune! Indeed, in a place where all the expenses of living for herself and Antoinette did not go beyond three or four hundred dollars for a whole twelvemonth, Miriam might be called rich.

I cannot dwell upon the details of her life. She had been away down into the depths, down into a night which seemed eternal; but relief had come at last. Life must be cold and dreary, but she need not live for herself. She had learned this, and it is a great lesson!

Toinette came back from the village, on one of those bright October afternoons, which were beautifying the earth, and found Miriam sitting under the oak trees, on the height above the house. The sunlight played about, the birds gossiped of their southward flight, the breeze sang softly past. In the distance stretched the blue line of lofty hills; in the nearer scene chateaux and convents rose up; the old ruin, perched on the edge of a cliff, came out distinct and defined in the clear air. Below lay the village, with its peaked roofs, and its gray church-tower bathed in the light. Then stretches of hill and plain, woodlands and field, and the marvelous glory of the sea beyond. The voices of children ringing out in the distance, men at work in the fields, a group of black-robed nuns passing along toward their convent, chattering as loudly as the birds, the Cure stopping to speak to a lame boy, a drove of great, sleek cattle, lowing as they went, the sound of threshing flails in the barn of the farm-house. Everything united to make up a scene at once pastoral and picturesque.

Toinette came full of news, and brought Miriam out of her picture, that she was mentally taking in.

"The idea! It has quite made me to flutter myself! Figure to thyself, little cat, how it has surprized me."

Toinette often employed the familiar thee and thou, when alone with her mistress. She had acquired the habit while Miriam was a child—and Toinette clung to old habits.

"What has happened, Toinette?" asked Miriam, smiling, speaking her French with a graceful fluency that might have satisfied a Parisian. "Is there to be a wedding or a funeral? It must be one or the other to put you in such a state of excitement."

Toinette's brown, wrinkled cheeks were red as poppies, from the speed with which she had walked; her brown eyes shone, her tall cap had tilted a little on one side, in a way that would have distressed her infinitely, had she been aware of its appearance.

"Nay, then, it is neither, my heart! But she would never divine. Mademoiselle is a

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angel of quickness, but never—never!" cried Toinette, snapping her fingers with a report like a small pistol. "It is that Monsieur La Tour is coming to the chateau, and Mademoiselle Blanche and guests—and there are to be gay doings."

Miriam tried to take a fitting interest in Toinette's talk, but her thoughts had gone far away, though Blanche La Tour certainly still had a place in them. This was the girl whom Mrs. Drescott had hinted that Maurice once liked. Miriam had a great curiosity to see her. The La Tours had never visited at their chateau since she had come to Normandy. They had been living in Italy, on account of Monsieur La Tour's health. Toinette had told her mistress all about them forty times, but she told it all over again now.

They were not rich, these La Tours. They had been, but there was only the chateau and a moderate income left. Monsieur La Tour's father had been in affairs. On that side Mademoiselle Blanche was not noble; but her mother had had a title.

"And she is very pretty and very good," Toinette said. "No doubt you will like her."

"I? It is not probable that I shall have an opportunity to find out," Miriam said.

"And why not?" demanded Toinette, bristling at once.

But Miriam did not hear. She was wondering why Maurice Fenton had not sought the young lady again to know his fate. But, indeed, he might have done so for anything Miriam knew—they might be engaged. It was a long time since Miriam had held any communication with Mrs. Drescott. There had been a few letters exchanged, but the correspondence had naturally dropped off; there was nothing to interest Miriam, for Mrs. Drescott's epistles never contained more than the briefest mention of Maurice Fenton.

On Sunday Miriam went down to the old church to mass, and caught her first sight of Blanche La Tour, kneeling among the villagers, deep and absorbed. She was a very pretty creature, Miriam acknowledged—golden haired, with bright coloring, very different from her own pallor, and this made her all the prettier in Miriam's eyes.

Once the glances of the two girls met, and it seemed to Miriam that she read in Blanche's gaze some knowledge of herself. She accounted for that quickly. No doubt the village people had told of the American girl, who lived in that odd way. No doubt Blanche disapproved, and was looking at her with a certain French horror of an unmarried woman, who did not sufficiently regard *les convenances*.

Then the old organ pealed out. Miriam remembered where she was, and felt ashamed at having allowed her thoughts to stray. But try to listen or to pray as she would, somehow she could not keep her eyes from wandering toward Blanche La Tour. She was kneeling near the painted window. Gleams of sunlight struck the panes, and glorified the saints and martyrs, and tints of colored light fell on the upturned face of the young girl, and fairly glorified that too.

Mass was over. Miriam hurried out, not waiting for Toinette, who always liked to stop for a little chat with the neighbors. She was almost at the farm before Toinette overtook her, breathless and somewhat indignant.

"Hi! Mademoiselle forgets that my legs have been in use for more than sixty years," cried she.

"You need not have hurried," Miriam answered.

"I choose the world to see that mademoiselle is properly attended," said Toinette, with dignity. Then she put by her grand airs, in her eagerness to talk. "If you had only waited, my angel. Mademoiselle Blanche came to search for you."

"Me, Toinette?"

"And why not? Have I not known her since she was a baby? We talked much of thee, my angel. Mademoiselle Blanche is no fool, and she is aware that my judgments have weight."

Toinette drew herself up, arranged her short petticoats, for she had taken to her full Normandy dress again, and looked complacently down at her red stockings. Miriam felt vexed that Toinette should have held a conversation about her with Blanche La Tour. Probably that young woman had been curious, and Toinette earnest to explain why she lived thus among strangers. It was none of Miss Blanche's business—Miriam did not wish to know her. Then she felt ashamed of her own ill-humor and pettiness, and tried to atone for it by being gracious to Toinette.

Two days later, Miriam was sitting, in the soft afternoon light, in her favorite seat under the oak trees above the farm-house, looking out toward the sea, wishing wearily for wings to flee away; then remembering that her flight could have no fixed bourne; self-reproachful, too, at her own vague discontent.

A murmur of women's voices; Toinette's voluble tones; another voice that sounded familiar, then Toinette calling,

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"Mademoiselle, dear angel!—*vite-quel surprise!* Dear heart, where is she?"

Then a turn in the path brought in view not only Toinette, but Blanche La Tour, and another; the third comer was Mrs. Drescott. What was said or done for a few moments, Miriam could not have told; but they were all talking too eagerly to notice her agitation—Toinette doing her full share, in that easy way old French servants will. Then she felt vexed at being agitated—why should she be? She did her part well enough, was cordial with Mrs. Drescott, gracious to Blanche.

"I wanted to see you on Sunday," Blanche said, "but you had gone. I am glad I did not tell you, after all. It is a pleasant surprise to meet your old friend so unexpectedly."

Miriam said what was proper. Mrs. Drescott was in high spirits. Her brother was in Paris, she said; he would come to the chateau soon. They had spent the winter in Italy, and had met the La Tours there. Then Blanche talked. She was a gay, girlish creature, though older than Miriam. And Miriam wished they had not come—wished they would go and leave her alone; all the time knew that she ought to be grateful for their kindness. Fenton was coming! Ah, yes, there was to be a marriage at last! Well, it was nothing to her. What was Blanche saying? An invitation to the chateau? She could not go—she would not! Toinette was shrieking with delight, Mrs. Drescott urging her.

"We are a very quiet party," Blanche said. "You will come to-morrow, dear miss, and stay a few days?"

"Saints and angels! I should think so," cried Toinette.

She had promised, and they were gone; and then she began to wonder why she had consented. Toinette's voice roused her.

"How lucky I persuaded mademoiselle to purchase those new costumes at Rouen. Mademoiselle will be truly elegant."

"How many times has Monsieur le Cure told you that you think too much about such things?" demanded Miriam, severely.

Toinette replied by a grimace, and got away from the subject.

The next day came Blanche and Mrs. Drescott, in the lumbering old carriage, and Miriam found herself established at the chateau, and the evening after, Maurice Fenton appeared.

He looked somewhat older and graver; but he was kind and gentle as ever. Miriam was obliged to remain several days; without being absolutely ungracious, she could not get away. There were half a dozen people, mostly persons of Monsieur La Tour's age. Monsieur himself was a fussy, kind little man, who wore very high heels, and paid very florid compliments. There were drives, and walks, and pleasant excursions. Miriam managed to avoid Maurice Fenton a good deal, and he did not attempt to force his companionship upon her. A very agreeable middle-aged man fell to Miriam's share. It was plain to her that Blanche and Fenton were on the best terms. They must be engaged; the only wonder was that French ideas allowed the betrothal to be kept a secret.

She got off on the fourth day. Toinette's nephew was ill, and Miriam insisted on going home with the old woman. Toinette loved the boy, but she felt inclined to shake him in his bed, for falling ill at this time. A sojourn in the servants' hall at the chateau agreed with her constitution; and more than all, it grieved her that her mistress should give up the gayeties.

Miriam took much care of the sick boy. Blanche and Mrs. Drescott came often to see and to scold her. Fenton came once, too, but that time she did not go down.

The next news was that the fever had spread—the next that Blanche La Tour was ill—delirious, begging for Miriam. And, in spite of Toinette's remonstrances, Miriam went to take care of her. The guests had fled, with the exception of Mrs. Drescott and Fenton. Old Monsieur La Tour was out of his senses with fright, and begged so piteously for them to remain, that they could not have the heart to go, though a house with illness in it was not just Mrs. Drescott's favorite element.

During the next ten days, Miriam almost lived in that sick chamber. A bright-faced, cheery little sister, from the neighboring convent, shared the charge with her; but Blanche, during her delirium, begged always for Miriam; and when her reason came back, she was almost as exacting, after the fashion of invalids.

But Blanche was young and strong, and in little more than a fortnight, she could sit up, be dressed, and somewhat later, be carried down stairs. There was a little jubilee of thankfulness; and old Monsieur La Tour was in such a state of ecstasy, that he went about with his wig awry, and walked on the tips of his toes.

"I think I should have died but for you," Blanche said, the next evening, as she and Miriam were alone in a little apartment off the salon, which had been constituted her special nook during convalescence.

Blanche was lying on the sofa, looking exqui-

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ately pretty in her loose, white wrapper and bright draperies. Miriam was walking about, restless, weary, haggard-looking, so tired that she felt cross and wicked, and thought Blanche very unreasonable in not allowing her to go home.

"You were quite ill; but there was no positive danger, after the first three days," said Miriam.

"Thanks to your watching," returned Blanche. "Ah, my dear, I do owe my life to you, say what you will—and life is very sweet to me. I did not want to die. Fancy, Miriam, to have died just now! I have never told you, dear; but I am to be married in the spring."

Miriam's nerves were in such a state, that it seemed to her she must jump out of the window, if there was no other way of escaping these confidences. But Blanche called her. Miriam conquered her bitter thoughts, went back to the sofa, knelt down by it, and laid her hand softly on Blanche's golden hair.

"I hope you may be very happy," she said.

"Thanks. Kiss me, Miriam! I love you so. I never had a sister; but I think I feel toward you as one does toward a sister."

Now Miriam did not want to be her sister. She wanted to get away; she wanted to cry, to let her weariness and misery have full vent. But Blanche was holding her fast, and speaking again.

"Dear, you are not happy! Many times I have watched you when you thought I was sleeping. You are not happy. Oh, I wish I could do something, after all you have done for me."

"You are fanciful," Miriam said, coldly. "See, you are fatiguing yourself—you must not talk any more."

"But I want to talk," cried Blanche. "You've not asked me about him; I am in a mood to tell."

"You must remember he is no stranger to me," Miriam said.

"No stranger?" cried Blanche. "My Andre! when he has been two whole years in China?"

Miriam's head whirled. But before she could speak Blanche had begun to laugh.

"You thought it was Maurice Fenton; I could see, before my illness, you fancied that. Bah, how droll! And why would you not marry him, dear?"

Miriam looked utterly bewildered.

"Oh, he told me—told me the whole story," continued Blanche, nodding her little head.

"Then I need tell you nothing," said Miriam.

"Oh, yes, you need! If you don't obey me in everything, I'll fall ill again," returned Blanche. "Mrs. Drescott says you treated him very badly—and I think you did."

"Would you marry a man who asked you to be his wife, only because he believed—believed—"

Miriam had commenced speaking with indignant energy, but her voice failed.

"Go on," said Blanche. "There is something Maurice has never told me—some little mystery. Now you must speak, I love you so. I don't like to blame you, but I have to. You are so good that I cannot bear to think you a coquette."

So Miriam told about her being shut out of the convent, and about her journey to New York with Fenton; her discovery of the reason which had prompted Fenton to ask her to marry him, and her hasty, proud rejection of his sacrifice.

"Kiss me," said Blanche. "It's quite light yet; you must go out and walk. I was selfish to keep you here. But you're not sorry you have told me?"

"No; I like you. I want you to think well of me."

So Miriam went away.

"Proud thing!" soliloquized Blanche. "And she thinks she told it so that I do not perceive she loved him—that it broke her heart to give him up!"

She seized a little hand-bell on the table by her side, and rang it violently. In rushed a servant in hot haste.

"I want to see Monsieur Fenton; send him here," said Blanche.

Monsieur Fenton, passing through the corridor at the moment, heard her impatient order, and went in.

"It's very lucky for you I did not die, you stupidest of men," said she. "My aunt will be shocked at my sending for you, when I am here alone; but I've a long story to tell, and I don't care."

The sun had set. Miriam walked away through the shrubberies, and sat down in an open space, in the old-fashioned flower-garden, where a fountain rose in a graceful jet, and fell with a musical plash into a marble basin. It was November now, and the evening was chill; but she felt hot and feverish, and the cold breeze was grateful to her. The last glow had died out of the sky—the sea looked gray and sullen in the distance. She was thinking of Blanche, thinking of Fenton, afraid that he did not know Blanche's secret, and that there was bitter suffering in store for him; thinking of her own life, too, gray and

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sombre as the sea she was watching. Ah, it was hard, but she must learn to be content. She was learning she hoped, though the struggle was difficult still! She was so young yet; it seemed so dreary that she alone should be deprived of the high hopes which gave a glorious coloring to Blanche's happy existence.

She heard her name called. She sprang up. Maurice Fenton stood before her. There was something in his face which startled her; it looked proud, reproachful, and yet so eager, so full of passionate questioning.

"I loved you so," he cried. "I loved you so! Tell me, was it wholly because you did not care, or was there a little feeling under all your pride? I will have an answer—I have a right. Oh, Miriam, Miriam!"

Explanations were not very difficult after that. The only wonder seemed, that each could have been blind so long.

I SHOULD CARE.

BY MRS. HELEN A. MANVILLE.

Oh, my darling! I should care
More than you can ever know,
When, from out this world of care,
You forevermore will go.
When above your grassy bed
Walk I in the gloom of eve,
Saying of you, "He is dead!"
I should miss you, I should grieve
More than you can now believe.
Oh, the woe! to know you there,
In your low bed 'neath my feet!
Oh, the anguish! I should care
More than you can think, my sweet,
I should care.

I should care, oh, darling, yes!
And my heart be full of pain,
If your dear face I should miss,
Miss, nor see on earth again.
All the Spring-time's sweetest bloom,
All the Summer's, do you know,
Were you in your lowly tomb,
Would be sombre hours of woe,
Shadows walking to and fro.
Though your love I may not share,
Giving all, receiving naught,
Oh, my darling! I should care
More than you have ever thought,
I should care.

THE LAKE.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

Along this clear and silent lake
How tranquilly we go;
The golden clouds, reflected, make
A seeming Heaven below.
Oh! who that marks the placid smile
Assumed by Nature here,
Would ever, ever, think the while
Of dangers lurking near.

Yet through this calm and crystal wave
Our path fierce monsters see;
One heedless start—their watery cave,
Our timeless tomb might be.
How like the world, this lovely Lake!
Most false when seen most fair;
Protecting Heaven! our guidance take,
And guard our voyagings there.

MY LADY.

BY ROSE STANDISH.

Oh! jewels the rarest
My lady shall wear,
Oh! blossoms the fairest
Shall perfume her hair;
Ye winds, dance your lightest,
Make melody sweet,
And flowers bloom your brightest,
Beneath her dear feet.

She's leal and she's loyal,
This sweetheart of mine;
And in love's presence royal
I'll drain life's sweet wine;
Though storm-clouds may gather,
Obscuring Heaven's blue,
It's all golden weather,
So she's good and true!

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MY CHRISTMAS HOME-COMING.

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

As the train dashed along, that was taking me to my home, the home from which I had been absent for so many years, I took out again and re-read my mother's letter, which I had received on landing at New York.

"So thou art in truth coming home, my Wilhelm," she wrote, in the fashion of her fatherland—for though I had been born in New England, and though my father had come of a good old Puritan stock, my mother was a native of Germany—"and thy mother's heart throbs with happy anticipation. I picture thee, after thy long absence in China, as no longer a lad, as thou wert when thou went away, but a tall man, like thy father, brown with the sun, yet with curly locks that so often I have twined over my fingers as thou stood at thy mother's knee.

"I will not speak much to thee of home; thou wilt be with us shortly, I feel, and then——Thy third cousin, Margretta, is well, and often speaks of thee. Her land, as thou knowest, is next to ours; truly joined, it would make a fair estate—would it not, mine Wilhelm? As for the orphan, Hilda, she paints like an angel; she is busy about a matter that she keeps within her bosom; methinks that it is thy picture she makes for my Christmas pleasure."

I folded the letter, and laid it next my heart; where was the shame that my eyes were dripping? But yet I smiled, as ever I did, at the thought of Hilda. Have you not kept one thought in your heart, sweet, sacred, never spoken, save in prayers, that touched your life with purity, and that kept afar influences that might degrade and mar? This had been with me the thought of Hilda. I remembered when she had come to our home. On Christmas-eve, before the lamps were lit, while the red fire-light shone warm, and the "snow-twilight" closed in, my father, entering, set the figure of a little one upon the velvet rug before the wide grate, that leaped and glowed with welcome. Methought this had been the Christ-child, for the little one was lily fair, with the print of a summer rose on each cheek; also the lips were sweetly smiling, and set upon the long, shining hair was a crystal crown that sparkled in the fire-light.

The child drew me as none had done. I ran to her. "Stay with us always," cried I.

"Yes, Wilhelm," said my father. "This is a little sister I have brought home to thee; she has no home, so she shall be one with us."

I took the hand of the little one, and saw she was a human child like myself; and that which I had esteemed a crystal crown, was a diadem of snow-flakes that had lighted upon her shining hair, and that now, melted by the warmth, had changed to dew-spangles sparkling in the fire-light.

I shared my gifts, my comfits, my toys, my books, with the little one; she went to sleep on my shoulder. This was Hilda.

Yet now did my mother speak to me of Margretta. Had she not mentioned her as a third cousin, that I might see she were not too near for a wife? Had she not spoken of the lands that were next to ours, to remind me of my father's latest wish? Well, well, I had a heart that could dare all things—so let the matter rest!

The train stopped. The lumbering stage-coach rolled over the snowy road, on either side of which rose the hills, white as brides in their wintry robes. Surely I was home at last! Dusk was darkening into night, and, quietly as one of its shadows, I stole through the back porch, for I was fain to be the surprise of all surprises upon this Christmas-eve. The hall was long and wide. The walls were bare, except for an old portrait in a black frame, carved quaintly—the portrait of a lady. I had shrunk from it always, for the face was of one with a strong will, and a weak intellect, a haughty spirit, and a heart of ice. It chilled me now hanging there. To the right of me was my mother's "flower-room." It faced the south, and within it had always stood porcelain pots, full of scented blossoms, orange and lemon-trees, the winter long; it baffled New England chills, and was the sunniest spot in my memory of home.

I walked softly to the door of the room. Hist! What vision was this? Surely an angel, for the vision was clad in diaphonous drapery; upon its shoulders gleamed silver wings; upon its head glimmered a star—the star of Bethlehem! In its hand was a little pink taper, such as lights the Christmas-tree, and it flitted about the flowers, plucking what pleased it best. Was it the angel of home? Yes, surely, the home-angel; for it was the face I knew so well—the face that come to me on the sea, in the night-watches.

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The light from the taper fell upon me, the vision darted forward, the lovely eyes held me a moment, then the tender mouth, smiling, cried,

"It is, it is!"

The household flocked about me on the instant. I was brought into the "best room," which was garlanded with long festoons of greenery, and gleamed with holly-berries, lit by tall waxen candles, whose sconces hung with crystal prisms, tinkled a fairy welcome.

My mother rose with outstretched arms—a satin-clad figure, tall and stately, that drew down my head, and pillowed it on her breast. My tears, and her tears, too, fell fast.

"Bless me, sister," said a lively little voice, "Why do you cry? But that's the way—a mother's lot—tears from the cradle, in sorrow or joy. Let me have a chance to look at the lad."

I gave my hand to aunt Martha; she was the character of the household, my mother's maiden sister, who never would marry, who laughed at lovers, and yet who hid romance like a jewel in a casket within her life and heart. Aunt Martha was as pungent as aromatic vinegar; she stung you to action; she would not suffer a man to be unmanly, a woman to be unwomanly, that came within her atmosphere; she abhorred scandal, she berated your faults; she had an eagle-eye upon *intrigantes;* she had a tongue "keen as a briar" for shortcomings; people that loved her esteemed her for a "nonesuch," and as for those who hated her, they proved their own meanness!

"Bless the boy!" said aunt Martha. "If he hasn't got a great hanging mustache of true German yellow." Lifting the same, she bestowed upon me a hearty salute.

"Aunt Martha kissing a man!" cried a cold, metallic voice. "I thought you held that a crime."

"There! that's your cousin, Margretta, that's speaking," quoth aunt Martha, testily, as if she would say, "Nothing agreeable from that quarter."

I turned curiously to contemplate my bride-elect. She was tall, straight as a pine-tree, and cherry of cheek. Her stately head wore a crown of blue-black hair, wound braid upon braid above the high, somewhat narrow forehead, which I now proceeded to kiss.

She bowed her head, saying stiffly, "Thou art welcome, cousin Wilhelm."

And this I knew was her best manner, and that she was as glad to see me as another, and no more.

In the meantime my heart ached. Where was the sweet, silver-winged home-angel, that my soul had claimed for its own from the first?

Sighing, I looked down at the little ones, who, at first, awed and half-terrified at my bronzed and bearded presence, now clung around me, caressed my hands, and cried, "Sailor man, tell us about the sea." "Yes, and the whales," "and about the mermaids, that comb their long, yellow hair."

This was stopped by my third cousin, Margretta, who said, in her frozen accents, that no summer heat could ever warm, "Silly children, do you think cousin Wilhelm hast nothing better to do than to tell tales of his voyages?"

The little ones, chilled by these accents, hung their heads abashed; but presently their downcast visages grew radiant. The doors of the inner-room unfolded, and disclosed the memorial fir-tree, a glittering, dazzling object, that made even us older people wonder; as for the children they were speechless. Crystals, like icicles, depended from the spreading branches; a likeness of fine snow powdered it; a hundred tapers lighted it; and, curious anomaly, a hundred flowers bloomed amid icicles and snow, and a warble of birds came from the throats of tiny songsters, that flitted in and out of the scented boughs, held thereto by invisible threads. Above all this was set a portrait, garlanded in flowers, with the legend, in German, "Welcome to the Wanderer."

Had I sat in spirit for the likeness? It mirrored my features as if it had been a looking-glass. Angel fingers had painted it, I knew. She, who, standing beneath the tree, outshone its radiance with her angel beauty, her sweetness of womanhood, child, fairy—what was she? so small, so lithe, so floating in her white drapery, with her star-lit flowing hair. My arms ached to imprison her forever, lest the heavens should absorb her—the heavens to which she seemed to belong!

"I can tell what is most beautiful to thee, Albert," said Margretta's voice, at this juncture. The voice was a trifle changed now. Its cold, dry tones were slightly heated by the sting of malice.

A quick pang thrilled me. Who was Albert? What had he to do with my angel? I looked around. A youth, with pink-clover cheeks, a well-knit frame, and a top-knot of light-brown curls, tightly frizzled, met my eyes.

He returned my look, which was one of unconscious defiance, with another.

"Yes, I know which is the most beautiful to me, the angel Hilda."

This he said with a baby lisp, yet with suffi-

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cient firmness. I could have clutched him by the throat, and thrust him from the house.

"Well, well, we have stood staring long enough here," said the lively accents of aunt Martha, who was rubbing her eyes in the most suspicious manner, for the beautiful, despite her irony, always affected her to tears. "Come, little angel with the silver wings, give the children their gifts, that afterward we may have somewhat to eat. Wilhelm, I can tell by his eyes, longs for his supper."

"For shame, aunt Martha," I cried. "I am impervious to hunger!"

"Not thou, indeed; thou wert ever a hungry lad!"

"Nay, nay, Martha," reproved my mother, "thy tongue is too sharp."

"Never mind, sweet motherling," pleaded I. "Thou knowest the tongue of my aunt was my spice-dish, from my infancy; she berated me in my long-clothes."

By this time, the children were reveling in their gifts, and now it was the turn of the older ones. I found myself like to be smothered, if not with roses, then with the gifts that came upon me in a shower—knitted scarfs, socks, woolen head-gear, snow-mittens, and what not. I looked like a Santa-Claus myself, so bedizened was I with all varieties of apparel, that feminine fingers can devise for masculine luxury.

"Thou wilt have to set up a haberdashery," quoth Margretta, with a half sneer.

"Wouldst thou have him giftless," says aunt Martha, sharply, "after so long an absence?" I saw that Margretta ever made my aunt angry.

The silver-winged angel had given the gifts to the little ones with a smile that was beautiful to behold, for I lost not one of her looks—my heart drank and drank of their sweetness as if it would never tire.

I watched Albert now, and saw his clover-pink cheeks flush, when she gave him a watch-chain worked in blue and gold. How I longed to tear it from him.

She did not come near me. But, her task being finished, my mother said, in guarded accents,

"Hilda, come hither."

Hilda came. I remembered of the long-ago Christmas-eve, when the fire glowed red in the grate, and she stood on the rug before it, with the snow-flake crown on her flowing hair.

"This is thy brother Wilhelm, child," said my mother, pointing to me.

"Welcome, dear brother," she said, laying a little waxen hand in mine. Its touch thrilled me. It was so flower-soft, dewily fresh, it seemed the same satin-palm I had folded fast to comfort the little stranger, when I shared my toys with her, and she went to sleep on my shoulder.

"Remember, she is ever to be thy sister, Wilhelm," said my mother, perusing my face, with those pale, blue eyes, that had ever swayed me when they looked as now, keen with decision.

"I would rather that Margretta should ever remain my cousin," quoth I, in tones loud, yet bold.

Did Hilda understand? She drew away the flower-soft palm, she turned from me, the print of a rose on each cheek. But alas! as she turned, I saw that about her neck glimmered a fine gold chain, and I fancied that hidden in her bosom was a locket. Was it his, that intolerable Albert. Had I come home for this?

"Play, that the children may sing their carol, daughter Hilda," commanded my mother.

Hilda, sitting at the small, upright piano, began to play and sing softly. Her voice was only a thread of melody; but ah! so sweet, so sweet. The words were,

"Carol, carol, Christians,
Carol joyfully;
Carol for the coming
Of Christ's nativity."

The children swarmed around her like a flock of doves, perched upon her chair, hung over her shoulders, and rang out the melody like a chime of bells; still through all I could catch the gliding accents of sweetest sweetness, like a rill freshening a meadow of daisy flowers.

"Thou shouldst hear Hilda and Albert sing together," whispered Margretta in my ear. The words stung like a swarm of bees—as she meant they should.

"Together?" faltered I, scarce knowing what I said.

"Didst thou not know of their love? Yes, they have ever of late gone to singing-school, and looked over the same book in company. Surely, thou canst not but have seen that his eyes follow her everywhere."

I vailed my feelings; the heart that has loved truly and long cannot learn doubt at once. I said to myself, "She who has painted my picture, has painted it with the eyes of faith. What gives faith but love?"

"Supper is ready," cried aunt Martha, bustling in, and an indescribable fragrance of coffee, spices, and what-not that was good, followed her.

"Thou wilt take out Margretta, my son," commanded my mother.

I obeyed. Albert, as if of course, offered his arm to Hilda, who still wore her wings and star, for the children would have it so. My confidence at this left me. I was in despair again.

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As we passed through the wide, old-fashioned hall, with its carved stair-case, Margretta pointed to the portrait, with its grim square of black and gilt, that, now struck upon by a beam of moonlight, showed plainly the handsome, unpleasant face in its center.

"They say I am like her; do you think so, cousin?" she said.

"Perhaps; but then you are more beautiful."

This was true, if I was a fool to say it, for Margretta was handsome to the outward gaze, however the heart reversed the decision.

Here was the supper-room, and one's mouth watered. Was it cold enough to freeze one outside? What matter, when the coffee-urn, huge, crusted with rich frost-work of silver, as its years and dignity warranted, was nigh hidden in a cloud-land of steam. Beneath the swinging globe of light, that overhung the oval table, was a china stand, heaped high with the glow of crimson apples; great, frosted cakes, aunt Martha's handiwork, flanked this; honey-sweet metheglin, spiced and scalding hot, sent up a vaporous dew at either end, and between was the golden-brown of the krollers of my mother's Germany; the darker tint of New England dough-nuts, and various nondescript dishes, that are the pride of Christmas, which was everywhere betokened on the table by garlandry of green branch and holly-berry.

We ate and drank with Christmas glee; and then came the cutting of the largest cake, the one that held the ring, according to the immemorial custom.

Aunt Martha bore the cake about in triumph, and when she came to me, said, in a whisper,

"Take the slice toward thee, Wilhelm; methinks, by curious coincidence, thou wilt find therein the treasure."

I found, surely enough, a plain gold ring, one of betrothal. My courage, my hope, all came back. Had my aunt's whisper anything to do with it?

I held up the ring that all might see. My mother fixed her eyes on me; Margretta held her head up proudly—she did not doubt my choice; aunt Martha looked at me earnestly, her lips moved, I almost thought she prayed.

This I felt rather than saw; for looking, not to the right hand, nor to the left, I walked straight to Hilda. Hilda, who had held my heart from childhood within her dear little hands.

She, gazing into my face, smiled, even as a child in utmost confidence, and, smiling back, I slid the ring on the finger.

"My Hilda," I said. "It is the ring of betrothal."

I promise you there was a scene; not a wordy one, it is true, but each expressed his or her sentiments in action; my mother looked steely, her eyes said, "I will never consent."

Margretta's face was awful; none cared to look at it but once. As for aunt Martha, she kissed Hilda heartily, and then myself, first on one cheek, then on the other. Albert had vanished from the scene for the nonce, and soon Margretta, with a dark face of hatred, followed him, "miching mallecho" in her eyes.

With displeasure in all her mien, my mother led the way out of the supper-room. The rest of us followed, I unconscious of all save that Hilda was on my arm.

In the wide, great hall was a long window, that held an oaken seat for two.

"Stop here, my Hilda," I said. I put my arms about her, that she might not be cold, and she nestled within them, as birdling that had found its home.

"Dost thou wear a locket, my betrothed?"

"Yes, Wilhelm."

Tremblingly, all blushing in the clear moonlight that, silvering the hall, made the wax lights dim, she drew forth a little golden ornament. Placing it in my palm, it thrilled me through, for it was warm with her heart-warmth.

"Remember, if it is another's, I throw it away," I said.

"Nay, my Wilhelm, thou shalt not; I love it too dearly."

I forced the trinket open. Smiling in my face, was my own painted image, truer even than the portrait.

The tender scene was interrupted. Margretta, looking more than ever like her ancestress, whose baleful face hung above, stood before us.

"One whom thou hast wronged would have something to say to thee, Wilhelm."

"I will settle that," said I, rising.

Outside, in the porch, I found Albert. I did not know he could look so grim, yet I felt kindly toward him—toward all the world.

"Well?" said I, mildly.

"When one man wrongs another, in these parts, we fight it out," said Albert.

"Albert," sighed a gentle voice over my shoulder.

It was Hilda. Albert looked abashed. "What, would you fight with my husband? Didst thou not guess we had loved one another always—since we were born almost?"

"Margretta told me otherwise. But for him, she said, I might have had you."

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"Margretta spoke unwisely. Thou wilt forgive her and me, Albert; for, indeed, I am innocent; I loved one so truly, I never thought of any other; and thou didst seem a very brother."

Albert spoke no word, but grasped my hand, and held it like a vice, looked once over his shoulder at my betrothed, and went away.

When we came back in the "best room," there was no one there; aunt Martha, as I suspected then, and knew afterward, had dispersed them. In the inner-room, however, was my mother; the fir-tree had burnt out its tapers, but there was light enough elsewhere, and I saw my portrait, and its legend of welcome, plainly written in flowers above.

My mother was looking at it fixedly. She heard us enter, and turned angrily toward us.

I chose the short way, and the bold one. It was thus I had won indulgences from her in my childhood. When I spoke in this manner, she felt I was my father's son.

I pointed to the legend.

"Does the inscription set in flowers lie, my mother? Thy son is not welcome, methinks! Out in the wide world, I will find a home for me, and for mine."

Her face grew tender all at once. The eyes lost their fire. She burst into tears. She held out her arms.

"My son, my son!" she cried.

I brought my little one, my Hilda, to her, and she folded us both in one embrace, blessing us.

Midnight found us by the fire, each on a stool at my mother's knee.

More sacred than lands, dearer even than my father's wish, was the long heart-craving that declared Hilda was its own. The wide world owned not for me a creature so sweet as the tiny figure, that, folding within my arms, with my mother's eyes above me, I christened, then and ever, my "wee wifie."

In the honey-dew of a happiness sweeter than I can tell—sweeter than my mother's time-honored draught of metheglin, I drink to all the world, and crave that true hearts, everywhere, may come to their own, at the blessed, beautiful Christmas-time; the hallowed time of "good gifts unto men," of that blossoming of the world that shall shine, when flowers are dead, "Peace and good-will—peace and good-will on earth for evermore."

DROWNED.

BY FREDERICK R. TIFFANY.

Green are the banks of the beautiful river;
Deep are the waters that flow o'er its bed;
Still are the winds; of the leaves, not a quiver,
Disturbeth the quiet that reigns o'er the dead.

Cold, stark and stiff, on the sands she is lying,
White as the marble from Italy's shore;
Stilled is the heart with its pitiful sighing;
Dead! She has gone, to return nevermore.

Weary repenting, when none would believe her;
Tired of meeting the world's scornful eye;
Worn out with waiting for death to relieve her,
Deep 'mid the waters she plunged, there to die.

Dead! Her betrayer, at last, is relenting;
Why not a word e're she came to this shore?
Kindness had led her from sin to repenting;
Now she has gone to return nevermore.

Clothe the frail form of the poor, sinful creature;
Clasp the white hands o'er the still whiter breast;
Smooth the damp hair from each beautiful feature,
Close the pale lips—let her quietly rest!

Tenderly raise her, with touch so caressing;
Place her cold clay on the funeral bier;
Young, and so beauteous—offer a blessing—
Over her grave and her faults shed a tear.

AT SET OF SUN.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

If we sit down at set of sun,
And count the things that we have done,
And counting find
One self-denying act, one word,
That eased the heart of him who heard;
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count that day well spent.

But if through all the life-long day,
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
We've done no thing that we can trace,
That brought the sunshine to a face;
No act, most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

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THE WRONG ONE.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

THE district-school at Long Bridge was over for the day, and only one or two stragglers yet lingered, while the teacher, a pale, wearied-looking girl, stood putting her desk to rights.

The children had been unusually troublesome that day, and the discouragements at home seemed to culminate; a shiftless father, a sickly mother, and "Marm," as she was called—short for Marmora—the eldest of five. That horrible mortgage on the farm was always swallowing up money, like an insatiable tiger, to be constantly propitiated for fear of his tearing them to pieces, and one hundred and twenty-five dollars was wanted now. How in the world was she to get it? One or two tears fell into the open desk, for there was no one there to be troubled by them, and it had been such a depressing day.

September airs came in softly through the open doors; and there was beauty in the distant hills, with their soft purple haze; beauty in the clustering maples, hanging out here and there a banner of flame; beauty in sky, and earth, and air; but the poor little teacher saw it not, for more lovely, to her tearful vision, would have been a roll of crisp greenbacks.

A boy came in, and handed her a letter. He had met Sam Wild in the road, and Sam had been to the post-office.

Marmora didn't often get letters; and, like most persons to whom letters are rarities, she studied this for a minute or so before opening it. That well-defined, gentlemanly hand-writing was quite unfamiliar; but the address "Miss Marmora Brade, Long Bridge, —— County, New York," was quite correct. Who could be writing to her?

Presently, as though she had not thought of it before, Marmora read her letter. When she had done this, she grew white, and almost gasped for breath. That document of two close pages was her first offer; and it came from a man whom she had only seen once, and whom she had never expected to see again.

The circumstances were peculiar, and happened thus:

About two weeks before, she had returned from a visit, made during her vacation, to an aunt, who lived fifty miles away; and although she could ill be spared from the home routine, she had been running down so during the summer, that the change was absolutely needed. The poor, overworked mother saw this only too plainly; and cheerfully took the additional burden, while she helped her daughter to get ready for a month's sojourn at aunt Talbot's.

That month did wonders for Marmora. She had nothing to do but eat, sleep, and grow fat; and the plump, rosy girl who got into the stage on her homeward journey, was quite a contrast to the white, shadowy damsel, who might have been living on a diet of slate pencils, dropped at her aunt's door by the same vehicle a few short weeks ago.

There were only two other passengers, and both of them were gentlemen. One, a fresh-looking, middle-aged man, with a slightly bald head; the other, young, tall, and interesting. But the elder man was much the more cheerful of the two, for he kept up a lively fire of remarks, while the younger one scarcely spoke at all. He looked as though he could talk, if he chose, but he seemed sad and indifferent; and when Marmora occassionally encountered the glance of his dark eyes, she turned her own away in blushing confusion, as if she had been guilty of an impertinence.

She was somewhat given to dreaming, this little, country school-teacher; and several times since, she had thought of these sad, half-questioning eyes, and sighed a little, perhaps, with a sort of Maud Muller feeling.

There was twenty miles of staging before the cars could be reached; and the ride proved quite an eventful one.

A sudden shower came up, a pitiless, drenching rain, with thunder and lightning; and after struggling on for a little while, the stage came to a stand-still, and the driver, battered and drenched, appeared at the door.

"Well, folks," he said, "I guess you may as well get out here, and toddle into the house—the off-horse is scared to death at the lightnin', and I ain't over fond of it myself. It'll come handy to take your dinner, I expect, though Mrs. Jacobs 'll never be hung for her cookin'."

That "Mrs. Jacobs" ought to be "hung for her cookin'" had been the conclusion of other travelers beside themselves; but they did not expect much, at the outset, from a tall, worried-looking woman, with her face tied up for tooth-

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ache, overrun by a swarm of dirty children, who whooped in and out of the hall and sitting-room like a horde of young savages.

The gentlemen looked meek and resigned, when Mrs. Jacobs, after surveying them hopelessly, said that "she reely didn't feel equal to fixin' up anythin' "—she'd told Jacobs, over and again, that she didn't set out to keep a hotel, but folks would keep droppin' in," etc.

They begged her not to put herself out in the least; they only wanted a shelter until the storm was over; but Marmora knew better. The poor, half-drowned creatures, she decided, ought to have something hot; and she felt the keen demands very sensibly herself. So, following Mrs. Jacobs out to the kitchen, she soon explored the capabilities of her larder; and while the washed-out-looking hostess watched her movements with unresisting surprise, she got up a hasty, but attractive repast, of which the foundation was eggs, coffee, and biscuits.

Mrs. Jacobs became so interested, that she produced some wretched pie, some hard preserves, and soft pickles, to help out the feast; and Marmora, with rolled-up sleeves, bright eyes, and flushed cheeks, laid the cloth herself, in the sitting room—presenting such a pretty picture, as she did it, that her traveling companions gazed upon her with very evident admiration. The elder gentleman advised her to hurry her preparations, or they should certainly begin upon her, just to find out whether cheeks that looked like peaches tasted like them.

Marmora blushed vividly and disappeared; and the speaker remarked to his companion, that she was a very nice little girl, and would make a jewel of a wife for any man who had common sense—and the young man, as usual, said nothing.

The impromptu cook and serving-maid entered into the fun of the thing in the most spirited manner; and they all looked upon it as a regular frolic—an impromptu picnic of the first water. Marmora was accustomed to bringing order out of chaos at home; and, somehow, she managed to make the dreary sitting-room look cozy and attractive. The children were banished to the kitchen, where the good-natured stage-driver took them in hand, and told them stories that made their unkempt hair stand more on end than ever.

It was really a cheery, refreshing meal, after all; and the gentlemen gratefully acknowledged that they would have been poor, forlorn creatures indeed without the bright, presiding spirit, that had cast such sunshine over their path.

The storm cleared almost as suddenly as it had lowered; and the stout gentleman, declaring that he must have his share of the pleasure, paid Mrs. Jacobs liberally for the viands consumed by himself and Miss Brade. He would also have paid for the other traveler, but that haughty young gentleman would not permit it.

Marmora blushed again, and allowed the gentleman, who seemed to have taken her under his supervision, to help her into the vehicle. He paid her a great many compliments during the remainder of the ride, and, at parting, laughingly asked for her address. He did not wish, he said, to lose sight of such a girl as she was.

Marmora thought it rather funny, but as he was much older than herself, she didn't mind it. She gave him the address, and then, with a low bow, and some half-murmured thanks from the owner of the dark eyes, she took her train, and went homeward, while her companions were borne off in a different direction.

And now this letter had come from her elderly admirer, saying that he had not been able to get her out of his mind ever since she had made such sunshine for two lorn men, in that very shady place, Mrs. Jacob's sitting-room; and if she could be persuaded to make his sunshine for the remainder of his life, he would feel illuminated at once. He was older than she, he added; and he thought quite lately, that he had buried his hopes for this world, ("a widower, of course," commented Marmora,) but he now felt that earth held much brightness for him yet, if the only woman who could make him forget the past would listen to his suit. He could offer her an independent fortune, and the devotion of a lifetime; would she give him permission to visit her, and hear from her own lips what he had to expect?

This document was signed "Your stage-coach companion, Edward Forbes," and then followed his address in New York.

Marmora could scarcely think connectedly. Surprise seemed to have paralyzed all her faculties. But hurriedly finishing her work in the school-room, she thrust the letter into the satchel, and hastened home.

Mrs. Brode looked up in astonishment at the strange conduct of her daughter, who burst into tears, and handed her the letter.

"Oh, Marmora!" said the sick woman, when she had fairly taken it all in, "If he was a nice, kind man, and you thought you could like him, I should be so glad!"

"But, wouldn't you miss me, mother?" asked the girl, with a quivering lip. It hurt her that they were so willing to let her go.

"I should like to have you settled," was the

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reply; "and, perhaps, Marm, we should get the mortgage paid off—that would give me a new lease of life, I think."

"Bought and sold," thought Marmora, bitterly. That was just what it seemed to be; and she shrank involuntarily, as she recalled Mr. Forbes' prominent light orbs, full, rosy face, and decidedly stout figure. But then, as her parents urged, she did not love any one else, (good reason why, thought poor Marm,) and Mr. Forbes might, at least, come on a visit, and be taken into consideration. Perhaps, she would get to like him very much indeed.

And so, Marmora, urged on all sides, and vainly wishing that the dark eyes, with only a clerk's small salary, perhaps, had laid themselves at her feet instead, indited the fateful letter. She only wrote one word, "Come;" but that cost her more than the longest epistle she had ever attempted.

Two or three times she was on the point of tearing it up. Once, after she had deposited it in the post-office, she started to get it back again; and when the letter was fairly off, beyond all recovery, she devoutly hoped that Mr. Forbes might change his mind before he got it.

But not he. The letter seemed to have reached him with the speed of a telegram, and, in the same lightning-like way, came back the announcement, that he would be at Long Bridge on the following day.

There was hurrying to and fro in the Brade domicile, and general putting of things to rights. The unlucky farmer was usually smiling and contented-looking; but now he fairly beamed with complacency; and the pink ribbons in Mrs. Brade's new cap seemed to cast a faint glow of health on her cheek. Marmora had a delicate, lady-like prettiness about her, that emotion always heightened; she could not look upon this matter-of-fact Mr. Forbes quite as a lover; and yet, feeling that he had a right to her at her best, she dutifully put on a white dress, and her mother insisted on pinning a bunch of pink chrysanthemums in her bosom.

The flowers were a lovely color, and so were the cheeks above them. Marmora, slipping off very quietly, threw a shawl over her arm, and walked out into the lane at the side of the garden. Somehow, she could not meet the man in the house; she felt as if she should choke within four walls; and if he cared to find her, he might search for her outside.

It was all very queer, she wondered, if she were not dreaming it? She believed she would just walk on, away from the fate, not caring what she came to. Why should she?

Presently, she heard footsteps behind her. People seldom passed through that lane. Who could be coming now? She felt a cold chill creep over her at the thought of Mr. Forbes. Had he managed to discover her already? It seemed like witchcraft.

Marmora turned suddenly, and saw the last person in the world whom she wished to see, except Mr. Forbes—the man who had been so persistently in her thoughts for the last few days.

"Oh, why did you come?" she said, in distress, putting out her hands, as though to push him from her.

"I have come in answer to the word you wrote me," was the smiling reply. "Surely, you do not regret it already?"

"You!" she exclaimed, growing white and faint.

"Yes, I, Edward Forbes; did you not expect me?"

He hastened up to the tottering figure. For the first time in her life, Marmora had fainted.

Mr. and Mrs. Brade wondered what had become of their daughter, and also of the expected lover, who should have been there by the train that came an hour ago; but when, just as the last rays of sunset glinted over the hills, the two walked in, radiant, the astonishment of the parents was supreme.

Could this very prepossessing young man really be the Mr. Forbes whom Marmora had represented as middle-aged and unattractive? What did it all mean?

But Edward Forbes' bewilderment was quite over, for Marmora had told him the whole story; and if, at first, it was not altogether pleasant to think that the lady had been ready to marry some one else, he remembered the peculiar circumstances of the case, and forgave her.

He had told his story, too. When they met in the stage-coach, he had just been made miserable by a fashionable coquette, and the world, of course, all seemed stuffed with sawdust. He had felt Marmora's sweet brightness, through all his misanthropy, and basked in it like the sunshine. He had found himself watching her movements, and speculating upon her home-surroundings, as he sat there buried, apparently, in his own thoughts. He had experienced flashes of indignation at the forwardness of his companion; but the man so evidently meant no harm by it, and the girl took it in such good part, that there was nothing to be said.

He listened eagerly when Marmora gave the elderly party her address, though no one would have supposed him to be thinking of anything

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but the straps of his valise, which he was carefully securing; and when, after his return, he found himself constantly dwelling on the girl's sweet, deft, housewifely ways, and her smiling, changeful face, he resolved to venture on the bold step of writing to her, and asking her to be his wife. What did he care what her father, mother, sisters, or brothers might be like, when the girl herself was neither ungrammatical, nor unlady-like? With a little training, she would grace the first society in the land; and, fortunately, he had no one to consult but himself.

She looked very young, this Marmora. What a quaint, Eastern sort of name! She looked seventeen, but was twenty; and as Edward Forbes had reached the venerable age of thirty, he wrote the words which helped to carry on her mistake. He did not know how she would receive his letter. Perhaps she would feel indignant that the acquaintance of a stage-coach ride should presume to address her in this way; and until her charming little answer of one word reached him, he was almost miserable; for he had quite set his heart on this little wild-flower of a girl, who was in such sweet, fresh contrast to that somewhat worn camelia, Florence Hastings.

The mortgage on the farm was paid off, and the Brades were prosperous and happy ever after.

As to the worthy individual who appeared to Marmora in the undesirable light of a probable husband, for a few wretched days, it is only just to say that nothing was farther from his thoughts; for, as he was the lawful property of a severe lady, who ruled him with a rod of iron, and his eldest daughter was just about Marmora's age, he scarcely bestowed an after-thought on his stage-coach companion; and when he met her, as Mrs. Edward Forbes, he did not recognize her.

HAPPY HOURS.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

We know not how the moments fly,
We never wish the morrow;
No thought of trouble comes anigh,
Or hint of coming sorrow.
Throned in our breast, a regal guest,
Love sits serene and smiling;
Each happy moment, full of rest,
With love's own sweets beguiling.

Oh, happy hours, that fly too fast!
Oh, moments rich in blessing!
The light that glids you still shall last,
Its brightness still possessing.
In sweet content the days are spent,
In peace the twilight closes,
And softly through the silence sent,
Night's starry gate uncloses.

Oh, happy hours! the love that lies
Within thy shining portal,
Shall yet unfold to bless our eyes,
With joys that shine immortal.
Oh, hours that hold a bliss untold!
And dear beyond all saying;
Each sunny moment linked with gold,
In flowery ways delaying.

Oh, happy hours! the winds that sweep
From woodland and from meadow,
And through the clover thickets creep
When honey bees are fed, oh!
In wanton strife, with odors rife,
They breathe through all thy sweetness
A charm that lingers on while life
Is rounded to completeness.

A LOVE SONG.

BY ANNIE E. DOTY.

Thine eyes, sweet twin forget me-nots,
Afloat in liquid pearl,
Shine soft beneath black, arched brows,
Shine soft through lashes curl;
Turn those eyes from me away,
Lest thou make too bright the day!

Thy teeth, a flock of milk-white doves,
In a bed of roses sleeping;
Thy lips as red as tanager plumes
Hold such smiles in their keeping.
As dent the dimples deeper in,
On glowing cheek and rounded chin.

Thy brow, a piece of ivory,
Set thy fair locks between;
Thy locks that roll down neck and breast
Their rippling, yellow sheen,
Like banner wove of softest silk,
Afloat upon a sea of milk!

Then come into the garden, love,
And walk 'midst the lilies with me,
And lay thy hand within my own,
Which shall my answer be.
Oh, come, love, come, the hours go by;
We're waiting, love—the lilies and I!

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THE LOST INHERITANCE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 353.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MAUD INGERSOLL knew that she was being carried at a rapid rate through the country, for street lamps no longer scattered stars along the way, and the purple twilight had deepened into entire darkness. She was troubled by the strangeness of this proceeding, and grew painfully nervous. Nothing but the knowledge that her grandfather had arranged to go down to the Jersey Coast kept her from absolute desperation. As it was, vague terrors seized upon her. The dark loneliness of her position became almost unbearable. Once or twice she shook at the window, and cried out to know where she was, and when she would reach her grandfather.

No answer was given to this passionate appeal. In fact it is doubtful if the two persons in front heard it at all, for the road was rough, and the wheels rattled noisely over it, drowning her voice. After a vain attempt to open the window, the poor girl fell back in a panic, for that and the doors were securely fastened on the outside. She was so inexperienced that a doubt arose in her mind if this was not the usual construction of such vehicles, and out of her ignorance she reassured herself.

Once the carriage stopped, and a man with a lantern, leading a pair of horses, passed the window. Before she could make an appeal to this man, he was gone, and she saw his lantern moving off to the right, revealing the outlines of a pair of horses. Those she had seen before were black, or seemed so in the imperfect light.

Then the carriage moved on again, at a swifter pace than it had yet gone; and Maud shrunk back among the cushions, helpless and passive.

At last the horses checked their speed, and stopped suddenly before the outline of a ghostly white house, with closed doors and blinds, through which a few bars of light shone dimly.

Then the door opened, and the English groom looked in.

"This is the place, young lady. Will you step out?"

Maud sprang up, and, regardless of the steps, leaped to the ground.

"Is my father here? Does he know I am coming?" she asked, breathlessly.

"All right. This way, Miss," answered the man, opening a gate. "Of course, you are expected."

Maud fairly ran up the walk, and was beating with her hand against the door, when the groom came up and pushed it open. The next instant she was in a broad hall lighted only from the gleam of a lamp that came from a partially-opened door on one side.

"This way," said the groom, pushing the door open. "Here is the young lady, sir."

Maud had entered the room when this last speech was uttered. She turned sharply with a cry of fear, and was darting into the hall when the groom went out and locked the door after him.

Then Sir Charles Oakley came forward, bland and smiling, with one hand held out in seemingly frank hospitality.

"Ah, this is an honor and a happiness I hardly dared to expect," he said. "I only wish this old house were a palace, that your reception might be more worthy."

Maud stood before him, white as a cloth, and haughty as a queen. Indignation had swept away all her terror.

"I am to understand by your presence, sir, that my grandfather is not here, that he has never authorized my coming."

"Understand anything and everything that you desire, most fair girl," said the young man, "for, after this condescension, you shall have no wish that is not gratified. It was not to make you mistress of an old barrack like this that I practiced a little harmless deception, but to secure an opportunity of saying how deeply, how devotedly I love you."

For the first time in her young life a look of withering scorn swept that fair face. It was all the answer she gave to a speech that filled her with contempt so deep that all the terrors of her situation were lost in it.

The young man flushed with anger, and a dangerous menace came into his sleepy blue eyes.

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"A second time," he said. "Young lady, does it not strike you, that Sir Charles Oakley is not used to seeing his love met with silent scorn?"

"I have never cared to ask the question," answered Maud. "But, silent or spoken, there is nothing but scorn to render back for an insult like this."

"Insult! Why, girl, I am offering you wealth unbounded—devotion. I am offering to take you out of that loathsome tenement-house and place you in a palace, such as you never dreamed of."

Maud lifted her hand and said, quietly,

"Hush, sir! If this is an offer of marriage, I reject it; only regretting that the shameful way you have enforced it upon me, renders common thanks impossible."

"Marriage! Marriage!"

This time the young man's face was lighted with an expression half scorn half amusement.

Maud looked at him wonderingly.

All at once his face changed. He was quite incapable of understanding the entire innocence of thought and action which made the young creature so childlike, yet left her so proud.

"Ah, I see. If you prefer that idea, I do not object," he said, drawing nearer to her.

"I have but one preference, and that is to return to my grandparents as soon as possible. It must be near morning. They have been expecting me all night. You could not have the heart to make them suffer so had you known how terribly they will grieve."

"But not as I should grieve to lose you," answered the young baronet, relapsing into his persuasive smile, which even then had something supercilious in it. "You feel for them so much, but forget that I love you a thousand times better than they ever—— Come, come, it is useless to resist destiny. Content yourself a few hours here, and in another day you and I will be on our route to Europe, or to the West, if you prefer it."

Maud turned her eyes from that flushed and eager face and moved toward the window. It was fastened, like the door; but one of the blinds had blown open, and she saw the first bright gleams of coming dawn through the night-gloom. It was a faint glimmer, which scarcely changed the general darkness, but her heart leaped to it with a wild glow of hope.

"The morning breaks," she said, turning from the window as Sir Charles approached it.

"What then, sweet one?"

"There must be some way of getting home, and I will go."

"And what will you say when once there? That you have spent the night with a young gentleman in this rather out-of-the-way place?"

"I will say the truth," answered Maud, firmly.

"But isn't the truth rather awkward. My carriage awaited you at the hotel-door; my groom helped you in."

"No, no!"

"But he accompanied you all the way. Who will believe that you did not come by appointment?"

"My grandfather will believe me."

"Perhaps—for he seems an innocent old party; but who else will be so credulous?"

Maud felt a sudden faintness creep over her. She thought of Arthur White, and her courage was gone. For the first time during that interview tears swelled into her eyes. She turned away and once more looked drearily through the window. In a moment he was by her side.

"There, there, my angel, listen to reason!"

Maud shook his hand from hers as if it had been a viper; fire blazed through her tears; a look of wild loathing swept over the loveliness of her face. That instant, as the two stood face to face, in open defiance, a quick, leaping step was heard on the gravel, some human figure came with a bound upon the veranda; the half blind was flung open, the sash crushed in, and through it broke the man Burke, breathing hard, and clenching his teeth in burning wrath.

"Touch but the hem of that young lady's garments again, and I will dash the breath from your body. Do you hear, coward?"

"Coward!" stammered the baronet, clenching his fist with an Englishman's quick impulse of assault. "Coward! And who are you, ruffian, that dares use the word?"

"Who am I, boy—your uncle! A man that has degraded himself, but never so much that he cannot both despise and punish you. Step further back from this young lady, I say! Your breath taints the air she breathes."

Sir Charles was struck dumb and breathless. Was this stern, rude man the brother Lady Oakley had been so anxious to find? Could he speak the truth in this?

"You my uncle? You?"

The look of haughty scorn that accompanied these words brought a gleam of intense rage into the strange man's eyes; but he simply put the baronet back with his hand, while he turned to address Maud. This gesture stung the young man into more intense rage.

"Leave this house!" he stammered, "or I'll call my man to put you out!"

"This house is mine. If you will trouble yourself to look over the records, you will find the title-deed recorded in the name of your ma-

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ternal uncle, James Rochester. I am that man, as you have already been told."

"I do not believe it! My uncle died long ago."

"It is not important that you should believe it, young man; but the truth is, by breaking into this dwelling, my property, secretly, in the night, both you and your servant are guilty of burglary, and if I do not arrest you for the crime, it is because you are my sister's son, and I will have more mercy on you than was shown to me."

The young man looked around bewildered; the haughty English blood burned in his veins. He would not believe what Burke had said, but took courage for fresh defiance.

"I do not believe one word of this," he said; "and once more I command you to leave this house. It is my grandmother's property, inherited from a son who died years ago. She told me this herself within the week."

Burke turned away from the young man, conquering the bitter reply that was upon his lips. Going up to Maud, where she stood amazed and half terrified by the window, he addressed her with that gentle courtesy which always marked his speech where she was its object.

"This is no place for you, Miss Ingersoll. I can easily imagine how you have been deluded here, for I and my friend outside have been watching the preparations for some evil deed, which have been going on for days. This is not the first night that we have been led here by lights shining through the shutters, but we did not know their full import till now, or to what cowardly acts a high-born gentleman could descend."

Sir Charles stamped his foot with passion as he heard this, and ground the word ruffian between his teeth. Burke took no heed of the offensive word, but still addressed Maud.

"There is an old woman in a house near the sea-shore with whom you will be safe and comfortable. She is the mother of that man from the West, whom you know. Trust yourself with us, and we will take you to her."

Maud gathered up her shawl.

"Oh, Mr. Burke, let me go at once! No matter how far it is, I can walk," she said, eagerly.

"Not with this ruffian! You shall not go with him!" said Sir Charles, standing in her way, white and trembling with passion.

"Well I rather think this girl is going to do pretty much as she is a mind to," said a deep, positive voice from the window—and Dan White looked in through the broken sash with the air of a sentinel on duty. "You see, young man, I've got a word to say about that. Just stand back, and let the young lady free to choose her own 'sociates. She don't seem over pleased with them you've provided, so I guess I'll take her over to the old woman, and if any harm reaches her there, I'm responsible."

Sir Charles did not move, but stood between Maud and the door, white to the lips.

"By heavens, this is too much!" he cried, furiously. "What ho!"

The groom, who had been skulking at one end of the house, now came boldly on the veranda, ready to aid his master. White saw him and wheeled away from the window.

"This to begin with!" he said, with a lazy swing of the person, and the next minute the groom lay, head downward, in the center of a weedy flower-bed, with his high-topped boots beating against each other. "So much for that!" muttered Dan, turning his back on the flower-bed. "Now just open the door, young fellow, and let that girl out, or, by Jingo! I'll pitch you after him! Ask anybody that knows me if I aint just the chap that can do it."

Still the baronet kept his position, so changed with rage that his best friend would hardy have known him. The muttered curses of his servant came thick and vicious through the broken glass, but this had no power over the insane passion of the master. How it might have ended no one can tell, for he stood at bay like a wild animal, when a carriage dashed up the road, and stopped before the house.

Three people got out of this carriage—old Mr. Ingersoll, Lady Oakley, and a little girl. Sir Charles caught a glimpse of his mother, and a rush of hot crimson flooded the palor of his face.

The groom, burning with shame, picked himself up, and hid his disordered person behind the house when he saw Lady Oakley coming. Dan White rushed into the hall, wrenched the door open, and held it reverently while Lady Oakley and Mr. Ingersoll passed through. The moment Maud saw her grandfather, she went to meet him with both hands held out, and her bosom so convulsed with sobs that she could not speak. The old man drew her to his side, and, bending down, kissed her tenderly on the forehead.

Lady Oakley went up to her son, who wheeled away from her with an impatient gesture, and pointing to Burke, exclaimed,

"Do you know that man, my lady?"

Lady Oakley fastened her eyes upon Burke, who lifted the hat from his head, and turned his face full upon her. It was a white, stern face, and the great, black eyes were full of mournful reproach.

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The lady stood breathless. The color came and went; a wild intelligence broke through her eyes.

"Speak, madam," said the baronet, trembling with impatience. "This man has the audacity to say that he is your brother."

"He is! He is my brother!" cried Lady Oakley; and a glow of exceeding joy swept over her face. "Oh, James, James! how could you keep from us so long? It was cruel! You will never realize how cruel!"

The lady held out her hands as she spoke, and all her superb frame shook with tender emotion.

Burke grasped her hand. Great tears swelled into his eyes, and his chest heaved with passion.

"Oh, Beatrice! Sister Beatrice!"

"I—I have hoped for this all my life," sobbed the lady.

"Then this infamous connection is true, madam," sneered the young baronet. "This ruffian! This convict, for aught I know, is my uncle!"

"As certainly as it is that I am your mother," answered the lady, with calm dignity.

"And you mean to inforce the relationship on me?"

Lady Oakley drew her magnificent figure up to its full height.

"The gentleman is my only brother, and, as such, my son must honor him," she said. "During the best portion of our lives we have been apart. I do not understand the cause; but there shall be no separation hereafter."

The baronet turned on his heel, rude with passion.

"Then, madam, the choice will be between this adventurer and your son. I cannot be dragged into these low associations."

"Low associations! Charles, he is my brother!"

"But I disclaim the relationship."

"And I am proud of it," answered the lady, drawing close to Burke, over whose face a look of keen agony was creeping.

"My poor sister," he muttered. "Do not say that. It kills me."

"There was a time when this, my dear, dear brother was all the world to me; when he felt for me as no other person could—even worked for my support with his own hands. I think he would have died for me."

"Oh, God, forgive me! I did more than that," said Burke, with a sharp cry of distress.

"Sir Charles! Sir Charles! for my sake, be kind to him," pleaded the mother. "You never knew it—how should you, when we were frightfully destitute? Our home in the South was broken up. He was a young man then, pampered, spoiled, caressed as you are now. His hands had never known a day's toil; his spirit rose proudly above it. He was only my half-brother, remember."

"Thank heaven for that!" broke in Sir Charles, with insolent exultation.

"But he gave me the full measure of a brother's love. All our great wealth was swept from us. Nothing was left but this place, which was his inheritance, almost overlooked in our abundance. He brought us here, and worked like a common laborer for our support. I am speaking, Charles, of your grandmother and myself, two spoiled, helpless women, who were a heavy burden to him."

"Very likely!" said the baronet, with a cold sneer.

Lady Oakley turned white with intense feeling.

"I never knew of devotion or self-sacrifice like that which my mother and myself received from this man," she said, in a voice that, without being loud, rang full and clear through the room. "In the dark hour, he was an angel of light to us; but when prosperity came, when your father's love, Charles Oakley, lifted me out of our low estate, he disappeared—how or when I never knew. He might have been dead. My mother believed that he was, but I never did. All through my life in England, the hope clung to me that we should meet again. Now the one great want of my life is satisfied. Oh, my son! my son! have you no sympathy with your mother's joy, that the brother she loved so is found?"

"Oh, yes, madam, you have my sympathy," answered the young man, casting a cool, sidelong sneer at his newly-found uncle. "Your account of my newly-found relative is most interesting; but it leaves so many years of his life in the dark."

"They need not remain so," said Burke, stepping forward, where every eye could scan that face, which had been handsome once, but was nobly grand now; for its whiteness was that of marble, and his great, black eyes were full of fervid light.

"That which my sister has told you may be true. I did wish to save her and my mother from a feeling of the poverty that was upon us. I did work for their comfort, and strive with all the might that was in me to give them some of the luxuries which had become necessities to them; let me do myself that justice; but I did worse than that—not for myself. God is my judge, it was not for myself; but I went into other

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things. On this coast were bands of smugglers; lower still, wreckers, by whom unwary vessels were lured to destruction. I joined these lawless men. I worked with them—became their leader. My sister never dreamed of this. I was adroit, and had willing tools. My disguises were many—but fate overtook me at last. On the very day that your father, young man, asked for my sister in marriage, the law hounds were on my track. That night I came here, risking everything to make myself sure that she was happy. I went to her room, saw that she could smile in her sleep, and went away to my doom content. I had been careful, very careful, not to drag her name into my crimes. On the day she was married I was condemned to prison. From the prison-van I saw her wedding equipage sweep down to a steamer on the wharf bound for Europe. The same day made her a lady and me a convict. As the steamer swept away with her and her noble husband, a miserable craft crawled out from the opposite pier, and bore me to my prison home. This is my life, young man. Knowing it, you have a right to say that association with me is to degrade yourself. You have a right to save your mother from the contagion of a relationship which can do her nothing but harm."

While Burke was speaking Lady Oakley's face underwent a wonderful change. Her face, pale before, became ashen; her lips grew cold and hard; but as he went on, describing the scenes she remembered so well, those lips began to quiver convulsively, her eyes filled with tears, and she shook from head to foot with a great flood of tenderness, sorrow, and regret.

Burke turned to her with mournful humility.

"You know all now, Beatrice, and must see that your son is right. From this hour you and I must be strangers."

Lady Oakley flung out her arms with an outburst of passionate affection.

"No, no, no! It was for my sake!"

Her arms were around the broken man's neck; her head rested lovingly on his shoulder. She clung to him with passionate persistence.

"My lady," said the baronet, angrily. "I will not permit this. Remember who you are."

"I remember that he is my brother, that he toiled for me, suffered for me—sinned for me; that he was in a prison cell, while I reigned in a palace. Henceforth, Sir Charles, my home shall be his."

A look of keen exultation came over the young man's face.

"You forget, my lady," he said, "that having been married in America, no settlements were made. That was nothing, for my father's was munificent, and, up to this time, I have scarcely given the omission a thought; but, once for all, I decline all intercourse with this man. Not one shilling of my father's property shall go to him through you, though he were perishing with hunger."

Burke looked mournfully down into his sister's face. She was almost smiling.

"You see how it is, Beatrice," he said, gently pressing her cheek to his. We must always be far apart."

She lifted her head, and then he saw why it was that the glow of a coming smile had brightened her face.

"Not because my son threatens me with poverty. He knew but little of his mother when he did that. This place is yours yet. It shall be our home. You worked for me once, and I loved you for it. Shall we try the old life again?"

Burke released her from the clasp of his arms almost in dismay.

"What! You, Beatrice? Stay here with me?"

She answered him almost plaintively.

"Oh, you do not know how weary one gets in the great whirl of life. I want rest so. It seems to me as if my heart were taking root again, now that I have found you."

While the lady was speaking, a carriage drove up to the gate, and out of it, like a canary bird, fluttering from its cage, came Mrs. Rochester, trembling in her walk, her head vibrating, and her little feet pattering unevenly, she managed to reach the front door, and, with an effort that took away her breath, pushed it open.

"What is the meaning of this? What brought you away from home? Who brought you here, Beatrice. I insist, I will know all about it."

As she spoke the old woman went close up to her daughter, saw that she was leaning on some one, and put up her glass. It fell from her hand with a suddenness that made every link in the gold chain rattle. A cold, gray whiteness settled on the withered face, and, with a little cry, she fell to the floor, and lay quivering there, like a wounded bird. For one moment her tiny French boots beat weakly on the carpet, then all was still, as if the morsel of humanity under all those waves of silk and quivering lace had suddenly fallen asleep.

Burke stooped down and lifted the old woman in his arms. Her little hands, buttoned tight in thin, mauve-tinted gloves, fell down limp as wet paper. The small mouth was drawn upward at one corner, and all the nerves on that side of the face seemed tied in a knot. There was no vibration of the head—no stir of the limbs.

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"Bring a doctor! Oh, for heaven's sake bring a doctor!" cried Lady Oakley, falling on her knees on the sofa, where they had laid her mother. "She is dying! She is dying!"

Dan White dashed out of the house, and ran to his horse, which was tied to the fence by a halter. Leaping upon his bare back, he put the beast to his speed without stopping for an instant to greet his brother Arther, who had come down by appointment in the early train; but he called out as the horse rushed by,

"Don't be scared, nor nothing. It's all right; you'll find the girl up at the old house with the rest of 'em."

Startled by all this, the young man walked at a quick pace toward the old house, and entered the room, almost unnoticed, in which Mrs. Rochester was lying, still insensible.

"Can I do anything?" he said, bending over Lady Oakley, forgetting that she was a stranger in his quick sympathy.

His voice affected the lady strangely. She began to tremble, and tears swelled fast and large under her eyelids.

"Oh, Charles, I thought you could not be so cruel," she said, with pathetic gratitude.

The young man made no reply. He could only understand that Lady Oakley in her grief had taken him for some one else. She looked up, surprised by his silence, and scanned his face through her tears. Still she was not undeceived.

"Oh, my son, my son! I fear she will never speak again."

Sir Charles Oakley, who had been standing sulkily by the window, thinking himself called, came forward then, and spake in cold, icy tones, that startled his mother.

"It is only one of her old nervous shakes. I suppose the poor old soul left her vinaigrette behind."

Lady Oakley looked up, and saw the two young men close by her side, both with their eyes bent upon her, and seeming so strangely alike, that she was lost in amazement.

"Who—who is this man?" she said.

"I beg pardon," said young White, drawing back. "I have the honor of knowing almost every one here, lady, and seeing that some one suffered, forgot myself."

The lady looked upon him wildly for a moment, and fell upon her knees again, for just then a faint sigh came from the sofa, and the little face there began to quiver.

"She is alive. Our mother still breathes," she said, to Burke, who was gazing mournfully down upon the suffering little creature.

"Hush! She has disowned me. It was the sight of my face that struck her down," he whispered. "It is better that I should go away."

"I—I do not understand."

"Do not ask now—let me go. She moves."

With these words, Burke went softly out of the room, and met Dan White coming through the gate followed by the doctor.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Actuated by a sense of delicacy that few persons would have given him credit for, Dan hesitated to enter the house where his presence might be an embarrassment, and lingered near the gate, while the doctor went forward. Here Burke joined him, evidently in great excitement.

"I don't wonder you feel it," said Dan, "for, after all, she is your mother."

"My mother! Yes, yes, and I loved her so once. Oh, how fatally I trusted her. You don't know all, Dan."

"Yes, I do, pretty generally, anyhow. It was her that set herself agin that other young Oakley, who loved Miss Beatrice so, and whose heart she broke. I mean the young fellow who was traveling with the man your sister married. Didn't I see them together every day amost. Many a time I took 'em out in my boat, and baited her hook; for they both took to fishing like old coasters, though neither one or tother ever catched a thing, but fished for images in each other's eyes, while I pretended not to see. I tell you what, it was no good job that parted them two, for they loved each other dearly."

"I know it. But she married the other, and I helped in it. The poor little woman in yonder made me do anything she wished. She wanted Beatrice to become my lady, and you see what has come of it."

"Yes. I heard all that young whipper-snapper of a barronnight said. It seems he has got her under his heel. She's got to give you up root and branch, or he'll cut off the supplies."

Burke walked on in silence awhile; then he spoke as if following out some train of thought.

"The benefits we peril our souls to gain are ropes of sand after all. See how little Beatrice has gained by her marriage to that high-born Englishman. A lonely heart, early widowhood, and a son like that, who seeks to chain her down with his wealth."

"But he isn't going to do so. She's got too much grit for that, or I'm awfully mistaken. When she spoke of the old house, she meant it, now I tell you. That woman is no man's slave.

Burke listened without reply; he was lost in thought. Dan White also looked far ahead over

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the sea, as if he were holding some argument with himself. At last he spoke.

"I say, Burke, or Rochester—for it is about time, I reckon, to go back to the old name—you never thought that the boy Arthur was my own brother, did you?"

"No. I knew from the first that he was not. He was never seen till that wreck of the steamer, which was the blackest act of my life."

"No mistake about that," said Dan. "I say, friend Burke, who put you up to that night's job?"

"One whose name I will not mention."

"The little old woman up yonder. I was kind of sure of it at the time, boy as I was."

Burke made a desperate gesture, as if to fling a hateful subject from him.

"We will not speak of it; I did the cruel thing. It was my money that bribed your grandfather to light that fiend's fire on the cliff."

"There was but one life lost that night," said Dan, "and that was the one your mother wanted. Don't wince so; you did your best to save that poor lady."

"Yes, after I had lured her on to her death. But destruction is so easy. You are right; I would have given my life to have saved hers at the last."

"Tell me, for I want to know. Why did you want this lady out of the way?"

"Because she had been privately married to the young man who was taken ill at our house."

"The young cousin, your sister loved so, and did not marry?"

"No. The baronet, whom she did marry. Just as the other one had been sent away broken hearted, and we thought everything was going on fairly with the baronet, there came a letter from England, notifying him that a wife, secretly married, and a child, never acknowledged, would sail in that steamer."

"And you intercepted the letter?"

"It was intercepted, and you know what followed. The lady was drowned, and buried from your house. A child was saved. Sir Charles Oakley was free, and ignorant as a child of all this. Both his wife and son are ignorant to-day, no doubt, that he was ever married before. My sister became his wife."

"Poor girl! She loved the other fellow so!"

"The young men loved each other devotedly. When Lester saw that his cousin loved the girl he would have died for, his great heart was stirred to a noble sacrifice. He went away without urging his suit—went no one ever knew where, and Beatrice became Lady Oakley. My mother's ambition was, for once, satisfied, and I became what I am."

"And that young man has got a title and a great fortune with which he now taunts and tramples on his own mother."

"You have seen what he is," said Burke. "Still, the young man is her son."

"Just so! But as for all the rest—— Well, we shall see. One thing more, Burke. In that pocket-book that you let fall over the cliff, when the old man built his fiend-fire, there was a woman's picture, and one of a little shaver of a boy. Did the pictures come with the letter they were wrapped up in?"

"Yes: they were sent by the poor young wife to her husband; but he never got them, or knew that the steamer we wrecked would bring his wife and child."

"Well, yes, that is all straight enough. The picture was just like that poor, dead woman's face. Grandma saw them both, and will swear to it. The little shaver was just as like Arthur before I cut off his curls as two peas in a pod. Grandma can certify to that too."

"Does all this mean that the boy was Sir Charles Oakley's son?" questioned Burke, and that so much proof exists of the fact?"

"It means just that," answered Dan. "I was too young at the time to know about such things, and wanted the little shaver all to myself, for he was just the takingest little trooper you ever saw—and grandpa left enough for us both in a reasonable way. Besides, I didn't want him to be lost in this free country among the stuck-up aristocracy of the old country. Anyway, I kept a close lip about him, and didn't want to know too much myself, being a sort of father, you see; but since I have seen this young barronnight, and know what a mean sneak he is; and since Arthur has taken a shine to this young lady, I have got an idea into my head that I haven't done the square thing by him. I thought of this a good deal out on the prairies, and it was partly that what brought me back to these parts again. The fact is, Burke, you and I have got something to do here, and I am a going right about it."

Burke had become very thoughtful. His newly-found sister was so dear to him, that he shrunk from wounding her through her worthless son.

"The evidence you speak of will be insufficient. There is no proof of a marriage, or that the first Sir Charles Oakley ever had a son before this young man was born."

"Like enough. Only since I have seen this chap just as he is, I mean to search out what it all amounts to. The York lawyers tell me that the old barronnight couldn't will things as we do; so, if the law comes in, there'll have to be a divide, and Arthur will get his share."

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"But Arthur will be the oldest son."

"Naturally, in consequence of that first marriage."

"And the baronet!"

"I don't just like that—no free-born American would in his natural senses. Still, what can't be cured must be endured. Come along. I mean to rake up things before we go back to that house. Arthur came just in time. We can't horsewhip that English—— Well, he's your nephew, and I won't call names; but I should just like to strip his title over his head, and send him back kiting. That's all. Come along now!"

Dan kept walking faster and faster, striding off like a race-horse, as he warmed to his subject. In a brief time the two men came to old Mrs. White's cottage, and Dan pushed open the door without knocking.

"Don't be scared, granny, it's only us," he said. "I'm just going up to my old room. Come along, Burke."

There was a closet attached to Dan's old room with high shelves in it. Mounting a chair, Dan thrust his arm into a corner of the topmost shelf, and drew forth a bundle which looked like a heap of trampled wild-flowers and moss. It really was a superb India shawl, torn at the corners, and stained with sea-water. A mouldy smell came from the bundle, as if it had been tied up damp, and in places the rich fabric of the shawl fell apart where the mould lay thick upon it. Within the shawl were some small garments of rich texture, and elaborately ornamented, as if the deft hand of some adoring mother had exhausted its skill in their adornment.

Dan flung the shawl down upon his bed, tossed the garments after it, and seizing upon a little bag of oiled silk, began to untie it.

"This," said he, loosening the knot with his teeth, giving it an impatient jerk between each word. "This was hung around the little shaver's neck. I never untied it, or told any one about it; but just as like as not it will tell us something."

Burke sat upon the bed, pale with expectation. He felt like a traitor to his sister, but had no power, if he had the wish, to interfere.

Dan had got the bag open, and poured its contents on the bed. It contained some yellow papers, a diamond ring, and three or four letters, written by the father of Sir Charles Oakley to his wife, Catharine. The two smaller papers were a marriage certificate and a certificate of baptism.

"What do you think of that now?" said Dan, triumphantly. "Anything wanting here?"

"Yes, I think so. A positive identification of the child will be necessary before so large an estate as this can change hands."

"Just so!" said Dan. "Just so! Well, there was a smart little English girl came over with this other Lady Oakley, and I helped sling her ashore along the cable. She it was that hung this identical bag around the child's neck, and put these clothes on with her own hands. She is married now, but I reckon we can depend on her telling the truth."

"That will perhaps be enough," said Burke. "Poor Beatrice! This will be a sad blow to her."

"The greatest blessing that ever happened," answered Dan. "A pull back like this will make a man of her son, if the grit be there. Besides, you don't pretend to believe that my boy isn't going to be more of a son to her than that barronnight ever was."

Thrusting the little bag deep into his pocket, Dan walked down stairs and out of the house. Burke followed him in dull silence, sorely troubled in his mind. In the course of an hour they were at the old, white house again. Mrs. Rochester had been carried up stairs. Lady Oakley and Sir Charles were with her, while old Mr. Ingersoll and Maud sat in the parlor, where little Maggie Thorp lay asleep on the sofa.

"Look a here, old gentleman," said Dan, drawing a chair close to the old man. "You ought to know a thing or two about the marks that English aristocrats leave as they pass along. What do you think of this now? If I haven't seen something like it on the back of a great, oak-chair in your room, then call me a sinner, and I won't complain. Besides that, I saw it shining on a tall glass once, that Miss Maud gave me with water in it; and if something like it ain't cut in the silver clasp of that big, old Bible of yours, say I'm mistaken, that's all."

As Dan made this lengthy speech, he took the ring from among the papers, and pointed out a crest, partly enamel and partly diamonds—the same that the old man had taken so much pains to conceal when strangers came to his room.

"Now I want to know just what all these shining curlicues mean, for they beat me?"

Mr. Ingersoll took the ring, and examined it closely.

"It is the Oakley crest, and this ring belonged once to my own father, Sir John Oakley, of Ashford. I have seen it on his hand a thousand times."

"Your own father. Well, if I didn't think something of the sort. You look like it. Don't he, Burke, every inch of him. Then—— Let me see. Then you are that young scape—— I beg pardon—the barronnight's uncle?"

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"Great uncle," suggested the old gentleman.

"Just so! Big uncle. Now I want to know would you object to changing hands?"

"Changing what?"

"Taking another fellow in his place. I've got one on hand, first chop. True breed. Prime, number one—no mistake about that! What do you say now?"

"I do not understand, Mr. White."

"Can't! Well now that is curious. What do you say to my boy, Arthur, now? Nothing mean about him, I reckon. He is'n' likely to forget what is due to his own mother—not much. Dead in love with your girl, too. Make a lady of her! All in the family! Jibes in beautifully, don't it? What do you say now?"

"I am quite at a loss."

"Just so. Natural as grass on a prairie. But that ring proves it, and if it don't, these will. If they don't, there is a woman ten miles from here that will clinch the whole concern, but, perhaps, I had better stop talking while you read."

Mr. Ingersoll did read, and comprehended the whole bearing of the case.

"I knew," he said, gently folding the papers, "that my nephew was married twice; for my son, who loved him, was his confidant; but he believed that both mother and child perished in the shipwreck."

"But you see the little fellow came ashore, bright as a brick."

"Oh, grandfather, tell me what this means?" pleaded Maud, who had been eagerly listening. "Is it Arthur that this gentleman is talking about?"

"Just so, young lady; he'll be a barronnight, just as sure as you live. The oldest son gets it. I've got all the proofs here, safe in my pocket. So there isn't the least use in waiting."

A swift blush swept Maud's face, and she withdrew to the sofa, and ruthlessly woke up little Maggie in her embarrassment.

That moment a faint shriek from an upper room drew the whole party into the hall, and up the stairs. They found Burke lingering near the door of his mother's chamber. When that cry of distress reached him, he went in, pale and mute; for, in that supreme moment, he forgot all the wrong that woman had done him—all the evil she had wrought, and wept like a child, calling her by the sweet name of mother, over and over again, thus burying her faults deep in his suffering and most penitent heart.

There, like a white flower that had withered slowly, she lay, with the rich, fantastic draperies billowing around her, like a poor little butterfly, with its wings broken, crushed down among the flowers from which it has stolen honey all its life.

They all stood together in the dim parlor of that old mansion, on the day after Mrs. Rochester was laid in her grave. Dan White sat at a table with a diamond ring, some sodden garments, and some papers before him. Sir Charles Oakley, pale as death, stood by the table, watching these proofs with fierce, hungry eyes. Lady Oakley, too, was strangely pale, and her eyes, laden with tender sympathy, dwelt on her son's face as if she longed to comfort him.

Mr. Ingersoll was speaking.

"I knew of this marriage," he said. "I knew of the lady's death, and, until this time, believed that her son perished with her. It was agreed between my nephew and my son that the whole thing should be kept secret, as no interests were involved. From the time of Lady Oakley's marriage all intercourse between Sir Charles and my son was broken off. He took his wife to England, and on our scant younger brother's portion, we gave up all the aspirations of birth, and took up a new life in this country. My son married and died before his child here was old enough to mourn his loss. I had no experience in trade, and the little property we had dwindled under my ignorant handling. Thus it was this young man found us when he came to me for lessons. That he is the eldest son of my nephew I have no shadow of doubt. That he will deal generously, nobly by the brother he displaces, I will pledge my own honor."

Here young White came forward and spoke earnestly.

"As the laws would have dealt with us, had my father died without will in this country, so shall it be between us two, if you will have it so, my brother," he said, holding out his hand to the young man who had up to this time been known as Sir Charles.

With an angry sneer the hand was rejected.

"Still it shall be so," said White. "I cannot if I would divest myself of the title, but the right to dispose of all income from the estates is surely mine, and that shall be equally shared with the brother who has lost them. As for this lady, my father's wife, she has lost nothing; but, with God's blessing, shall have found another son."

As he said this, the young man reached out the hand his brother had rejected. Lady Oakley took it, and, as her eyes filled with tears, pressed her lips to his forehead. Then she drew back with a gesture of tender self-abnegation, and passed her arm through that of James Rochester, and he knew that henceforth her home would be with him.

THE END.

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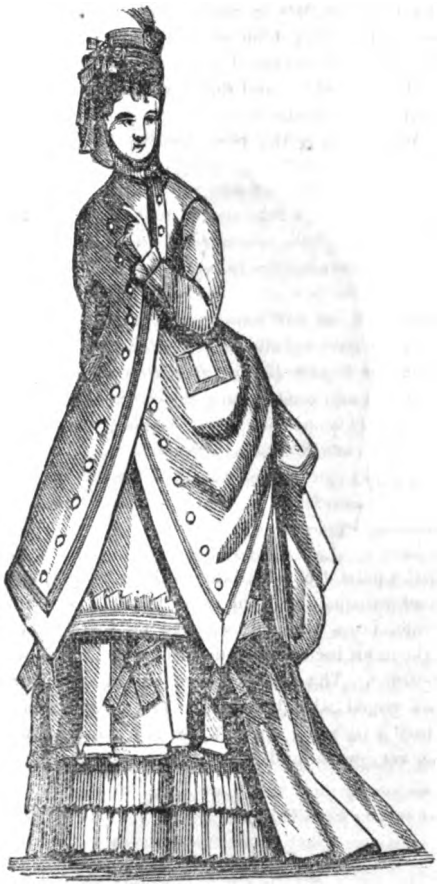
EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a walking-costume with Polonaise of black cashmere or merino.



The under-skirt may be either of the same material as the dress or of black silk. An old silk, re-turned, will always look better, and make a more elegant costume, than to have the skirt of the same material. The skirt is made slightly to touch, and very narrow, not more than three and a half yards round. Across the front breadth and half of the side gore are two rows of narrow side plaiting, four inches deep each; above that is a bias flounce, put on in box-plaits, and stitched down an inch from the bottom. This box-plaiting is headed by three narrow folds of cashmere, or silk, either, and a narrow frill, plaited also in box-plaits to stand up. Across the back breadths is one wide bias flounce, rather full, with the same heading continued as a finish. The Polonaise has simply a binding, one inch wide, of silk, headed by three rows of embroidery braid. Pockets and cuffs of coat-sleeves are trimmed to match. Twenty-four moulds, covered with silk, ornament the Polonaise down the front. Our design calls for a double-breasted Polonaise, but that is optional. They are warmer for this season of the year. Five yards of cashmere or merino, for the Polonaise, and six or eight yards of silk for the trim-

ming of the under-skirt, will be required. This costume may be entirely made of black alpaca,

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at much less cost. A fifty or sixty cent alpaca will make a very genteel and stylish costume after this design. Twenty yards will be enough.

Next we give a costune in two shades of any of the new winter colors—brown, green, plum, etc ; the variety is endless, and in all such fabrics as poplins, mohairs, merinoes, etc. Here the under-skirt barely touches, and is without any train-slope, trimmed with a kilted plaiting nearly half a yard deep. There is a short Polonaise with the waist, untrimmed. The skirt, from the waist down the front and around the bottom, is trimmed with a plaiting four inches deep, to match the under-skirt. Over this is a sleeve-

less jacket of the darker shade of material; and the cuffs are of the same shade, but made entirely separate, and easily adjusted when the outside jacket is worn, which is not always desirable, as by omitting it sometimes, the advantage of two costumes is gained. The kilting and trimming on the Polonaise, of course, is of the darker shade of the material. Ten yards of each shade will be required. The outside jacket needs only a thick cord to finish it all round, and cover the cord with the light shade; let it be as thick as your little finger.

Opposite we give a costume for a little girl of ten to twelve years, consisting of skirt and Polonaise of gray merino. The flounce on the bottom of the skirt is six inches deep, and bound top and bottom with dark-blue merino, silk, or velvet, and put on in double box-plaits at equal distances. The Polonaise, which is open in front, and fits the figure loosely at the back, is simply bound or corded with blue on the edge. Cuffs and epaulets are trimmed to match. Loop quite high at the sides, and finish with a butterfly bow at the waist at the back.

We give next the front and back views of a

girl's paletot of dark-blue cloth or flannel, trimmed with bands of the same material, one inch wide, bows of black watered or plain taffetas ribbon an inch and four-fifths wide, and metal buttons. The bands, revers, collars, and bows, are edged with blue silk. The paletot can be lined with some old silk, or red flannel would be very warm and nice.

Last on the list is a pretty plaid dress, which would do equally well for a little girl or boy of

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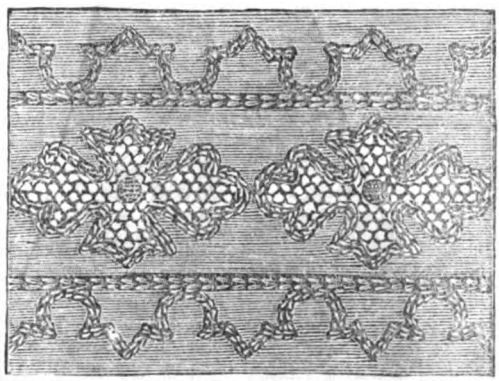
five or six years. It is all made up on the bias, and is a solid check—black and white, or black and red, etc. The trimming for the bottom of the skirt is made by cutting a bias band, four

inches deep, and slashing up at equal distances of two inches, two inches deep, making squares. These are bound with alpaca braid, stitched with white. The waist is attached to the skirt, and the basque finish is separate, and attached to the belt and worn over the dress. Coat-sleeves, with deep cuffs, trimmed to match. The small, circular cape is separate, and worn for out-doors, as the weather may require it. These plaids come in single and double width material, and at all prices, from fifty cents up to one dollar and eighty cents per yard.

We give, in the front of the number, a design for a slipper, and one that is both novel and beautiful. This slipper is to be worked on black cloth, following the colors given in the design; or the slipper may be worked, if preferred, on cloth of any color; in fact, all the colors may be varied, according to taste.

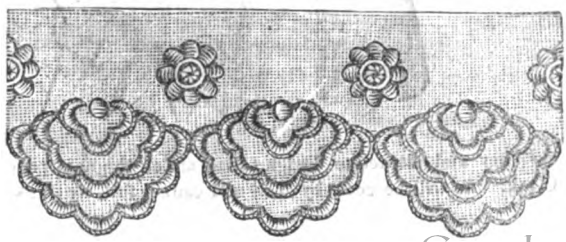
BORDER IN CHAIN-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This border in chain-stitch can be worked by hand or with a machine, and the few loose stitches that are introduced can be afterward added.

BUTTON-HOLE EMBROIDERY.



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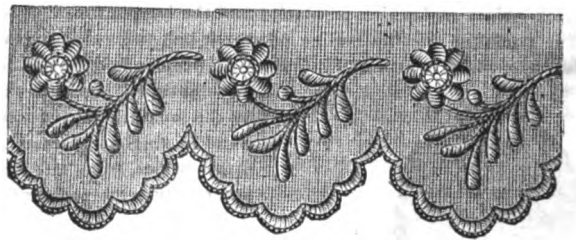
EMBROIDERED BORDER FOR UNDERLINEN.



THE PRINCESS CLOAK.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We here give a showy and attractive design for the Princess Cloak. As will be seen by the diagram on the next page, it can be easily made, and cannot fail, we think, to please our readers.

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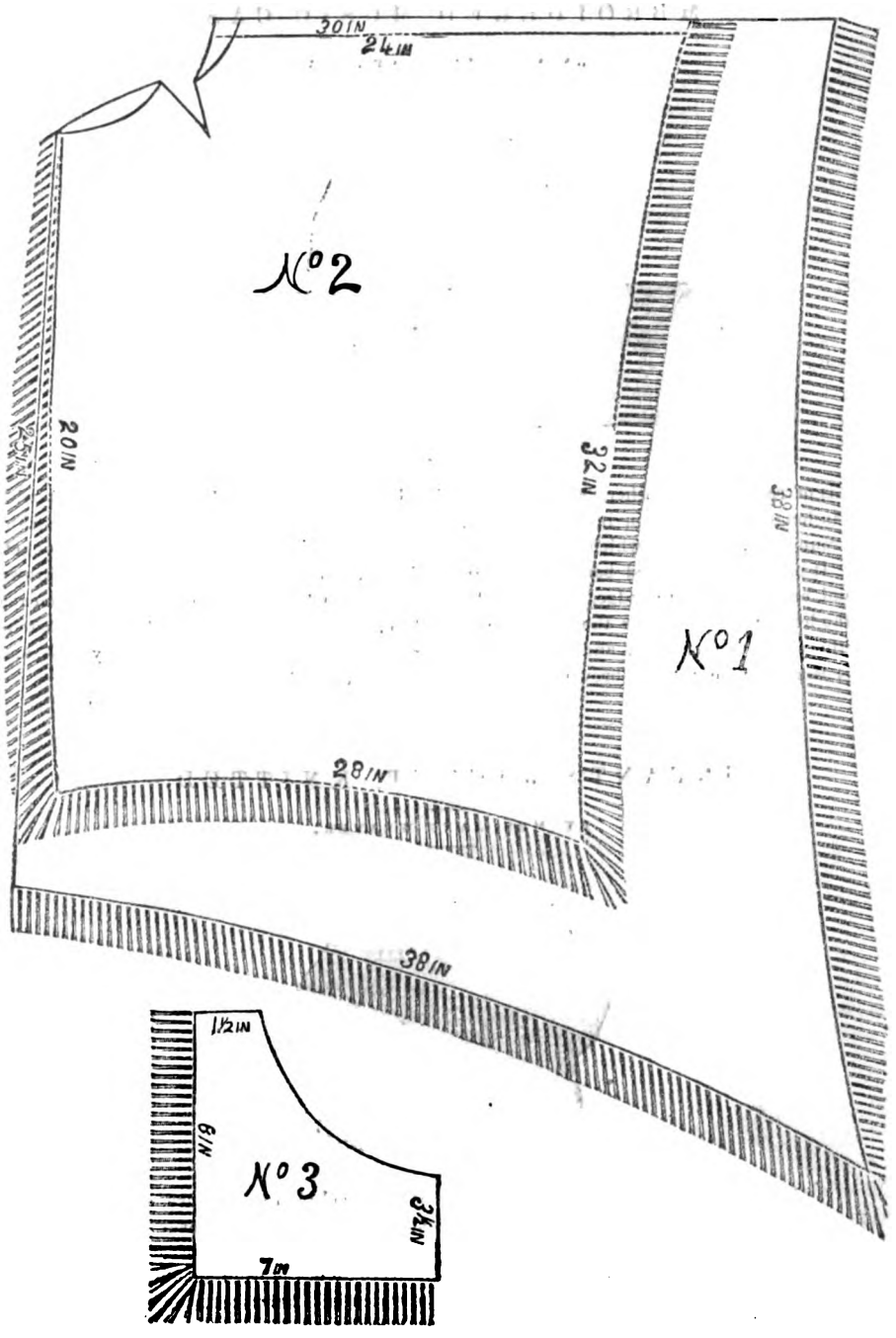

No. 1. Half of Under Cape.
No. 2. Half of Upper Cape.
No. 3. Half of Collar.

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MBROIDERED MUSIC-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This is of red Russia leather, about sixteen inches in length, and fourteen inches in width, and is rounded on the side which overlaps the other. It has an embroidered border about an inch and one-fifth from the edge. As may be seen, the leather is cut out for the design, and red satin placed underneath, and the embroidery is worked with reddish-brown purse-silk in different stitches. The case is lined with silk, turned back about an inch and three-fifths on the straight side, thus forming a small pocket, and bound round the edge with reddish brown silk braid. A leather handle, attached by means of bronze rings and a strap, with bronze fastening, complete the case. It is a very neat and convenient article.

INFANT'S JACKET, KNITTED.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Materials: Lady Betty wool, two pins, No. 14, Bell guage.

As the size of this jacket requires to be very different according to the age of the child for whom it is needed, it is better to cut a proper pattern to the size, and work to it. The front, back, and sleeves, are made separately, and sewn together. The separate parts are begun at the lower edge.

It is a good plan to compare, and lay the knitting as often as possible over the cut pattern chosen, and to make the decrease where required. The decrease of the front should be made on the side which is to be seamed, and a decrease must, of course, be made for the arm-holes at the lower, and an increase again at the upper part, decreasing on the shoulders to your pattern. The jacket fastens at the back. About ninety or a hundred

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stitches would be required for the casting on of the front, and about forty or forty-four stitches for each of the backs, about sixty stitches for the sleeves. This, of course, must be varied to suit the proper pattern.

The pattern for the jacket is very simple.

1st Row: Purl.

2nd Row: Knit.

3rd Row: Purl.

4th Row: Make one, slip one, knit one, pull the slip stitch over the knitted; continue throughout the row.

Repeat from first row.

At the waist, throat, and bottom of the sleeves is a band to draw a ribbon through. For this, after the knitted row of the pattern, knit one row, purl one row. For the holes, make two, slip one, knit two together, draw the slip-stitch over the knitted. In the next row knit two, and purl one (so that the two made stitches of last row are one knitted and one purled.)

Knit the next row, purl the next, knit the next.

Now recommence the pattern.

For the border cast on eight stitches; slip one, knit two, make one, purl two together, make two, purl two together, knit one at the back.

2nd Row: Slip one, knit two, purl one, knit two, make one, purl two together, knit one at the back.

3rd Row: Slip one, knit two, make one, purl two together, knit one, make two, purl two together, knit one at the back.

4th Row: Slip one, knit two, purl one, knit three, make one, purl two together, knit one at the back.

5th Row: Slip one, knit two, make one, purl two together, knit two, make two, purl two together, knit one at the back.

6th Row: Slip one, knit two, purl one, knit four, make one, purl two together, knit one at the back.

7th Row: Slip one, knit two, make one, purl two together, knit five, knit one at the back.

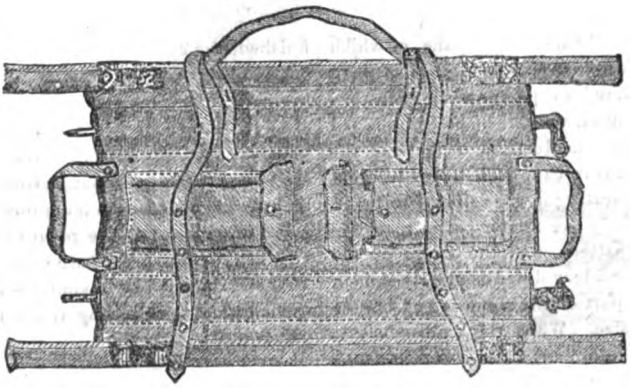
8th Row: Cast off three, knit four, make one, purl two together, knit one at the back.

TRAVELING-CASE FOR PARASOL, ETC.—OPEN AND CLOSED.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Materials: American cloth, Holland, strong thread, buttons, and two wooden splines.

The dimensions of the case must be regulated by the size of the article it is intended to hold. The splines must be longer than the other part, to act as a protection for the parasol-handle.



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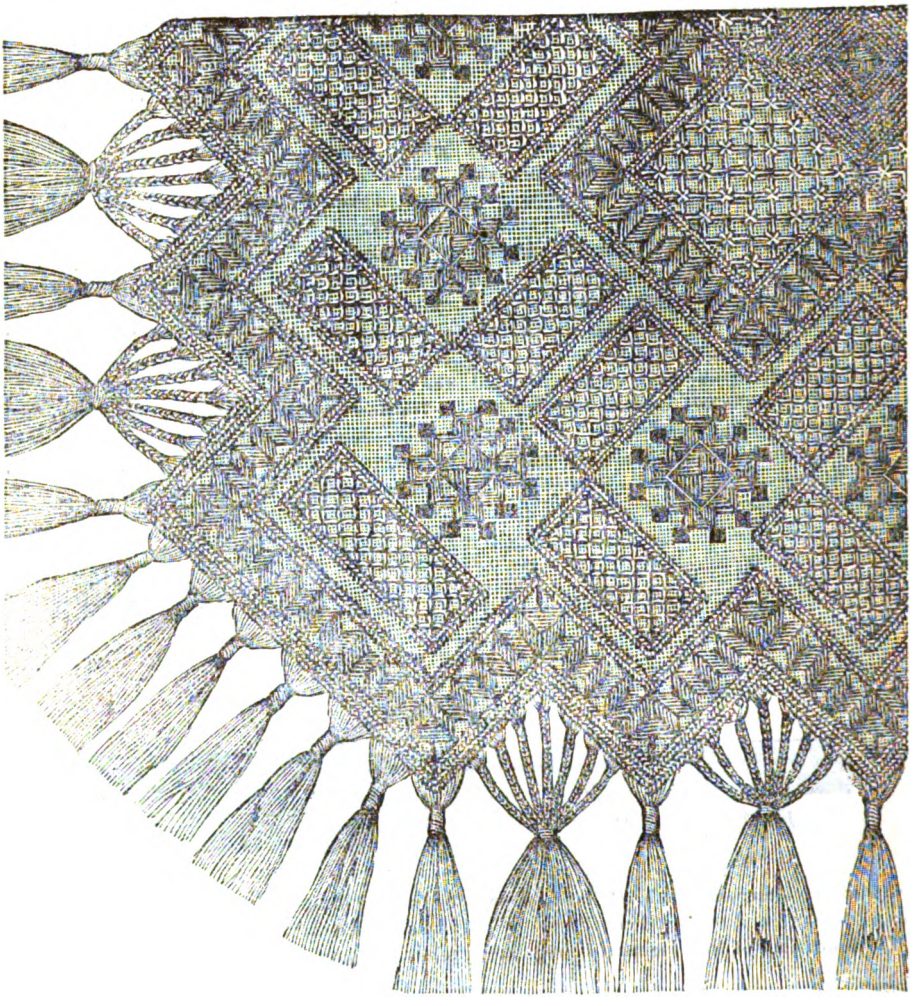
DESIGN FOR COUNTERPANE ON JAVA CANVAS

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The foundation of this counterpane, of which a portion is shown in reduced size, is of Java canvas, embroidered in point russe with very coarse knitting cotton, and finished with a plaited and knotted fringe, made from unraveling the threads. The canvas can be had in different widths, and in selecting it, care should be taken to reckon accurately the number of stitches required for the pattern, and the depth of the fringe. The embroidery detail is clearly shown, which represent part of the squares and border in the original size. When the embroidery is finished, the cross threads left at each end are cut off close to the work, and the long threads are made into a fringe. Between the vandykes six double threads are formed into a Russian plait, a short way down; seven of these plaits are joined together by tying a thread round them, and the unplaited ends hang down to form the tassel of fringe. At the point of each vandyke eighteen double threads are knotted into a tassel. This embroidery can be simplified by leaving out the squares, and letting the border consist of points only.

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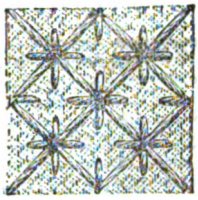
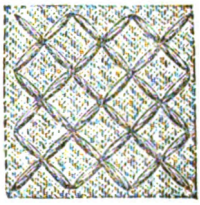
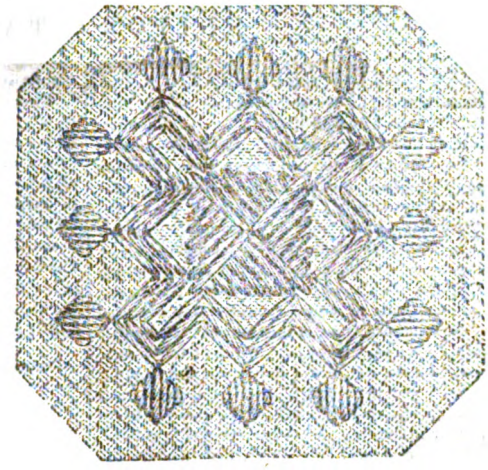
DETAIL OF SQUARES FOR COUNTERPANE.







CROCHETED FRINGE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Materials: Ardern's crochet cotton, No. 12, or black purse-silk, medium-sized hook.

1st Row: * Make a chain of twelve, four single back; pass over four, four single, keeping all the loops on the hook; work all off together; eight chain; take out the hook; hold the chain in the left hand; work one single into the two upper right-hand loops. Repeat from *.

2nd Row: One double in the first point; twelve chain, four single back; pass over four, four single; work off together one single, one double into the next point; repeat. Tie two knots of fringe into every point of last row. For the heading, work three chain, two double into each of the four chain of first row. This is very useful and economical.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1874.—We call attention to our Prospectus for 1874, to be found on the last page of the cover. We claim there that this Magazine is *better and cheaper* than any periodical of its kind. Our enormous edition, exceeding that of any lady's book in the world, enables us to offer "Peterson" at these unprecedentedly low rates; for we find by experience that a small profit on a large circulation is more remunerative than a large profit on a small one.

Great improvements will be made in the fashion department. *The principal editor has been in Europe all the summer*, making arrangements to secure exclusive and advanced patterns. No other magazine, in this respect, will be able to approach "Peterson" hereafter. We shall continue to give, not only the more expensive dresses, but also those for every-day use: and these latter, while economical, will also be stylish, which cannot be said of the cheap patterns given in other magazines. As to our mammoth, colored, steel-plates, it is conceded, everywhere, that they are the most beautiful, tasteful, and reliable issued in the United States; but for 1874 they will, in consequence of our recent arrangements, *be handsomer than ever.*

The original stories and novelets in "Peterson" have long been acknowledged to be the best in any lady's book. *We pay more for literary matter than all the others combined.* For 1874 our stories will be better than ever. The novelets alone will be worth the subscription price.

Now is the time to get up clubs! Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits are fairly presented. The best way to present these merits is to exhibit a number. We invite comparison. *Be the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for.

THE WINTER HOLIDAYS.—Our present number comes to our readers in the one brief season set apart in the year for good feeling and friendly greetings. It is curious to observe how the purely figurative glow of the Yule fire brings an actual warmth and radiance into the chilly days of December, which never belong to the balmiest airs of spring, or sultry August noons. Not only those who have money to give gifts, or to summon miraculous growths of trees from fairy land into their dwellings, are glad to celebrate the day, but the poor market-man, who twists a bit of colts-foot above his stall, or the baker, who gives the sweet bun as he sells a loaf to the ragged child. People who take little thought of Christ during the year, and who have no real faith in Him, keep His birthday with warmed hearts and zealous generosity. The religious idea of good-will to men is diffused and diluted, during the season, into countless trifling customs, all having their origin in some gracious, kindly meaning. Even the editor, glad to be impersonal through the rest of the year, feels an actual individual friendship for each of his readers, and a desire to touch hands in friendly fashion with them for at least this one day. The New Year, too, has its color of good-will wherewith to warm the winter. The much abused Knickerbocker custom of calls on that day had a germ of right and just purpose in it, and as it spread over the country, carried with it the chance it gives of the renewal of forgotten friendships, the forgiveness of injuries, the burial of old feuds.

But the point worth consideration in this matter is, why shou'd the season be so short? If we feel our pulses beat to a happier measure, and our spirits lighten when we send a costly jewel to our neighbor on Christmas morning, or a new dress to our cook or chamber-maid, dimly perceiving by these outward signs something of the brotherhood of humanity, why should we tear this very neighbor to pieces with our sharpest malice and sarcasm, and make life a burden to our servants the year through by our pettish temper or virtuous intolerable rigor? If the green wreath over the market-stall lifts this one common day into a glorious, pathetic meaning for the poor huckster, is it not worth while to consider how that meaning may be given to all days? The charity of thought and act, the gracious pleasures, the joyous trifling surprises, that make Christmas and New Year the holidays they are, might be brought into every home by a little effort, and gladden and ennoble the year.

POPULARIZING SCIENCE.—Nothing so strongly marks the change in intellectual training between this and past generations as the popularization of science. We remember well the little volume entitled "Polite Learning," which contained the modicum of Astronomy, Chemistry, Geology, as well as Ancient Mythology, which was considered necessary mental food for our grandmothers in the intervals of dancing, music, and chenille work. Now, beside the introduction in schools, the country is flooded with Easy Lessons on every known science, to the disgust and annoyance of every learned professor. But there is something to be said on behalf of the Easy Lessons. "Peterson," and every other magazine, penetrates to thousands of inland homes, where women's lives are hampered inexorably by circumstances. They want no "careers," no overland journey or voyage to to Europe, but they naturally grow weary of the hills about their village home, of the round of cake-making, sewing-societies, family gossip. Thoriau used to boast that he could find the product of every zone in Walden woods. If our home-bound readers were naturalists, they would not be so successful as the Concord enthusiast, perhaps, but they would assuredly find new worlds in their hills, treasures of beauty and wonder in the very stubble-fields about their dwellings. A little learning is not a dangerous thing, as long as we know it is but a little, and so, escaping vain conceit, reap its real uses.

A FIVE DOLLAR ENGRAVING as will be seen by our advertisement, will be given to any subscriber to "Peterson," *whether singly or in clubs*, who will send us fifty cents. This is a nominal price, and hence the offer is confined strictly to friends, that is, to subscribers to "Peterson." Thus, for $2.50, any person can get either of our five dollar premiums—as well as a copy of "Peterson" for 1874; or, in a club, for even less. This is a dollar cheaper than any other periodical offers. Whatever others do, "Peterson" always does better.

THE GEMS OF ART has been so popular, this year, as a premium, that we shall continue it for next year. It consists, as we have already said, of twenty-five of the best steel-engravings that have appeared in this magazine. We will send it, in place of the premium picture, "Not Lost, But Gone Before," if preferred. Many ladies wrote to us, last year, that if they had known of it in time, they would have taken it for their premium instead of the mezzotint. They will now have a chance to secure it.

MORE THAN EIGHTY THOUSAND DOLLARS were spent, in 1873, on the embellishments of "Peterson." This is more than any other magazine ever expended on illustrations.

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OUR PREMIUM MEZZOTINT FOR 1874, in the opinion of all who have seen it, is unequalled. The title is, "Not Lost, But Gone Before." It is best described by two quotations from Scripture. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." "In heaven *their angels do always behold* the face of My Father which is in heaven." No household will be complete without this touching and beautiful picture. By getting up a club for "Peterson," at our extremely low terms, you can secure this invaluable premium, which, at a retail store, would sell for five dollars. Understand, it is no cheap lithograph, but a first-class mezzotint. Begin, at once, to get up your clubs! Specimens of the magazine will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not soil your own copy. *But see the Prospectus for 1874 on the last page of the cover.*

REMIT EARLY.—The January number will be ready by the 25th of November, and will startle even our old subscribers with its beauty. Those who send soonest will get the earliest and best impressions of its superb engravings.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Arthur Bonnicastle. By J. G. Holland. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.—Dr. Holland has written here a quiet, philosophical novel of American life. It is needless to say that it is a good novel, and that it will command the respect, if not always the fullest admiration, of any intelligent reader. A story of any boy who begins early the battle of life, and bravely and honestly fights it out to a noble ending, cannot fail to be an interesting one. Such is the story of Arthur Bonnicastle; and even if it were not so good a novel as it certainly is, it would still charm us by the sweet, subdued thoughtfulness and grace of its style. Dr. Holland is, however, in heart too much of a reformer ever to be a popular novelist. He cannot avoid stopping the current of his narrative to moralize over some great wrong, the thought of which can clearly be seen has long engaged his attention. But he moralizes very pleasantly and wisely; and we know at once how sincere a man he is, and how he longs to set the world right, so that there shall be in it no more sorrow, sin, or suffering.

The Heiress in The Family. By Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a pleasant domestic story, its scenes opening and closing in a remote part of England. It is especially happy in its construction; and while many stirring incidents may seem to border on the sensational, they are yet quite probable, and serve to enlist the reader's interest throughout. The central part of the story is the fact, that the youngest daughter of the family becomes an heiress, greatly to the chagrin of her sisters, who out of sheer envy of her good fortune, make her life as miserable as possible, and do all that is possible to prevent her marriage with the man she loves. The characters are well drawn, and, altogether, the novel is likely to find many admirers.

The Master of Greylands. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The Messrs. Petersons publish the last novel from the pen of this popular authoress, from her manuscripts and advance proof-sheets, purchased by them directly from Mrs. Wood. It is a good novel, after Mrs. Wood's fashion, and the extraordinary success it has met with in England, while going through the press in serial form, is likely to follow it here, where Mrs. Wood's popularity is so great. From the intricacy of the plot of the Master of Greylands, and the admirable manner in which it is wrought out, it will be apparent that Mrs. wood has lost none of that remarkable power which, as a novellist, she displayed in her earlier works, and notably in East Lynne.

Mrs. Hale's New Cook-Book. By Mrs. J. J. Hale. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This large and handsomely-printed book aims to be a Complete Cookery-Book for all Classes, presented clearly and forcibly, with notes and illustrations for household management, containing full directions for carving, arranging the table for parties, etc., together with instructions for preparing food for invalids and children. The value of the book as a household manual may be inferred from the fact that it is profusely illustrated with engravings, and contains one thousand three hundred and eighty-five receipts for cooking. An exhaustive index adds greatly to the value of the work.

Article 47. From the French of Adolph Belot, by James Furbish. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—This romance has found favor not only in the original, but in the translation. Those who have pleasure in having the blood unduly stirred, and the nerves well shaken, by reading of men and women, and what they do when their deepest passions are called to the surface, and laid bare by the novelist, will be pleased with the story. But, at best, it is little better than a feverish dream. and we think most readers will be as glad to put it aside at the end as they would be to get rid of a nightmare.

The Yacht Club, or the Young Boat Builder. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—This is the second volume of the Yacht Club Series, each of which is complete in itself. It contains accounts of how boats are built and sailed, so that, beside being a very exicting story, it is also an instructive one. The heroes are a good deal upon Penobscot Bay, but they are also a good deal upon land; and of sea and shore the book contains very interesting descriptions.

John Godsoe's Legacy. By Elijah Kellogg. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—Mr. Kellogg has written a very large number of books for the young, and that he pleases the class which he aims to entertain and instruct, is pretty clearly demonstrated by the constant demand made for new stories from his pen. The narrative of John Godsoe's Legacy, and those concerned with it, show the almost indestructible influence of a Christian home, and of early moral training.

What Will the World Say? and "Only a Woman." By Ojos Morenos. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—Two very pretty love stories compose this volume, and though they are not of the first merit, rather indicating the efforts of a prentice hand in literature, they will serve to amuse and interest the reader for a good part of a day or evening, almost as well as a more pretentious novel. They are bright and fresh in tone, and pure in sentiment and feeling.

A Strange Story. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. New York: Harper & Brothers.—"A Strange Story" is no longer strange to any of our many intelligent readers, for Bulwer's popularity as a novellist was so great that to few are his stories unknown. This volume is one of the new cloth-bound edition of Bulwer's complete works which the Messrs. Harpers are publishing.

Try and Trust; or, the Story of a Brave Boy. By Horatio Alger. Jr. Boston: Loring.—"Try and Trust," like its predecessors in the same series, chronicles the trials and triumphs of a manly boy, who is placed in circumstances of difficulty, where he is compelled to rely upon himself. We recommend it as a good, healthy book for boys to read.

Philosophy of Rhetoric. By John Bascom. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.—This work aims to be a philosophy of rhetoric, giving the principles as well as the rules on which excellence depends. It appears to be of such a chater as to meet the wants of students.

Blanche Seymour. By the author of Erma's Engagement. Philada. J. B. Lippincott & Co.—This is a pleasant English society novel, not very remarkable for anything, yet evenly good throughout. It is a love-story, pure and simple, and ought to be attractive to all lovers.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

Mrs. Hale's New Cook-Book.—T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., have just published a new, revised, and enlarged edition of this excellent household manual, by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. The fruits of her rich experience in housewifery, and results of many sensible and successful experiments in cookery, are embodied in this volume, which contains not only thousands of invaluable receipts, but also practical instructions in the science of housekeeping, well tested rules for the care of invalids, and numerous directions how to economically, yet tastefully, govern kitchens, large or small. Of the vast multitude of cook-books now in the market, impartial critics pronounce Mrs. Hale's to be one of the very best—a truthful verdict. The Messrs. Petersons have brought out this truly valuable volume in a sumptuous style of typography, and in a style of binding at once ornate and durable, being issued in a large duodecimo volume of over 500 pages, bound in morocco cloth, full gilt back, from new designs, and is sold by all Booksellers, at the low price of $1.75; or copies will be sent by mail, to any place, post-paid, by the Publishers, on remitting the price of the work to them. Lady canvassers wanted. Send for Circular containing instructions; large wages can be made, and constant employment given.

Advertisements inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. XI.—Convulsions—Suggestive Treatment.

Having shown that convulsions are to be considered as arising chiefly from causes which produce irritation in the brain and spinal marrow, and that these causes, in general terms, are teething, over-nursing, improper or indigestible food, acidity of the stomach, acrid secretions in the bowels, and, in older children, worms in the alimentary canal; all of which causes, by impairing the nervous energy, slowly, or by a sudden shock, deprive the brain of its sensibility, and spasmodic action of every muscle of the body ensues. In other words, convulsions are the effects of irritative causes, and the treatment which suggests itself to every mother, is to remove the cause.

But, probably, the child is attacked suddenly, and without premonition, before the cause can be investigated, and the immediate object or concern of the mother is to free it from its spasms. No severe remedies should be resorted to, but the child should be placed in a warm bath of 96° to 98° (about blood heat;) and if the head should feel quite hot, and the face be flushed, add vinegar and water, or spirits and water should be poured upon its head whilst in the bath. If the convulsion is prolonged, or if it passes off without sensibility being restored, the mother should resort to a stimulo-relaxing injection, say castor oil, salt and molasses, in a little warm water or milk (if she be of allopathic belief,) or lobelia in some form with "composition tea," or "No. 6," (if a disciple of Thompson,) whilst even a salt-water injection is admissible by the rational Homeopaths. If the jaws remain locked, and a muscular rigidity persists, all prejudice aside, there is no remedy comparable with, and of such prompt relief, as lobelia and capsicum in some form. Children, who have thus lain for hours rigid and dead to all surrounding impressions, to mustard poultices, the warm baths, etc., have been aroused in a few minutes by these injections, which relax the system, call away irritation from the brain, or "change the field of excitement" from the brain to the rectum.

When the convulsions have subsided, and sensibility has been restored, the mother should investigate the causes which may have produced the fit, in order to proceed wisely to prevent a return.

If the child has not passed its third year, the first duty is to examine the state of the gums. These, in young infants, between the sixth and ninth month, will most probably require lancing, as convulsions at this early age almost always arise from irritation of the teeth, though, occasionally, from a surcharged stomach of acid milk curd. And it matters not, as before observed, even though some points of the teeth manifest themselves through the gums; for, in the case of eye-teeth, and some double teeth, points appear, and then the teeth proceed no further, and act as powerfully in producing irritation in the brain as if they had never appeared through the gum. These should, therefore, be freely lanced; and it is always a good rule to gently and prudently scarify the gums of a child under sixteen months of age, who is the subject of convulsions.

Dr. H—— was attending a child for a week, who had repeated convulsions. He resorted to the warm bath, mustard, emetics, laxatives, belladonna, etc., unavailingly. Dr. M—— was then called. He asked no questions, but raised the child's lip, distended the cheek, and lanced a livid, swollen gum over a molar, and the child was cured.

TO THE MISTRESS.

Insist upon housemaid's work being done in the morning, and her dress changed before dinner.

Make her wear gloves to sweep, clean grates, etc., that her hands may be fit to serve table.

Give her a comfortable room and bed to sleep in, and make her observe perfect cleanliness in her person.

Pay her wages regularly every month.

Give her wholesome food, and plenty of it.

Allow no perquisites, but let your servants have the benefit of your cast off clothes.

Provide necessary working utensils for them, or you cannot expect your work to be done well.

Advise them to lay by half their wages in the savings-bank.

Insist upon early rising, and regularity in kitchen meals.

Give your instructions clearly and decidedly, and if anything is to be taught, write down your directions.

Inspect bedrooms, closets, and every room in the house daily.

CRYSTALLIZED BASKETS.

Every reader of "Peterson" may retain a pleasant reminiscence of summer by the manufacture of crystallized flower baskets. The process is very simple, and can be accomplished by any lady of taste. Construct some baskets of fancy form with pliable copper wire, and wrap them with gauz. Into these tie to the bottom violets, ferns, geranium-leaves—in fact any flowers except full-blown roses—and sink them in a solution of alum, of one pound to a gallon of water, after the solution has cooled. The colors will then be preserved in their original beauty, and the crystallized alum will hold faster than when from a hot solution. When you have a light covering of crystals that completely covers the articles, remove the basket carefully and allow it to drip for twelve hours. These baskets make a beautiful parlor ornament, and for a long time preserve the freshness of the flowers.

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FROSTED PLANTS.

Frosted plants are not necessarily dead plants. With care they may be restored to their usual vigor. They should be treated as follows: First, get the plants away from the light as soon as possible, either by putting them on the floor of the house, or by covering the house, or frame up with mats or other materials, or else by running them into another place, where it is dull and free from frost. Second. Use only at the first very cold water, which may be succeeded by some fresh from the pump or covered tank. Third. Do not put a drop of water on the plants until the frost is removing from them, or they are removed from the frosty air, the latter being the safest and most expeditious mode of recovering them. Persons unaware of the necessity for this last condition have suddenly deluged their plants with water, only to see them coated over in a few moments with a film of ice, and matters worse confounded. There is much more virtue in cold water than we are at all times willing to believe.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Kromeskys of Fowl.—Pick out the meat from what is left of a roast fowl, chop it up, not too fine, and toss it in a sauce-pan, with a good piece of butter and a little flour; add a few mushrooms, chopped up fine. pepper, salt, and spices to taste, as well as some minced parsley. Moisten with a little good stock, then stir into the mixture, off the fire, the yolk of an egg, strained and beaten up with the juice of half a lemon. Turn out this mince on a plate to get cold; cut some slices of bacon, previously parboiled, as thin as you possibly can, and to the size of about an inch and a half by two or two and a half inches; place on each slice a teaspoonful of the above, mince, and roll it up very neatly in the bacon. Beat up together the yolk of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of brandy, one of olive oil, and four or five of cold water. Incorporate with this mixture three tablespoonfuls of flour and a pinch of salt; keep on beating it for some time, and add as much more water as will make it of a proper thickness When ready to use the batter, stir into it quickly the whites of two eggs, whisked to a froth. Dip each kromesky in the batter, and fry them a nice color in hot lard.

French Fricassee of Chicken.—Cut up the fowl and lay it in a sauce-pan full of cold water with some salt. Let the water boil, remove the pieces of fowl, and put them in cold water. Shred a large onion very fine; fry it a nice golden color in plenty of butter; add a tablespoonful of flour; stir well, then put in half a pint of white stock, and when it boils, the pieces of fowl, with a carrot cut up in small pieces, a little thyme, parsley, cloves, nutmeg, pepper and salt to taste. Let it simmer gently for about forty minutes, then add some button mushrooms, and in half an hour more remove the pieces of fowl, dress them up in a dish; strain and skim the sauce; stir into it two tablespoonfuls of cream, beaten up with a yolk of egg. Place the mushrooms round the fowl, the sauce over, and serve.

Chickens and Tomato-Sauce.—Mix together, in a stew-pan a little butter, salt, pepper, lemon juice, and grated nutmeg, a sufficient quantity to put in two chickens; tie it in, and lay thin slices of lemon on the breast of the chickens, and lay them in a stew-pan lined with thin rashers of bacon; cover them with the same, and stew them, with fire above and below, for three-quarters of an hour; when done, drain them in a cloth; untie them, and serve with tomato-sauce.

Rissoles of Fowl.—Mince very fine some remnants of fowls free from skin, etc.; add an equal quantity of ham and tongue, all finely minced; toss them in a sauce-pan with a good-sized piece of butter mixed with a large pinch of flour; add white pepper, salt and nutmeg to taste; stir in, off the fire, one or two yolks of egg, beaten up, with a squeeze of lemon, and lay the mixture on a plate to get cool. Make a paste with some flour, a little water, two eggs, a pinch of salt, and two or three of sugar, roll it out to the thickness of a penny piece; stamp it out in round pieces three inches in diameter; put a piece of the above mince on each, then fold it up, fasten the edges by moistening them with water, and trim them neatly with a fluted cutter. Dip each rissole in a beaten-up egg, and fry a nice color in hot lard.

Forcemeat.—Half a pound of bread-crumbs, a tablespoonful of finely-chopped parsley, a teaspoonful of sweet herbs, a little grated lemon-peel and nutmeg; seasoning of salt, pepper, and Cayenne; two ounces of beef-suet, very finely chopped, and two eggs, a little beaten. Mix all together. The flavor of a little chopped, lean ham or bacon is relished by some persons.

Cutlets of Mutton.—Trim the mutton cutlets a proper shape, fry them in very hot butter till done, and sprinkle them with pepper and salt. Cut some potatoes into quarters; put them in a sauce-pan with plenty of butter, pepper, and salt; toss them till done, then add minced parsley. Serve with the cutlets round the potatoes.

VEGETABLES.

Mashed Potatoes.—Don't peel the potatoes long before they are wanted, as letting them lay in water extracts all the starch or nourishing part of the potato. Put them into a sauce-pan of cold water, boil quickly; when nearly done, strain off the water by simply holding the lid a little on one side. Put the sauce-pan on the stove, and let the potatoes steam till quite dry, then mash them with a common kitchen fork, add butter, salt, milk or cream, and beat well with the fork till they are smooth and white. Put into a vegetable-dish, and arrange neatly with the fork. A spoon never half mashes the potatoes, and they are heavy. The use of a fork is a saving of labor, and insures smooth, well-mashed potatoes. If the potatoes are good, it should look almost like a dish of snow.

Winter Salad.—Celery, chopped small, with beet-root and a dressing of cream, sugar, mustard, and a little tarragon vinegar; or a Spanish onion, boiled whole, and then cut in slices, and dished alternately with slices of beet-root, over which pour two spoonfuls of oil, one of vinegar, and add a little pepper and salt. This makes a pretty-looking dish for luncheon with any cold meat.

DESSERTS.

Christmas Puddings.—To three ounces of flour, and the same weight of fine, lightly-grated bread-crumbs, add six of beef kidney suet, chopped small, six ounces of raisins, weighed after they are stoned, six ounces of well-cleaned currants, four ounces of minced apples, five ounces of sugar, two ounces of candied orange-rind, half a teaspoonful of nutmeg, mixed with pounded mace, a very little salt, a small glass of brandy, and three whole eggs. Mix and beat these ingredients well together, tie them tightly in a thick floured cloth, and boil them for three hours and a half.

2. One pound of beef suet, chopped very fine, one pound of raisins, most carefully stoned, one pound of currants, one pound of sugar, one pound of bread-crumbs, grated, one pound of citron, orange, and lemon-peel, mixed and chopped up extremely fine, quarter of an ounce of mixed spices, half an ounce of bitter almonds, grated, half a nutmeg, grated, ten eggs, and two wineglassfuls of rum. Mix thoroughly, and boil twelve hours.

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3. One pound of suet, one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of bread-crumbs, three-quarters of a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of mixed peel, eight eggs, and half a pint of milk; ginger and spice to taste. Boil six hours.

Rice Cream.—Put in a stew-pan four ounces ground rice, two ounces of sugar, a few drops of the essence of almonds, or any other essence you choose, with two ounces fresh butter; add a quart of milk; boil from fifteen to twenty minutes, till it forms a smooth substance, though not too thick; then pour into a mould previously oiled, and serve when cold and well set. If the mould be dipped in warm water, the cream will turn out like a jelly. If no mould, put either in cups or a pie-dish. The rice had better be done a little too much than under.

Lemon Mince Pies.—Weigh one pound of fine large lemons, cut them in half, squeeze out the juice, and pick the pulp from the skins; boil them in water till tender, and pound them in a mortar; add half a pound of pounded loaf sugar, the same of nicely-cleaned currants, and of fresh beef-suet, minced, a little grated nutmeg, and citron, cut small. Mix all these ingredients well, and fill the patty-pans with rather more of the mince than is usually put.

A Small Plum-Pudding.—Pour a cup of milk over one pound of fine bread-crumbs, and let them lie half an hour; then beat in four ounces of sugar, half a pound of suet, chopped fine, half a pound of raisins, chopped, and half a teacupful of grated lemon-peel; beat all well up with four eggs, and boil five hours.

Very Rich Short Crusts for Tarts.—Break lightly, with the least possible handling, six ounces of butter into eight ounces of flour; add a dessert-spoonful of pounded sugar, and two or three of water; roll the paste for several minutes to blend the ingredients well, folding it together like puff crust, and touch it as little as possible; flour eight ounces, butter six ounces, pounded sugar, one dessert-spoonful, water one to two spoonfuls.

CAKES.

Pancakes.—Make a thin batter with a quart of milk and some flour; put in six eggs, a pinch of salt, and a tablespoonful of ginger.

2. Boil a quart of milk for half an hour, with a stick of cinnamon and the peel of a lemon in it; break six eggs into a basin, and beat them up for a minute; add four tablespoonfuls of flour, then the milk strained, and a liqueur glass of brandy.

3. Put into a basin four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of flour, one of pale brandy, one of olive oil, and two of orange-flower water; mix the whole into a smooth paste, then dilute it to the proper thickness with either milk or water.

4. Make a smooth paste in a basin with the yolks of six eggs, the whites of three, and three tablespoonfuls of flour; add a pinch of salt, a wineglassful of orange-flower water, and dilute the paste into a batter by the addition of milk.

5. Take half a pint of ale, half a pint of water, and add sufficient flour to make a batter; then put in a pinch of salt, a wineglassful of brandy, and work into the mixture the yolks of six eggs.

Isle of Wight Dough-Nuts.—Take three pounds of flour, rub in half a pound of butter and lard, in equal proportions, add one pound of moist sugar, a little allspice, together with six eggs, and four tablespoonfuls of yeast, in sufficient milk to make it the consistence of bread-dough. Put it to rise four hours. To make it up, divide in small portions, and in each roll up a few currants and a candied peel, rolling them into balls. Have a kettle with sufficient lard to float them when boiling. Put in a few at a time, and boil till they are brown; they will take ten minutes at first, but as you go on they will brown more quickly.

Lemon Cheese-Cake.—Pare two lemons very thin; put the rind to soak in half a pint of cold water. Put into a nicely-tinned sauce-pan one pound of loaf-sugar, six ounces of fresh butter, six eggs, the yolks and whites a little beaten, and the water in which the rind has been soaked. Keep this mixture well stirred until it becomes about as thick as ordinary honey. Pour it into a jar, and it will keep good for several weeks. Line dishes or patty-pans with nice puff paste, and put in the cheese-cake. It should not be browned in the oven, but should be a nice bright yellow color

Jumbles.—Beat one pound of butter with half a pound of white sugar to a cream, reserving half a pound of sugar to roll them with; beat to a froth the whites of three eggs, with a little grated nutmeg and rose-water; then stir in with a knife as much flour as will thicken them to the consistency of smooth, soft dough; then turn them out and roll in the reserved sugar. Either cut round with a wineglass, or roll them long, and unite the ends in about eight inches in circumference.

Gingerbread.—Stir into one pound of good brown sugar one quart of good molasses; cut up one and a half pounds of good butter; mix them all well together and heat them; when cool, stir in four pounds of sifted flour, four teaspoonfuls of ground ginger of the best quality and strong, four teaspoonfuls of carraway-seeds, two carefully-grated lemons, and a little salt. Mix these well; then make the cakes, and bake in tins. They are better for keeping awhile.

Biscuits.—Three pounds of flour, one pound of white, sifted sugar, half a pound of raisins, half a pound of currants, six eggs, two ounces candied peel, cut small, three-quarters of a pound of butter; beat to a cream, and mix all together. If too stiff, work with a little cream. They must be rolled out the size and thickness of a crown-piece.

Sponge Cake.—Take six eggs, the weight of the six in loaf-sugar, and the weight of three eggs in fine flour. Pound and sift the sugar, break the eggs into a basin, add the sugar, and whisk them together for twenty minutes, then stir in the flour. Do not beat it at all, and send at once to a quick oven.

Ormskirk Gingerbread.—Take two pounds of flour, rub into it three-quarters of a pound of butter, then add one pound of molasses, one pound of sugar, two eggs, well beaten, two ounces of best powdered ginger, and two ounces of candied lemon, Bake on a tin in long fingers, or in round balls.

MISCELLANEOUS.

How to Wash Black Stockings.—Take a quarter of a pound of soft soap, the same quantity of run honey, and a large wineglassful of gin; mix these until dissolved in a quart or three pints of warm salt water. Wash the stockings well in this, and rinse them in two waters, (rain-water is best,) squeeze them in a towel, smooth them out, and lay them on a sheet to dry in some airy place, but not in the sun. Smooth them with a cool iron on the wrong side. If carefully and quickly done in this way, black silk stockings will retain their color. Black merino stockings should be washed twice in a lather of milk-warm water, no soap rubbed on them. Rinse in cold water with salt in it; dry them quickly in the open air if possible, and when half dry, mangle them.

Cement.—A very superior cement for joining wood may be made by soaking isinglass or gelatin in water until it swells. The water should then be drained off, and spirit poured on it, and the vessel placed in a pan of hot water until the isinglass is dissolved. This cement must then be kept in a well-stopped bottle.

Magic Ink.—Dissolve oxide of cobalt in acetic acid, to which add a little nitre; write with this solution; hold the writing to the fire, and it will be a pale rose color, which will disappear on cooling.

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FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GOLDEN-BROWN SILK.—The skirt is long, and trimmed with two full ruchings of the same, headed by three rows of velvet of a darker shade. A long sack of silk, sloping away from the front, opening in the back, showing a puff of the dress. The sack is trimmed with a fall of lace. Wide, plain sleeves.

FIG. II.—STUDIO-DRESS OF LIGHT-BLUE MERINO, made with a watteau-fold in the back Wide sleeves, edged with velvet of a darker shade, finished by bow and ends.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK VELVET AND RED CASHMERE.—The skirt and Polonaise are both edged with a band of white fur. The Polonaise is looped high at the back, and finished by a velvet sash.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF BROWN SILK.—The skirt is plain. Dolman-shaped cloak, braided all over. Brown velvet bonnet, with lace tabs in the back.

FIG V.—HOUSE-DRESS OF RED AND BLACK SILK.—The skirt has four silk bows down the front. The Polonaise is cut so as to fall only in the back, where it is tied down by wide, black ribbon, finished around by a wide fringe. The fronts are faced with black, and a bias band of black finishes the sleeves.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF LIGHT-GREEN CLOTH.—The lower-skirt has a deep plaiting. The over-skirt is full and long, caught up on the hips and in the back, edged with a band of brown fur. Sack with enormously long sleeves, trimmed with fur to match. Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with black ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Skirts no longer bulge out, except just immediately below the back of the waist; all that clings is *de rigueur*. Under-skirts should be arranged thus: A short, narrow petticoat of either flannel or calico, trimmed with either embroidery or guipure; a tournure petticoat, or petticoat with bustle at the back, with flounces and whalebone as well as cords—the last to tie it, so that the petticoat falls flat in front, and keeps out well at the back. A second unstarched petticoat of cambric, with embroidered flounces, generally two narrow ones. Muslin petticoats are worn under trained evening skirts.

POLONAISES will be worn, but not universally, as last year. Bodices with basques, skirts highly trimmed at the back, and plain and flat in front, tunics for demi rather than grand toilets, will be worn.

A NEW POLONAISE, called "the Austria," has lately made its appearance, and is likely to grow in popularity, as it is exceedingly stylish. I will describe a toilet in which this Polonaise forms a conspicuous part. Dark-prune velvet skirt, bordered with a deep plaiting of pearl-gray faille, headed by a ruche which is studded at regular intervals with prune velvet bows; pearl-gray faille Pélonaise, like a French coat in form, and with large square pockets. It is trimmed all round with bands of prune velvet and gray silk guipure. Prune silk frog-buttons fastening down straps of velvet with chased silver buttons at the opposite end, decorate the front of the Polonaise. Velvet sleeves, with faille cuffs and prune frog-buttons.

WAISTCOATS, either simulated or real, are more fashionable than ever. Cloth and cashmere costumes, for neglige wear, are made with velvet waistcoats fastened with gimp olives made of dead silk. Generally speaking, the waistcoat matches the dress in color, but we have seen the following exceptions look stylish. A steel-gray bege costume, with chestnut-brown velvet waistcoat, a coffee-colored cloth dress with a blue velvet waistcoat, a myrtle-green and marine-blue cashmere, each with black velvet waistcoat. The close-fitting, sleeveless jackets, with basques, are still in favor, although they have been worn for the two past years. The form of the basque is slightly altered, but a last year's jacket is still fashionable.

CLOTH CLOAKS are made rather longer than last year, and they are frequently fastened with a double row of mother-of-pearl buttons. Those made with pockets at the back have rather an original effect. Mantles are made of dark-blue cloth, and are double-breasted; they are bordered with skunk, and ornamented with wide, black gros grain ribbons, fastened down with oval buckles of the peculiar mother-of-pearl called *nacre burgau*. There is a similar repetition of the bows and buckles upon the sleeves.

The small, cloth jacket now worn, are very much in the style of gentlemen's garments; they cross over in front, often have pockets at the sides, and invariably a small one in front, in which the watch and a flower are placed. This fashion of flowers in the button-hole is so pleasing that we cannot criticise it. Some ladies wear artificial flowers in this way, but the real ones are far prettier. These jackets, which are called "Sportsman," are made of gray, marine blue, or chine cloth, also of coarsely-twilled serge, and are trimmed with a quantity of buttons. If the handsome cut-steel ones are found too expensive, we should recommend our readers very dark, smoked pearl, or tortoise-shell, those which are sold in imitation of silver being very ugly.

BONNETS are worn exclusively by married ladies. But, whether a hat or bonnet is selected, it is worn so far back as only literally to cover the back of the head; nothing short of a miracle keeps it in position. Felt hats of the dark colors have appeared.

BLOND is very fashionable at the present time for veils, dress trimmings, Marie Antoinette fichus, etc. Thick, black and white blond is lavishly used. Lace, embroidered with jet, is also used in vast quantities for trimming. Flounces can be worked with jet, and arranged on a black silk dress to great advantage.

FRAISES AND RUFFS for the throat will continue to be worn, and many will be black, embroidered with jet beads, even out of mourning. Sufficient attention is not paid to the length and shortness of the throat, as the case may be. Every lady appears to wear huge ruffs indiscriminately, whether her throat be swan-like or the reverse. Where the figure suits, the ruff has a graceful effect when continued down the front of the open bodice.

WAISTBANDS AND SASHES are universally worn, from those made of leather, and adorned with plaques of chased oxydized silver or cut steel to the finest lace ones, which may be seen in profusion.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A GIRL OF TEN YEARS, MADE OF GRAY POPLIN.—The skirt and over-skirt are trimmed with two rows each of blue ribbon velvet. The sack is made of the same material, trimmed to match the skirt. Blue buttons on revers and cuffs. Low felt hat, with feathers at the side.

FIG. II.—SUIT FOR A BOY OF SEVEN YEARS.—Knickerbockers of dark-blue cloth, finished by a bow of velvet at the knee. Blue jacket, with pockets. Sailor collar and hat.

FIG. III.—SUIT FOR A BOY OF ELEVEN YEARS, MADE OF SLATE-COLORED CLOTH.—Loose pants. Cut-away jacket, showing a shirt underneath. Pockets edged with braid. Turban hat.

FIG. IV.—DRESS FOR A GIRL OF EIGHT YEARS, MADE OF DARK-BLUE MOHAIR.—The skirt is trimmed with a gathered flounce. The Polonaise has a flounce in the front, and a hem in the back, looped high toward the back. The waist is defined by two buttons. The fronts and back are cut out and replaced with silk, with pieces of velvet sewed at intervals of an inch apart. Bows of ribbon to match on the shoulder. Wide-brimmed felt hat.

FIG. V.—DRESS FOR A GIRL OF TEN YEARS, MADE OF LIGHT-BLUE MERINO.—The skirt has a flounce of the material pointed both top and bottom. The Polonaise is made of white merino, trimmed with velvet and lace, looped in the back with a sash. Round hat.

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October number, Forty-three Engravings.
November number, Forty-nine Engravings.
December number, Forty-nine Engravings.

MUSIC.

There are Friends that we Never Forget.
We Sat by the River, You and I.
Never a Care I Know.
A Starry Night for a Ramble.
Speak to Me, Only be Kind.
Minnehaha March.

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